Sylvia Sidney
and
Danny Kaye

"HAPPY TIMES"

Screenplay

by

Harry Kurnitz
and
Phil Rapp

8/7/48

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GEORGI. . . . . A naive and innocent young man, basically and sincerely honest despite some of the things he is forced to do.

YAKOV GOURY. . . . . .The head medicine man. Background and environment have made Yakov tough and crooked. He is slight of stature, gaudy and picturesque in dress, manner and speech.

THE MAYOR. . . . . .A shrewd and pompous crook, like his subordinates, quick and eager to abuse those beneath him as he is to curry favor with those above him. He is well past middle-age, which must be a problem, because he is married to

MARIA. . . . . .A full-blown, handsomely endowed blonde in her thirties. She has been married to the Mayor for eight years and now lies awake nights thinking about how to escape. She is primitive and eager.

LIZA. . . . . The Mayor's second cousin on his wife's side. A pretty little creature, honest and sincere. Her role in the household is that of waitress and kitchen-maid.

KOVATCH. . . . . .The Chief of Police. A tough, two-fisted villain.

GIZZICK. . . . . .The Postmaster. A ferret-faced sneak.

LASLO. . . . . .A second-rate crook, treated with condescension by the others, Commissioner of Sanitation and Health.

TELECKI. . . . . .A pompous, only slightly learned man, proud of his dubious attainments, Superintendent of Schools.

BIRO. . . . . A fat-faced dolt, Commissioner of Art and Culture, the only job left in the "Cabinet" for which he was eligible as a relative.

(CONTINUED)

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BURBIS. . . . . The Town Clerk. A shabby clerk, Secretary of Council.

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL. . . . .A slight, mustached fellow, unimposing of stature and carriage, despite his formidable title and terrifying powers.

FADE IN

1. EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE LONG FULL SHOT MORNING

A bleak, windswept landscape. An eerie yellow sky, and threatening black clouds. Against the horizon races the solitary, black figure of a horseman.

2. MED. PANNING SHOT HORSEMAN

cloaked in black - a heavy black hat pulled down over his face, his cape flapping wildly in the wind. He whips his straining horse. There is an ominous RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

3. ANOTHER ANGLE HORSEMAN

galloping madly past a crossroads, stampeding a drove of pigs.

4. REVERSE ANGLE

as the frothing horse leaps a hedge, the horseman still urging it on. He turns sharply, and skids down a sharp embankment, CAMERA WITH HIM as he races along a road where a town can be seen in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. CITY GATES TOWN OF BRODNY

A sleepy sentry sits indolently in a dilapidated booth, musket across his knees. Behind the booth is another sentry dallying with a peasant girl. The sleepy one looks up as he hears the approaching horseman. His partner is too busy to care.

The horseman tears through the gates, scattering a flock of pigeons.

6. MED. SHOT SENTRY OTHER SENTRY AND GIRL IN B.G.

SENTRY:
(yelling)
Halt!

The other sentry quits mauling the girl and grabs his musket. He fires a warning shot in the air. A dead pigeon falls at his feet. The three of them stare at it.

7. TOWN SQUARE OF BRODNY FULL SHOT

The horseman clatters over the cobbles, people leap out of his way. As he arrives at the town hall he pulls to a violent stop, flinging himself off his exhausted mount before it has stopped moving.

8. EXT. TOWN HALL FULL SHOT

The horseman leaps toward the building. Compared to the other buildings this is quite a handsome structure. It was erected by the present administration and accurately reflects the character and integrity of its builders -- it is cheap, showy and corrupt. The gilt is peeling, the foundation sagging, and every once in a while a large slab of concrete falls on some villager, who is thus luckily removed to a better life than he had in Brodny.

Two sentries in shabby uniforms stand before the double doors which give access to the town hall. At the mysterious horseman's approach, they look up. He tries to push past them, but they bar his way with their guns.

FIRST SENTRY:
You can't go in here ---

9. CLOSER SHOT EXT. TOWN HALL

HORSEMAN:
(a panting command)
I have to see the Mayor!

FIRST SENTRY:
He is at a Council meeting. He's not to be disturbed.

GREGOR:
(the horseman)
I demand that you let me through. I've ridden all night, eighty miles --

They struggle at the entrance doors.

SECOND SENTRY:
(calling for help)
Lieutenant!!

10. MED. SHOT SMALL SENTRY BOX

This is a narrow cubicle, about the size of a telephone booth, enclosed. From it steps a Lieutenant of Police, in a uniform which is a little guadier than those of the

(CONTINUED)

10 (Cont.)
sentries, but just as shabby. Incredibly enough, after a moment, a stout peasant girl also comes out, giggling.

GREGOR:
(the horseman - o.s.)
I demand to see him. Get out of my way!

The Lieutenant strides over there.

11. WIDER ANGLE SENTRIES, GREGOR, LIEUTENANT

as the horseman breaks through and runs up the stairs.

LIEUTENANT:
You! Stop!

He runs after him.

12. INT. TOWN HALL STAIRCASE AND UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY
LONG SHOT

Gregor, breathless and nervous, comes up the stairs. The Lieutenant gives chase.

LIEUTENANT:
You can't go up there. You come back here.

GREGOR:
I have to see the Mayor.

The Lieutenant collars the intruder at the head of the stairs.

LIEUTENANT:
You've heard it. He is at a Council meeting.

GREGOR:
(struggling)
Let go of me. You will be sorry if you don't. I'm a relative of the Mayor.

LIEUTENANT:
So am I. So is the whole Council.

GREGOR:
Where is the Council room?

LIEUTENANT:
I won't tell.

(CONTINUED)

13. MED. CLOSE SHOT GREGOR AND THE LIEUTENANT

Gregor cups his hands to his mouth and hollers wildly.

GREGOR:
Cousin Biro! Cousin Biro!

LIEUTENANT:
Stop yelling!

14. LONG SHOT

The door to the Council chamber opens and the Mayor, a large pompous man, is framed in the doorway. Through the door the other members of the City Council can be seen.

MAYOR:
(angrily)
What's all the comm --
(as he recognizes the struggling horseman)
Cousin Gregor!
(to Lieutenant)
Let him go - this is my cousin, the Mayor of Klimenti.

LIEUTENANT:
I'm sorry, Mayor. You told me yourself....

15. MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mayor Biro puts his arms around Mayor Gregor and kisses him on both cheeks.

GREGOR:
Cousin Biro, terrible things have happened.

MAYOR:
Come in here.

The Mayor helps the exhausted Gregor into the Council chamber. The doors are closed.

16. COUNCIL CHAMBER GROUP SHOT

Seated around the long Council table are the city fathers of Brodny. From left to right around the table:

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

KOVATCH - A tough, two-fisted villain, Chief of Police.
TELECKI - A pompous, only slightly learned man, proud of his dubious attainments, Superintendent of Schools.
LASLO - A second-rate crook, treated with condescension by the others, Commissioner of Sanitation and Health.
BURBIS - A shabby clerk, Secretary of Council.
GIZZICK - A ferret-faced sneak, the Postmaster.
IZZICK - His twin, the Postmaster's Assistant.

They all rise as Gregor and the Mayor come in. Noisy greetings.

OTHERS:
(ad lib)
Cousin Gregor --
Uncle Stupelnick --
Nephew! What is it?

They rush to him. They help him to a chair.

GREGOR:
(babbling)
I rode all night! My horse collapsed at your door. Disaster! Ruin!

MAYOR:
(to one of the boys)
Fetch brandy! Water!

GREGOR:
No water!

MAYOR:
Now, speak, man! What is it? What has happened?

17. CLOSE GROUP

GREGOR:
(dramatically)
Like a clap of thunder he appeared among us! The Postmaster was hung...
(as Gizzick reacts)
...The Chief of Police was let off with two hundred lashes...
(as Kovatch reacts)
I was sentenced to the firing squad. Luckily, my own firm made the rifles and they blew up. I escaped.
(he gulps some brandy hastily, stands up)
A horse, quickly! I must be on my way. At this moment he may be here, in your midst.

18. CLOSE UP MAYOR

MAYOR:
Who? Speak, Gregor, who?

19. MED. CLOSE SHOT GREGOR AND GROUP

GREGOR:
The Inspector General!
(as they step back, dismayed)
Yes, the Inspector General. He has full powers from the Emperor himself. Whereever he finds bribery and corruption, there the gallows and the firing squad go to work.

The faces of the men around him reflect their own concern. The silence is broken by the Mayor.

MAYOR:
(to Laslo)
Get a fresh horse, food and drink for our cousin.
(to Gregor, as Laslo slips out)
What does he look like, this Inspector General?

GREGOR:
Who knows? A man of mystery. Five days he was among us, and nobody even suspected. He went everywhere, saw everything, uncovered such corruption that even I was shocked.
(looking piteously at them)
How I envy you, to sit here in your clean town and fear no one!

20. LONG SHOT

As Laslo comes in, Gregor springs up.

LASLO:
The horse is ready, Excellency.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.) Changes "HAPPY TIMES"

MAYOR:
(nods to sentry, puts a comforting arm around Gregor and takes him to the door)
Poor Gregor. Where will you go?

GREGOR:
(hopelessly)
Away...far away...anywhere. China. Africa....

21. TWO SHOT GREGOR AND MAYOR

GREGOR:
(tears in his eyes)
Farewell.

MAYOR:
(leaning toward him, whispering)
You need money? I have a few crowns.
(he takes a few coins out of his pocket)

Gregor impulsively takes the money, kisses the Mayor gratefully - then throws back his cloak, REVEALING a strong box. "City Funds." It's full of gold, and Gregor slips in the Mayor's few coins.

GREGOR:
Farewell!

He leaves quickly. The Mayor, slowly, closes the door after him.

22. CLOSE SHOT

All the officials slowly return to their seats. Each is sunk in his own thoughts. The clock ticks ominously loud. There is a pause. Telecki suddenly and without transition gives his neck a little twist - an abrupt little motion as though his collar is too tight. The Mayor fumbles in his pocket and extracts a small medicine bottle. With a shaking hand he drops three drops of the medicine into a wooden spoon, and almost swallows the spoon when he takes the stuff.

23. CLOSE SHOT

Gizzick and Izzick dab their foreheads with colorful handkerchiefs to wipe off the pearls of nervousness.

24. CLOSE SHOT

Kovatch gnaws at his nails.

25. CLOSE SHOT

Burbis sits with a fixed stare like a zombi. Then slowly he rises.

BURBIS:
I would like to take this opportunity to tender my resignation, effective as of --

26. GROUP SHOT

MAYOR:
(a roar)
Shut up! What will you do? Go back to rolling pills in that stinkhole of a chemist shop? You - you poisoner!

Burbis sits down as though he were shot. There is a momentary pause, then suddenly everyone but the Mayor gets up, as if prompted by some unanimous instinct, and makes a bolt for the door.

MAYOR:
(rising)
Stop! Stay where you are, all of you!

His tone is so commanding that it checks them in their tracks.

MAYOR:
Nothing will be accomplished by rushing around blindly. We must proceed according to system.
(he addresses each of them in turn)
You, Laslo, clean up the square... see that all the public buildings are spotless...put patients in all the hospital beds.
(and then to Telecki)
Get the children back in school, and start teaching them something --- anything.
(and then to Gizzick and Izzick)
Distribute the mail...all of it... whether you've read it or not...
(and then to Burbis)
Check over your tax records...get somebody to add them up for you...

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)
He dismisses them with a gesture and they fairly tumble over themselves in their eagerness to depart.

ALL:
(ad lib)
Yes, Honorable Mayor...
Right away, cousin...
Very good, uncle....etc.

As Kovatch joins this happy band.

MAYOR:
You, Kovatch -- wait!

Kovatch stops dead in his tracks and turns limply.

27. TWO SHOT KOVATCH AND MAYOR

MAYOR:
Now listen to me! I want all the roads policed - day and night. Check the tavern -- I want a report of everyone who's entered this town in the last twenty-four hours. Investigate all strangers. Bring your reports to me, personally. You understand?

KOVATCH:
(desperate)
Yes, your Excellency. But first I was going to go home. I have some private business --

MAYOR:
(cracks him across the face with the back of his hand)
First you obey orders. Get out of here!

Kovatch salutes, then quickly holds his aching jaw, as he turns and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

28. EXT. TOWN HALL SENTRIES ON GUARD MED. FULL SHOT

Kovatch comes out, still holding his jaw. The guards present arms. The Lieutenant is at the sentry box with his girl.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

KOVATCH:
Lieutenant, you will post a guard at all entrances to the city at once, and patrol the roads into Brodny.

LIEUTENANT:
Yes, sir, I will start just as soon as --

(Kovatch cracks him across the face)

KOVATCH:
At once!

LIEUTENANT:
Yes, sir.

Kovatch exits.

LIEUTENANT:
(strides furiously to a sentry)
Come with me.

SENTRY:
But I --

LIEUTENANT:
(cracks him across the face)
I said come with me.

29. MED. SHOT

The sentry salutes, then quickly holds his jaw. As he starts to follow the Lientenant, a little goatherd in b.g. looks up at him.

GOATHERD:
(innocently)
Anything wrong?

SENTRY:
(cracking him across the face)
Shut up!

The goatherd looks startled, then turns in a burst of anger and kicks his goat which lets out a "maa-a" of protest.

DISSOLVE TO:

30. MED. SHOT COUNTRY ROAD MOUNTED PATROL DAY

It is a unit of three uniformed men, headed by the

30 (Cont.)
Lieutenant. They are riding over the crest of a hill. They stop, and as Lieutenant looks off -

31. LONG SHOT MARKET PLACE

Faint sounds of music from the gypsy musicians.

32. THE PATROL

The Lientenant turns to his men.

LIEUTENANT:
Go on to the next town. I will investigate here.

with which he spurs his mount down toward the town.

33. MED. SHOT MEDICINE SHOW WAGON DAY

This is a shabby, gaudy conveyance from which the donkey has been unhitched. A faded, tattered banner reads:

YAKOV GOURY'S GOLDEN ELIXIR

Another sign:

YAKOV, THE HEALER

Three gypsy musicians (violin, cembalo, clarinet) are beating an unfortunate czardas to death with their instruments, and more or less in time to the music, the great Yakov himself is hammering on an iron triangle while he exhorts the crowd to come closer. At Yakov's left is a tiny boxed-in stage, the black curtains now drawn. A few townspeople and peasants are gathered at the wagon, more are visible in b.g., which is also dotted with stalls and merchandise wagons as if there were a small market-place somewhere in Mittel-Europa. The Lieutenant rides up and hovers at the edge of the small crowd.

34. MED. SHOT

Yakov, the friend of man, is a frighteningly dark and brutal-looking gypsy. His ears are pierced (and he looks as if he enjoyed every minute of the piercing) and elaborate earrings dangle therefrom. The earrings, like Yakov, are brassy and green with wear and tear. Gangrene probably tried to set in on Yakov, then gave up and went away. He has a pitch-man's command of language, the voice of an angry trombone.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
(fluent)
--Countrymen, approach! Come nearer, my friends. Stand close to my rostrum --
(indicating the wagon)
--that you may see all with your own eyes. I, Yakov Goury, Physician to Princes and Crowned Heads, have come among you to exhibit absolutely free of charge a wonder of the world unparallelled since the dawn of time.
(to a woman with two small children on the outskirts)
--It is wholesome and educational, mother -- a treat for the young --
(as he starts up, to an old graybeard leaning on a stick)
-- you, there, uncle -- it is a sight to make your old bones dance --
(opening his arms to encompass the whole gathering)
--are you ready, my friends?
(to a near-sighted man in the front row)
--polish your spectacles, brother --
(he has his hand on the curtain cord, and at his nod, the musicians stop playing)
--The Egyptian marvel! ...the treasure of the Pharoahs....!
(a chord from the gypsies)
BEHOLD!

35. CLOSE SHOT THE "STAGE"

A head is apparently suspended in mid-air (or on a plate, however it is done), a system of pipes leading down to the floor. The head is that of Yakov's assistant, our hero, Georgi.

36. REVERSE ANGLE (PAST YAKOV AND GEORGI)

As the crowd reacts, pushing closer, the Lieutenant, too, kicks his horse forward.

YAKOV:
Come closer, good people. Examine! Observe!

LIEUTENANT:
Who are you? Let's see your papers.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
Here, Captain...
(exhibiting an identity paper)
Yakov Goury, an honorable professional man, from Pribitsch. I have testimonials from the Emperor himself. I will prove to you that --

LIEUTENANT:
Never mind.
(hands back the paper, indicating head on plate)
Now what about your friend here --

and then he is himself startled by the request, giving Yakov a dirty look and riding out of SCENE.

37. TWO SHOT YAKOV AND GEORGI

YAKOV:
(pointing to "head")
This exhibit welcomes any investigation. Look, my friends, it lives and breathes.
(Georgi takes a deep breath, obviously enjoyable, exhales audibly)
It thinks! Watch his left ear.
(to Georgi)
How much is two and two?

The left ear waggles appropriately four times.

YAKOV:
(continuing)
It feels. It has all the human emotions. You, there --
(points to -)

38. BUXOM, PRETTY PEASANT GIRL MED. CLOSE SHOT

Surprised, she indicates herself, as if asking "Who, me?"

YAKOV'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Yes, you. Come closer.

She moves up, as CAMERA PULLS BACK INCLUDING YAKOV, GEORGI.

YAKOV:
(to Georgi)
Do you see the girl?

38 (cont.)

YAKOV: (cont.)
(Georgi nods vigorous affirmation)
You like her?

The head bobs violently, struggling as if trying to get off the plate.

39. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

all but drooling. The girl's giggling can be heard o.s.

YAKOV'S VOICE:
--it is not just any old head, citizens. This is Prince Ahmed, of Ancient Egypt...
(Georgi looks proud and austere)
Beheaded by the cruel Pharoah...
(Georgi's head droops suddenly and violently)
...because of his forbidden love for the Crown Princess...
(Georgi looks appropriately amorous)
...her physicians performed this miracle so that even if he was separated, the lovers were not.

40. MED. SHOT THE PLATFORM (PART OF CROWD)

YAKOV:
...and now, friends, you ask yourself, how has this miracle survived for two thousand years? An excellent question.
(he whips out a bottle of Yakov's Elixir, holds it aloft)
Only this! Yakov's Golden Elixir.
(turns to Georgi, who seems to cower away from it)
Look how his eyes plead with me to give him a dose of the elixir.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

YAKOV: (Cont.)
(Georgi's eyes are shut tight, an expression of great distaste)
He fairly yearns for its smooth, rich goodness.

He is now forcing open Georgi's jaw by brute force, tilts up the bottle as Georgi chokes and splutters. He makes a hideous face, as Yakov draws the curtains and turns to the audience.

YAKOV:
I am a simple man, my friends. I do not make extravagant claims for my medicine. It does not work miracles. If a person is already dead, for instance, there is only a slim chance that my elixir will help him. But if a spark of life remains...Yakov's Golden Elixir will fan it into a roaring fire of health...

As he is talking --

41. INT. CURTAINED WAGON

One of the gypsies is helping Georgi out of the apparatus that makes him the bodyless Prince Ahmed. Georgi is still spluttering from the tonic Yakov forced down his throat.

