

Grand Hotel Script

Courtesy taken from *Drew's Script-O-Rama*. See [HERE!](#)

Grand Hotel Script

– Hello. Grand Hotel.
– The line is busy.

Who is this?

I can connect you with room service.

Hello.

Is that the clinic?
This is Senf, the head porter, Grand Hotel.

How's my wife? Is she in pain?
Isn't the child coming soon?

Patience? Would you have patience?

This is Otto Kringelein.
Is that you, Heinrich?

Listen. I've got to talk very quickly.

Every minute costs marks .

You know that will I made
before I had my operation?

I want you to tear it up.

I came to Berlin to see a great specialist
about that old trouble of mine, you know?

It's pretty bad,
and he says I haven't long to live.

I say, he says I won't live much longer!

No, it isn't nice to be told things like that.

You plague, bother, and save,
and all of a sudden you're dead.

I want to get something out of life.

I'm never going back
to Friedersdorf. Never.

I'm staying here at the Grand Hotel.
It's the most expensive hotel in Berlin.

All the best people stay here.

Even our big boss, Preysing,
is staying here.

I'm going to tell him someday
just exactly what I think of him.

Hello, miss.

This is General Director Preysing.
I want my home in Friedersdorf, please.

Hurry.

Hello. Is that you, Mama?
How are the children?

What news have you
from the factory, dear?

Is your papa there? Good.

Hello, Papa, is that you?

The conference with the Saxonia company
is set for tomorrow morning, Papa.

If the merger does not go through,
we are in very bad shape, Papa.

Everything depends upon news
from Manchester.

If the deal with the Manchester
Cotton Company does not go through...

we're facing a very bad situation, Papa.

I'm Suzette, Mme. Grusinskaya's maid.
Madame will not dance today.

She will not go to the rehearsal.
She did not sleep all night.

There is something preying on her mind.

I gave her a tablet, a Veronal.
She's sleeping now.

This is Baron von Geigern.

Look here, I need money,
or I can't stay at this hotel much longer.

I've laid the groundwork.
I know the exact position of her room.

I've made friends
with her ballet master, Pimenov.

Listen, Heinrich.

I've taken all my savings, everything...

and I'm going to enjoy spending it.
All of it.

It's terribly expensive here, Heinrich.
But it's wonderful.

I can't! I'll lose my job.
It's like being in jail.

Rely on me, Papa.
I will make this merger go through.

I never fail.

Poor Madame. Her mind is tortured.
I'm afraid she will...

I don't need advice, thanks very much.
I need money!

Music all the time. It's wonderful.

Grand Hotel.

People coming, going.

Nothing ever happens.

Mme. Grusinskaya will not want her car.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car
is not to be brought.

– Here.

– Yes, Baron?

– Adolphus is very vexed with you.

– Yes, Baron?

You didn't take him for his walk
this morning.

– Your door was locked.

– You might have knocked.

Don't you realize? That's why
they don't like little dogs in big hotels.

The doors are locked.

They can't get out. You see?

– Yes, Baron.

– I want you to take him for a good walk.

– You understand?

– Yes, Baron.

– Don't bring him back till he's exhausted.

– No, Baron.

Wait a minute.

It's quite all right.

- Hello?
- Is that for me?

No. Mme. Grusinskaya's car
is to be brought.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car is to be brought.

Good evening.
Will you send this to Mme. Grusinskaya?

- Yes, Baron.
- Thanks very much.

Good evening. My key, .

- Good evening, Mr. Pimenov.
- Good evening, Baron.

- How is the beautiful lady?
- Grusinskaya?

To tell the truth, Baron,
tonight we're a little bit nervous.

Were you at the theater last night?

I'm always there
when Grusinskaya dances.

- Last night was not so good.
- I thought she was splendid.

Is Mr. Preysing in? I'm Dr. Zinnowitz.

- Mr. Preysing. Visitor.
- Mr. Preysing.

- Here you are.
- Sorry to have kept you waiting.

Waiting? I've been waiting for news
from Manchester.

- No news yet?
- No news.

That's bad. You can't hold out unless
you merge with the Saxonia company.

- I know.
- The Saxonia company will never sign...

unless your firm is tied up
with the Manchester people.

They don't have to. I told you that.

Yes, I know. I'm very much worried.
But I have my agent in Manchester.

I'm expecting a telegram any minute.

You have to create a good impression.
Seem optimistic.

Don't even mention Manchester
to the Saxonia crowd. Be clever.

No, I cannot do that, Dr. Zinnowitz.

I'm used to making my deals
on a solid basis.

I'm an honest businessman,
a good husband and a father.

I have nothing to conceal.
I could not live happily otherwise.

Yes, I know.
We'll go someplace and talk it over.

I'm expecting a stenographer.

Send her to Mr. Preysing's room.

Yes, Dr. Zinnowitz.

– Letters for me?
– No, Doctor.

– Telegrams?
– No, Doctor.

He always seems to be waiting
for something...

but it never happens.

– No messages?
– No, Doctor.

Yes, I was in the war.

– Your bill, Baron.
– You're not beginning that again, are you?

Please pay some attention to me.
I've no time.

Kindly wait one moment, sir.

– Has anyone asked for me?
– No, Doctor.

We're holding the rooms now.
Five bedrooms, two sitting rooms.

– How many in your party?

– Let me see. My mother, two sisters...

– Really, this is an imposition.

– Sir, kindly wait one moment, please.

– That makes nine.

– Yes, madam.

– You wish to have the rooms held?

– Yes, please. And then...

Really, I won't wait any longer.

I've been here a very long time.

That's all right.

Look here, I waited three days
before I got a room at all.

When I finally got one,
what kind of a room was it?

– A very nice room, and inexpensive.

– I didn't ask you for a cheap room.

When I came here to live,
did I ask you for a cheap room? Did I?

– If you wait one moment, sir...

– I can't wait.

Every day is precious. Every hour...

– ?

...every minute is precious.

I came to live here for two weeks,
maybe three. Heaven only knows.

I can pay whatever you want.
I'm tired and ill. I can't wait.

– The gentleman has a complaint?

– He is dissatisfied with Room .

Yes, I have a complaint.
I think it's a perfectly fair complaint.

I came here from a great distance
to live at the Grand Hotel.

I want a room, a big room.

The same kind of room
you'd give General Director Preysing.

I'm as good as Mr. Preysing.

I can pay for a room
the same as Mr. Preysing.

Would you stick him way off

in a corner in a little room...

where the water pipes go "pop" all day?

He can have my room.
It doesn't matter where I stay.

That won't be necessary, Doctor.

Mr. Kringelein will take Room.
It's one of our most expensive rooms.

A large room on the front, and with a bar.

– With a private bar, exclusively mine.
– Certainly, sir.

Exactly what I want. That's very kind.
I'll pay for it now.

– No, I beg of you, sir.
– Pardon me, sir.

You dropped your little hat.

– Permit me.
– Thank you.

Permit me. My name is Kringelein,
from Friedersdorf.

– Yes. I'm Baron von Geigern.
– A Baron.

Permit me to present Dr. Otternschlag.

A doctor. Doctor, I'm ill.

I know. When a man's collar
is an inch too big for him, I know he's ill.

I must go and dress now.

