

THE  
SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

STREET IN BUDAPEST - A FEW MINUTES BEFORE  
EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING - MEDIUM CLOSE  
SHOT - PEPI

the fifteen-year-old errand boy of Matuschek  
& Company. He is riding a delivery bicycle,  
on the box of which we read in big letters:

MATUSCHEK & COMPANY  
NOVELTIES & LEATHER WARE

The CAMERA MOVES with Pepi as he rides the  
bicycle along a typical Budapest street. He  
is in a happy mood and whistles cheerfully.  
In the background we see the typical early  
morning scene of people going to work and  
shops being opened. The CAMERA MOVES with  
Pepi around the corner, and a short distance  
around the corner he stops in front of  
Matuschek & Company's shop. The shutters are  
not down, but in front of the door we see a  
little iron grille which indicates clearly  
that the shop is not open.

In front of the shop stands Mr. Pirovitch,  
a typical middle-aged, timid clerk. He is  
absorbed in his newspaper, and ignores  
Pepi's arrival. He is smoking what is left  
of a very small, cheap cigar.

Pepi jumps from the bicycle and goes whistling  
toward Pirovitch.

CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH

Pepi enters the scene.

Pepi  
Good morning, Mr. Pirovitch.

Pirovitch (without looking up  
from his paper)  
Good morning.

Pepi (the typical fresh kid)  
Always the first one, ha?

CONTINUED:

A-2

## CONTINUED (2)

Pirovitch

(still reading his paper)

It's none of your business.

(now looking up for the first time)

And let me tell you, it doesn't hurt to be too early.

(returns to his paper)

Pepi

What for and why? Who sees you? Me! - and who sees me? You. What does it get us? Can we give each other a raise? - No.

Pirovitch (folding his newspaper)

What are you doing with that bicycle? You're not supposed to take that home -- better not let Mr. Matuschek see it.

Pepi

Why don't you tell him? It's all right with me. Do you know where I was last night while you were home soaking your feet in hot water? Running my tail off for Mrs. Matuschek.

(imitating Mrs. Matuschek's voice)

'Pepi, go to the dressmaker.' And when I come back, 'Oh, Pepi, will you please pick up a package at the drugstore?' Then she remembers that she forgot some nail polish and I have to go again. And then, when I think I'm all through... Did you ever take Mrs. Matuschek's poodle for a walk? You wouldn't think a dog as small as this -

(indicating with his hands a very small dog)

- could be so stubborn!

Pirovitch (slightly shocked)

Don't speak so disrespectfully of your employer's poodle.

A-3

## MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO

Flora, the cashier, enters the scene. She is a girl of about thirty, neatly and modestly dressed.

Flora

Good morning.

Pirovitch

Good morning, Flora.

Pepi

Good morning, Miss Flora.

CONTINUED:

A-3

CONTINUED (2)

The CAMERA MOVES UP to a CLOSE SHOT of Flora  
and Pirovitch

Flora (with friendly concern)  
How's your little boy?

Pirovitch  
Much better, thanks. We called Dr. Hegedus.

Flora (impressed)  
Oh -- he's a very expensive doctor.

Pirovitch  
Well, what can you do? - I figured I'd cut down on  
my Cigars for a few weeks. Better not take a  
chance.

A-4

OUT

A-5

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH, FLORA AND  
PEPI

Ilona enters.

Ilona  
Good morning.

Pirovitch and Pepi  
Good morning.

Flora  
Good morning, Ilona  
(suddenly)  
Oh, that's a new jacket -- it's stunning!

Ilona (a little self-consciously)  
Thank you.

Pirovitch (admiringly)  
It must have been pretty expensive.

Pepi joins the group and also looks at  
Ilona's new jacket.

Ilona (still self-conscious)  
It is. I hesitated a long time before I bought  
it -- I said, no, I can't afford it - and yet, I  
couldn't take my eyes off it. And then I said  
no, I have no right --

CONTINUED:

A-5

CONTINUED (2)

Pepi  
And then he said, "Aw, go on and take it!"

Ilona (annoyed)  
Trying to be clever!

Pirovitch  
Shut up, will you!

A-6

MEDIUM LONG SHOT - OF THE WHOLE GROUP

Marton enters.

Marton  
Good morning.

The Others  
Good morning, Mr. Marton.

Marton (to Pepi)  
Pepi, run over to the drugstore and get me some bicarbonate of soda.