GEORGI:
The medicine! Yakov is using the same ingredients he used in the furniture polish!

GYPSY:
Hurry! He's nearly through. We ll sell out.

Georgi is already at a closet in which there are a great variety of tattered wigs and costumes.

GEORGI:
I'm coming...

He confronts the assortment of getups as the gypsy rushes out.

YAKOY
GOURYS
709- 2

Danny Kaye IN HAPPY TIMES 709-2 A. Warner Bros. Technicolor production.

42. THE ROSTRUM

Yakov is worked up in the pitch to a point of acute frenzy.

YAKOV:
Listen to these testimonials from my grateful customers.
(pulling them from various pockets)
...from a rich landowner in Bosnia. He takes it himself and sprinkles it on his fields. His wheat has to be cut by men with axes.
(another one)
...Baron Heinrich Dusseldorf, of Bavaria. Took three bottles of the Elixir at the age of eighty -- all his teeth have grown back in.
(pulling them out in profusion)
--merchants, lawyers, noblemen, farmers and peasants...
(one last big one, with a great seal)
--yes, even Napoleon himself. Written on the battlefield of Austerlitz. He gives the Elixir full credit for the victory.
(casts it aside)
But why should I tell you these things, when there is someone here, a sufferer on whom I looked with compassion when he lay at death's door, unable to move a muscle, paralyzed!

Georgi enters on cue, bounding high into the air, and starts the recital of his ailments and dramatizes each, and the amazing cure effected by Yakov's Elixir. (MUSIC SPOT NUMBER 1)

43. MED. SHOT INT. WAGON

as Georgi, panting from his exertion, clambers up already stripping off parts of his makeup.

44. MED. SHOT YAKOV

and part of the crowd. He is going back into his pitch with enthusiasm. This is the moment for the kill.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
Who'll have a bottle? Who'll be the first? Remember, friends, this is Yakov's wonder medicine, the tonic for man and beast! Twenty pennies is the price -- Hurry, hurry, hurry ... only a few bottles left.

45-46-47 OMITTED

48. THE CROWD

Business is brisk now, as Georgi mounts the wagon and picks up basket of bottles.

YAKOV:
...here you are ... thank you...
(to another person)
thank you ... whatever is wrong with you, you are now cured...
(undertone to Georgi)
Work the other side.

And as Georgi moves that way, an old woman pushes up to him.

49. CLOSE SHOT OLD WOMAN

WOMAN:
...please, mister ... I have only twelve pennies ... my husband is sick ... if I could have your medicine, maybe he would get well...

50. MED. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI AND YAKOV ON ROSTRUM

As she is talking, we see Georgi's pained expression. He turns away from her.

GEORGI:
(ignoring her)
Here you are ... who'll have a bottle ...Yakov's wonder medicine --

WOMAN:
I will, mister, if you'll give it to me for --

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
(sotto voce)
Sell it to her.

Georgi moves away from her, continuing his pitch to the crowd, but the old woman follows him relentlessly.

WOMAN:
I'd like a bottle, please, mister.

And as Yakov turns to glare at him --

GEORGI:
(whispers to woman)
Go away.

YAKOV:
Sell it to her, numbskull, or I'll break you in half....
(and to one of his own customers)
Bless you, uncle ... long life and health to you.

And he discreetly gives Georgi a kick that has him hopping. Then he shoulders him aside, thrusts a bottle of the Elixir into the woman's palm, and snatches her pennies. Georgi is pained, and as Yakov turns back to his own side, Georgi drops his goods, grabs some money, and starts after the old woman.

51. MED. TRUCK SHOT GEORGI AND OLD WOMAN

GEORGI:
(catching up with her - in an urgent whisper)
Here - take your money back. The medicine is no good.

The woman clutches her bottle tighter and stares at him. He tries to press the money into her hand and take away the bottle.

GEORGI:
(pleading)
Please - don't give that stuff to your husband.

The woman backs away.

WOMAN:
No! No! My husband's sick -- he needs it.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
It'll finish him off. Listen to me - I know. I work with Yakov.

With his hands at his neck he impersonates the head. The old lady is weakening.

GEORGI:
(desperately trying to convince the woman)
I'm a fake - the medicine's a fake - Yakov's a fake!

52. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV

an expression of fury on his face as he looks off at Georgi and surmises what he is up to. He starts preparing for a getaway.

53. MED. SHOT GEORGI AND OLD WOMAN

GEORGI:
(takes the bottle and spills the contents)
See? It's just dishwater - worse! We've never cured anybody with it -
(forcing the money on her)
Buy milk with your money - but don't tell anybody - Yakov will kill me.

54. REVERSE ANGLE
SHOOTING TOWARD GEORGI AND OVER HIS SHOULDER

As he speaks, over his shoulder we SEE the crowd gathering menacingly behind him. A bottle crashes down over his head -- there is a cry of "Thieves!". Georgi turns wildly back to the wagon.

55. MED. FULL SHOT YAKOV AT WAGON

He is being attacked. The wagon is tipping over. There is a scene of wild confusion and Yakov, with Georgi at his heels, races down the road, CAMERA SWINGING with them, followed by the angry crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

56. LONG SHOT GEORGI, YAKOV AND MOB

Georgi and Yakov round a bend - the mob chasing them at a distance.

57. A BRIDGE

as Yakov and Georgi race half-way across. HEAR sound of mob. They stop and simultaneously dive off.

58. MED. SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE (MOB) AT THE BRIDGE

The first man of the mob reaches the small bridge. He points ahead, then starts across, the mob clattering after him.

59. MED. SHOT THE WATER SURFACE

As soon as the noise fades Yakov pops out of the water, gasping for air. He calls down into the water.

YAKOV:
Georgi!

Out pops Georgi, gasping for air.

GEORGI:
Gee! I almost suffo --

Before he can finish the line Yakov pushes him under water again and follows suit as they hear footsteps again.

60. CLOSE SHOT BRIDGE AN OLD MAN

armed with a club and a gun, rushes over toward the bridge.

MAN:
(yelling)
Wait for me! Wait for me! I've got a gun!

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)
Suddenly the man stops. His shoe has fallen off. He sits down on edge of bridge. He is having a tough time getting his shoelace tied, as he tries to hold onto the gun and club.

61. THE WATER

Bubbles coming up.

62. THE BRIDGE

The old man finally gets his shoelace tied and starts off after the farmers.

63. THE WATER

Georgi comes up, choking and gasping. He looks around.

GEORGI:
Yakov.

He submerges again, as Yakov comes up. He looks around.

YAKOV:
Georgi.

He submerges as Georgi comes up, and so on, ad infinitum. Then they both appear together at last, start wading toward shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. EXT. FOREST

The gypsies, all five, are reunited. The three musicians look terrible, one of them is staring mournfully at about three inches of clarinet which survived the riot. They have made a fire which is some comfort to them. They have a varied assortment of rips and bruises. Yakov squats by the fire, the anger in his eyes matching the glowing embers. Georgi stands a little apart from the group, stealing an occasional guilty glance at Yakov and wringing great streams of water from his garments. The silence is ominous. Yakov slowly looks at Georgi with extreme loathing, then turns back to the fire. As Georgi squeezes water from his sleeve, he wriggles spasmodically. Yakov looks. Georgi tries a smile that freezes as he sees Yakov's expression. He wriggles frantically again.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
(suddenly - releasing
his pent-up anger)
Maggot!

65. CLOSE - TRUCK SHOT

Georgi is almost bowled over by the force of the epithet He wriggles convulsively again, then reaches up the back of his shirt and extracts a large, live fish.

GEORGI:
(happily - extending
his peace offering)
Look, Yakov - a fish!
(he brings it to
the fire)
We can have fried fish for dinner.
(eagerly)
It should be broiled, not too near
the flame, with a sauce of herbs and --

Yakov snatches the fish from Georgi's hands and, holding it by the tail, is about to smack Georgi in the kisser with same, but then thinks better of it. He tosses it to the gypsies with a growl.

GEORGI:
(hurt)
It's my fish.

YAKOV:
It's mine now.

GEORGI:
(defensively)
I caught it.

YAKOV:
(spits)
I took it. Now it's mine, see?
When you've learned a little more
about taking, and less about giving,
you can come back. Get out!

GEORGI:
(defending himself)
Yakov, I'm sorry - but what could
I do? That poor old woman - it
was the last penny she had in the
world --

YAKOV:
In this life it's dog eat dog!

(CONTINUED)

709

Walter Slezak, Danny Kaye in THE HAPPY TIMES 709-8 A Warner Bros. Technicolor production.

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65 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
Right. But --

YAKOV:
Bite and scratch!

GEORGI:
Yes. But I --

YAKOV:
Grab everything that comes your way and hang on like a leech! You can't even pick a pocket!

GEORGI:
Yes, I can, Yakov. I'm a good thief. Better than you, even.

66. LONGER SHOT

Yakov kicks him in the shins. Georgi dances away howling.

YAKOV:
A good thief, he says. An old crow blinks at him and he turns to potcheese. Get out of my sight!

GEORGI:
(sincerely)
Please, Yakov - give me another chance. I'll be hard as nails - I've got a heart like ice - like stone! I could steal my own mother's teeth!

YAKOV:
I'll believe it when I see it. Goodbye.

Georgi stares at him, then turns to the other gypsies as if to appeal to them for support.

67. GROUP SHOT GYPSIES

They stare at him bitterly, impassive. One of them spits on the ground at Georgi's feet.

68. MED. SHOT

GEORGI:
(with courage)
All right. I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

GEORGI: (Cont.)
(and then sniffing
at the fire, where
fish is broiling)
I'll go. Right after supper.

He starts to squat at the fire eagerly, but is yanked to his feet by Yakov.

YAKOV:
An old Hungarian proverb, my friend --
'he how does not steal, does not eat.'

GEORGI:
But -- but it's my fish. I gave it to you.

YAKOV:
(blandly)
Let it be a lesson to you -- trust nobody.

He turns away, sniffs appreciately at the skillet. Georgi stays with him, pleading.

GEORGI:
(firmly)
I'm one of you. All for one, and one for all.

With which he reaches for the skillet, but Yakov slaps his hand down.

YAKOV:
I took you in, and I'm throwing you out.
(with great scorn)
I might have made you into somebody, you numbskull, you illiterate vagabond.

GEORGI:
(proudly)
I'm not illiterate.

YAKOV:
(a sneer)
You're not!!

69. CLOSER ANGLE

He whips out scroll, it is the "testimonial" from Napoleon. Holds it up before Georgi, who is obviously reluctant to be put to the test.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
Read that, Mr. University Professor.

GEORGI:
(abashed)
Well...it says...
(he peers at the scroll, and then defiantly)
Who can read on an empty stomach?

YAKOV:
(more sneer)
Read it, and I'll give you supper.

GEORGI:
Well, in that case...
(stares at paper)
Hmmmmm....very interesting...
(looks at Yakov)
...the hand-writing shows great character... you are a generous man, make friends easily, and never refuse food to a hungry man.

YAKOV:
(insistent)
Read it, numbskull.

GEORGI:
(trapped)
All right.

He takes the paper, turns it this way and that, peers at it unhappily, looks up uneasily at Yakov.

GEORGI:
(reluctantly)
Well, at the top it says, "Dear Sir."

YAKOV:
(laughing coldly)
It says "To Whom It May Concern."

GEORGI:
(quickly)
Right. I was testing you. After that it say---
(he goes into a string of Bohemian double-talk, ending triumphantly, with)
---Very truly yours, Napoleon!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.1)
He is hurt at the reaction, which is cold, unfriendly laughter from Yakov and the gypsies. With a shrug, he gives up.

GEORGI:
(heartbroken)
All right, maybe I can't read or write --
(with great dignity)
-- but I'm not illiterate.

YAKOV:
You're nothing. Just a millstone. Go away.

GEORGI:
(nodding - to the gypsies)
Goodbye.
(they glare at him silently)
Goodbye, Yakov.

70. LONGER SHOT

Yakov turns away, takes a stick and skewers the cooked fish. As he starts to eat, and the others rush up to the fire and begin their meal, Georgi stares for a moment, then turns away. He is still holding the "testimonial" which was his downfall. CAMERA TRUCKS with him.

71. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI TRUCK SHOT

He looks at the paper.

GEORGI:
(to himself)
To whom it may concern. What a silly way to start a letter.

He puts it in his shirt, tightens his belt and trudges on.

DISSOLVE TO:

72. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD GEORGI EARLY MORNING

Georgi is trudging wearily along the road. He is badly in need of a shave and his eyes travel from one side to the other, looking for something edible. He begins to limp a little, and seating himself on a rock at the edge of the road, he removes his right shoe. There is a large hole in the sole. He casts about for something to put inside the shoe, feels under his coat, and brings out the "testimonial." He tears it in half, throws away one piece, folds the other carefully, and lays it inside the tattered shoe. As he replaces it on his foot he hears a rustling sound o.s., looks around and sees:

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73. CLOSE SHOT RABBIT

The little cottontail is nibbling at a wilted cabbage leaf held between his paws.

74. GEORGI

as he stares at the rabbit enviously. He unconsciously mimics the rapid nibbling motion of the rabbit's lips.

75. MED. SHOT GEORGI AND RABBIT

Georgi makes a move and the rabbit scurries away. Georgi resumes his journey. A little further on he passes a pig sty and is held by the sight of:

76. CLOSE SHOT PIG STY

A mother sow lying on her side nursing six tiny shoats.

77. GEORGI

An idea momentarily forms in his mind, but he abandons it with a shake of his head. He's on his way again. He hears a bird singing in the brush and seems to take new hope. With a fresh spring in his step, and increasing his pace to a march he begins to sing lustily, hoping he will be distracted from his hunger pains. (THE FOLLOWING LYRICS ARE JUST DUMMY.)

GEORGI:
(marching and singing)
Oh, there's melody in the beat,
beat, beat, beat, beat
Of the wanderer's marching feet,
feet, feet, feet, feet
And we smile
At the friends that we meet,
meet, meet, meet ---
(his voice dropping to
a startled exclamation)
Meat?

He swallows painfully.

GEORGI:
(shaking his head)
That's no good. Gotta think of a
song that doesn't remind me of food.
(his face brightens and
he marches again, sing-
ing lustily)

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

GEORGI: (Cont.)
Let me sing the praises of the land
Of the skies, the ocean, and the air
Let me sing the praises of the desert
And the miles of trackless sand which
is there ---
(he breaks off again)
Sandwiches? Sandwiches.

A saucy bluejay flies past, dipping low, and whistles at him.

GEORGI:
(looking after
the bird)
Ahhhh - keep quiet!

He trudges on, reaching the crest of a hillock. He stops and looks down:

78. LONG SHOT

Down there lies the city of Brodny.

79. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

as he starts down the hill with new hope.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART II TO FOLLOW

80. ENTRANCE TO TOWN OF BRODNY

At the city gates, off to one side, sit four sentries at their afternoon meal.

The food they eat is plain and nourishing. A large crock of cabbage soup, chunks of black bread, a flagon of wine, maybe a wooden bowl full of pieces of cold mutton. They talk with their mouths full and eat noisily, dipping their bread into the soup occasionally. At the side of one of the sentries is a scrawny dog, tongue hanging out, tail wagging violently in anticipation of a morsel of food.

SENTRY:
(biting off a piece of soup-sodden bread)
-- and it's getting worse all the time. Rifle inspection, parade drill, salute here, salute there.

The dog barks, and sits on his haunches appealingly. The sentry absent-mindedly throws him a piece of bread which the dog devours.

2ND SENTRY:
(mouth full)
You'd think the Emperor was coming.

81. CLOSER GROUP

3RD SENTRY:
(reaching for a chunk of meat)
I swear that Kovatch has turned into a maniac. Yesterday he had the sergeant flogged for beating his wife. His own wife, mind you!

4TH SENTRY:
Flogging is all right. Just so long as they don't put a tax on it.

SENTRY:
(drily)
We already have an amusement tax. Maybe this Inspector General can do some good here.
(darkly)
There's a few things I could tell him about our honored mayor.

The dog barks again, and begs. One of the men tosses him another piece of food.

82. GEORGI AND GROUP

as he stands, a short distance away, and hungrily watches the lucky dog. He moves in closer. One of the sentries notices him.

2ND SENTRY:
(to Georgi)
What do you want?

GEORGI:
(diffidently)
Maybe you gentlemen would like to share some of your food with a poor, hungry traveller.

SENTRY:
(tearing at a chunk of meat)
Maybe we wouldn't.

3RD SENTRY:
On your way, tramp - we've hardly got enough for ourselves.

GEORGI:
(eyeing the dog, who is still chomping away at the meat)
You gave some to the dog.

SENTRY:
That's my dog, and I'll feed him as I please! Besides, he does something for his food.
(calls to the dog)
Here, Otto, Speak.

83. CLOSE SHOT DOG

The dog barks.

84. BACK TO GROUP

GEORGI:
Anybody can do that.

SENTRY:
(ignoring him - to dog)
All right, Otto - roll over.

The dog obeys and is rewarded with another morsel. Georgi licks his lips, then, without a word, imitates the dog's begging, barks and rolls over. Having thus abased himself completely, he sits on his haunches

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)
expectantly, panting like the dog. The sentries stare at him.

4TH SENTRY:
(to the others)
He's loony.

He wants to throw Georgi a hunk of meat but the 2nd Sentry stops him.

2ND SENTRY:
(to Georgi)
Wait a minute. How about this?
(to dog)
Otto! Go chase yourself!

The dog obligingly spins around in a tight circle with his tail in his mouth.

85. LONG SHOT

Poor Georgi tries the same but somehow can't seem to make both ends meet.

86. CLOSE SHOT

The dog stops and looks at Georgi.

87. CLOSE SHOT

Georgi stops and looks at the dog.

88. GROUP SHOT

There is a pause. The sentries enjoy their cruel bit of tormenting.

3RD SENTRY:
I bet he can run faster than you.

GEORGI:
All I want is a little piece --

The sentry takes the last chunk of meat from the wooden bowl, holds it in front of the dog, as though to give him the scent -- then does the same to Georgi. Georgi sniffs at it from pure hunger. The sentry heaves the piece of meat towards town. Both Georgi and the dog start after it at top speed.

89. GEORGI AND THE DOG

as they reach the meat - the dog just nosing Georgi out. Georgi slithers on his face in the dust.

90. SENTRIES

as they howl with delight.

91. GEORGI AND THE DOG

The dog, with his prize between his jaws, looks at his prostrate adversary. Georgi gets to his feet, brushes himself off sadly, nods to the dog and starts walking towards town. The dog, overcome by a sudden impulse of generosity, and feeling a certain kinship to another hungry tramp, trots after Georgi, stands in front of him and drops the piece of meat at his feet. This beau geste almost brings a tear to Georgi's eye. He declines, albeit gratefully.

GEORGI:
(patting the dog on the head)
No, thanks, Otto. You won it fair and square.

With which he trudges on his way.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. EXT. TOWN SQUARE

- as Georgi shuffles across the cobbled street, looking around listlessly at the sights and sounds of the town. He is distracted by the o.s., whinny of a horse.