– I hope to see you at the theater.
– Surely, sir.

– Is this gentleman a baron, too?
– Unfortunately, no.

– Will Mr. Kringelein kindly sign here?
– I have signed once.

– Have you a minute?
– I told you not to come into the lobby.

Time's getting short.

Haven't I told you not talk to me
with a cigarette in your mouth?

– I want to speak...
– Later.

Yes, sir.

This way, Mr. Kringelein.

Mr. Preysing.

– Will you go up to ?

– .

Hey, wait a minute!

Hello?

Mme. Grusinskaya's car
is not to be brought.

She said, "On the other side of the fence."

Baron, you're incorrigible.

Poor Grusinskaya.

– How can she receive anyone? She can't.

– No, of course not.

Theater, hotels, trains.

Trains, hotels, theater.

– Quite so.

– I must toddle along.

– She'll be waking up and calling for me.

– I'm sorry, old fellow.

Who are you, please?

I'm the stenographer.

Then you will please wait outside, please.

Yes, sir.

Outside, please.

Take your time.

Listen, the burial fund and everything.

I've got it right here.

I'm going to live.

I'm going to have a good time while I can.

That's my creed, Kringelein:

A short life and a gay one.

A short life, Baron, and a gay one.

That's very true in my case.

You know, I know you won't think

I'm impertinent...

but perhaps you might have
a little better time...

if you bought some new clothes.
Started out fresh, so to speak.

Well, Baron, I didn't think
there was time for that.

But it's very kind of you
to take an interest.

– Friends, then.
– Friends, Baron?

Thank you.

– Your room is ready, sir.
– Thank you.

I may speak to the Baron
anytime I see him?

Of course, Kringelein. Why not?

I mean,
when you're with your smart friends?

I haven't any friends, Kringelein.
– You said me, Baron.
– Friend.
– Bless you, Kringelein.

See you later.

I've often wondered
what would happen to that porter...

if somebody jumped on him from here.

I'm sure I don't know.
Why don't you try it and find out?

– Thanks very much.
– Not at all.

– Don't you like dancing?
– No. Not with strangers.

– Never?
– Never.

– Thanks very much.
– Not at all.

– I say...
– Are you back again?

He must be an awful nice fellow.

– Who?
– Whoever's keeping you waiting.

Have you seen it?

- Seen what?
- It.

You don't mean ?

That fat,
bulbous neighbor of mine, Mister...

- Preysing.
- Not you.

Oh, no.

Work.

- Does he sing?
- I hope not.

- Weren't you playing something?
- Yes. The typewriter.

- You're a little stenographess.
- Yes, I'm a little stenographess.

That's fascinating.

I don't suppose you'd take some dictation
from me sometime, would you?

- How about some tea, then?
- Tea would spoil my dinner.

I only have one meal a day,
and I'd rather hate to spoil it.

- Are you reducing?
- Reducing?

Me? Do I need to?

No. It's perfect.

I don't think I've ever...

But why one meal a day?

- Money. Ever heard of it?
- Yes, I have, vaguely.

But I always thought
little stenographers made little pennies.

- Very little.
- That's too bad.

Did you ever see a stenographer
with a decent frock on?

I have, indeed.

One she'd bought herself?

I see what you mean. Poor kid.

– I wish I were free tonight.

– Aren't you?

– What?

– Free.

No, darn it, I'm not.

But there's tomorrow.

– What time tomorrow?

– : downstairs.

Where downstairs?

In the funny yellow room
where they dance.

You're funny.

– Tomorrow?

– Of course.

Really?

We'll dance?

All right. We'll dance.

I wonder if I could remind the Baron
of his promise...

that I might speak to him at any time?

Mr. Kringelein, how are you making out
in the royal suite?

– Wonderfully, thanks to the Baron.

– Baron?

– Are you a baron?

– Strangely enough, yes.

– Then this isn't the Baroness?

– Strangely enough, no.

– Do I look like a baroness?

– You're attractive enough to be anything.

Thank you, Baron. You're nice.

– Thank you, Miss...

– Miss Flaemm.

– Miss Flaemm, this is Mr. Kringelein.

– Hello.

– They call me Flaemmchen.
– I like that better.

I wonder if the Baron would take
the trouble to come to my beautiful room?

I've ordered some caviar and champagne.

It's very expensive,
but that doesn't matter.

Perhaps Miss Flaemm would join us.

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

It does, as a matter of fact.
I hadn't thought of that.

I'm sure my beautiful room...

will appeal to your artistic sense.

It has real velvet upholstery.

A-number one.
I'm in the textile trade, and I know.

I wonder if you'd like to see my bathroom?

It has hot and cold running water all day.
Nighttime, too.

I can have a bath anytime that I like.

– No.
– Yes.

Stenographer. Please.

Her master's voice.
Goodbye, Mr. Kringelein. Thank you.

Goodbye, funny one.
Don't forget tomorrow. : .

– I won't. Goodbye, you.
– Goodbye.

– What's the matter, Mr. Kringelein?
– Preysing.

– You know him, don't you?
– I know him?

I've slaved in that man's factory
for years and years.

I know him through and through.

– Sorry, old man.
– I beg your pardon, Baron.

Excuse me.
Won't you join me in my room?

I've ordered some champagne.

Listen, I'd love to. I'll join you a little later.

You know the gentleman
we met downstairs, with the face?

– Who? The doctor, you mean?

– Yes.

– He's a gay old blade, isn't he?

– He's wonderful.

Please, *Messieurs*, Madame is asleep.

See you later.

– Waiter!

– Please.

Sorry.

Has Madame slept well?

No, I've been awake, thinking.

It is time for the performance.

I think, Suzette...

I've never been so tired in my life.

Not even the Veronal
can help me to sleep.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car is to be brought.

– I can't dance tonight.

– It will pass, Madame.

Pearls are cold.

Everything is cold and finished.

So far away.

So threadbare.

The Russians. Saint Petersburg.

Imperial court. The Grand Duke Sergei...

Sergei...

is dead.

It's all gone.

Mon Dieu. The pearls,
if they were to break...

The pearls don't break.
They hold together and bring me bad luck.

I hate them.

Orchids again, Madame!

No card. I think they are perhaps
from the same young man.

He is at the end of the corridor.
Tall. He walks like a soldier.

Madame must have noticed
how often he rides in the elevator with us.

Yes? *Oui.*

– Madame, the car is here.
– Send it away. I shan't need it.

Mme. Grusinskaya will not require her car.

No. She'll not be going to the theater.

– Time for the performance.
– The performance.

Poor little Lisebeta.

She still has her stage fright. It will pass.

– It's not stage fright. It's something more.
– What? What is it?

– Last night there was no applause.
– There was.

That theater, half empty.
Dancing for those few.

I was frantic.

I finished, I waited, I listened...

but the applause did not come. Nothing.

They're past, Pimenov.
They're dead. It's finished.

Meierheim.

Madame! In negligée
an hour before the performance.

What's this, you're canceling your car?
Do you know the time, or are we all mad?

Am I your manager?

Have we contracts? Have we obligations?

- Is this the time, or I am blind?
- I'm cancelling the engagement.

Madame is cancelling the engagement?

Madame has chosen a funny time
for such a funny joke.