He gives Pepi some money. Pepi exits.

Pirovitch  
What's the matter -- aren't you feeling well?

Marton  
It's nothing -- I'll be all right.

Vadas enters the scene. He is loudly dressed, cocky, conceited, and thinks he is witty.

Vadas (loudly)  
Good morning, morning, morning. Want to hear a joke?

Everyone (bored)  
No.

There's a little pause while Vadas looks them over, unsnubbed. Marton and Pirovitch open up their newspapers as a sign of their boredom.

Vadas  
What's the matter, folks? Aren't you awake yet?  
I bet I haven't slept half as much as you . . .  
Friends, Romans, countrymen, to tell you the truth, I had quite a time last night.

A-7

## CLOSE SHOT - ILONA AND VADAS

Ilona  
 And we don't want to hear the poor girl's name.  
 We're not curious.

Vadas  
 Jealous, huh?

He tries to chuck her under the chin. She slaps his hand down.

A-8

## MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Pirovitch (to Marton)  
 How was the dinner last night?

Vadas leaves Flora, comes closer to Marton.

Vadas  
 Oh, yes! Mr. Marton had dinner with the boss.  
 How was it? Are you a partner now, Mr. Marton?

Marton (resentfully)  
 Don't be funny.  
 (to Pirovitch earnestly)  
 It was a very nice evening. I really enjoyed it.

Pirovitch (with the curiosity  
 of the underdog)  
 I bet the food was good.

Marton (almost smugly)  
 Well, you can imagine.

By now the whole group has gathered around Marton with the interest they would give to a man who has taken a peek into another, and grander, world.

Ilona (with feminine curiosity)  
 Tell me - is it true Mrs. Matuschek had her face lifted?

Marton  
 How could I know?

Ilona (hot on the trail)  
 How old did she look to you last night?

Marton  
 Well, I would say - around forty.

Ilona (to Flora, without malice -  
 in a matter-of-fact tone)  
 Then she had her face lifted.

CONTINUED:

A-8

## CONTINUED (2)

This is the moment for Mr. Vadas to start trouble.

Vadas (reproving Ilona, as if she had said something wrong)  
I think Mrs. Matuschek is a charming woman.

Flora (wise to Vadas' ways, sharply)  
Who said she isn't?

Ilona (angrily)  
And don't you try to make something out of nothing.  
I didn't say Mrs. Matuschek is not charming.

Vadas (defending himself, aggressively)  
And I said she is charming -- what's wrong with that?

(patronizingly)  
Now don't get excited -- take it easy! Calm down, folks!

The whole group subsides. There is a moment of uncomfortable silence.

A-9

## CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH AND MARTON

Pirovitch (returning to his real interest - intimately)  
So the food was good!

Marton (unable to conceal his pride)  
Seven courses -- not counting the hors d'oeurves.

Vadas joins the two, still unsquelched.

Vadas  
I bet you were sitting next to Mrs. Matuschek.

Marton (aggressively)  
I was -- what do you think of that?

Vadas  
I bet you were brilliant.

Marton  
No -- I just kept still and tried to learn something.

## MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Pepi enters.

Pepi

Here's your bicarbonate of soda, Mr. Marton.

Marton (taking it and sticking

it into his pocket)

Thank you.

Vadas (smelling a rat)

Bicarbonate...?

Marton (innocently)

I guess I had a little too much goose liver  
last night.

Vadas (on the trail)

What's the matter? Wasn't it good?

Marton (knowing his Vadas - angrily)

Now look here, Vadas - !

(to everybody)

Folks, I want you to hear this. Did I make any  
derogatory remark about the goose liver?

Everyone (in defense of Marton)

No, no, no.

Marton (with great precision)

I simply said I had too much goose liver.

Pirovitch (helping him)

A little too much goose liver.

Marton

Correct. A little too much goose liver. Not one  
word more, not one word less.

Everyone (very seriously,

assuming the roles of witnesses)

That's right, that's right.

Vadas (with his usual annoying  
calmness)

I didn't mean anything wrong. I was simply  
worried because you didn't feel well.

(he puts his hand affectionately on  
Marton's shoulder)

Better take care of yourself, young man.

There is another uncomfortable pause.

Pepi (philosophically)

In other words, Mrs. Matuschek's goose liver is  
not so hot!