93. CLOSE SHOT HORSE

The horse is hitched to a covered wagon (although in this SHOT we do not see the wagon) and he is nuzzling at a bucket of oats on the ground. Georgi walks into the SHOT. The horse looks up at him and nickers. Georgi points a tentative finger to the oats.

GEORGI:
(to the horse)
Any good?

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)
The horse neighs an affirmative answer. Georgi gingerly puts his hand in the bucket, scoops up a handful, and walks away munching the grain. It really doesn't taste very good, but food is food.

94. THE HORSE

We now see he is hitched to a wagon. Looking after the retreating Georgi he turns around, pulling the cart, and follows him.

95. CLOSE SHOT ON GEORGI SHOULDER LEVEL

- as the horse's muzzle appears in SHOT over his shoulder. The horse whinnies and nuzzles the oats out of Georgi's cupped hand.

GEORGI:
(hurt)
What's the matter with you? You've got a whole bucketful back there. Go on back.

The horse doesn't understand, so Georgi takes him by the bridle to lead him back.

96. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE

Kovatch is coming out followed by two men carrying heavy silver candelabra.

KOVATCH:
Be careful not to put them on top of the crystal ---

He stops short as he sees the vacant space where the horse and wagon stood.

KOVATCH:
(alarmed)
Where's the wagon?

He looks about wildly. Suddenly, spotting Georgi leading the horse, he yells!

KOVATCH:
Stop, thief! Get him!

97. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

He looks around, and joins in the fun, also shouting.

GEORGI:
Stop thief! Stop, th----

He is sudenly, to his horror, collared by two sentries.

KOVATCH:
(coming up - angry growl)
Got you, eh, you thief!

GEORGI:
(horrified)
No! It's a mistake! The horse followed me! Ask him! I'm innocent!

KOVATCH:
Good! Then you'll hang with a clear conscience.
(to the sentries)
To the jail!

And as Georgi is dragged off, protesting, Kovatch rubbing his hands enthusiastically.

DISSOLVE TO:

98. INT. TOWN HALL DAY

as the Mayor moves down the corridor and into the council room.

99. INT. COUNCIL ROOM

As before, the city fathers are gathered. The mood is not one of great depression, but neither is it one of complete confidence. They all rise as the mayor enters and seat themselves when he does.

MAYOR:
(briskly)
To business, gentlemen. Gizzick --
(he looks at Gizzick, then at Izzick, then back to Gizzick)
Or is it Izzick?

GIZZICK:
Gizzick, your worship.

IZZICK:
I'm Izzick, mayor. You can always tell by the strawberry mark on --

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)
He is about to roll up his pants leg to show the identifying mark.

MAYOR:
Never mind.
(once more, to Gizzick)
How are things at the post-office? You haven't opened any more letters, I hope.

100. CLOSE SHOT IZZICK AND GIZZICK

GIZZICK:
(a sidelong glance at his twin)
Well, this morning Izzick ---

IZZICK:
Now don't start blaming me! I wasn't going to read the letter but I accidentally steamed it open while I was making a cup of tea.

GIZZICK:
It wasn't important, mayor. Just a letter from Gita Remnoi's sister in Budapest. She says ---

101. GROUP

MAYOR:
(impatiently)
Not now, not now!.
(to Laslo)
Have you cleaned up the hospital?

LASLO:
You can eat off the floors. The sheets have been changed and we got the goats out of surgery. Charts have been hung at the foot of each patient's bed indicating the nature of their illness.

MAYOR:
Good. Now at least they'll know what they die from.
(to the Police Chief)
Kovatch?

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

KOVATCH:
(self-confident, smug)
Every approach to the town is guarded. Unless the Inspector-General disguises himself as a bird, and flies into town he will not get past me.

MAYOR:
Good. And the jail?

KOVATCH:
I had locks fitted on the cells and burned all the rubbish. I even got a prisoner.

MAYOR:
Good. Who is he?

102. CLOSE SHOT KOVATCH

KOVATCH:
I don't know. Just a tramp. I arrested him in the square. He was trying to make off with a horse and wagon. The one we were loading with the silver and --

MAYOR:
My silver? My valuables?

KOVATCH:
Yes. But I got him before ---

He breaks off suddenly.

103. MED. CLOSE GROUP

MAYOR:
(alarmed)
Who is he? Where did he come from?

KOVATCH:
I don't know - I never saw him before.

Everybody stares at him, horrified.

KOVATCH:
(uneasily)
He was just a tramp, I tell you - dressed in rags ----

(CONTINUED)

103 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(a roar)
Idiot! Did you search him...did you question him?

KOVATCH:
(frightened)
It was lunch-time, and ---
(as the Mayor glares)
I tell you, he is a common tramp. Inspector-General!
(he laughs weakly)
It's ridiculous.

MAYOR:
(thoughtfully)
A tramp...Well, why not a tramp?... in Vantzburg he first appeared as a travelling shoemaker...in Klimenty he was disguised as a peddler ---
(a roar)
Why not a tramp?

The faces are all grave, they have fallen silent.

MAYOR:
(struggling)
We must be calm...above all, let's not lose our heads ---
(to Kovatch)
You say he tried to steal a horse-and-wagon out in the open Plaza?
(and as Kovatch nods unhappily, to the others)
---in broad daylight, in the busiest place in the town? Obviously, he wanted to be arrested.

There is a clammy silence at this deduction.

MAYOR:
(suddenly)
Horse-and-wagon?
(he looks at Kovatch, who cringes)
My horse-and-wagon? The wagon I loaded with silver and valuables to ship out of town?

Kovatch nods, very uneasily.

MAYOR:
Of course! The evidence he needed. Now he knows!

104. LONGER SHOT

There is a deep silence.

BURBIS:
Honored Mayor, Distinguished Commissioners, I would like to take this opportunity to tender my resignation, effective as of ---

He is completely ignored by the others.

MAYOR:
It stands to reason. A stranger. No trace of him when he entered the town.
(he rises heavily - to Burbis)
My chain of office and my sword.

GIZZICK:
I'll get my robes and my powdered wig.

IZZICK:
Me, too!

TELECKI:
I'll wear my academic gown.

LASLO:
I have my cocked hat, and my epaulets.

105. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

BURBIS:
Your chain of office, Honorable Mayor.

He extends it, formed like a noose. The Mayor stares at it, for a moment, then snatches it.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART III TO FOLLOW

106. INT. TOWN JAIL OF BRODNY

It is a dank, gloomy dungeon, obviously never before used as a prison, and there are plenty of traces of the brood of chickens who had occupied it until Kovatch got orders to clean up. Georgi is locked in a sort of a cage, and he lies on the straw-covered ground, barefooted, using his shoes for a pillow. At the approach of the turnkey, a kindly old character, Georgi sits up.

TURNKEY:
Want some water?

GEORGI:
(getting to his feet)
Water? How about some food?

TURNKEY:
I'm sorry. Prisoners' meals are served promptly at three o'clock.

107. CLOSER ANGLE

GEORGI:
Oh. Well, I can hold out till then.

TURNKEY:
.... Wednesday and Saturday.

GEORGI:
(pained)
But today is Thursday!

TURNKEY:
(philosophical shrug)
What is time?

GEORGI:
I haven't eaten for two days. What kind of a jail is this - where they don't even give a prisoner a crust of bread?

TURNKEY:
It's a nice jail - really it is. We've had some wonderful hangings here.

GEORGI:
What's wonderful about a hanging?

TURNKEY:
Oh, you should see the ceremony! And the last meal!

GEORGI:
(interested)
Can you order anything you like?

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy Conlin, Danny Kaye, in THE HAPPY TIMES 709-15 A Warner Bros. Technicolor production

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(GRATUITOUS)

107 (Cont.)

TURNKEY:
(with a wave)
Anything! The town of Brodny may have its faults, but they certainly do it right when they hang a man.

GEORGI:
Uh-huh.

108. CLOSE SHOT TURNKEY

TURNKEY:
The mayor and all the officials come - dressed in their finest clothes - the town band assembles at the door of the jail - such beautiful music - and they play the prisoner right up to the gallows. I'll never forget one hanging we had a few --

109. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

The music from the town band can now be heard close to the jail. Georgi reacts as he hears it.

GEORGI:
What's that? That music?

110. MED. SHOT

The turnkey moves to a window and glances out. He turns back, excited.

TURNKEY:
What were you arrested for?

GEORGI:
Nothing. I'm innocent. A horse followed me - -

TURNKEY:
They're coming - the Mayor, the Commissioners, everybody. And they've brought the band.

GEORGI:
Who are they going to hang?

TURNKEY:
(sadly)
There's only one prisoner here.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
Listen, if he doesn't eat his whole meal, can I --
(he takes it big)
Only one prisoner! You mean they're coming for me?

The turnkey nods with a woebegone look.

GEORGI:
(violently)
I won't stand for it! Do you hear me? I won't stand for it! You let me out of this foul jail or I'll go right to the Emperor!

He begins tearing at the cage.

111. INT. ENTRANCE TO JAIL

The officials and the band have just let themselves in and they stop in their tracks as Georgi's rich denunciation comes over o.s.

GEORGI'S VOICE:
(o.s., strident)
No trial - no justice! A fine crooked village this must be! Wait till the Emperor hears about it! I demand to be released!

MAYOR:
(bitterly, to Kovatch)
A common tramp, eh?

They all hurry forward towards the cage.

112. MED. SHOT CAGE

as they appear, the turnkey stepping to one side. Georgi is understandably startled by all the gold braid and chains of office. The band, too, is a frightening sight.

MAYOR:
(to turnkey)
Open the door.

Georgi grabs a shoe and waves it threateningly.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
Don't take another step or I'll -- I'll --

MAYOR:
(placatingly)
Please - please ---

GEORGI:
(shaking the shoe)
Get out -- all of you! I'm warning you --

The piece of the "testimonial" falls from the shoe and flutters near the feet of Telecki. He looks down at it as Georgi retreats to the far corner of the cage. The Mayor advances on him reassuringly, sizing up his appearance and dress. He is tentative and suave in his approach to Georgi.

MAYOR:
My dear sir, if you have been put to any inconvenience, I assure you that my colleagues and myself are extremely distressed. Ours is a small community, not rich or powerful, but --

113. CLOSE SHOT TELECKI

in the rear of the group. He sees the torn piece of the "testimonial", stoops and picks it up. He reacts.

114. INSERT: TORN PIECE OF PAPER

It reads:

" --- continued to rid our land of the many evils that plague it. With best wishes ---

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, R.I."
(Seal)

115. TELECKI CLOSE SHOT

as he studies the paper, then pushes up to the group.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

MAYOR'S VOICE:(o.s.)
(meanwhile)
... all citizens or travelers, be they humble or exalted to the highest degree of nobility, be they vagrants or Inspector-Generals appointed by the Emperor, in our village they find courtesy, honor, strict adherence to principles of justice.

There is a scattering applause as Telecki pushes up. He shows the Mayor the paper. Mayor looks, reacts. He embraces Georgi, kissing him on both cheeks.

MAYOR:
... Command us, Your Excellency, and we will obey.

116. REVERSE GROUP SHOT FAVORING GEORGI

GEORGI:
(blankly)
Excellency?

MAYOR:
Believe me, Your Highness, I understand and value your desire to remain incognito. And permit me to compliment you on your amazing disguise.

GEORGI:
(looking down at himself)
You like it, huh?

MAYOR:
Most convincing. In a corrupt city, with dishonest officials, such a strategy would be most effective. But here in the fair village of Brodny, I beg you to accept our hospitality.

GEORGI:
Well --

MAYOR:
Why not discuss the entire situation at dinner?

That's the magic word.

GEORGI:
(eagerly)
Dinner?

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(to Burbis)
You run to the house. Tell my wife we have an honored guest. Tell her I want a feast. A banquet.

117. CLOSE TWO SHOT

Burbis is on his way.

BURBIS:
Yes, your honor.

The Mayor holds him and whispers something in his ear, of which we only understand the word candlesticks. Burbis nods and exits. The Mayor turns back to Georgi.

118. GROUP SHOT

MAYOR:
Excellency, how can we talk in these sordid surroundings? At home, dinner must be just about ready. A roast, a turkey, several kinds of game, a saddle of lamb, and a magnificent pot roast.

Georgi closes his eyes and swallows convulsively. The Mayor springs into action.

MAYOR:
(to Kovatch)
Quick - some suitable clothes for our distinguished guest.

119. LONG SHOT

KOVATCH:
Clothes? Where will I get ---

MAYOR:
Your uniform. Take it off.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

KOVATCH:
(distressed)
Now?

MAYOR:
(between his teeth)
Take it off, imbecile!
(a smooth smile to Georgi)
Our Chief of Police regrets his mistake, Excellency, and is delighted to have you borrow his uniform until your luggage arrives.

GEORGI:
Well, I hate to bother --

MAYOR:
Kovatch will be honored.

He glares at Kovatch who glares back and slowly starts to strip out of his tunic.

DISSOLVE TO:

120. INT. MAYOR'S HOME

Burbis waits nervously in the hallway and we HEAR Maria's voice from the top of the stairs.

MARIA'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
How could he do this to me? Why didn't he give me a little time to prepare?...Burbis, are you still there?

BURBIS:
(sadly)
I'm still here - but I don't know for how long.

MARIA'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Oh, bother this dress! I can't get it hooked! What about the silver? What'll we use - he cleaned me out yesterday...Burbis, is he young - is he handsome?

Maria, the Mayor's wife, appears at the head of the stairs, hands fluttering behind her dress as she tries to hook herself up. She flies down the stairs, chattering, completely overcome with excitement.

MARIA:
Please - hook me. No, I'll get Leza to do it.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.)
She hurries along to the kitchen, Burbis at her heels.

MARIA:
(still talking)
What's he like? Did he bring his servants?
(calls)
Leza! Where are you? Leza!
(to Burbis, as she runs)
Why don't you answer me, Burbis?

They reach the kitchen door and Maria pushes it open.

121. INT. KITCHEN

as they enter. Leza has her hands full at the stove. There are two other helpers, inexperienced men obviously called into service for the occasion. An old woman peeling potatoes in the corner.

MARIA:
(angrily, to Leza)
What's the matter - are you deaf? I've shouted myself hoarse!

LEZA:
(apologetically)
There's been so much noise in the kitchen, madame ---

MARIA:
Hook me up, and be quick about it.
(as Leza moves to hook her)
Wipe your hands first! Dear heaven, why must I suffer so?

Leza wipes her hands and starts hooking Maria.

MARIA:
(still prattling -
to Burbis)
He's tall, isn't he? I know he is. Is he staying long?

BURBIS:
I hope not.

122. CLOSE TWO SHOT MARIA AND LEZA

MARIA:
(she doesn't hear Burbis)
Oh, dear - I'm sure everything will go wrong.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

MARIA: (Cont.)
(over her shoulder, to Leza)
What's taking you all that time? Hurry.

LEZA:
I'm afraid it's too tight for you - these hooks barely meet.

MARIA:
Too tight indeed!
(to Burbis)
We'll see if the Inspector-General thinks it's too tight. Did you notice the color of his eyes? Black, blue - what are they?

123. LONGER SHOT

Leza has finished hooking her mistress.

MARIA:
(to Leza, who stands surveying her)
Well, what are you staring at, stupid? Get busy and set the table.
(to the two assistants)
And listen, when you serve, make sure your hands are clean. You, Bela - you remove the dishes as soon as I ring, and you, Ladislaus - you'll bring the fresh course. Move quickly and be careful not to spill anything on our guests.

They stare at her dumbly.

MARIA:
Do you hear me?

They nod.

MARIA:
What did I say?

BELA:
I take and Ladislaus puts.

MARIA:
When?

LADISLAUS:
When you ring the bell.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

MARIA:
All right.
(to Leza)
You help serve the wine and whatever else you can do to make yourself useful. Put on a clean apron.
Come, Burbis.

They start to leave the kitchen.

MARIA:
(as they exit)
Did he say anything about Budapest or about ---

They've gone. Leza turns back to the stove.

BELA:
(taking some bowls and plates)
That dress was too tight. It's so tight it made her eyes pop out.

LADISLAUS:
Yours, too!

BELA:
(with a snort)
I hope she grows a wart on her nose as big as a pumpkin.

LEZA:
(a reproachful warning)
Shh. Both of you.

They go on with their work, Leza hiding a little smile.

124. INT. DINING ROOM

Maria is arranging a pair of silver candelabra on the table while Burbis stands by the window.

BURBIS:
(turning from window)
They're coming.
(he sees the candelabra, and gasps)
Oh - the candlesticks! I forgot.
Quick, give them to me.

He grabs at the candelabra. Maria wrestles him for them.

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

MARIA:
Let go! It's the only silver we have!

BURBIS:
No, Maria - please. The Mayor told me to hide them - The Inspector-General might recognize them - they don't belong to you ---

MARIA:
(stubbornly hanging on)
They do, too! They were an anniversary present!

BURBIS:
It's government property, I tell you!

They have now travelled out of the dining room into the hall. There is a great commotion as the front door is flung open and somebody yells "He's here! The Inspector-General!" Burbis takes this opportunity to snatch away the candelabra as Maria freezes in her tracks. He darts back into the dining room.

125. INT. HALL MAYOR'S HOUSE

The front door is open and a few guests have arrived. They are clustered at the door watching the official carriage which has stopped outside and is now unloading its cargo.

126. EXT. STREET

as the passengers come endlessly out of the carriage. Georgi steps out, a path is cleared for him, and with a low bow:

MAYOR:
My humble home, Excellency. It is not grand, to be sure, but living as I do, on only my pittance of a salary, well...
(he bows even lower)
Do me the honor to enter my house, your Excellency.

Georgi, who has the devil of a time with his sword and other trappings, stumbles majestically up to the house.

Changes
"HAPPY TIMES"

127. CLOSE TWO SHOT MAYOR AND LASLO

The Mayor hangs back for a second and hurriedly whispers to Laslo.

MAYOR:
(whispering)
We must get rid of him. See that he gets plenty of brandy - let him drink his fill. Anything to keep him from an inspection. Hurry - give the instructions.

Laslo hurries around the back and the Mayor joins Georgi on the threshold.

128. INT. DRAWING ROOM MAYOR'S HOUSE

as the entourage enters, Mayor, Georgi and officials. Burbis sneaks past them furtively, a suspicious bulge under his coat where he has concealed the incriminating candelabra.

MAYOR:
Maria! Maria, my jewel! Where are you?

Maria enters.

MAYOR:
Ah, Maria, my blossom.
(to Georgi)
Excellency, I have the honor to present my wife, Maria.
(to Maria)
Our distinguished guest, The Inspector General!

129. MED. SHOT

MARIA:
(curtsying)
It is a great privilege, your Excellency. May your visit here be pleasurable and interesting.

At that moment one of the servants passes carrying a platter of hors d'oeuvres. Georgi bows and his nose goes right into some ripe roquefort cheese.

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130. LONG SHOT

MAYOR:
(he has bottles and glasses and is at work)
A toast, your Highness. A glass or two, something to prepare your palate, for dinner.

MARIA:
I will see to the table.