Tonight there is a line
in front of the theater since : .

The house is jammed to the roof.

- Is it really full?
- Doesn't Meierheim say so?

Packed to the ceiling.
And such an audience:

The French ambassador,
American millionaires, Princess Retski...

All right.

- Hurry, Suzette.
- We'll wait outside.

Poor child.

- How is the house?
- Terrible.

After this, no more ballets for me.
Jazz. Just jazz.

If the house is empty again...
I don't know.

When she gets her paint on,
hears the music, she'll be fine.

I know these people. Here she is.

Why did you bring the pearls?
I said I won't wear them.

- Why not?
- Take them back.

- Hurry up.
- We haven't time.

I don't think I'll be able
to join you fellows after all.

- Why not? We'll wait.
- Come on.

- Lift, please.
- Wait.

Can I help?

You go ahead, old man.
I'll be there if I'm up for it.

– We'll meet anyway.
– All right.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car is to be brought.

The car is here, Madame.

Hello. Fifth floor. Good evening.

It's just : madam.

Yes. I'll send them up at once.

– Is he in?
– The Baron?

– Yes.
– Yes.

Adolphus, I have something very serious
to discuss with you.

When you meet lady dogs on the street
that are not dachshunds...

you must exercise some self-control.

We have company.

You're late.
The dancer's gone to the theater.

Excuse me, I'm busy.

This is a very peculiar thing
for one gentleman to say to another...

but as a matter of fact...

you're the one thing in the world
I really love.

She's gone to the theater.
Don't you know?

– What are you going to do?
– The pearls are in her room.

The others are getting suspicious.

I had Amsterdam on the phone.
They think you're scared.

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

Waiting your chance? You're too much of a gentleman, that's the trouble.

I told you I'd get those pearls tonight, didn't I?

- Need any help?
- No.

Have you got the skeleton key?

- No.
- Why not?

One reason: There's a perfectly charming floor clerk outside who sees everything.

She'd see me enter her room.

- I can take care of her.
- How?

Chloroform on a handkerchief while you're on the job.

- No.
- Why not?

Poor kid. In the first place, it would give her a rotten headache.

I know all about chloroform. I had it in the war.

Besides, she's rather pretty.

- She has a very nice line...
- You're no good for this business.

- No?
- To you it's just a joke.

I don't like your tone.

- No?
- No.

Get out. Leave her to me.

Be ready to leave on the night train for Amsterdam.

- With the pearls.
- With the pearls.

Get out.

There is a nasty man, Adolphus.

He'd eat his young.

"Both parties have fully agreed
that this merger can only result...

"in mutual advantages.

"Moreover..."

– Did you get that?

– Yes, I got it.

What did you say Zinnowitz called you?

Flaemmchen.

– Flaemm? That's odd.

– What?

I mean, who were the gentlemen
you were talking to in the corridor?

Some people I know.

– You know a lot of gentlemen, don't you?

– Oh, not many.

I haven't time.

I'm busy now looking for a job.

I'd love to be in the movies.

Why the movies particularly? I mean...

"...only in mutual advantages.

Moreover..."

You're a very unusual stenographer.

You're pretty enough to do other things.

– I do.

– What?

You see, I have a rather nice figure,
and I pose a lot.

Art studies, you know?

Like that? I got marks for it.

Is that you? You?

Well, isn't that interesting?

– That's lovely.

– "Moreover..."

"Moreover, the possibility
of the successful accommodation...

"for the Cotton Company...

"should throw a great weight

into the balance..."

"Balance."

Your hands are sunburned, aren't they?

- Yes, that's from skiing.
- From skiing?

A friend of mine
took me to Switzerland last month.

To Switzerland?
That must have been very nice.

I went to Florence once, too.

- With the same man?
- No.

Don't misunderstand me, Miss Flaemm.

I'm a married man
and have grown-up daughters...

- All right.
- ...bigger than you are.

Come in.

That's all. Excuse me, please.

"Deal with Manchester definitely off."
Is that something terrible?

It doesn't mean that at all.

- That's a mistake. That's wrong.
- All right. I'm sorry.

- Do you want to go on?
- No.

You come back in the morning...

and we will go on with the dictation
before the conference.

If you find out you won't need me
in the morning...

I wish you'd please let me know...

because men like you who come in
and out of town are often unreliable.

After all, if I don't work tomorrow...
Well, good night.

"Deal definitely off."

Why, we could be smashed.

I'm going into now, madam.

Hello? No. There's no one here.

You're late. What have you been doing?

Everyone says, "Come back."
They won't get out of their rooms.

Housekeeper speaking. No, she isn't here.

– Western Theater?
– Have you seen Madame?

Hello. Mr. Pimenov?

Have you found her?
No, she isn't here. Yes, I know...

Pimenov? What's happening?
No, I haven't found her.

Who's dancing? Duprez? How was it?

Good. All right. You keep the show going.

This trick is going to cost Madame
a suit for breach of contract.

– Madame is ill. Her nerves...
– What about my nerves?

Who is she?
Where does she think she is, Russia?

– I want to be alone.
– Where have you been?

I suppose I can cancel the Vienna contract.

I just want to be alone.

You're going to be very much alone,
my dear Madame. This is the end.

– Shall I... Does Madame wish...
– No, Suzette.

All right.

Western Theater, please.

Mr. Pimenov, the ballet master.
Grusinskaya.

Hello, Pimenov.

I'm at the hotel.

I couldn't go on. I couldn't.

How is it going?

Who's dancing? Duprez?

Well, how is it?

I see.

They didn't miss me at all.

Good night, Pimenov.

They didn't even miss me.

Yes. I'm sorry. I've finished.

Finished.

I always said I'd leave off
when the time came.

And who would trouble
about a Grusinskaya...

who dances no more?

What would she do?

Grow orchids?

Keep white peacocks?

Die.

That's what it comes to at last: To die.

I'm not going to wait.

Don't be alarmed, Madame.

Who are you?

Someone who happened
to be hiding in your room.

Why?

I often come here
when you're at the theater.

Why?

Just to be alone in your room,
to breathe the air you breathe.

There's no need to call for help.
Permit me. I couldn't help hearing.

I couldn't help knowing
what you were about to do just now.

I could have left by the window,

unnoticed, but I risked being discovered.

May I say something, Madame?
You're so beautiful.

It tore my heart
to see you in despair like that.

What on earth
have they been doing to you?

You've everything to live for.
Please don't cry anymore.

You must forgive me.

I've had a very trying evening.

I was so alone,
and suddenly you were there.

Why do you look at me like that?

I had no idea you were so beautiful.

I'd like to take you in my arms
and not let anything happen to you, ever.

How tired you are.

Yes, tired.

And alone?

So alone.

You mustn't talk Russian to me.

Strange man.

Am I so strange to you?

Maybe not so strange now.

You know, once,
when the Grand Duke was alive...

I found a man hiding in my room,
a young officer.

Later on, they found him dead.

Well, that was Russia.

– Who are you?
– Someone who can love you, that's all.

Someone who has forgotten
everything else but you.

You could love me?

I've never seen anything in my life
as beautiful as you are.

You must go now.

I'm not going. You know I'm not going.

Please let me stay.

But I want to be alone.