As Maria leaves, the Mayor hands Georgi a glass. All are similarly equipped.

MAYOR:
(raising glass)
Long life to the righteous...
(tosses off drink, as all follow)
...and that for the evil-doer ---

--smashes his glass into the fireplace. They all follow suit in the bombardment, including Georgi. He is given another full glass which he downs instantly. Again the smashing of glasses. Georgi, with two drinks on an empty stomach is already dizzy. He smiles fatuously at Izzick. Izzick returns his smile. Georgi turns to receive another drink, turns back to Izzick and finds he has been joined by Gizzick. Georgi closes his eyes and shakes his head. Izzick moves over to the other side of the room during this interval. Georgi looks back, sees only one of the twins and is reassured. Now turning around to the Mayor he sees the other twin. Quickly he whirls back to where he saw Gizzick, but Gizzick has already joined Izzick on the other side. Georgi's head spins back and he sees the pair. He clutches the table for support and shakes his head violently. The Mayor, noticing Georgi's bewilderment, explains.

MAYOR:
This is Izzick, and his twin brother Gizzick, your Excellency. They're in charge of our postal department.
(to Gizzick)
This is the Inspector General, Izzick.

GIZZICK:
I'm not Izzick.

IZZICK:
He's Gizzick.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont.)

GIZZICK:
(to Georgi)
It's very easy to tell because I have a strawberry mark on my ---

MAYOR:
(pushing him aside)
Some other time, Izzick.

GIZZICK:
(correcting him)
Gizzick.

Maria returns and sidles up to Georgi.

MARIA:
Dinner will be ready in a few moments, your Excellency.

MAYOR:
(making conversation)
I daresay you spend a good deal of your time in Paris, Excellency.

GEORGI:
Paris? Oh, oui, oui.

131-132. OMITTED.

133. MED. GROUP SHOT

Bela enters with freshly filled glasses.

MARIA:
How wonderful!
(she sees Bela)
Bela has spent his childhood in Paris - isn't that right, Bela?

Bela nods diffidently. Georgi reacts.

MAYOR:
Go on, Bela - converse with His Highness in French.

BELA:
(obsequiously - in French)
Forgive me for being so bold, your Highness, but may I ask where you make your headquarters in Paris?

Of course Georgi doesn't understand a word of it. He assumes a stern pose in order to cover his deficiency.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
(waving him away)
I never converse with servants.

134. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

Leza has arrived at the door just in time to hear this last. An icy look appears in her eyes.

LEZA:
Dinner is served.

135. LONG SHOT

Georgi turns to see where the voice came from, is instantly struck by her beauty, and gives her a warm smile. Without a change of expression Leza turns and leaves the room. Georgi is a little taken aback. He starts after her and the Mayor grabs him.

MAYOR:
(to Georgi)
A final glass, and then to eat.
(glass aloft)
Long life to Your Excellency.

Chorus of assent from the others as they all drink. Kovatch, now dressed in a business suit, has joined the group and is glowering at Georgi stealthily as he drinks. Georgi, a little loaded by now, spills some brandy on his borrowed uniform. Kovatch leaps forward and wipes off the stain with a pocket handkerchief. Those who have finished their drinks, throw their glasses in the fireplace. Georgi, aiming carefully at the fireplace, throws his through a window which shatters. The Mayor is startled, then he shrugs and throws his glass through a window. The rest follow suit. Then the Mayor leads the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

136. INT. DINING ROOM LONG SHOT DAY

The guests are all seated. Maria is at the head of the table, Georgi on her right hand. At the other end of the table is the Mayor who regards his wife with ill-concealed jealousy as she monopolizes Georgi. No food has been served yet, and as Maria talks she tinkles the serving bell.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

MARIA:
I suppose after Paris and Budapest this journey must be very distasteful. What do you think of Switzerland? I have relatives there - in Basle - the Berghofs - did you ever run across them?

GEORGI:
(cogitating)
The Berghofs? Er ----

Bela enters with a tray loaded with bowls of cabbage soup and sets a bowl in front of each guest rapidly.

137. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Georgi grabs for his soup spoon, dips into his bowl, has the spoon almost to his mouth, but Maria's hand on his arm brings it down again.

MARIA:
(pawing him)
I do hope you won't be disappointed in the simple fare we serve --

GEORGI:
(anxious to get at it)
Smells wonderful.

He tries again.

138. MED. SHOT FAVORING MAYOR

Just as Georgi gets his spoon in the bowl, the Mayor rises, glass in hand.

MAYOR:
(raising his glass)
To the Emperor!

Everybody rises for the toast, including the reluctant Georgi. As he gets up, the bell falls over, tinkling as it does. While they all drink, Ladislaus enters with the fish course as Bela removes the soup.

139. CLOSE TWO SHOT GEORGI AND MARIA

Georgi sits down to his soup again, sees the fish, and reacts. With a shrug, he lifts his fork to mutilate the fish. Maria's hand restrains him again.

(CONTINUED)

709-35

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139 (Cont.)

MARIA:
(taking both his hands in hers)
Later, after we eat - you must promise to tell me about life in Vienna.

GEORGI:
Sure - sure.

Georgi only wants to get at the food, but Maria won't release his hands.

MAYOR'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
A toast to the Empress!

Everybody rises. In his excitement, Georgi lifts the serving bell instead of his glass. At the sound of the bell, Bela and Ladislaus, a little bewildered, enter, remove the fish and set the meat plates. Georgi finds his glass, drinks, and once more sits down to his fish. Again he is startled to find it has been transformed into meat. He grabs his knife and fork and cuts away furiously. Maria is still pawing him and prattling.

MARIA:
(leaning close, confidentially - still holding his hand)
Is it true about the women in Paris - you know - the demi-mondaines --

Georgi has speared a chunk of meat on his fork, carries it to his mouth and takes a huge bite. Unfortunately, he misses the meat and bites Maria's hand. She squeals.

140. CLOSE SHOT MAYOR

as he looks up sharply.

MAYOR:
(burning)
Maria!

141. FULL SHOT

Georgi is apologizing to Maria and kissing her hand. She likes it.

MAYOR:
His Excellency's glass is empty.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)
Leza has entered with a new flagon of wine. She starts to fill Georgi's glass, but she is extremely nervous. The wine spills all over Georgi's sleeve. Leza is horrified.

142. CLOSE SHOT KOVATCH

So is Kovatch.

MAYOR:
(o.s. thundering)
You clumsy drudge!

143-144 MED. SHOT

The Mayor gets to his feet threateningly. Georgi, afraid he might do the girl bodily injury, intervenes.

GEORGI:
(as Leza dabs at his sleeve, tears in her eyes)
Oh, it's nothing, really! Wine is good for it. See?

He spills some more on it to prove it. Kovatch almost dies. Leza hurries from the room, Georgi's eyes following her. As he turns, he knocks the serving bell over with his elbow. Ladislaus goes to work and removes the plate, replacing it with an empty one. By the time Georgi turns back to the table the food is gone. He looks around wildly. Bela now enters with a huge platter of stewed meat, vegetables and other comestibles. This, he sets in front of the Mayor who begins ladling out portions onto plates. As soon as he fills the first plate it is passed down the line. Georgi receives it and it travels no further. He begins spooning food from it on to the empty service plate in front of him. Down the line comes a second plate, intended for another guest. Georgi stops it and begins to salt it. Still another plate comes, and another, and another, but none of them ever get past the fiercely hungry Georgi. The result is that twelve loaded dishes sit in front of him, the huge platter is empty, and nobody else has any food. Georgi now does the "busy eater" routine. Suddenly he turns to Maria.

GEORGI:
(pointing to empty plate in front of her)
Where's yours?

(CONTINUED)

143-144 (Cont.)
Maria reacts, and the startled guests, hoping to avoid any possible embarrassment, ply him with questions as he works.

AD LIBS:
How are conditions in Europe, Excellency?
Is it true that the Emperor plans to invade the New World?
We have heard that the Italian campaign is a great success.
Do you think the Senate elections will affect our trade?

GIZZICK:
How clever of you to disguise yourself, Excellency.

LASLO:
Nobody would have suspected that you were the Inspector General.

145. TWO SHOT MAYOR AND KOVATCH

MAYOR:
(bitterly, sotto voce)
He must not prowl around the town any more. We will keep him eating and drinking, entertain him to the hilt, and then out he goes.

KOVATCH:
I want my uniform back.

MAYOR:
Shut up!

146. MED. SHOT GEORGI

During the "busy eater" routine he has eaten virtually nothing and has kept washing it down with frequent swallows of wine. The plates around him are practically empty and a mountain of food appears on the one plate in front of him. Now, he starts to dig into it, frantically. Before he can stuff anything in his mouth, the Mayor calls for another toast.

MAYOR'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
To our country!

Georgi rises, groggily, glass in hand. Over goes the serving bell. As Georgi drinks, Ladislaus removes his food. Georgi sits down, finds the food gone and bursts into tears. Frustrated, he starts after the disappearing servant, takes two steps and falls flat on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

147. INT. BEDROOM

There is a big double bed, and a rumpled heap in the middle uncoils and turns out to be Georgi. He is surprised at his surroundings.

148. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

He is lying in bed, his eyes darting this way and that. His lips do not move. We hear his voice on track.

GEORGI'S VOICE:
Well, let's see now...where am I?...
(looking around)
...I seem to be in a soft, comfortable bed, sleeping on silk sheets...
(fingering his sleeve)
...In a silk nightgown...
(leans back to take stock)
...How could I, Georgi Tokai, a penniless gypsy, get into such a soft bed, with such a silk nightgown?
(the answer)
Ah-ha! I'm dead! I'm in heaven!
(he looks around)
Hmmm....it's a nice place!
(and then, suddenly, licking his lips)
On the other hand, if I am dead, why am I dying for a drink of water?
(alarmed)
Maybe I'm not in Heaven. Maybe I'm in---

The SOUND of o.s. door opening snaps him out of his reverie. He looks o.s., reacts to what he sees.

149. WIDER ANGLE

Maria, the Mayor's wife, is coming toward the bed, a glass of milk in her hand.

150. MED. SHOT GEORGI AND MARIA

He sits up straight, startled into life. Maria curtseys respectfully.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

MARIA:
Good morning, Your Excellency.

GEORGI:
(surprised)
Who?

MARIA:
I thought you'd like a glass of milk before breakfast.

He is suddenly aware of his being in a nightshirt in this lady's presence, and pulls the sheets up around his neck, looking at Maria with an embarrassed smile. She is perfectly composed.

GEORGI:
(urgently)
How did I get here -- in the bed?

MARIA:
You were carried upstairs, after dinner, Your Excellency. We undressed you, and ---

GEORGI:
(shocked)
We?

He looks at her apprehensively.

151. CLOSE SHOT MARIA

MARIA:
(deadpan)
You were extremely playful, Your Excellency.
(waggles her forefinger at him kittenishly - roguishly)
What a naughty Inspector-General.

152. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

GEORGI:
What?

(CONTINUED)

152 (Cont.)

GEORGI: (Cont.)
(he repeats the phrase timidly)
Inspector-General?

It brings a sudden recollection of his situation and its peril.

153. LONG SHOT

And just then the Mayor looms up in the open doorway. Georgi regards him anxiously. The Mayor comes in.

MAYOR:
(an order)
All right, Maria.

She leaves. At the door the entire city council hovers, rather timid about entering. They edge in a little more as the Mayor greets Georgi.

MAYOR:
Ah, good morning, Your Lx-cellency. May I express the hope that you have spent a comfortable night?

154. MED. SHOT GROUP

Georgi, heavy-lidded and dizzy, gets out of bed and struggles to a pair of wobbly feet. He is wearing the Mayor's nightgown.

GEORGI:
What time is it?

MAYOR:
Past ten, Your Honor. You'll have ample time for a substantial breakfast before starting your inspection tour.

Georgi winces at the word "breakfast". During the ensuing dialogue, Kovatch, now dressed in a new uniform, examines furtively the clothes he lent Georgi. The pants have been slung over a chair, the coat is on the floor, the entire outfit is stained and buttons are missing.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(whipping out a piece of paper, reads therefrom)
Our program. 11 a.m., reception at Town Hall, inspection of honor guard, band concert. 11:30, parade to the jail. 12:15, public hanging....

GEORGI:
(weakly)
Hanging?

MAYOR:
Followed by lunch.

GEORGI:
(tentatively)
The hanging? .... is it anybody I know?

MAYOR:
Oh, just some rascal our alert police arrested. The rogue was impersonating a police officer. Made off with a sack of apples from a local fruit merchant.

155. CLOSER SHOT

GEORGI:
I see. Impersonating an officer, eh?
(weakly)
Hanging is too good for such a scoundrel.

MAYOR:
I realize that Your Excellency must be anxious to continue your journey, and so---

GEORGI:
(grasping at straws)
Yes, yes. I must go on. No ceremonies, no reception. I must leave at once.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(beaming, delighted)
But, Your Excellency, I am heartbroken. I was looking forward to your inspection of our village.

GEORGI:
It's a wonderful village. Finest I've ever seen.

MAYOR:
And you will be kind enough to say so in your report?

156. LONG SHOT

GEORGI:
Yes, of course. I'd better get dressed.

MAYOR:
Certainly, Your Excellency. I will make the arrangements for your departure.
(to Burbis)
Assemble the band, the villagers, and we will speed our distinguished guest on his way. Hurry - see to everything.

Burbis hastens to comply.

GEORGI:
(a little foggy)
My clothes. Where's my clothes?

Kovatch has silently gathered up the stained uniform and is trying to sneak out of the room with it. Mayor sees him.

MAYOR:
Kovatch!

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

Poor Kovatch stops suddenly - turns apologetically.

KOVATCH:
(indicating the clothes under his arm)
They're terribly stained, Mayor. I - I was just taking them out to clean them.

MAYOR:
Of course! In the meantime, a fresh uniform for his Excellency.

KOVATCH:
(starting out again)
Well, I'll see if the tailor --

MAYOR:
Yours will do, Kovatch.

KOVATCH:
Mine? But my uniform doesn't even fit him. The coat's much too --

MAYOR:
Izzick and Gizzick can rectify that.
(to Georgi)
They used to be tailors, your Highness.
(to the twins)
Go to work.

Izzick and Gizzick look at one another, sigh, and begin to take the tools of their former trade out of their pockets. Izzick produces a tape measure and Gizzick a pair of shears. Izzick starts to measure Georgi's back.

IZZICK:
(in a tailor's monotone)
Back - twenty-two and a half.

Gizzick stands behind the paralyzed Kovatch and runs his shears up the back of the man's coat. It parts and falls away cleanly. As Kovatch raises his eyes helplessly to heaven,

DISSOLVE TO:

157. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE DAY

ALREADY SHOT

In the plaza facing the house are assembled all the available villagers, freshly washed and dressed; school children, also polished for inspection. They

(CONTINUED)

157. (Cont.)

are massed back of the town band of Brodny, twelve pieces strong, their leader, Herr Klinker, at stiff attention with his drum-major's baton. At right of house, troop of Brodny's militia is lined up, their officers in the foreground.

158. MED. SHOT THE HOUSE

as Georgi, the Mayor, and other officials emerge. Great cheers o.s.

159. TWO SHOT MAYOR AND GEORGI

Georgi smiles and waves diffidently.

160. CLOSE SHOT WINDOW IN MAYOR'S HOUSE

Kovatch is framed there, in his underwear, glaring at Georgi and cursing.

161. FULL SHOT PLAZA

The Mayor, Georgi and officials descend to the street. The Mayor and his henchmen exchange pleased looks at Georgi. As they reach the street, the troops come to attention, Herr Klincker raises his staff and the band starts the "national" anthem. All the officers, officials, Mayor, etc., draw their swords and hold them up before them. Georgi's is unaccountably stuck in his scabbard and he tugs and pulls all through the anthem.

162. GROUP SHOT

With a big yank he manages to dislodge the cutlery, at last, and as he comes to attention with the naked blade, the anthem finishes. All the other officers sheath their swords, except Georgi, proudly at attention.

163. MED SHOT

The Mayor signals to Klinker, who starts the anthem once more, just as Georgi manages to figure out the procedure, and puts his away. The other officers now draw their swords once more, and Georgi's is stuck again. At the end, he manages to whip it out, just as the anthem ends and all the others are sheathed. Great cheers come from the assembled villagers as the anthem finally concludes.

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
You see, Excellency - in the short time you've been here, already you have captured the hearts of our people. What a pity you must leave so soon.

GEORGI:
(out of sheer politeness)
Well, I might come back very soon.

The faces of the officials grow tense.

MAYOR:
(shocked at the thought that he might have over-played his hand)
Please - don't discommode yourself - don't change your itenerary on our account.
(blustering - to groom)
Quick, His Excellency's horse! What are you waiting for!

164. LONG SHOT

The groom, holding the horse by the bridle, comes forward. Two mounted officers accompany him. The townspeople are still cheering.

GEORGI:
(to crowd)
Thank you. Thank you very much.
(and to Mayor and group)
Goodbye. I'll send back the horse when I ---

MAYOR:
Keep it. A gift from the town of Brodny. The officers will accompany you to the city gates to make sure you find the right road.

GEORGI:
That's all right. I don't need anybody to ---

MAYOR:
(to groom)
Help His Excellency to mount, Grischa.

Changes
"THE HAPPY TIMES"

165. CLOSER ANGLE

Grischa springs around, locks his hands to make an auxiliary stirrup. Georgi places his foot in it, then waves grandly to the group. There is a cheer, as the Inspector-General springs lightly to what should have been the saddle, but with his own light step and a hearty lift from the groom, he shoots over horse and saddle in a parabola, landing flat on the other side.

166. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

Sprawled on his face in the street. Then we see the back of someone lifting him, helping him turn over. Georgi looks up in a dazed way, then his head rocks in a highly startled reaction.

166A. ANOTHER ANGLE

It is a beaming, solicitous Yakov who is helping him to rise.

GEORGI:
Yakov!

YAKOV:
(fervently)
Oh, Your Excellency! Great star of wisdom! Exalted one! Do not be angry with your devoted servant. I have hunted everywhere for you, Mighty Prince!
(he rises, embracing Georgi tenderly)
Forgive me, Your Honor! Bestow mercy on your unworthy servant, oh, Great Master!

The officials have come to Georgi's assistance, but step back discreetly as Yakov displays his intimacy with the Inspector General.

166B. CLOSE TWO SHOT GEORGI AND YAKOV

as Yakov hisses in his ear.

YAKOV:
Forgive me, you numbskull, or I'll break you in half!
(and then out loud)
Be generous, Master!

(CONTINUED)

166B (Cont.)

GEORGI:
(uneasily)
It's all right, Yakov.

YAKOV:
(explaining)
I am the lowly servant of this great Lord, the Inspector General. Due to my negligence, we were separated on the road.

GEORGI:
It's all right, Yakov. I was just leaving ---

YAKOV:
I must speak to you first, master.
(he has a tight grip on Georgi's arm)
The Emperor has sent you confidential instructions. A secret message.
(he is firmly pulling Georgi to the house)
We must talk alone.