That isn't true. You don't want to be alone.

You were in despair just now.
I can't leave you now.

You mustn't cry anymore.
You must forget.

Let me stay. Just for a little while.

Please let me stay.

For just a minute, then.

No, Doctor.

The champagne,
and those girls and their dancing...

those beautiful silver things,
and the ice, and the caviar...

Oh, Doctor.

I don't care.

It's life. Life.

Mr. Kringelein, you are drunk.

– Good night.
– Good night.

– No. My room.
– Yes, Doctor.

Mr. Kringelein, you're drunk.

Life.

Grand Hotel.

Hello?

Grand Hotel.

Grand Hotel, good morning.

Baron von Geigern's room
does not answer.

Yes, all right.

Baron von Geigern's chauffeur calling?

Grand Hotel, good morning.

Dr. Ottersschlag.
No, Doctor. No messages.

Grand Hotel, .

Grand Hotel, good morning.
Who is calling Mme. Grusinskaya?

Mr. Pimenov.
Mme. Grusinskaya cannot be disturbed.

Mr. Preysing's calls to for the day.

– .
– The conference room.

That is interesting.

A man in the textile industry
must know Manchester.

There's a lot of business to be done
with the Manchester Cotton Company.

They have the whole English market
right in their hands.

Have you any connections
with Manchester?

We have a lot of good connections
in England.

– Actually...
– I mean, with the Manchester people.

Please, we are here to discuss the merger.
Let us begin at the beginning.

– Yes.
– Thank you.

Is Baron von Geigern in?

Too bad.

Since June this year,
when the first negotiation...

I met him yesterday.

...between our respective firms...

I've got a date.

...that this merger can result...

About : .

...all of us.

– Dancing.

– All we want to know about is Manchester.

– Just a second.

Before I get through,
I'm laying before you here...

the last general statement of the concern.

The capital, the plant, the machinery...

For instance, we'll take mop rags.

– I'll call you back.

– All we want to know about is Manchester.

Yes, Mr. Preysing,
that's what we want to know.

I would rather wait for Justice Zinnowitz...

before I commit myself, please.

Now, to go ahead with the merger.

You realize...

that this merger is a great advantage
to the Saxonians, of course.

Now, let's talk like adults.

– When you first approached us...

– We did not approach you.

This letter filed on September
indicates you approached us.

That letter is a response
to a tentative feeler sent out by you.

– Please.

– Tentative, my foot!

A month before this,
your old father-in-law...

– comes to me privately, and scratches...

– Scratched?

– Why, we did not take the initiative!

– You did...

– We did not take the initiative!

– You took the initiative!

Gentlemen, I see the conference
has already begun.

– I'm glad you're here, Justice Zinnowitz.
– Good morning.

– Thank you very much.
– I beg your pardon, please.

Excuse me, please. I am glad you're here.

These gentlemen have cross words.
Would you try, Justice Zinnowitz...

– and iron out the situation here?
– Certainly.

– Right here, on the top.
– If you will allow me.

Thank you.

Well, gentlemen, the situation
seems to be perfectly clear.

– Yes. And how clear is Manchester?
– Manchester?

Have you said anything
about Manchester, Mr. Preysing?

Why, no, sir. I cannot commit myself
at this time about Manchester.

Quite right. Well, gentlemen,
since June of this year...

when the first negotiations for a merger
were entered...

Now we're going to begin
at the beginning again.

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

– We did not approach you.
– I'm sorry, you did approach us!

We did not approach you.

– You approached us!
– Please wait.

Can you imagine girls
in a ballet school...

each thinking she would become
the most famous dancer in the world?

I was ambitious then.

We were drilled like little soldiers.
No rest, no stopping.

I was little, slim, but hard as a diamond.

Then I became famous soon.

But why am I telling you all this?

Last night I didn't know you at all.

– Who are you, really?
– What?

I don't even know your name.

I am Felix Benvenuto Frihern von Geigern.

My mother called me Flix.

No. Flix.

That's sweet.

And how do you live?
What kind of person are you?

I'm a prodigal son,
the black sheep of a white flock.

I shall die on the gallows.

– Really?
– Really.

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

– No?
– No. Really.

You know, when I was a little boy
I was taught to ride and be a gentleman.

Then at school, to pray and lie.

And then in the war, to kill and hide.

That's all.

And what do you do now?

Now I'm a gambler...

running at large, like a happy pig...

devouring everything of life
that pleases me.

I really belong in jail.

What a picture.

And what else?

What else?

I'm also a criminal and a hotel thief.

That's not a funny joke.

You must believe one thing.

You must believe that I love you.

That I've never known love like this
until now.

What is it, Flix? What's the matter?

Hotel thief.

No.

Did you come here just for these?

That's horrible.

You may keep the pearls.
I don't want them.

I will not denounce you.

Hadn't you better go now?

I wanted money desperately.

Can't you understand that?
That's why I wanted your pearls.

I was threatened.

I was desperately in need
of a certain big sum of money.

I've been following you. I've admired you.

But last night, at last,
I managed to come into your room.

And now...

And now?

I couldn't go through with it.

Don't you understand?

Don't you?

– Who?
– Suzette, Madame.

– Good morning.

– Good morning, Madame.

– Did Madame sleep well?

– Yes, Suzette.

Come back in five minutes. I'll call you.
Five minutes.

There, it begins.

Hello, Pimenov. Good morning.

Darling.

Beautiful morning. Yes, very well.

Rehearsals? All right,
you can come. Goodbye.

I have to go to rehearsals.
Our train leaves early tomorrow morning.

– Our train?

– Yes, for Vienna.

– Vienna?

– You're coming with me.

– Of course you are.

– But I can't.

I'd give my soul to go, but I can't.

– Why couldn't you?

– I'll try. There might be some way.

– Flix, is it money?

– Of course.

I have money.

I have enough for both of us.

No. That would spoil everything.

I'll manage somehow. I'll get it.

I have a whole day. I'll be on the train.

I shall dance, and you'll be with me.

Then we'll go to Tremezzo.

I have a villa there.

The sun will shine.

I'll take a vacation,
six weeks, eight weeks. I don't know.

We'll be happy and lazy.

And then we'll go to South America.
It will be divine.

– Be careful going to your room.
– I'll be on the train with the money.

Don't do anything foolish.

– I'm alarmed about you.
– Don't worry. I'll be on the train.

Hurry, Suzette.
A bright dress. It's a sunny morning.

Meierheim is cancelling
the Vienna engagement.

Meierheim is mad.
You are mad. We're all mad.

Suzette, come.

Gru, you're positively radiant.

Pimenov, I have an idea, a ballet.

It must have mad music...
But I'll speak with you later.

You go to the theater.

I want a full rehearsal,
ballet, full orchestra...

– Come, Suzette.
– But, Madame...

Will you get me
Baron von Geigern, please?

Yes. Baron von Geigern.

Chéri, it's you.

No, nothing.

Good morning.

No.

Just to tell you that I'm happy.

I'll have something sweet and cold, please.

– Louisiana Flip, sir?
– Louisiana Flip?

Yes, that sounds very nice. Thank you.

What do you do in the Grand Hotel?

Eat, sleep, loaf around...

flirt a little, dance a little.

A hundred doors leading to one hall.

No one knows anything
about the person next to them.

And when you leave,
someone occupies your room...

lies in your bed.

That's the end.

Let me say again, for the tenth time...

you people were quite ready
for the merger.

You declared yourself fully agreed
on all the terms.

Why should the signing of these articles
be suddenly held up?

I'll admit that we were at one time
anxious for this merger.

But since then, the Preysing Company
has fallen on evil days.

– Evil days?
– Very evil days.

Say, listen.

Haven't I just shown you here...

what my firm exports to the Balkans?

marks worth of mop rags
each and every year.

Mop rags.

We're interested
in something entirely different.

– What?
– Shall I tell them again?

Why waste time? It's getting late.

– You see...
– We're going home.

But Mr. Preysing has too great a regard
for the certainty...

You've been talking all day.
You're hoarse now.

Good night, Preysing.

You have decided against the merger?

- Yes.
- The deal is off?

Yes.

- Here's your coat, sir.
- Thank you.

- Here, let me help you.
- Thank you.

Preysing, I hope you pull through.

It's a very bad time
to be in such a crisis. Sorry.

- Dining in town?
- No, I have to get my train.

Here! So you're breaking off
the negotiations.

All right.

But don't you think for one moment
that I'm such a fool...

as not to have something
to say about Manchester.

What? Manchester?

No. The deal is over.
Good night, gentlemen.

If you have something definite
to say about Manchester, we might...

I'm at liberty to announce at this time
that the deal between my firm...

and the Manchester Cotton Company...

has been successfully negotiated.

Are you joking?
Under those circumstances...

- Where are those articles?
- I thought it was all over.

Under these circumstances,
it's a different matter.

Yes, but under these circumstances
we might refuse to sign now.

Now, come, come.
Business is business. Now, I'll sign in here.

Preysing, you sign here.

We should celebrate this
with a bottle of wine.

Good night. We'll see you next week
and settle all the details.

– Next week. Yes.
– Come on.

Good night, Preysing. You're a sly one.

– Dr. Waitz?
– Yes.

I'll be at your office tomorrow.

You let me talk myself hoarse...

and you had Manchester
signed up all the time. Why?

– The deal has been put through.
– Yeah.

The deal has been put through.

– What's the matter with you?
– Here.

"Deal with Manchester definitely...

"definitely off." Preysing!

Yes, if that's what the world wants, bluff...

I can be just as big a bluff as anyone.

You must go to England yourself at once
and really see this through!

Yes, I must go to England.
I was desperate.

I didn't know what I was doing.
Now I don't care.

This thing goes to a man's head.

– What you need is some relaxation.
– Yeah!

That's it! I want to break loose.

I want to drink.
I want to maybe go dancing.

I want to do anything.

I can understand that, after this...

Yes, go on, say it. My lie.

But that's the first time in years that...

Where is my stenographer? Miss Flaemm?

– What do you want with her?
– Pardon?

– What do you want?
– What?

Here. I want to do some dictating.

I want to tell my father-in-law about...

She had an engagement
in the Yellow Room at : .

She was in a hurry.

– In the Yellow Room?
– Yes.

Do you think that she's pretty?

– Pretty as a picture.
– You think so?

Let's go find her. We'll go get a drink.

– You come along, Zinnowitz.
– Yes.

I don't know much about women.

I've been married for years, you know.
Come along, Zinnowitz.

– Good evening, Mr. Kringelein.
– Good evening, Miss Flaemm.

– Have you seen the Baron?
– I'm waiting for him.

I've been with him all day.
We had a marvelous time.

We were in a motor car,
miles an hour, in an airplane.

– Really?
– We had a marvelous time.

My, how you've changed.
You look awfully nice.

Thank you, Miss Flaemm.
I had a manicure, too.

Really?

I'm sorry, Miss Flaemm.
Would you have something to drink?

A Louisiana Flip. Louisiana Flip, please.

– Absinthe.
– Oh, that.

– You like music, Mr. Kringelein?
– Yes. I love it.

It's so stimulating.

– A man could...
– A man could what?

– He could do almost anything.
– He could.

– Hello, funny one.
– Hello.

– Sorry I'm late.
– Baron, won't you have a drink?

– A Louisiana Flip.
– Mr. Kringelein, how are you now?

I feel a little strange, Baron.

– I'd given you up.
– Sorry.

Please, Baron, do have a drink.
A Louisiana Flip.

No, thanks, old man.
I'm keeping my head clear.

– Dance, then?
– What?

– Dance?
– Yes, I'd love to.

– Watch this, will you, Mr. Kringelein?
– I really ought to learn to dance.

I suppose it's very important.

Yes, you should learn
as quickly as the time allows.

Believe me, Mr. Kringelein,
a man who is not with a woman...

is a dead man.

– What have you been doing all day?
– Chasing around.

– Chasing what?

– Money.

– You were very different yesterday.

– That was yesterday.

I served as a surgeon in the Great War...

till the end.

Grenade in my face.

I carried diphtheria bacilli
in the wound till .

Isolated two years.

– Drink, Mr. Kringelein.

– Yes.

That was lovely.

Listen, funny one,
do you want to make a man happy?

– I'd love to.

– Dance with old Kringelein.

Why?

I don't know. He's a dear old duck.
I feel rather sorry for him, don't you?

You know, you're not a bit
like you were yesterday.

Yesterday?

No, perhaps not.

I fell in love last night.

The real thing.

There's no real thing. It just doesn't exist.

I thought that, too.

But now I know that it does.

It's wonderful.

Come along.

– Dance with old Kringelein?

– Of course. Anything for you.

You're sweet.

Here you are. I must speak with you.

– Presently, Mr. Preysing.

– No, now. This is very urgent.

This lady has urgent business with me
at the moment.

Insolence. Berlin manners.

Good evening, Mr. Preysing.
You're staying here, too?

– I'm sorry, but I cannot place you.
– Kringelein, at the plant.

One of our agents.

No. Assistant bookkeeper,
Room Building C, third floor.

– I am away, sick.
– That's very interesting.

Good day.

Would you like to dance with me,
Mr. Kringelein?

Miss Flaemm, I've never danced in public.

– Come along and try it.
– I'd be afraid.

There's nothing to be afraid of.
You'll love it.

Miss Flaemmchen, I must speak to you.
This is about a dictating job.

– When do we start? Tomorrow morning?
– No, right now.

We were just going to dance.

Do you know each other?
Mr. Kringelein, Mr. Preysing.

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

I couldn't think of not accepting
the invitation to dance.

I understood you to say
that you reported to our plant ill...

and you're here in Berlin
indulging in diversions...

which are very much beyond your means?

This is very extraordinary, Mr. Kringelein.

I think we should look over your books.

Come along now, children. No fighting.
Save that for the office.

Does the world belong to you,
Mr. Preysing?

Haven't I got any right to live?

I will wait minutes for you.

If you're not back, it will be necessary
to engage someone else.

What happened to your dance?

We're going now, thank you, Baron.
Come along.

I shall remember this, Mr. Kringelein.

Let the poor devil alone.
Death's staring him in the face.

I did not ask your advice.

I think you'd better go away.

We will see
who will remain here the longer.

Baron von Geigern, please.