MAYOR:
(anxiously)
But His Excellency is just ready to depart ---

YAKOV:
(coldly)
The Inspector-General will decide that for himself.

He passes into the house with Georgi; the Mayor, and officials look at each other helplessly. The band starts the anthem again.

DISSOLVE TO:

167. INT. BEDROOM DAY

This is the room in which Georgi awoke. While Yakov is carefully bolting the door, Georgi is trying to escape through the window. Yakov collars him.

GEORGI:
--- I had a chance to get away. Why did you stop me? Now they'll <u>hang</u> me!

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
(coldly)
Be quiet!
(he pulls away from the window)
Idiot! Why should they hang the Inspector General? You've got to stay! They'll lay the whole town at your feet!

GEORGI:
I don't want the town - I got everything I want. I just want to get away.

YAKOV:
(suspiciously)
You got everything you want?

GEORGI:
Sure. I told you I wouldn't let anything slip away from me. Look!

He produces half a dozen silver spoons. Yakov stares.

GEORGI:
(proudly)
Bite and scratch! Steal and take. Dog eat dog.

YAKOV:
(shaking his head)
Spoons. Six spoons. And these fat thieves are loaded with gold.

GEORGI:
We can get a good price for these and buy a new wagon. Come on, Yakov, let's --

YAKOV:
(apparently giving up)
All right. Go on. Run away. I was right in the first place. You haven't got an honest bone in your body.

GEORGI:
Honest! Yesterday you kicked me out because you said I wasn't a good thief.

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont.1)

YAKOV:
(bitterly)
I kicked you out! I tear my heart into little bits to drive you from evil company and this is the thanks I get.

GEORGI:
Yakov --

YAKOV:
(violently)
For once in your miserable life you really have a chance to do good. To act, not to talk! So what happens? You want to run like a rabbit, to save your own shabby skin. Never a thought for the people in the village, nothing but --

GEORGI:
Now, wait a minute, Yakov --

YAKOV:
I prowled through every corner of the town. What misery exists here! The Mayor and his officials tax the very life out of the village, and not content, they steal!

GEORGI:
(surprised)
Huh?

YAKOV:
(indignant)
Yes, I was a thief. I might have swindled a merchant out of a few pennies or crowns, but these vultures steal from children. 35,000 crowns they collected from the children and their poor parents to buy a pipe-organ for the church. They trump up a cock-and-bull story that the organ was destroyed, but I know that they sold it in another town.

GEORGI:
(shocked)
No!

YAKOV:
Yes! And when I heard that, I made up my mind that somehow I would make the dream come true for those little children.

GEORGI:
(touched)
Yakov, I don't know what to say. I --

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"HAPPY TIMES"

167 (Cont. 3)

YAKOV:
You're the Inspector-General. Your word is law here --
(adding)
-- for the time being. By tonight we can make them pay the 35,000 crowns for protection. Then we buy back the organ, present it to the town, and expose these rascals.
(and as he sees Georgi wavering -- piously)
May I become a wandering gypsy if I am not telling the truth.

GEORGI:
But you are a wandering gypsy.

YAKOV:
That proves I'm telling the truth!

Georgi tries to untangle this piece of twisted logic, but Yakov diverts him quickly.

YAKOV:
All right, now - to work, Georgi. The money first.

GEORGI:
Thirty-five thousand crowns. Will they give it to me just like that?

YAKOV:
They'll give you more. Just let them understand you know how crooked they are and they'll shower you with gold. Frighten them.

Georgi makes a terrifying face. He snarls in the mirror and frightens himself.

GEORGI:
(uncertainly)
Listen, Yakov, suppose they don't --

YAKOV:
(with finality)
They will! There's an old proverb that my uncle's partner made up -- "The fire of fear makes a thief

(CONTINUED)

167 (Cont. 4)

YAKOV: (Cont.)
sweat gold." Never fails. It's even easier when you're an Inspector-General.

GEORGI:
Only, I don't know how to be an Inspector-General.

YAKOV:
All you have to do is behave like one.

GEORGI:
But how? I don't know ---

YAKOV:
(irritably)
How?... What?... Why?... Don't bother me with silly technicalities. You're the Inspector-General! Be big... firm... throw out your chest --
(and as Georgi obediently inhales, Yakov views the results -- disgustedly)
--- never mind your chest.
(he starts out)
I have to find out where they sold the organ, so we can get it back.

He starts for the door. As he grasps the knob, he turns back to Georgi.

YAKOV:
Remember, Georgi - no mistakes. Don't falter. If you lose your head -- you may lose your head. Your Excellency.

He goes.

168. HALL

as Yakov comes out of the room and closes the door. He walks down the stairs and into the drawing room, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

169. DRAWING ROOM

The Mayor and the council are gathered, tense expressions, awaiting the decision. Yakov surveys them coldly.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

YAKOV:
The Inspector-General has decided to remain indefinitely.

All hope disappears.

YAKOV:
He demands an inspection of the financial affairs of Brodny and will meet with you at the Town Hall at two o'clock...Now, if one of you will be good enough to show me to the pantry --

Nobody moves. Yakov shrugs and walks past them.

170. GEORGI'S ROOM

Georgi is pacing up and down, from the windows to the door, moodily pondering his present and his future. NOTE: At Georgi's right, though he now ignores it, is a triple mirror, the two outer sections hinged and moveable.)

GEORGI:
(soliloquy)
-- Yesterday I was a tramp, today I'm an Inspector-General. Ah, what a land of opportunity!
(paces up and down)
... Inspector-General, Inspector-General... I don't even know what such a person does. Maybe I'm supposed to inspect generals.
(stops before the mirror, surveys himself with dissatisfaction)
An Inspector-General should be tough... virile... powerful...
(in a deep, rugged voice, addresses himself)

171. (GEORGI GOES INTO THE TRIPLE MIRROR NUMBER).

DISSOLVE TO:

172-176 OMITTED

709-22

177. OMITTED.

177-A. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE FULL SHOT

A gaudy carriage, drawn by two horses, uniformed driver and footman in attendance, waits outside. A curious crowd of villagers stand by. Georgi and Yakov descend the stairs, and with a great deal of ceremony, aided by the footman, climb into the carriage. There is a lot of waving goodbye, the horses are flicked, and the carriage moves off, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

177-B. CARRIAGE ON STREET MOVING SHOT

as Georgi waves majestically to the villagers that line the street. They drive up the block, across the street, and stop in front of the Town Hall. The whole distance from the Mayor's house to the Town Hall is perhaps fifty feet. Georgi is startled by the speed of their arrival. The footman helps him to dismount.

177-C. INT. COUNCIL ROOM TOWN HALL

The group, as before.

MAYOR:
Above all, I want to warn you, that if he shows any suspicion ----

He stops abruptly as he HEARS Georgi's measured tread on the stairs. All eyes turn apprehensively to the entrance to the chamber.

177-D. ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER

Georgi is framed in the doorway, a perfect picture of a man of authority. His decision to adopt the swashbuckling manner is apparent in his every gesture. Thumbs hooked in his belt, he regards the group with what he thinks is a sardonic expression.

177-E. REVERSE ANGLE THE GROUP

as they rise and stand at attention.

MAYOR:
(with a bow)
Your Excellency.

177-F. FULL SHOT COUNCIL ROOM

Georgi acknowledges the salute with a careless nod and bangs his head against the wall. He recovers quickly, gracefully snaps his fingers and Yakov appears behind him. Georgi strides into the room, Yakov trailing. As Georgi seats himself, Burbis leaves. The officials sink into their chairs. Yakov stands behind his master.

MAYOR:
Burbis will be right in with the books.

GEORGI:
(he didn't expect this)
Books?

MAYOR:
The tax records.

As he says this, Burbis and two assistants enter, carrying a mountain of books. They pile them in front of Georgi. Georgi has no idea what to do with them, but Yakov's knee in his back spurs him into action. He grabs one, opens it, and scrutinizes a page fiercely.

GEORGI:
(pretending to read)
Hmmmm!..... Mmm-hmmmmm!...Aha!

Each ejaculation causes the Mayor to wince. Georgi's face relaxes a little, and he favors the written page with a chuckle.

GEORGI:
(mysteriously amused)
Incredible!

Yakov leans forward, takes the book from Georgi's hands, and gives it back to him right side up. The group is understandably startled.

YAKOV:
(explaining)
His Excellency sometimes amuses himself by reading upside down.

MAYOR:
I can assure you, Your Excellency, everything is in order --
(picking up another ledger and riffling through the pages quickly)
See? All neat and perfect.

He riffles one book after another right under Georgi's nose. Georgi's eyes cross trying to follow the flying pages.

(CONTINUED)

177-F (Cont.)

GEORGI:
(suddenly)
Wait! What was that?

MAYOR:
What was what?

GEORGI:
I just saw something. Let's have a look at that.

The Mayor, with a look at Burbis, hands Georgi the book. Burbis begins to quake as Georgi opens it. He can't contain himself and goes over to look at what Georgi has discovered.

GEORGI:
(pointing to page)
How do you account for that, eh? Eh? ... Eh?

Burbis looks at the page, then back to Georgi, bewildered.

178. INSERT PAGE

The page is blank.

179. GEORGI CLOSE SHOT

as he waits, a canny expression on his face.

GEORGI:
Well?

BURBIS:
There were no taxes that day, Excellency.

GEORGI:
(with a knowing laugh)
You hear that, Yakov? No taxes that day! How about that, Yakov?

Both Yakov and Georgi laugh immoderately.

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(also laughing hollowly)
That's just Burbis' little joke, your Excellency.
(quickly hands him a pen)
If you'll just put your official signature on the books ----

Georgi takes the pen and studies it.

GEORGI:
What's this?

MAYOR:
(apologetically)
It's the best we have, Highness.

He lays open the books in front of Georgi for his signature.

GEORGI:
(dropping the pen)
I'd better not sign until I've made a thorough examination of these books.

The Mayor and his officials exchange significant glances.

YAKOV:
(taking an armload)
You can inspect more carefully at the house, Excellency.

GEORGI:
(getting up)
Yes. We shall see what we shall see.

He bows elaborately to every member of the council, each one returning his bow, and followed by Yakov, he makes a grand exit. There is silence in the room for a moment, then all hell breaks loose.

MAYOR:
(screaming at Burbis)
Idiot! He knew the minute he saw the books!

BURBIS:
I told you I didn't know how to ---

GIZZICK:
We'll all hang! Oh, dear heaven!

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.1)

KOVATCH:
(frightened)
He's got us! How can we get out of it?

IZZICK:
Maybe we could marry him into the family.

Everybody stares at him.

GIZZICK:
(protesting)
What good is that?

KOVATCH:
(hopefully)
Why not? He wouldn't hang a relative, would he? Nobody would hang a relative.

MAYOR:
(bitterly - looking at Kovatch)
I would!

Kovatch's face is a study of despair as he is impaled on the stiletto glances of his brothers in crime.

DISSOLVE TO:

180. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE

The Mayor is on his way up the steps, a dejected look on his face. He lets himself in.

181. INT. HALL

as the Mayor enters. He flings his hat on a chair and starts for the dining room, muttering to himself. At the door to the dining room he grasps the handle and it comes away in his hand. He stares at it angrily, then with a burst of vicious fury, he heaves it down the hall. The flying missile strikes a vase on a table, shattering it. Enraged, the Mayor kicks open the dining room door.

182. INT. DINING ROOM

Leza is sweeping the floor. She is paralyzed with fear at the Mayor's unceremonious entrance. The Mayor glares at her, his anger mounting.

MAYOR:
(shouting)
What are you staring at?

Poor Leza can't move, nor can she take her eyes off him. This seems to add to his fury. He comes after her.

MAYOR:
(giving her a push that sends her reeling towards the kitchen)
Filthy, slovenly wretch!
(he hits her again)
Spying, spying! Always spying on me!

Leza, at a loss to understand his actions, retreats through the kitchen door, the Mayor after her, cuffing her all the time.

183. INT. KITCHEN

as Leza runs in, followed by the enraged man. He catches her and beats her unmercifully, all the while heaping invective on her.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(punctuating his insults with heavy swings)
Ungrateful, ignorant, lazy slattern! Spend your time spying on me, will you?

His last blow knocks her right into a heap of ashes at the fireplace. Leza scrambles to her feet as he continues to bear down on her like a juggernaut.

184. KITCHEN DOOR

Georgi looms up in the doorway, pained by what he sees.

MAYOR'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
I take you in off the streets, feed you and clothe you, give you the best of everything, and this is how you repay me!

The sound of slapping jars Georgi into action. He rushes forward.

185. INT. KITCHEN FULL SHOT

GEORGI:
(anxiously)
Just a minute, Mayor -- what's she done?

MAYOR:
(beside himself)
What's she done? What hasn't she done! Curse of my life that she is ---

And as he slaps her again, Georgi, looking around frantically for a diversion, sees a lighted samovar blazing on the table. With the Mayor's back turned, it is the work of a moment to push this to the edge of the table so that it catches the Mayor's coat, which burns ever so slightly. Georgi beams from ear to ear.

GEORGI:
(mock alarm)
Mayor! Your coat! It's on fire!

He grabs him by the coat collar, dragging him away from the corner and Leza.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
Help!
(clutches his coat-tails)
I'm on fire!

GEORGI:
(delighted)
Leave it to me!

He grabs a stout broom by the stove, and flails away at the Mayor's back and legs, causing considerable pain.

GEORGI:
Ah! That's good! That does it! Hold still!

MAYOR:
Ouch! My legs! Help!

Georgi continues to bang away, catching him on the head and shoulders once in a while.

MAYOR:
It's out! Ouch! Oh, my head!

GEORGI:
It's still burning!

He grabs a bucket of water and lets fly, catching the Mayor right in the face. He gasps, and then Georgi gets him again with the broom. The Mayor staggers and falls.

GEORGI:
....and there's a spark!

- with which Georgi grabs up a pot of flour and dumps it on the Mayor. Then he stoops and helps him up, dusting him off, very, very tenderly.

GEORGI:
(solicitously)
Oh, my dear Mayor! --- Are you all right?

MAYOR:
(gasping)
Thanks to you....
(fervently kissing Georgi's hand)
You saved my life.

GEORGI:
(smiling)
Don't mention it, You'd better change your clothes.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.1)
The Mayor starts to leave. At the door he turns back and looks at Georgi.

185a. CLOSE SHOT MAYOR

His face indicates that he is a little suspicious of Georgi's actions.

185b. FULL SHOT

The Mayor leaves. Georgi turns to Leza who stares at him like a frightened faun. He smiles at her, rather timidly. She backs away. Georgi is a little uncomfortable in the face of her frigidity, and his hands begin to flutter.

GEORGI:
(fishing for a way
to break the ice)
You've got a stain on your blouse.

Leza looks at her blouse, then down at her ash-covered skirt. She doesn't answer. Georgi is getting very uneasy

GEORGI:
Well -- I - er -- you don't have a needle, do you?

He fumbles with a loose button on his coat. Without a word, Leza opens a small drawer, takes out a needle, threads it, and hands it to Georgi. Georgi awkwardly tries to sew the button, sticks himself, utters a little cry as he does, then sucks his injured finger. Leza takes over the job, sewing rapidly and skillfully. She is very close to Georgi.

GEORGI:
(softly)
Does he always hit you like that?

Leza shakes her head negatively and sews diligently. Georgi notices a dark bruise on her arm. He touches it, very tenderly.

GEORGI:
That's terrible! If you've got some flour I can make a poultice for you.

LEZA:
It doesn't hurt, Excellency ---

GEORGI:
Doesn't hurt?

LEZA:
(sadly)
That's from last week.

(CONTINUED)

185b (Cont.)
She is just about through sewing on the button. Georgi, anxious to keep her close to him, has worked loose another button higher up on his coat. As she finishes her job, he hands her the second button. She gives him a queer look, then starts to sew it on.

GEORGI:
Don't you ever cry?

LEZA:
(shaking her head)
Never.

GEORGI:
(pointing to her bruised arm)
Even when he hurts you like that? Don't you cry then?

LEZA:
No. I hold my breath and open my eyes very wide and then I can't cry.

GEORGI:
(abruptly)
Why do you stay here?

LEZA:
(looking up at him)
Where shall I go?

GEORGI:
You have nobody ---?

LEZA:
(half defiantly)
I don't want anybody.

GEORGI:
(with gentle sympathy)
I know how you feel, Leza.

LEZA:
(just a trace of bitterness)
You know how I feel.

She looks at his uniform and medals. Georgi shakes his head, wistfully.

GEORGI:
(sincerely)
I know -- because I have nobody either.

Leza stares at him, and a great tenderness transforms her.

GEORGI:
I was the youngest in a family of fourteen. Gypsies... We lived in a

(CONTINUED)

185b (Cont.1)

GEORGI: (Cont.)
wagon until I was seven years old...
And I was always lonesome.

LEZA:
But you had your brothers and sisters.

GEORGI:
They were more lonesome than I was.

LEZA:
So many people -----?

GEORGI:
It got even worse when my uncle moved in with us...And when he got married I had to sleep under the wagon... Then I was really lonesome....Some nights my uncle would have too much to drink and my father wouldn't let him sleep in the wagon because he beat his wife. So he slept with me...Then his wife got lonesome and she would come under the wagon, too...Pretty soon my father would come down to see if everything was all right - and he'd sleep there. Then my mother and the rest of the family would get lonesome for my father and everybody slept under the wagon... Except me... It was so crowded there I crawled back into the wagon....And when I was all alone I'd want to cry -- until I remembered a little song my drunken uncle used to sing when he was lonesome... I'd start to sing and that would wake the rest of the family who all got back into the wagon. That left no room for me - so they pushed me under the wagon again.

LEZA:
What was the song?

GEORGI:
I'll teach it to you -- and maybe you can sing it when people start pushing you under the wagon.

SONG: "LONELY HEART."

As the song concludes, Leza turns away and blows her nose with a damp dish cloth. Georgi, a little embarrassed by her tears, puts his hands on her shoulders.

GEORGI:
(disturbed)
Please, Leza -- I didn't mean to upset ---

(CONTINUED)

185b (Cont.2)

LEZA:
(whispers)
I'm sorry. You've been so kind, and I --- you don't act like an Inspector General.

GEORGI:
(startled)
I don't?
(he lets her go and moves to the door)
Well, maybe not all Inspector Generals are as bad as you think they are.

He hurries out.

186. HALL OUTSIDE KITCHEN

as Georgi hurries toward the stairs. The front door opens and Maria comes in, carrying a book. Georgi slows down, adopts an Inspector General pose, and bows politely.

MARIA:
(excited)
Oh, your Excellency.
(showing him book)
Look at what I found in the Brodny library!

GEORGI:
(shudders)
More books? Er --- well ---

MARIA:
I just happened to be browsing through, looking for some new recipes, when I ran across it. I can't tell you how thrilled I am! I'm going to devour every word of it.

GEORGI:
(staring at the book)
You are?

MARIA:
(sits down on settee, and looks up at him coyly)
Unless you'd like to save me the trouble of reading it --

GEORGI:
Well -- I - er - I don't know very much about cooking.

MARIA:
Cooking? This is Krenkli's new Almanac of the Emperor's Official Staff.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)
Georgi is thunderstruck. He sits down beside her with a plop.