Mr. Kringelein, you must look at my face,
and not the floor.

Yes.

– Why, you're trembling.
– I never danced in public before.

– You dance beautifully.
– Thank you.

– That's right.
– I'm happy, Miss Flaemm.

Are you really?

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

Are you all right?

Yes. Excuse me, I just stopped a second.

All right. Here we go.

I'm very tired. Do you mind if we stop?

Thank you.

– I must go back to Mr. Preysing now.
– Must you?

Yes, business.
One has to earn a living, you know.

Not you, Miss Flaemm.

Just another desk slave. Money.

– I'm glad you're here, Miss Flaemm.
– Here I am.

– Did you enjoy your dance?
– Yes, thank you.

– Excuse me. Go away, please.
– Where's the Louisiana Flip?

– Would you like a little cognac?
– Yes. You wanted to see me?

Yes. You may go, Mr. Kringelein.

Mr. Preysing, I am not taking orders
from you here.

What is this insolence? Please go away.

You think you have free license
to be insulting?

Believe me, you have not.

You think you're superior,
but you're quite an ordinary man...

even if you did marry money...

and people like me
have got to slave for you...

for marks a month.

– Go away, please. You are annoying.
– You don't like to see me enjoying myself.

When a man's working himself to death,
that's what he's paid for.

You don't care if a man
can live on his wages or not.

You have a very regular scale of wages,
and there's the sick fund for you.

What a scale, and what a fund.

When I was sick for four weeks...

you wrote me a letter
telling me I'd be discharged...

if I were sick any longer.

Did you write me that letter or not?

I have no idea of the letters that I write.

I know that you are here
in the Grand Hotel, living like a lord.

You are probably an embezzler.

– An embezzler!
– Yes, an embezzler.

You are going to take that back!

Right here in the presence
of this young lady!

Who do you think you're talking to?
You think I'm dirt?

If I'm dirt, you're a lot dirtier...

Mr. Industrial Magnate Preysing!

– You're discharged. Get out!
– You can't do that to him.

I don't know the man or what he wants.
I never saw him before.

I know you.

I've kept your books for you,
and I know all about you.

If one of your employees
was half as stupid in a small way...

– as you are in a big way...
– What do you mean?

Gentlemen, please! Please!

Stop that!

– You're discharged! Do you hear?
– Wait!

You can't discharge me.
I'm my own master...

for the first time in my life.

You can't discharge me. I'm sick.

I'm going to die. You understand?

I'm going to die, and nobody
can do anything to me anymore.

Nothing can happen to me anymore.

Before I can be discharged, I'll be dead!

The man's crazy.
I don't know him. He's annoying.

– Baron!
– Excuse me.

– What is it? What's happened to him?
– He's ill.

– I'm sorry, Baron.
– Poor old Kringelein. You're all right.

– Give him some whiskey.
– No.

A Louisiana Flip.

Five minutes to : .
Time drags when you're tired.

I was in the hospital the whole night,
walking up and down the corridor.

They wouldn't let me see her.
And I have to stay chained to this desk.

Did you find that young lady
for Mr. Preysing?

– His secretary. Yes, they're over there.
– That's all.

His secretary.

Come on, waiter.

– Would you like a little cognac?
– No, nothing.

Nothing?

– One cognac for me.
– Very good, sir.

You wanted to see me?

Yes. Pardon me. I must go to England.

It's very important. I must go at once.
I have some very big deals...

involving hundreds of thousands
of marks...

and I thought
I would take along a secretary...

to take care of my correspondence.

You know what I mean.

I understood you to say
that you travelled and...

You understand?

I understand you perfectly, Mr. Preysing.

What would you want for such a trip?

– Marks? You mean money?
– Yes.

I don't know. I'd have to figure it up.

I'd need clothes and shoes...

and it's cold in England in March.
And I'd need a suit.

– You'd want me to look nice?
– Of course, Miss Flaemm.

Yes, I thought you would.

I should say marks.

– Is that too much?
– No.

That is all right.

Would you like me
to get you a room here...

at the hotel? Now?

– And that would...
– Hello, Baron.

– Would you please pay some attention?
– I'm paying attention.

– How do you do?
– Insolence.

You mean the Baron?

– Baron what?
– What?

He's a gentleman.

Is the Baron tired?

No, not tired exactly.

I thought this evening
we could go to the casino.

That place we passed

with the wonderful bright lights.

Kringelein, I'd adore it.
I can't go anywhere.

– What?
– I'm broke.

– No, you're joking.
– Yes. Isn't it odd?

A baron, broke.

Excuse me, old man.

– I quit.
– You can't.

I'm not getting those pearls,
neither are you.

– What about the money?
– I'll pay you back.

– How?
– I have an idea working in my head.

You might find a bullet through that head.

If you do that you'll get nothing,
except maybe the police after you.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car!

If you wait, I'll pay you back your ...

I'll see you later.

Go on, Suzette.

Are you coming to the theater?
I shall dance tonight. How I shall dance!

I want to feel that you're there.

I came too far.

– I'm worried about you.
– Don't be.

– You'll be on the train?
– Yes.

– Until then.
– Bless you.

– Was the Baron joking?
– What?

– Is it really true?
– What are you talking about, Kringelein?

Is the Baron really in financial straits?

To tell you the truth, I must get some money somehow right away.

– If the Baron will permit me.
– What?

I'd be awfully glad to oblige.
You've been very decent to me.

Three hundred?

If I could get into a game of some kind,
I think I might win.

Gambling! I'd love that!

I've got over marks right here.

If we could scare up some men to play.

– We could go up to my room.
– That's a grand idea.

Come on.

– Cab, miss?
– What?

– Cab?
– No, thanks. I'll walk.

– marks.
– !

Too high?

 marks.

– Want a card?
– Please.

Thanks.

– marks.
– !

– I take it all.
– That's a lot of money.

I need it, thanks.

– Want a card?
– Please.

Baccarat.

Too bad there.

– Now, Mr. Kringelein.
– Baron!

Will you help me again, please?

I think you'd better help me, Kringelein.

– Make your bets, gentlemen.

– How much shall I bet?

– How much is left in the bank?

– uncovered.

– Do you feel like going that far?

– All that money, Baron?

Come on, you're killing them tonight.

Go ahead, old man.

Do you want a card?

What have you got?

The old highwayman. He has nine again.

I win again!

Come on, gentlemen. Please drink! Drink.

It's wonderful and sweet champagne!

Mr. Kringelein, care to take the bank?

Yes! Surely. I'll take everything.

I'll take anything.

Come on, now. Drink, gentlemen.

Please drink some champagne.

It's expensive and good.

What will I take the bank for?

– I'll play for .

– Baron, all at once?

Suppose you lose it?

It's all the same thing, Kringelein.

Come on, now, old man.

Deal me two cards.

One to me first. One to yourself.

One to me. One to yourself.

Baron, if all that money...

What have you got?

I've got a nine!

Isn't that a wonderful thing?

Kringelein, you old robber,
you're hopeless.

Baron! Baron, please.

It's no use, old man. It's sweet of you...

– but you have all the luck.
– It's true.

I have luck, for the first time in my life!
I have luck!

Baron, are you out?
Have you finished playing?