GEORGI:
The Emperor's - Official - Staff?

MARIA:
(riffling the pages)
With histories of their families, and portraits by celebrated artists. I haven't had a chance to look through it yet --

GEORGI:
(frantically)
Don't read it. It's -- the portraits are very bad. Mine is the worst of the lot!

MARIA:
(laughing)
Oh, come now, Inspector. I'm quite sure your handsomeness is superseded only by your modesty.

GEORGI:
No, no. The whole book is no good. Full of lies.
(as he reaches for it she playfully pulls away)
Please give it to me.

MARIA:
(enjoying his proximity)
Well, I never! And I thought only women were vain about their portraits. Let's see just how bad they made you look.

She opesn the book and starts to look, then stops suddenly.

GEORGI:
What's the matter:

MARIA:
Do you know you haven't even told me your name?

GEORGI:
(terrified)
Name?

MARIA:
(turning the pages again)
Well, no matter. I'm sure I'll recognize your picture in here -
(kittenish)
Then I'll find out all about you and your beautiful wife and children.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont. 1)

GEORGI:
(grabbing her hand)
I haven't got a wife. None of my family has a wife - my father was very strict about it.

MARIA:
Why?

GEORGI:
His father was the same way. I mean my mother didn't like wives -- Let me have the book... Please!

They wrestle for it on the couch, Maria enjoying every second of the bout. She won't relinquish it and Georgi is getting more nervous.

MARIA:
Not until I've seen your picture.

She holds the book out of his reach and riffles through the pages.

GEORGI:
Please ---

MARIA:
(stopping at a page)
This looks like you -- but it's much too old. Is this a relative of yours?
(shows him a picture)

GEORGI:
(without looking)
It's my father.

MARIA:
Father?
(reads)
"Madame Knabe, wife of His Excellency Peter Knabe, Inspector General of Western Provinces. Age forty-six, mother of twelve boys."

GEORGI:
(swallowing)
That's a disguise. He was a spy during the war - he used to disguise himself as my mother. I couldn't tell them apart until I was nineteen.

MARIA:
Knabe. Is that your family name?

GEORGI:
(desperately)
Yes. Farfel Knabe - that's my name...

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont. 2)

MARIA:
(softly)
Farfel! What an unusual name... It's like gentle morning breezes rustling through the leaves in the willows... What does it mean?

GEORGI:
I think it's a kind of a soup.

MARIA:
Where were you born, Farfel?

GEORGI:
Give me the book and I'll tell you all about myself.

She hands him the book and moves close to him.

MARIA:
Will you really?

GEORGI:
Yes. Some night - when we're alone --

MARIA:
(breathlessly)
Yes ---

GEORGI:
Maybe tonight ---

MARIA:
(passionately)
Oh, Farfel! I want to hear everything. You don't know how I yearn to live. How my woman's soul is being tortured - what it means to be married to a man who doesn't understand ---

GEORGI:
(worried)
Now, wait a minute --

MARIA:
(baring her soul)
He's a peasant - a vile, coarse, pig of a man. I hate him. I was forced to marry him.

GEORGI:
(trying to get away)
Well, tonight --

MARIA:
(holding him)
Am I not an attractive woman?

GEORGI:
Yes, but --

(CONTINUED)

MARIA:
I'm still in the first bloom of youth - I'm desirable, am I not?

GEORGI:
Certainly. But --

MARIA:
Could any man ask for a more lovely, intelligent, responsive woman than I am?

GEORGI:
No.

MARIA:
(lays her head on his shoulder; sighs)
Oh, Farfel, you say the most beautiful things.

Georgi, terribly uneasy, manages to disengage himself and gets to his feet.

GEORGI:
(hugging the book)
Well, I have to go upstairs now --

MARIA:
(standing, earnestly)
You will help me, won't you? Promise.

GEORGI:
(anything to get away)
I promise.

MARIA:
And once we get to Paris - I won't be a burden to you, I swear.

A door slams upstairs. Georgi takes her arms from around his neck and runs up the stairs.

186a. STAIRS

as the Mayor, dressed in a robe, passes Georgi. They nod briefly to each other. Georgi goes into his room.

187. INT. GEORGI'S ROOM

Burbis is sitting on a chair, trembling. As Georgi enters, he rises. Georgi closes the door and looks at him questioningly.

BURBIS:
(in a sweat)
I - I -- forgive me. May I have a word with Your Excellency?

GEORGI:
(suspiciously)
What do you want?

BURBIS:
(blurting it out)
I throw myself upon your mercy, Your Excellency. Please - for the sake of my family.

GEORGI:
What have you done?

BURBIS:
(incoherently)
The tax records. It wasn't my idea to falsify them. The Mayor - my own uncle -- and Telecki - there's a burglar for you! I admit I take bribes - but what kind of bribes? Puppy dogs, that's all. Little puppy dogs.

GEORGI:
(pleased with the idea)
Puppy dogs? What kind of puppy dogs? I like puppies.

BURBIS:
You shall have them, Your Excellency - all sixty of them. And here --

He deposits a bag of money at Georgi's side. There is a knock at the door.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Who is it?

TELECKI'S VOICE:
It is I - Telecki - Superintendent of Schools, Your Excellency.

BURBIS:
(looks around wildly - whispering frantically)
He mustn't find me here - please - Your Highness.
(he darts under the bed)

Georgi is startled for a moment, then he stuffs the bag of money in a drawer, and calls to Telecki:

GEORGI:
Come in.

The door opens and Telecki enters. Georgi is sitting on the bed, apparently reading the Almanac. He looks up questioningly.

TELECKI:
I've been wrestling with my conscience ever since Your Highness honored our community with your visit. If I didn't have the best interests of the state at heart, I'd never tell you this, you understand --

GEORGI:
(getting off bed and crossing to the closet)
Come to the point, Tacky.

(CONTINUED)

TELECKI:
Telecki. Yes. A man must sometimes decide between friends and duty - and I feel bound to advise you of the corruption and vice ---

188. INT. HALL OUTSIDE GEORGI'S ROOM

Gizzick is approaching the door to Georgi's room. He can't seem to make up his mind whether to go through with his visit or not. He wavers at the door, hand upraised, about to knock, then thinks better of it and turns away. He stops short, bravely returns, and lifts his hand to knock again.

189. INT. GEORGI'S ROOM GEORGI AND TELECKI

Telecki is still talking, and he is now holding out a sack of money.

TELECKI:
It isn't much, your honor, but if you will just accept it -- as a loan, if you like - it will help salve the conscience of a guilty man.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Georgi takes the money and puts it in the drawer with the other bribes.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Yes?

GIZZICK'S VOICE:
May I see you a moment, Excellency? It is Gizzick - the Postmaster.

TELECKI:
(anxiously)
Gizzick! He hates me. If he should find me here --
(he starts to go under bed)

GEORGI:
(grabbing him)
No - not there!
(pushes him)
Come - hide in the chest.

He stuffs Telecki into an oaken chest with some difficulty, since the chest is a little too small to take a man of Telecki's proportions. He bangs the lid down on Telecki's head, then sits on the chest.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Come in, Gizzick.

Gizzick enters. He rushes up to Georgi, drops to his knees and offers him a sack of money. Georgi takes it.
(CONTINUED)

GIZZICK:
I'm a poor man, your Excellency, and the temptation was too strong. The others stole more than I did ---

There is a KNOCK at the door. Without a word Georgi throws the money into the drawer and starts to cram Gizzick into a small closet. A large bag drops from an upper shelf on Gizzick's head. As they try to put the bag back, other things fall on Gizzick, and he is flattened against the back wall holding various objects over his head. Part of his coat is in view as Georgi slams the door. Georgi surveys the room quickly, and just as he is about to admit the newcomer, Telecki's head lifts the lid on the chest. Georgi leaps on it, forcing him in again.

GEORGI:
(stretched out on chest)
Come in.

Kovatch lets himself in and closes the door.

KOVATCH:
(hanging his head in shame)
I suppose I shall have to make a clean breast of it. It wasn't for me, though - I want you to understand that, your Highness.

Telecki, suffocating inside the chest, is forcing the lid up a little to get some air, causing Georgi to rise and fall mysteriously while sitting on the lid. Kovatch is too disturbed to notice this.

GEORGI:
(jumping up and sitting down with a bang)
Yes?

KOVATCH:
It was my wife - she's never satisfied. Clothes, jewels -- I swear to you, your Excellency, I love my family, but I'd gladly give my six children to get rid of my wife.

Georgi sees the piece of Gizzick's coat sticking out of the closet door. He races over and conceals it by assuming a weird position against the door, one arm upraised and the other extended below, hiding the cloth, Kovatch reacts.

GEORGI:
(smiling fatuously)
Go on.

As Kovatch continues, Georgi tries desperately to tuck the coat back in the closet. The door opens and Gizzick's arm and hand protrude. Before Kovatch can notice this, Georgi has bent his own arm back and is using Gizzick's arm as though it were his own. He picks at the

(CONTINUED)

fingernails, wrings his hands, interlocks the fingers, cracks his knuckles, etc.

KOVATCH:
(displaying his sack of money)
There's only a thousand crowns here ---

Georgi gets rid of Gizzick's arm, slams the door on the poor man's fingers. There is a muffled cry of pain which Georgi imitates as Kovatch reacts. He finally gets Gizzick completely out of sight.

GEORGI:
Only a thousand crowns?

KOVATCH:
If you'll give me a little time to sell some of the jewelry ---

Georgi now rushes to the chest to push Telecki's head down again. Kovatch is bewildered. There is a knock at the door. Georgi grabs the sack of money and pushes the startled Kovatch onto the bed and covers him with the quilt. He deposits the money in the drawer, then throws himself on top the covered Kovatch and assumes a languid pose.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Come in.

Izzick lets himself in timidly. Georgi jumps up from the bed, startled.

GEORGI:
How'd you get out of the closet?

IZZICK:
(bewildered)
Closet? I don't know what --

There is another knock at the door. Georgi grabs Izzick and shoves him toward the closet.

GEORGI:
(pushing him in with his twin)
Now stay in there!

He shuts the door and leaps back on the bed. A grunt from Kovatch under the bedclothes.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Come in.

The door opens and Laslo enters. He, too, has a sack of money.

LASLO:
I didn't know you were resting, your Excellency --

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.2)

GEORGI:
I always rest at this time of day. My doctor says I must lie absolutely still for two hours a day. My liver.

As he says this, he notices Telecki's head coming up again. He leaps from the bed and flings himself on the chest. Laslo stares.

GEORGI:
(draped on the chest)
I rest better on wood.

Kovatch begins to stir under the covers. Georgi instantly flies from the chest and lands flat on his back on the bed.

LASLO:
(backing out)
Maybe I'd better come back --

Telecki's head comes up again. Georgi dives onto the chest again, poses, and smiles at Laslo coyly.

GEORGI:
Sit down.

Laslo, bewildered, goes to the bed and sits on it. He jumps up sharply as the point of Kovatch's boot makes contact. He stares at the bed then sits gingerly on the edge. Burbis' foot protrudes between Laslo's feet.

LASLO:
(eyes downcast)
I've come to confess, your Honor.

Georgi sees Burbis' foot between Laslo's, and his eyes widen in alarm.

190. CLOSE SHOT THREE BOOTS

Burbis' boot is unlaced.

191. GEORGI

He makes a dive for Laslo's feet. Taking hold of Burbis' foot, he puts it across Laslo's knee and begins tying the shoelace.

GEORGI:
(tying frantically)
Your shoe is unlaced.

Having tied it, he takes Burbis' leg and thrusts it under the bed again.

LASLO:
Thank you, your Excellency. I just --

He suddenly looks down at his boots, realizing he hasn't moved either of his feet. Besides, his boots don't have laces. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
(distracting him)
You were saying?

LASLO:
There isn't anything to say your Honor. I'm as guilty as the rest of them, but I --

Another knock at the door. Like a flash, Georgi takes hold of Laslo, looking for a place to hide him.

192. INT. HALL OUTSIDE GEORGI'S ROOM

Yakov is KNOCKING at the door.

YAKOV:
May I come in, your Excellency?

GEORGI'S VOICE:
In a second, Yakov.

Yakov waits impatiently. After a short pause -

GEORGI'S VOICE:
Enter!

Yakov opens the door and enters.

193-194. INT. GEORGI'S ROOM SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR FROM GEORGI'S ANGLE

YAKOV:
(scowling)
Don't put on airs when there's nobody --

Georgi motions to him furiously to be quiet and cuts in on him, dragging Yakov towards the door.

GEORGI:
(wildly)
Has the message come from the emperor?

YAKOV:
What?

GEORGI:
(trying to push him out of the room)
Go down and see if my luggage has arrived from Budapest.

Georgi tries to signal him that something is wrong. Yakov doesn't seem to understand.

195. CLOSE SHOT CANOPY OVER BED

Laslo is lying on it, somewhat precariously. Any minute the material will give way under his weight.

196-197-198-199 OMITTED

200. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV, GEORGI AT DOOR

YAKOV:
(angrily)
You lunatic! What are you trying to --

GEORGI:
(in a frantic whisper)
They're all in here - hiding. They brought bribes.

YAKOV:
Bribes? Money?

Georgi nods his head violently. There is a timid knock on the door. Yakov opens it to reveal the Mayor with a bag of money in his hand.

MAYOR:
(obsequiously)
Could I see you privately, your Excellency?

Suddenly Laslo falls through the canopy. At the **sound** of the noise CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing the closet door opening slowly and Gizzick pokes his head out cautiously. At the same moment, Telecki comes up out of the chest. Kovatch throws back the bed covers and reveals himself. Burbis crawls out from under the bed. As they all confront each other, Georgi rushes out of the room, and the dishevelled group all start talking at once.

YAKOV:
(interrupting them -- his eyes searching the room for the bribe money)
Gentlemen! I'll have to ask you to clear the room.
(to the Mayor)
And please see that the Inspector General is not disturbed for the next two hours. He will be preparing his report to the Emperor.

This strikes new terror in their hearts. They start to shuffle out of the room.

YAKOV:
(an afterthought)
Oh, Mayor ---

The Mayor stops.

YAKOV:
(motioning him to remain)
And you too, Mr. Chief of Police... If you please.

The Mayor and Kovatch turn back as the others file out. Yakov closes the door and sizes up his men. There is a heavy silence.

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
What is it?

YAKOV:
(shaking his head, sadly)
It's hard to believe. I hope the Inspector General is lenient with you.

KOVATCH:
(blustering)
Lenient for what?

YAKOV:
Gentlemen, his Excellency is a shrewd man - very little gets past him. The account books ---

He indicates the books, and shrugs with a knowing smile.

MAYOR:
I know nothing of the account books. I trusted Burbis --

YAKOV:
Please. The others have already said too much. His Highness cannot tolerate dishonesty.

KOVATCH:
No? Then why did he take the bribes?

YAKOV:
(carelessly)
A few measly crowns. His Excellency has many private charities -- I assure you, not a penny of that money will find its way to the Inspector General's pocket.

That's for sure, if Yakov has anything to do with it!

MAYOR:
Well, what do you want us to do?

YAKOV:
It's possible - only a bare possibility, mind you, that a substantial contribution from you ---

MAYOR:
How much?

YAKOV:
Shall we say a hundred thousand crowns?

MAYOR:
A hundred thousand! I'll be a pauper!

(CONTINUED)

200 (Cont.1)

YAKOV:
(coldly)
Very well. Keep your money. You can jingle it in your pockets all the way up the steps to the gallows.

KOVATCH:
(shocked)
No! He wouldn't do anything like that --

YAKOV:
He would - and he has! But he might be inclined to show mercy if he could realize the charitable dream of his life.
(piously)
A much needed addition to the cathedral he built in Vienna. A new church organ.

He watches the Mayor furtively as the words hit home.

YAKOV:
(laying it on)
A fire-proof organ.

Kovatch turns pale.

MAYOR:
(a dead voice)
He knows.

YAKOV:
He knows.

MAYOR:
(heavily)
I - I -- you must give me time. A hundred thousand crowns is more than I have. Will that be the end of it?

YAKOV:
I am only a servant. Suggestions I can offer - guarantees I cannot make.

MAYOR:
(going to the door)
I see. All right.
(turns)
Just try to have him hold off his report to the Emperor till morning.

YAKOV:
I'll do my best.

The Mayor leaves, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He plods down the hall to his own room and lets himself in.

201. INT. MAYOR'S ROOM

as he enters. Maria, in a negligee, is primping at a mirror. She sees her husband's anguished face through the glass and turns to him.

MARIA:
Pupi! What's happened? You look sick.

MAYOR:
(pacing up and down)
I am sick. It's all over, Maria. Scandal, disgrace -- the gallows. He wants a hundred thousand crowns.

MARIA:
Who wants?

MAYOR:
(vehemently)
That pig of an Inspector General! He's a leech - a bloodsucker! It won't be the end - I know it!

He makes a sudden decision. Crossing to the dresser, he opens a drawer and extracts a pistol. Maria jumps up, alarmed.

MARIA:
Pupi! No! You mustn't kill yourself.

MAYOR:
Who said I was going to kill myself? This is for him!

MARIA:
(disappointed)
Oh.

MAYOR:
(sharply)
What's that?

MARIA:
(grabbing him)
You don't know what you're doing. You can't just kill the man in cold blood.

There is a knock at the door. The Mayor freezes.

MARIA:
Who is it?

The door opens and Kovatch comes in.

KOVATCH:
(to Mayor)
I must talk to you, Mayor. Alone.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"THE HAPPY TIMES"

201 (Cont. 1)
The Mayor looks at him.

KOVATCH:
(continuing)
Put away the pistol. I have a plan. We can get rid of him without a trace.

Kovatch leaves, signalling the Mayor to follow him.

DISSOLVE TO:

201a. LIVING ROOM CLOSE SHOT MAYOR, KOVATCH

MAYOR:
But who - who will you get to do it?

KOVATCH:
(with deadly deliberation)
Viertel, the woodchopper.

MAYOR:
Viertel, the woodchopper!

KOVATCH:
He'll do as I tell him. He has to.

201b, 201c, OMITTED

202. INT. HALL

Loza is coming out of kitchen. She pauses as she hears the voices.

203. INT. LIVING ROOM

KOVATCH:
I can get him tonight. During the reception - there'll be plenty of noise and confusion.

MAYOR:
(worried)
If something goes wrong --

KOVATCH:
Nothing will go wrong.

204. INT. HALL

Leza, listening intently. Kovatch's voice can be heard.

KOVATCH'S VOICE:
Around midnight, when everybody's had enough to drink, one of us will get the Inspector General to the barn -- Viertel will be waiting - he will dispose of the body ----

Leza has heard enough. With a look of horror on her face, she backs away from the door and is about to run upstairs. Coming down is Maria. Leza takes one look at her, and turns and runs toward the kitchen.

205, 206 OMITTED

207. INT. KITCHEN

as Leza enters. She is completely distrait. Suddenly, she picks up a piece of paper and starts to write a note.

208. CLOSE SHOT LEZA'S HAND

as she writes, laboriously. The note reads as follows:

They are going to kill you.
Don't go near the barn.