Yes, thank you.

I'll recover again presently,
in or years.

Look, Doctor. I've won again!

There you are.

Baron, I win and drink, and drink and win!

Gentlemen, please don't go.

Be my guests. Don't go. I beg your pardon.

I know I oughtn't to presume,
but I'm so grateful to you.

It's been so marvelous.

For the first time in my life,
I've gambled and I've danced.

You gentlemen can laugh...

but for the first time in my life,
I've tasted life!

– Splendid!
– Life is wonderful, but it's very dangerous.

If you have the courage to live it,
it's marvelous.

– Wonderful!
– You don't know about that.

You're healthy and happy.
But I, believe me...

if a man doesn't know death,
he doesn't know life.

– It's a short life, but a gay one.
– Please, gentlemen, don't go.

Come on. Drink to life...

to the magnificent, dangerous...

brief, wonderful life.

– Kringelein!

– And the courage to live it.

You know, I've only lived since last night...

but that little while seems longer
than all the time that's gone before.

All of...

Take him over to his bed.

Turn him around.

How is he, Doctor?

– It will be over in a minute.

– Over?

– It's only just begun.

– Quiet, Kringelein. Don't be afraid.

I'm not afraid, Doc.

– I'm not afraid to die.

– There, there.

You'll be all right.

Too much iced champagne.

– What?

– Hello, Baron.

Hello, Kringelein.

You old drunkard.

It's late.

– What is it?

– My pocketbook.

I've lost my pocketbook.

marks in that pocketbook.

– I've got to find it.

– No, stay where you are.

No, I've got to find that.

– Kringelein!

– marks.

marks were in that pocketbook.

I can't see anything.

You don't know what that money means
to a man like me.

You've never lived like a dog in a hole...

and scrimped and saved.

You did not see his pocketbook,
did you, Baron?

No.

My life hangs on that money, Baron.

Nobody ever gives you anything
for nothing.

You have to buy everything,
and pay cash for it.

I wanted to pay for my last days
with that money.

I must find it!

I haven't anything in the world
but that pocketbook!

Every hour costs money. I must find it!

Here's your pocketbook,
you silly old thing.

– There's your money.
– You found it!

That's it. You found it.

I'm very glad he got it back. marks.

Yes. It's a lot of money, isn't it?

– Good night, Kringelein.
– Don't go, Baron. Don't leave me.

– I must, old man. It's late, I'm sorry.
– No. Please don't go!

I must, old man. It's late.

Good night.

Good night, Kringelein.

Stay a while, Baron.

I'm sorry. I can't, old man.

I have no time.

Wait a minute.

– Hello, funny one.
– Hello.

What are you doing here at this time?

Looking for my room. .

– Do you live here?
– Yes, for tonight.

Such is life, Flaemmchen.

You're nice.

Good night...

funny one.

Good night.

Come on.

– Thank you, madam. Good night.
– Good night.

You were superb tonight. What a success!

Yes. It was a triumph, wasn't it?

Madame will return to Berlin soon?

Who knows, *monsieur*?

Do be sensible.

Shall I come and talk
about the music now, or not?

No. Not tonight.

Pimenov, go and find him.

– Flaemmchen.
– Hello.

I've been waiting in there for you.

I had to arrange about the trip.

– You're very sweet.
– Thank you.

Won't you sit down?

You know, you are entirely different
from what I expected.

– Different? How?
– I don't know.

I thought you were more of a coquette...

not so ladylike.

What did you expect?

Wouldn't you like to call me
by the first name?

No, I couldn't do that.

– Why not?
– I don't know.

One can't get intimate just offhand.

I could go to England with you
and all that, but...

I always say that nothing
should be left hanging over.

And names are like that.

Supposing I met you next year and I said:

"How do you do, Mr. Preysing."

And you said, "That's the young lady
who was my secretary in Manchester."

That's all quite proper.

But supposing I saw you and yelled:

"Hi, baby! Remember Manchester?"

And you were with your wife.
How would you like that?

We will leave my wife out of this,
Flaemmchen, please.

– Sorry.
– I didn't mean that.

You are very slender, aren't you?

– Think so?
– Are you going to be nice to me?

Yes.

– Very nice?
– That's what you expect, isn't it?

You like me just a little bit, don't you?

You're still a stranger to me,
but that doesn't matter.

It's you, Baron.

What are you doing in this room here?

– This your room, Preysing?

– Yes, this is my room.

Sorry. I must've made a mistake.

We shall see whether you made
a mistake or not.

That door is locked, Baron.

Yes. I came through here.

Here. I want that pocketbook.

– What do you mean?

– I want that pocketbook. Give it to me!

– Certainly.

– So that's how we stand, Baron.

Look here, Preysing...

I'm completely at your mercy.
I was desperate.

It's a matter of life and death.

I had to get some money tonight,
somehow.

Yes, you did have to get
some money tonight...

but you're going to jail.
You're going to be locked up.

– Why, you're a thief!

– Be quiet.

Quiet? Yeah, quiet!

You danced with Flaemmchen when
I wanted to transact business with her.

You, the nice friend
of the nice Mr. Kringelein.

– Do you want to wake up the entire hotel?

– I will wake up the hotel!

I'll show them what a baron you are.
You are a thief!

I'll have you locked up.
Here, you wait here.

Thief! You!

Strike me, would you?

Hello. Operator. Operator.

They're having a nice little game up there with that telephone.

Oh, God.

Baron! Speak to me!

Baron.

He tried to rob me. He's a thief.

Here, Miss Flaemm.

Miss Flaemm, please don't leave me.
Please, Miss Flaemm.

– Look!
– What a grand hotel!

– Hurry up. They're waiting.
– She was in a hurry.

No wonder she was running.

Mr. Kringelein!

Wake up!

Hear me? Wake up!

– The Baron.
– The Baron?

Go quickly. The Baron. Do you hear me?

– Where?
– Preysing's room.

Hurry!

Here. Take it. You thief, you.

I must get out of here.

Mr. Kringelein, he robbed me.
He struck me. He's dead.

Baron. Dead, just like that.

Look. His eyes are still open.

He looks so peaceful.

It can't be so hard to die.

That pocketbook he stole from me.

It's just like it was.
I haven't touched nothing.

Maybe he did try to take
your pocketbook...

but you don't kill a man for that.

You don't kill a man about a pocketbook.

Poor Baron, he wanted money so badly.

– Where is Miss Flaemm?
– I'll take care of her.

That's it. She's working with that man.

She enticed me into her room
while he robbed me here.

– I'll tell that to the court.
– To the court?

Yes.

Mr. Kringelein, I must talk with you
before the police come.

Miss Flaemm is in your room?

– Yes.
– She's in your room.

No one will know that I was with her.

You were with her.

They will not interrogate you.
They will not ask you any questions.

You cannot give no testimony.
Neither can she say anything.

But what you are proposing
is falsification of the evidence.

My existence is hanging by a thread.

A scandal with that woman
would mean ruin for me.

– But you've just killed a man!
– That makes no difference!

I beg your pardon.
It makes all the difference in the world.

– We're going to call the police.
– No!

Please, Mr. Kringelein.

I will give you money, anything.
You can go away. Please.

– I have enough money.
– Mr. Kringelein, please help me.

– My life is in your hands.
– Your life.

What about my life,
when you had it in your hands?

But I can send you back to Friedersdorf.

I can give you a very good position
in Friedersdorf.

Many, many thanks,
Mr. Industrial Magnate Preysing...

– but I am never going back to Friedersdorf.
– Don't, please.

Worry about yourself.
Don't worry about me.

No, Mr. Kringelein, please don't call...

Hello! There's been a murder here.

I don't understand you. Murder?

– They're drinking.
– What?

Yes. What is it? Is this a joke?

Hello. Hurry up.

Someone in
says there's been a murder.

? Preysing?

I'll attend to it.

– What time is it, Suzette?
– It's : in the morning, Madame.

Tired, Suzette?

– Is Madame not tired?
– No, Suzette.

– Madame has changed her dress again.
– Yes, Suzette.

The music has stopped.

How quiet it is tonight.

It was never so quiet in the Grand Hotel.

Those flowers make me think of funerals.

– Don't they you, Suzette?
– It's just nerves, Madame, nerves.

Suzette, we're going to
take a holiday soon.

Six weeks in Tremezzo.

I'm going to live like a real woman...

perfectly simple, perfectly quiet,
perfectly happy.

– Yes, Madame.
– We'll have a guest.

Certainly, Madame.

But Madame must sleep now.
The train will soon go.

I suppose so.

Call Baron von Geigern's room, please.

Keep ringing. He must be asleep.

Come and fetch me, *chéri*...

I'm longing for you.

I haven't been asleep.

I kept thinking that you might come to me.

But he must answer. Ring!

Why don't you answer the phone, please?

Yes.

Yes. Ring.

Where are you?

Thirty-four!

Thirty-six.

Thirty-eight.

Forty.

– Forty-two.
– Let's go to work, boys.

Forty-four.

Forty-four, forty-six pounds.

Forty-eight.

- Are these things necessary?
- I'm afraid so, Mr. Preysing.

All right.

We've taken care of all that, Mr. Preysing.

The night porter's gone. You're late.

I was at the clinic the whole night.

- My wife, poor girl.
- The child hasn't come yet?

No. But I mustn't let it interfere with my duty.

- You won't forget that?
- No, sir.

- I'm going now.
- Yes, Doctor.

- What's this?
- A killing in .

Killing? Who?

The big manufacturer Preysing killed Baron von Geigern.

Good heavens! What for?

- I don't know.
- That's terrible!

- He was a nice fellow.
- They say he was a thief.

I don't believe it. He was a real gentleman.

I know people.

I'm so tired
I can't hardly see out of my eyes.

No sleep for two nights, here all day,
and now this killing at the hotel.

Halt! Front!

- Good morning.
- Good morning.

Show your hands. Hands. Over.

- Change those gloves.
- Yes, sir.

- Down.
- Dismissed.

Too bad about the Baron.

You always felt better
when he came along.

– Always friendly, such an agreeable fellow.
– I'll tell you a funny thing about...

Be quiet. Good morning, madam.

Where are you taking that dog?

– Baron von Geigern.
– Give it to me.

Better take charge of this dog.
It belonged to the Baron.

Yes, sir.

– They have taken him away?
– Yes. Wasn't it terrible?

Madame must not know. You understand?
Madame must not know!

All right, I can tell it to the maids,
but I can't answer for downstairs.

– Are you all right, Miss Flaemmchen?
– Yes.

I was just thinking about the Baron.

Lying there, with his eyes so open.

You loved the Baron, didn't you?

So did I.

He was friendly to me as no man ever was.

What if he was a burglar?

– They don't kill a man for that.
– He was desperate.

He was?

He tried to raise money all day.

And he laughed, poor devil.

And a man like Preysing has to kill him.

You know, I didn't like Preysing right off.

Why did you have anything
to do with him?

– Money.

– Money.

– You don't understand that, do you?

– Yes, I do.

– Do you really?

– Yes, I do.

I could take care of you,
Miss Flaemmchen, if you'd let me.

I have enough money.

There's marks in this pocketbook...

and there's that I won last night.

That would last a long time.
I could win some more. We could travel.

– Travel?

– Yes, to Paris.

– I've always wanted to go to Paris.

– Anywhere you like. Here.

I'll give you this money
I won last night. ...

– and then later you can have some more.

– Later?

Yes, when I...

I'm ill, Flaemmchen.

I won't live long. Will you stay with me?

That's nonsense!
We'll find a great doctor. He'll cure you.

– They can cure anything these days.

– You think so?

Of course. You'll see. Here.

Do you think you'd have
as good a time with me...

as you did with Preysing?

– Why, of course.

– Really?

– Yes.

– You like me better than you did him?

You're a good man, Mr. Kringelein.
A very good man.

You know, I never thought
anything so beautiful could come to me.

We'll catch the first train to Paris.
Order two tickets now. Come on.

I can't.

Hello, porter?

Yes, please.

I'd like two tickets to Paris.

Yes.

What time does the next train leave?

Pimenov.

– He'll be on the train.

– But how do you know?

Baron von Geigern has left?

When? How long ago?

The Baron left about half an hour ago.

Gru, come, come. We'll lose the train.

Come along.

Here you are, sir.

I'm sorry.

Mme. Grusinskaya's car.

Come along, the train will be going.

– What is it, Gru?

– Please come, madam, please.

– I'll ask myself.

– What is the use of asking?

– He'll be on the train. He'll be there.

– Have you seen Baron von Geigern?

The Baron is not here, madam.

– Has he gone?

– Yes, madam.

– We haven't any time to waste.

– He'll be on the train.

We have a rehearsal in Vienna tomorrow.

The sun. It'll be sunny in Tremezzo.

We'll have a guest, Suzette. Yes?

Grand Hotel!

The Grand Hotel, sweetheart.

This way, precious.

Take the car to the garage.
Take the bags in, please.

Come, darling.

Good morning.

– Will you kindly register?
– Certainly.

– Mr. And Mrs. Hoffman.
– Head porter's desk.

Mr. Senf? Just a moment. Hospital.

Hello. Yes, head porter.

Yes.

What?

– Yes.
– What's the matter?

The child has come. It's a boy.

– And your wife?
– My wife is well.

Hello. Hospital?
I'll be with you on lunch hour.

These rooms are not taken.

– Is Your Excellency leaving?
– A cab, please.

– A cab for His Excellency.
– My bill, and the lady's, too.

– Have you got your tickets?
– My tickets.

– Tickets for Mr. Kringelein.
– Thank you.

Your forwarding address?

The Grand Hotel, in Paris.

How do you know there will be one?

There's a Grand Hotel
everywhere in the world.

– Goodbye, Mr. Kringelein.

– Goodbye, Doctor.

Pain's gone already?

Pain. I have none, Doctor.

Goodbye.

My luggage.

– Telegram.

– I beg your pardon.

Where's the money?

Hurry. We'll miss that train.

Got your bags now?

Come along. Here you are.

– Come on.

– Goodbye, Your Excellency.

– Goodbye!

– Your hat, sir.

Goodbye. I'm coming.

Please be careful of that.

Friedrichstrasse Station.

Grand Hotel. Always the same.

People come, people go.

Nothing ever happens.