209. INT. KITCHEN

Leza finishes the note, glances about to make sure nobody saw her, grabs up some clean towels, inserts the note in one of them and hurries out.

209a, 209b, 209c OMITTED

210, 210a, 210b. INT. GEORGI'S ROOM MAYOR'S HOUSE

Georgi and Yakov are arguing. Georgi has all the bribe money cradled in his arms.

YAKOV:
You'd think I wanted to steal it! I just want to count it.

210-210a-210b (Cont.)

GEORGI:
I counted it, I told you. There's more than enough to buy back the organ.

YAKOV:
All right. Give it to me. I'll go get the organ.

GEORGI:
Not without me.

YAKOV:
(impatiently)
You can't go now. You have to be here for the reception.

GEORGI:
(firmly)
Then we'll go after the reception.

Yakov is frustrated. He snorts angrily.

GEORGI:
There's an old proverb. "Trust everybody, but keep the organ money in sight."

Yakov glares at him with unconcealed hatred. There is a knock at the door. Georgi hurriedly shoves the money under the bedcovers.

GEORGI:
(calls)
Come in.

He beams as he sees it is Leza. She enters, curtseys respectfully, and hands him the towels. Yakov strides over to the window, his back to them.

GEORGI:
(to Leza)
Thank you.

As Leza goes, she stops at the door and pantomimes to Georgi to look in the towel. He has trouble understanding her. Finally, he figures out what she means. He opens the towel, extracts the note. Leza, much relieved, exits. Georgi stands, examining the note, turning it this way and that. His face is aglow. He is sure it's a love letter. He kisses it tenderly.

YAKOV:
(turning back from window)
Listen, Georgi ---

He stops as he sees Georgi kissing the note.

(CONTINUED)

210-210a-210b (Cont.1)

YAKOV:
(frowning)
What are you doing?

GEORGI:
She loves me, Yakov. She writes me love letters.

He kisses the note again.

YAKOV:
(coming over)
Let me see that.

GEORGI:
(backing away)
No. It's private. It's a love letter.

YAKOV:
How do you know what it is? Since when did you learn to read?

He snatches the note out of Georgi's hand.

GEORGI:
(protesting)
Don't - you'll tear it!

YAKOV:
(as he opens it)
Keep quiet.

He reads the note.

GEORGI:
(eagerly)
What did she write?

211. INSERT NOTE

The death warning.

212. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV

as he reads. His face becomes very crafty.

YAKOV:
(a villainous idea is born)
Oh, Georgi - you're such a lucky man. To have a beautiful girl like that fall in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.)

GEORGI:
(almost beside himself)
What does it say, Yakov? Read it to me. Please - hurry.

YAKOV:
(faking it -- slowly)
My dearest, darling, Inspector General ---

Georgi is touched.

YAKOV:
(continuing)
From the moment I first saw you I knew you were the one. At night I dream of your manly figure --
(Georgi draws himself up)
--and your handsome, gentle features drive me mad with passionate love for you ---

Georgi's hand travels to his face.

YAKOV:
(making it up)
The sound of your voice thrills me beyond words ---

Georgi's face is aglow.

YAKOV:
---and if I cannot have you for my very own I must surely die.

Yakov looks at Georgi, a tear glistening in his eye.

GEORGI:
(properly moved)
Oh, Yakov - she's so wonderful!
(then, eagerly)
Is that all?

YAKOV:
No, there's one thing more.
(he reads again, the master stroke)
P.S. Please meet me in the barn at midnight.

GEORGI:
(taking the note from him and carefully putting it near his heart)
How can one man be so lucky?
(suddenly)
Yakov!

(CONTINUED)

212 (Cont.1)

YAKOV:
(startled)
What?

GEORGI:
What does P.S. mean?

YAKOV:
(relieved)
P.S.?
(thinking fast)
That means "Please Sweetheart."

GEORGI:
(ecstatically)
Please sweetheart meet me in the barn at midnight.

DISSOLVE TO:

212a. EXT. WOODS DUSK

Kovatch is making his way through the forest. Ahead of him a small shack looms up in the darkness. A small light glows through the open door and the figure of a man is silhouetted outside. He is a giant of a man, with the lumbering gait of a grizzly bear. As Kovatch approaches, the man is in the act of splitting a huge log with his axe. This he accomplishes with one devastating blow. Kovatch shudders. He walks closer and calls to the giant.

KOVATCH:
(softly)
Viertel.

Viertel turns slowly, stupidly, axe poised to split another log. He peers into the darkness.

KOVATCH:
(reassuringly)
It's Kovatch.
(he comes up to be identified)
I want to talk to you.

Viertel spits and wipes his chin, then leads the way into the shack. As the door closes -

DISSOLVE TO:

PART VI TO FOLLOW

213. OMITTED

214. INT. DRAWING ROOM MAYOR'S HOUSE NIGHT

The reception is in progress. There is a gypsy orchestra playing off to one side. Everyone is dancing. Georgi is resplendent in a new uniform (Kovatch's). Georgi and Maria are engaged in a spirited, wild dance.

215. SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS MAYOR, BURBIS, TELECKI, LASLO, IZZICK AND GIZZICK

all looking very grim and unrelaxed. Kovatch is not in sight.

216. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV

At the door, ferret eyes darting all around taking in everything.

217. INT. DRAWING ROOM FULL SHOT

as the music gains in volume. Unobtrusively, Kovatch enters in a business suit, greets a few people and seeks out the Mayor with his eyes. The Mayor sees him and they exchange significant looks. With an almost imperceptible nod to the Mayor, Kovatch turns and accepts a glass of wine from a servant. At the signal, the Mayor detaches himself from his group and goes over to Yakov, who has witnessed the by-play.

218. TWO SHOT YAKOV AND MAYOR

MAYOR:
(in a low voice)
I have the money.
(YAKOV smiles)
Has he sent his report?
(YAKOV shakes his head negatively)
Then I'll deliver it to him tonight.

YAKOV:
Good.

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
(looking around, nervously)
Obviously a transaction of this nature can't be conducted in the open --

YAKOV:
Where would you suggest?

MAYOR:
(after a second's hesitation)
Have the Inspector meet me outside - around midnight -- say, in the barn?

YAKOV:
He'll be there.

The Mayor gives Yakov a searching look, then walks away. Yakov smiles benignly. The dancing goes on.

219. INT. HALL

where Yakov is lolling, watching o.s. As he hears the door open, he turns and confronts an elderly officer, richly uniformed and bemedalled. He wears thick glasses. At the sight of the uniform, he is instantly alert. He blocks the officer's entrance to the room.

GASTINE:
(brusquely)
Out of the way. I am Colonel Franz Gastine. The Inspector General is my old comrade and friend.
(and as Yakov reacts -- impatiently)
Announce me. Instantly.

YAKOV:
(petrified)
Yes, Colonel.

Gastine lays his hat on a bench and is dusting off his uniform, setting his sword, medals, epaulettes, etc., in order for his entrance. Yakov looks into o.s. drawing room.

220. FROM YAKOV'S ANGLE

Georgi is still dancing with Maria, as all watch admiringly.

221. THE HALL

as Yakov groans audibly. Colonel Gastine draws himself up, then starts groping around on a bench with both hands.

GASTINE:
My hat. Where is my hat? Help me find my hat.

The hat is lying in plain sight on the bench, and as Yakov stares, an idea is born. He comes to the Colonel, keeping between him and the hat.

YAKOV:
Yes, Colonel. I will gladly help you.
(as he, too, appears to grope around -- casually)
Trouble with your eyes, Honored Colonel?

GASTINE:
(irritably)
Of course I've got trouble with my eyes. I was snow-blinded, crossing the Alps with the Emperor in his Italian campaign.

YAKOV:
(instantly)
The Emperor! Long life to his Imperial Majesty, The Emperor!

He throws his hand up in an elaborate salute, and as he does so, knocks Gastine's glasses clear off his head.

GASTINE:
My glasses!

YAKOV:
Forgive me, Colonel!

(CONTINUED)

221 (Cont.)

GASTINE:
Find them, you bungler. I'm helpless without them.

YAKOV:
(solicitously)
You don't say, Colonel!

GASTINE:
(frantically)
They're on the floor some place. Be careful. Don't step on them.

And as he says this there is a sickening crunch of glass and metal.

222. INT. DRAWING ROOM

Georgi is dancing with Maria.

223. TWO SHOT GEORGI AND MARIA

as they waltz gracefully around the room. Maria is very close, and she whispers in his ear.

MARIA:
(urgently)
I have a carriage waiting, my love.

Georgi's eyes widen in a startled reaction.

GEORGI:
Carriage?

MARIA:
You promised - my things are all packed -- after this dance we'll meet at the stables.

GEORGI:
(in a frenzy)
But wait a minute -- I didn't say --

The music stops suddenly at a signal from Yakov who appears in the doorway with Colonel Gastine. Maria leaves Georgi and hurries out of the room.

YAKOV:
(grandly)
I have the honor to announce the unexpected arrival of Colonel Franz Gastine of the Emperor's Royal Guards...
(looking straight at Georgi)
...comrade-in-arms and life-long friend of His Excellency, The Inspector General!

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)
There is applause and scattered cries of "Bravo" in which Georgi freely joins in.

GEORGI:
Hurray! Bravo! Hurray for Colonel ---
(his voice gradually weakens and dies away as the full import of Yakov's announcement dawns on him)
---Franz...Gastine...
(he manages one last weak word)
Bravo....

And then the guests part ranks to allow Yakov to bring up the new arrival. Gastine is peering around closely.

GASTINE:
Ah! There you are, Leopold, my beloved friend!

With which he embraces the Mayor, who is pardonably startled. Georgi would like to take this opportunity to dive out the window, but Yakov has a firm grip on his arm.

YAKOV:
(pointedly)
Colonel Gastine is quite near-sighted and had the misfortune to break his glasses. Imagine that --- he broke his glasses.
(Georgi nods, swallows weakly)
Colonel Gastine, this is the Inspector General. You are kissing the Mayor.

GASTINE:
Of course. How stupid of me. The Inspector General is a much shorter man.

With which Georgi obediently shrinks a full foot by letting his knees go slack. Colonel Gastine embraces him.

GASTINE:
My friend! My comrade! Greetings!

GEORGI:
(weakly)
Hello.
(as Yakov prods him --- also weakly)
How's everything!

Gastine is peering into his face closely. Georgi peers back. •

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.1)

GASTINE:
(surprised)
You've shaved off your mustache.

GEORGI:
Yes, I had to. It tickled. Not me, that is...

GASTINE:
It makes you look younger. And your voice -- that too is more youthful.

GEORGI:
(deep bass instantly)
Not always. Laryngitis.
(he clears his throat hysterically)

GASTINE:
This is the man ---
(his arm around Georgi)
---who single-handed routed a brigade of Italians on the slopes of Lavangretto, then dragged their cannon into position to fire on the retreating enemy. Do you remember, my friend?

GEORGI:
It was nothing.

GASTINE:
And Austerlitz!

GEORGI:
Oh, I didn't do so much there.

GASTINE:
Only forded a raging swollen river carrying five wounded men to safety. And on the way, cut down ten Spaniards with his sabre.

GEORGI:
(deprecatingly)
Small Spaniards.

GASTINE:
And the battles of Jena...Leipzig! To say nothing of Tripoli!

GEORGI:
(agreeing)
No, say nothing of Tripoli.

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.2)

GASTINE:
(carried away -- to guests)
His men were restive, morale was low and defeat seemed inevitable. Then, with magnificent courage he threw himself into the fray, totally unarmed, leading his troops with a song! The victory song of the 94th regiment!
(to Georgi)
Please - for your old friend.

GEORGI:
Huh?

GASTINE:
How does it go, Leopold?
(sings quaveringly)
Onward, onward, never looking back --
(breaks off)
I've forgotten it.

GEORGI:
(shaking his head)
Me, too. I don't seem to ---

Yakov steps into the breach promptly.

YAKOV:
(glaring at Georgi)
His Highness doesn't like to recall the unpleasantness of that tragic day. He might be persuaded to sing something lighter -- more gay.

GEORGI:
(taking cue)
Yes. In a little while I'll --

GASTINE:
Fine. That'll give me time to get another pair of glasses from the inn.

He is about to leave. Yakov steps in again.

YAKOV:
(to Georgi)
Please, Excellency, honor the Colonel with a song now - while the band is still fresh.

GEORGI:
Now?

YAKOV:
(smiling but with significance)
He might not be so receptive, later. Might I suggest the Elixir Song from Goury's Downfall?

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.3)
He edges Georgi toward the orchestra, speaking under his breath.

YAKOV:
(fiercely)
Sing, you imbecile. Anything.
Keep him from getting those glasses.

Glancing nervously over his shoulder, Georgi goes to the orchestra. On the way he passes Burbis, who is holding a glass full of wine.

GEORGI:
(taking the glass from Burbis)
Let me borrow this for my song.

Burbis makes as if to take the glass back but Georgi is already gone. Burbis, trembling, approaches the Mayor.

224. TWO SHOT MAYOR AND BURBIS

BURBIS:
(pointing a shaking finger)
He - he took my wine.

MAYOR:
What of it? There's more.

BURBIS:
(hardly able to talk)
One swallow - and he's - it'll be all over.

MAYOR:
Why are you tremb ----
(reacts)
What!

BURBIS:
(whispering hoarsely)
The wine. It's deadly poison. I fixed it.

MAYOR:
(stares at Burbis with open admiration)
Burbis! You!
(he puts his arm around him)
Heaven forgive me for misjudging you all these years! How perfect! You prepared a poisoned glass for him.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

BURBIS:
(shaking his head violently)
No - it was for me.

MAYOR:
(shocked)
For you!

BURBIS:
I couldn't stand it any longer.
I even wrote a confession --

He fumbles in his coat for the paper. The Mayor is horrified. A loud drum roll stops him from killing Burbis on the spot. They turn.

225. INT. DRAWING ROOM FULL SHOT

Georgi takes his position in front of the gypsy orchestra and introduces the number he's about to sing. (NOTE: During the number he raises the glass of poisoned wine at the appropriate spots, but each time as he is about to drink, he is reminded of something that causes him to put the glass down temporarily. The Mayor has Burbis chained to his side, and they both die inwardly every time Georgi fails to imbibe the lethal dose. At the very end of the number Georgi elaborately tosses off the wine in one gulp, and the guests applaud. Georgi bows and waves.)

MAYOR:
(eyes on Georgi - to Burbis)
How long does it take?

BURBIS:
(incredulous)
It should be instantaneous.

Georgi is very much alive.

MAYOR:
Then why doesn't he fall?

BURBIS:
I don't understand ---

MAYOR:
You sure he got the right glass?

BURBIS:
Positive. It was my own glass - I had several drinks from it before I put the poison in. It had a silver stem.

MAYOR:
Well, maybe it takes a little longer than you ---

(CONTINUED)

225 (Cont.)
He looks at his own half-filled wine glass, from which he has been sipping during the song. It has a silver stem. His eyes pop wide open, his jaw drops, and he falls into a chair, holding his stomach.

BURBIS:
(anxiously)
What happened to ---

He sees the glass and almost faints. The Mayor begins to moan. Burbis is frantic.

MAYOR:
(gasping)
You murderer - you meant it for me.

BURBIS:
No, no. I swear --

MAYOR:
Quick - my medicine. In the buffet drawer.

Burbis takes a bottle from the buffet behind him.

226. CLOSE SHOT BOTTLE

It is plainly labelled "YAKOV'S GOLDEN ELIXIR".

227. BURBIS AND MAYOR

as Burbis hands the sick man the bottle. The Mayor starts to drain it.

228. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

He sees the Mayor drinking the Elixir. Consternation on his face, he goes to hunt for Yakov.

229. BURBIS AND MAYOR

The Mayor is squeezing the last few drops out of the bottle. He gives it back to Burbis, who is quaking in his boots.

BURBIS:
You'll be all right. - I'm sure you'll be all right. I must have got the wrong ingredients.

MAYOR:
(wiping away the sweat)
I knew I couldn't trust you, you half-witted jellyfish! Can't even make a poison!

(CONTINUED)

229 (Cont.)

BURBIS:
(defensively)
Well, it's a good thing it didn't work - you'd be dead by now.

MAYOR:
Shut up! Thank heaven Kovatch got Viertel. That won't fail.

230. INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Leza, at the window, looking out.

231. EXT. BARN LEZA'S ANGLE

The hulking giant shadow of Viertel and his axe as he stealthily goes to the barn.

232. EXT. ANOTHER WINDOW MAYOR'S HOUSE

as Kovatch appears and sees Viertel.

233. ANOTHER WINDOW

Yakov is there, also watching Viertel.

234. INT. DRAWING ROOM

The Mayor has now recovered. He looks at his watch. It is almost midnight. Georgi is surrounded by the ladies again. Leza enters with a tray of hor d'oeuvres. The guests help themselves as she passes among them. Georgi spots her and works his way over. For a second there is nobody near them.

GEORGI:
(as he takes a morsel)
I got your note.

Leza nods happily.

GEORGI:
(love in his eyes)
You're wonderful. The barn, huh?

LEZA:
(whispers)
The barn.

She moves away. Georgi looks after her reverently. He rejoins the ladies.

235. EXT. BARN

Viertel, in the shadows, is testing the edge of his beloved axe. An unwary goose waddles by in the darkness. Viertel looks at it longingly.

236. INT. DRAWING ROOM

Georgi casually excuses himself from the ladies, and making sure nobody is watching, slides out of the room.

237. GROUP SHOT MAYOR AND OFFICIALS

as they see Georgi depart.

238. HALL OUTSIDE DRAWING ROOM

Georgi is on his way, nodding to passing guests, a happy look of anticipation on his face.

239. INT. DRAWING ROOM

The Mayor and his cohorts have poured themselves a stiff drink. The party seems to have quieted down a bit, and there is a sudden lull in the conversation. It is during this brief hiatus that a short, sharp squawk is heard, as Viertel cooks the goose's goose. The Mayor and his men react and swallow their drinks rapidly.

240. EXT. BARN

Viertel is wiping the head of his axe. As he hears Georgi's approaching foots he flattens himself inside the shadows of the doorway.

241. GEORGI

making his way carefully to the barn.

242. LONGER ANGLE

Yakov is trailing Georgi, silently, and unseen.

243. EXT. BARN

as Georgi approaches. Yakov goes off to the left and makes for the other side of the barn. Georgi reaches the barn door and peers into the darkness from the outside.

244. INT. BARN

The silhouette of Viertel with his axe poised.

245. EXT. BARN

Georgi almost leans into the doorway.

GEORGI:
(calling softly)
Loza....Loza.

He is puzzled when he receives no answer. He is about to go back to the house when he decides to look into the barn. He takes a step forward, his sword catches on the door-frame, and he steps back to disengage it. At that very instant, and missing Georgi's head by the barest fraction, Viertel's axe swooshes down and buries itself in the wood. Georgi whirls around. He sees Viertel tugging at the axe-handle, trying to remove it from the door jamb.

GEORGI:
(angrily)
You clumsy ox. You almost hit me.

Viertel tugs away frantically. Georgi moves in and helps him pull.

GEORGI:
(wrenching at the handle)
Why do you have to work so late at night? Whatever you have to chop can wait till morning, can't it?

With which the axe is dislodged from the wall. Georgi hands it to Viertel, who stands gaping at him.

246. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV

as he witnesses the scene. He covers his eyes, incredulous at Georgi's naivete.

247. GEORGI AND VIERTEL

Viertel accepts the axe and stands stupidly, unsure of himself.

GEORGI:
Go on to bed. I have to meet somebody here.
(he smiles)
A girl. The most wonderful girl in the world.

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)
Viertel just stares.

GEORGI:
Please go away.
(as Viertel remains rooted)
Go on! Go, go, go.

He shoos him away but Viertel doesn't move.

VIERTEL:
(slowly)
Aren't you the Inspector General?

GEORGI:
Certainly. But that doesn't mean I can't have a girl, does it? Don't you believe me?
(fishes in his pocket)
Read that.

He hands him the note from Leza. Viertel takes it and squints at it in the darkness.

VIERTEL:
(reading laboriously)
They are going to kill you. Don't go near the barn.

GEORGI:
(proudly)
And I only met her less than two --

He stops short and does a nine million dollar reaction.

GEORGI:
(swallowing)
Wrong note.

He starts looking in his clothes for another one. Then it dawns on him.

GEORGI:
(almost a whisper)
Yakov! My best friend.

He stares at Viertel and his axe in complete terror. Viertel doesn't seem to know what to do.

248. CLOSE SHOT YAKOV

He has become impatient and now realizes that Viertel is not going through with his job. Silently, he reaches down and picks up a stout wagon pin.

249. FULL SHOT EXT. BARN

Georgi and Viertel stare at each other and Yakov creeps up behind them. With two well-placed lightning blows, he dispatches Viertel and Georgi. As he starts to drag them inside the barn....

250. INT. DRAWING ROOM

The party is lively once more, and liveliest of all is the Mayor. He is drinking heartily, and the rest of the officials join him in celebration. Yakov enters and approaches the Mayor. He calls him to one side.

YAKOV:
It's past twelve, Mayor.

MAYOR:
(acting surprised)
Is it? I was just about to go out to meet the Inspector General.

YAKOV:
You have the money?

MAYOR:
(nods)
I prefer to give it to the Inspector in person.

YAKOV:
Get the others and follow me.

He walks away, leaving the Mayor mystified.

251. INT. SERVING ROOM

It is a small room off the dining room. Utility tables are covered with used platters and dishes. Yakov enters. In a second or two the Mayor and his men come in. Yakov closes the door.

YAKOV:
Gentlemen, I'll take the money.

MAYOR:
(truculently)
Oh, you will, will you? Where's your master?

Yakov has his hand resting on the cover of a large platter on the table. He lifts the cover.

252. CLOSE SHOT PLATTER

Georgi's head reposes on the platter. There is a discernible lump on his head where Yakov's club greeted him. Eyes closed, groggy expression on his face.

253. GROUP

They react violently. Burbis hangs on to the Mayor for support, and the rest of them turn their eyes from the horrible apparition.

254. YAKOV MED. SHOT TO INCLUDE PLATTER

He looks down and sees Georgi open one eye, painfully. He raps him over the head with a heavy ladle and Georgi goes to sleep again. Yakov covers the dish.

YAKOV:
Well ---- ?

255. INT. SERVING ROOM FULL SHOT

MAYOR:
(in a weak voice)
How did it ---

YAKOV:
(sharply)
You know how! Let's get down to business, my friend. For a price I'll get rid of --
(nods toward platter)
-- the evidence. The money, please.

They are only too happy to give him the money. Everybody chunks it in and scrambles madly for the door. As they leave, Yakov lifts the cover, kisses Georgi goodbye, recovers him, and makes off with the loot through another door. The room is unoccupied for a moment, then Maria lets herself in stealthily. She is carrying a small suitcase and is wearing clothes for travelling. As she tiptoes through the room she hears a feeble cry.

GEORGI'S VOICE:
(from under platter)
Help!

Maria stops suddenly and turns to the sideboard. She stares at the dish as the cry comes through again. Timidly she approaches the platter and lifts the cover. Upon seeing Georgi's head she lets out a shriek and drops in a faint. Georgi is trying to catch his breath and is working furiously at his bonds under the table.

256. INT. DRAWING ROOM

as Georgi staggers in from the serving room. He goes right past the Mayor and his men, who can't believe their eyes.

257. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE

Yakov has a team of horses hitched to a wagon, is loading the money aboard and is preparing for his getaway. He turns in alarm as he hears Georgi's voice.

GEORGI'S VOICE:
Yakov! Wait!

Yakov clambers aboard and gathers up the reins. Georgi rushes into the scene and collars him. As he drags Yakov to the ground, Leza runs into the scene.

LEZA:
Oh, Your Excellency - thank heaven -- they didn't --

GEORGI:
(working Yakov over)
No, but he almost did! You swindler! You lying, thieving, murdering swine!
(he gives Yakov the beating of his life)

YAKOV:
(made helpless by Georgi's fury)
But I saved your life -- Oww! Please, Georgi --- Ohhhh! Help!

Georgi continues to beat him mercilessly. Exhausted finally, he leaves Yakov, bruised and panting in the dust. Georgi turns to Leza.

GEORGI:
(hoisting her on to the wagon)
We're going after the organ.

Leza smiles happily. Georgi gets aboard, gathers the reins, whips the horses and away they go. As they pass the prostrate Yakov, Georgi spits at him.

GEORGI:
(yelling)
I'm coming back for you later.

Yakov groggily pulls himself into a sitting position and stares after the retreating wagon. At this point the Mayor and his men arrive on the scene. They close in on Yakov. Heaven help him.

258. EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE

as Georgi starts his horses at a gallop, heading for the city gates.

259. REVERSE ANGLE

Heading toward the square is a handsome coach, drawn by four horses, with several uniformed out-riders. One of the horsemen motions o.s. frantically.

260. WIDER ANGLE BOTH RIGS

Georgi is motioning them off the course.

261. MED. SHOT

as the two equipages pass each other.

GEORGI:
(shouting)
Make way for the Inspector General!

HORSEMAN:
(shouting)
Make way for the Inspector General!

262. MED. SHOT GEORGI

He doesn't register for a moment, then reacts.

GEORGI:
(to Leza)
What did that fellow on horseback say?
(and before she can reply, he shrugs)
Oh, well, probably an echo.

He clucks up his horses.

DISSOLVE TO:

262a. INT. DRAWING ROOM MAYOR'S HOUSE NIGHT

The reception is still in progress. The Mayor and his officials, still not recovered from the shock of seeing Georgi dash out of the house, are gathered to one side, jabbering excitedly. The music plays loud. Suddenly a voice booms over the music. All eyes turn toward the door.

262b. ENTRANCE TO DRAWING ROOM

On the threshold stands a uniformed officer about eleven feet tall! He is rigid at attention.

OFFICER:
(booms)
Attention!

262c. FULL SHOT DRAWING ROOM

The music stops and the people stare at the officer.

OFFICER:
Announcing the emissary of the Emperor, General Leopold Nicolai Tarrantino Francois von Unterveschе, his Excellency, the Inspector General!

The officer throws his arm out in an imperious gesture, as the Inspector General walks under his outstretched arm, and makes his entrance.

262d. CLOSE SHOT MAYOR AND OFFICIALS

as they react violently.

DISSOLVE TO:

263. TOWN HALL AT BRODNY INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE DAY

The real Inspector General is seated at the head of the table. A fawning Mayor and members of his council are gathered in the room.

I. G. :
How long had this imposter been masquerading as the Inspector General?

263 (Cont.)

MAYOR:
Over a week, Your Excellency.

I.G.:
It's incredible. All of you taken in by a tramp.

MAYOR:
But he carried it off so perfectly. He took bribes, drank all my wine, yelled at people, made love to my wife - how could I doubt he was the Inspector General?
(the I.G. REACTS - then the Mayor - hastily)
I mean he never gave us a chance to think about a deception, Your Majesty - I mean Your Excellency...
(turning to Izzick)
Isn't that right, Gizzick?

IZZICK:
I'm Izzick.

GIZZICK:
He's Izzick and I'm Gizzick.
(to Inspector General)
I don't know why he keeps mistaking us.

IZZICK:
All you have to do is look at my leg.
(rolling up his pants leg)
I've got a strawberry mark as big as --

He stops suddenly and stares at his leg.

264. CLOSE SHOT IZZICK'S CALF

There is no strawberry mark.

265. FULL SHOT

as Izzick continues to stare at his unmarked leg. Now Gizzick rolls up his pants leg. He jumps in amazement.

266. CLOSE SHOT GIZZICK'S LEG

He has the strawberry mark.

267. FULL SHOT

Everybody is startled - most of all the twins. The Inspector General, however, takes over.

I.G.:
First of all, Mayor, I want that tramp. Send out every available man.

MAYOR:
Yes, Excellency.

I.G.:
(peremptorily)
Meanwhile, I will write out the order for the execution.

He pulls up a sheet of paper and a pen.

MAYOR:
He'll hang before the day is out, Excellency - I promise you.
(to Kovatch)
Test the gallows.

DISSOLVE TO:

268. EXT. TOWN HALL BRODNY DAY

A group of startled villagers is looking at something offscene.

269. CLOSE SHOT SLOW-MOVING WAGON

Georgi is driving, Leza seated beside him, and on the wagon is the organ. The wagon stops in front of the town hall.

GEORGI:
Take the organ to the church, then come back for me.

He kisses her and jumps to the ground. Wagon pulls out of SHOT

269a. EXT. TOWN HALL ENTRANCE

Sentries are on duty here. One of them looks o.s., bewildered.

269b. ANOTHER ANGLE

Georgi is striding up to the doors. The guards, galvanized into action, close in around him.

A GUARD:
(a rifle at "ready")
You are ---

GEORGI:
(peremptory, very official)
Hurry! To the Council Chamber!
(and as the other guards close around him)
Excellent! I may need you!

As they go inside --

269c. INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER

The Mayor, the Inspector-General, other officials are present. They are examining some papers.

MAYOR:
(piously)
---low taxes, and high standards, that's my motto, Your Excellency. That's why our people love their city officials, and ---

As the door opens and Georgi bursts in, surrounded by the guards. He strides right up to the group.

GEORGI:
Ah! So you are all on hand. Good!
(levels forefinger at the Mayor)
I am now going to inspect this town from top to bottom.

I.G.:
(rising)
So this is the Inspector-General?

GEORGI:
(to Mayor)
Throw this tramp out....
(indicating the I.G., and then to Mayor)
In the name of the Emperor I call on you to produce the books and records of this village immediately.

The Mayor and the I.G. exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

269c (Cont.)

I.G.:
(softly)
So you are the Inspector-General, eh?

GEORGI:
(annoyed)
Are you still here?
(and to the Mayor)
Get busy. I want to go over every single thing. At once.

With which he bangs on the table.

I.G.:
(very humbly)
If your Excellency will permit me to interrupt, allow me to show you this communication which has just arrived ---

He hands Georgi the sentence of death.

270. OMITTED

271. INSERT THE PAPER

It states that Georgi is to hang at once.

272. GROUP SHOT. FAVORING GEORGI

He holds the paper, pretends to read. He chuckles to himself.

GEORGI:
Silly girl.

He crumples the paper and throws it away, faces the Mayor who is enraged.

GEORGI:
Now to business. I'll start with the tax records. And no more juggling with the books, either ---

MAYOR:
(thundering)
You filthy vagabond, this ---
(pointing)
--- is the Inspector-General!

GEORGI:
(politely)
Oh!
(it doesn't quite sink in.
He smiles at the I.G.)

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.)

GEORGI: (Cont.)
We must have a long talk.
(turns to Mayor--
annoyed)
Now stop interrupting me and get
to work. I ---

And then it hits him, he whirls to confront the I.G. The Mayor and officials are smiling triumphantly. The I.G. is cold and stern. There is a deadly hush.

GEORGI:
(frantic -- stalling)
Two Inspecotr-Generals? .....shows you
what a corrupt town this is....
(to the I.G.)
....well, you'd better take over now
while I ---

With which he makes a bolt for the door, only to be collared by Kovatch, the guards, and everyone else at hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

272a. INT. JAIL

Georgi is sprawled on the cot, Yakov is pacing up and down like a caged beast, which is what he is.

YAKOV:
...and don't think that just because
we're going to be hung that I'm through
with you. I'm going to kick you up and
down the Halls of Eternity!

GEORGI:
Now, Yakov, be reasonable. Can I help
it if a real Inspector-General shows up?
(then sadly)
I hope nothing happens to Leza....
(quite seriously)
You know, Yakov, she's all alone in the
world....she has nobody.....
(adding)
...only me.

YAKOV:
(coldly)
In a few minutes, she'll have nobody.

272b. ANOTHER ANGLE

As the turnkey bustles up to the cell-door cheerfully.

(CONTINUED)

272b. (Cont.)

TURNKEY:
What a hanging you gentlemen are going to have! The band, everyone in uniform, all the city officials....the Mayor has declared a holiday so everybody can attend.....

GEORGI:
(intrigued)
That's nice. You see, Yakov, the Mayor isn't such a bad fellow after ---

He stops at Yakov's murderous glance. As music is heard faintly o.s.

272c. INT. JAIL CORRIDOR

As doors open and Mayor, Inspector-General, guards, and city officials march into the Jail, down the corridor. They come up to the cell, where Yakov is glaring defiantly at the group.

MAYOR:
(to turnkey)
Open up.
(and as turnkey obeys, to the guards)
Bring them out.

The guards enter, take hold of Yakov, who shakes them off defiantly.

YAKOV:
Take your hands off me, you grubby peasants!
(and to the Mayor, shaking his fist at him)
And you, you fat-faced village idiot! You'll regret this!

MAYOR:
Take him out! Tie them up!

YAKOV:
(struggling)
The Emperor will tear your stinking village down around your ears, you theiving lard-bucket. Heads will roll here like marbles. Yours first, and then this flea-ridden sack of nothing, you call the Inspector-General!

Pointing to the I.G., who is horrified.

272c (Cont.)

I.G.:
He's insane! Put him in irons!
Drag him to the gallows!

The Mayor looks doubtful for a moment.

YAKOV:
Look at the snivelling little grub!
Does he look like an Inspector General?

He grabs him and turns him around and around like a tailor's dummy.

I.G.:
Stop it! Somebody call my men!

YAKOV:
(still manhandling him)
Quiet! Look! This, an Inspector General? Don't make me laugh! Would the great Emperor appoint a thing like this to a post of such importance?

There is a little logic in what Yakov says. At least the Mayor is beginning to think so. Yakov now goes to Georgi.

YAKOV:
(gently running his hands over Georgi's tunic)
Here! Here is your Inspector-General. His carriage - his bearing. His manner. Take your choice, gentlemen.

As he shows Georgi off, he stealthily slips a packet of documents into Georgi's tunic. These are the papers he has just lifted from the real I.G.

MAYOR:
(running a trembling hand through his hair)
I - I don't know what to think.

YAKOV:
You don't have to think. If that man is the Inspector-General, then where are his credentials?

GEORGI:
(firmly)
That's right. Where are his credentials?

(CONTINUED)

272c (Cont.1)

MAYOR:
Where are yours?

GEORGI:
(weakly)
Yes - where are - huh?

YAKOV:
Show them, Excellency. They have a right to see.

GEORGI:
(uncertainly)
Show them? Yes. Sure.

272d. MED. SHOT GROUP FAVORING GEORGI

He begins to fumble around his uniform looking for some credentials. He doesn't expect to find anything but his hand comes out holding the packet. The Mayor takes the papers and looks at them with trepidation. His worst fears are realized.

BURBIS:
(on the verge of a breakdown)
I would like to take this opportunity to tender my resignation, effective as of --

He faints dead away.

MAYOR:
(grovelling)
Please, Excellency - forgive me. It was an honest mistake. The imposter shall hang. Here - write out his death warrant.

The real I.G. begins to scream in futile anger. A guard smacks him in the face. The Mayor rushes Georgi to a table in the corridor and hands him pen and paper.

MAYOR:
Write out the order, Excellency.

Georgi stands with pen poised over the paper. He drops it suddenly and turns around.

GEORGI:
I can't do it.

(CONTINUED)

272d. (Cont.)

MAYOR:
Why not?

GEORGI:
Well, for one thing, I can't write.

Yakov is horrified. The rest of the people stare at him in amazement.

GEORGI:
I can't read either. And even if I could write I wouldn't sign his death warrant. I'm not the Inspector General.

Silence.

YAKOV:
(leaping in)
He's just soft-hearted. Here -- I'll sign it.

GEORGI:
(pushing him back)
I can't send an innocent man to the gallows. No, Yakov. It's all over.
(everybody waits expectantly)
I went through with it to get the money so I could buy back the organ.

YAKOV:
Georgi --

The Mayor snaps into action.

MAYOR:
(to the guards)
Take them both to the gallows.

I. G. :
Wait!
(the MEN stop)
The gallows will get its turn - but not now.

MAYOR:
But, your honor --

I. G.:
This man will not hang. He's the first honest man I've met since I left Budapest.

Georgi looks at him gratefully.

(CONTINUED)

272d (Cont.1)

MAYOR:
(worried)
Whatever you say, your Excellency.

The Inspector General walks over to the Mayor and whisks the chain of office from around his neck. The Mayor gasps.

MAYOR:
(stuttering)
Excellency -- my chain of office --

I.G.:
(eyes narrowing)
We'll put something else around your neck.

The officials all cower, and the Mayor's hand clutches at his throat. The I.G. goes to Georgi and drapes the chain of office around his neck, then kisses him on both cheeks. Georgi is stunned.

GEORGI:
(shaking his head)
I can't take this, your Excellency - I'm not fit - I have no education--

I.G.:
What you have is better than education - simple honesty.
(looks at Georgi's dishevelled uniform)
A new suit of clothes, perhaps --

Kovatch groans, and instantly begins to slip out of his uniform.

I.G.:
-- and you'll make a better Mayor than any university graduate.

He takes Georgi by the arm and leads him to the door.

273-274 OMITTED

275. EXT. TOWN SQUARE

The villagers are gathered there in great numbers, the town band is off to one side. They begin to cheer as the I.G. Georgi, and the others come to the steps.

276. EXT. STEPS CITY HALL

The group stops.

I.G.:
(signalling the
crowd for quiet)
Citizens of Brodny! I have the honor
to present to you -- your new Mayor!

Loud cheers.

277. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

He is really touched. Leza sidles close to him. He takes her hand and kisses it.

278. FULL SHOT

as the band strikes up tha anthem. All the officials and the I.G. whip out their swords and stand at attention. Georgi starts to remove his sword and finds it stuck again. He wrestles with it frantically for a few seconds, then finally gets it out of the scabbard. He whips it up in front of his face, only to find it is about three inches long.

279. CLOSE SHOT GEORGI

with the short blade in front of him. As the music gains in volume he turns to Leza and smiles happily.

FADE OUT.

THE END