Everybody turns almost violently on Pepi,  
but the next moment they stop - for they see:

A-11

8

SHOOTING FROM SHOP TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE STREET

A taxi has just stopped in front of the shop. Hugo Matuschek, the owner of Matuschek & Co., steps out. He is a dignified business man, about 55, with a slight paunch. He is both kindly and stern. This morning he seems to be more on the stern side. He pays the taxi driver and goes toward the shop.

A-12-14

MEDIUM SHOT - IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

All the employees are waiting respectfully for Mr. Matuschek. Matuschek enters the scene.

Matuschek

Morning.

Everybody

Good morning, Mr. Matuschek. Good morning.

Matuschek walks toward the door. He stops for a second, takes out his keys.

Matuschek

Pepi - run across the street and get me some bicarbonate of soda.

Pepi

Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

The employees exchange some looks over this bicarbonate of soda coincidence. There can't be any doubt that Pepi was right about the goose liver.

Matuschek opens the door and the employees begin to enter.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-15

OUT

A-16

9

LONG SHOT - INTERIOR SHOP

It is a medium sized shop. Near the door is the cashier's booth, Flora's territory. The rest of the shop is the typical middle-sized leather goods and gift shop. Predominant in the shop are suitcases, handbags, belts, cigarette cases, compacts, leather and silver photograph frames, wallets. There is a stationery counter, and a counter with some novelties, such as cigarette lighters, fountain pens, etc.

The shop has a better middle-class quality - neither shabby on the one hand, nor super-modern on the other. In the background we see one door leading to Mr. Matuschek's office, another door leading to the stock room, and a third door leading to the locker room.

The employees are at their usual morning routine - some are taking covers off the counters, some are dusting, etc.

A-17

CLOSE SHOT - AT A COUNTER

Pirovitch picks up several boxes. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the door which leads into the stock room.

A-18

INT. STOCK ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

The room is filled with all kinds of leather goods, boxes, etcetera, arranged on shelves and tables. Leaning against a table stands Marton, reading a letter.

Pirovitch enters from the shop, puts the boxes on a table. He is just about to put some of the boxes on a shelf, when he is interrupted by Marton.

Marton

Pirovitch--

Pirovitch goes over to him. The CAMERA MOVES UP to a CLOSE SHOT of both of them.

Marton

You want to hear something nice?

Pirovitch

Yes. What is it?

CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton

A letter from a girl.

(reading from his letter with poetic fondness)

"My heart was trembling as I walked into the post office - and there you were, lying in Box 237. I took you out of your envelope and read you -- read you right there -- oh, my dear friend --"

Pirovitch (puzzled)

What is all this?

Marton puts the letter back in his pocket, and begins to help Pirovitch put the boxes on the shelf.

Marton

You see, I wanted to buy an encyclopedia --

Pirovitch

Encyclopedia! What are you talking about!

Marton

Well, you come to a time in life when you get tired of going to a dance hall or a cafe every night, and you want to improve yourself. For instance, you want to know something about art, history or literature -- or how many people live in Brazil --

Pirovitch (stopping in his work)

Tell me, what has all this to do with the letter?

Marton

You know I can't afford a new encyclopedia, so I was looking through the ads in the Sunday paper -- I got on the wrong page, and then I ran across an ad --

(quickly he takes out his wallet and from it extracts a clipping which apparently he has preserved)

Here. Let me show you.

(he hands it to Pirovitch)

Pirovitch (reads)

'Modern girl wishes to correspond on cultural subjects anonymously with intelligent, sympathetic young man.'

Pirovitch looks up with a slightly kidding look at Marton. Marton takes his bow.

Pirovitch (continues)

'Address Dear Friend, Post Office 15, Box 237.'

(he gives the ad back to Marton)

I know those ads -- the papers are full of them. How long has this been going on?

CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton  
We've exchanged four letters -

Marton stops working, goes closer to Pirovitch who stops also.

Marton  
And, Pirovitch, she's no ordinary girl.  
(taking out the letter again)

Listen -

(quickly looks through the letter,  
turning at least five pages)  
'Are you tall or short? Are your eyes brown or  
blue? Don't tell me. -  
(with a poetic voice)  
What does it matter -- so long as our minds meet?'

Pirovitch (impressed)  
You're right -- it's beautiful.

Marton (continues to read)  
'We have troubles enough in our daily lives --  
there are so many great and beautiful things to  
discuss in this world of ours - it would be  
wasting these precious moments if we told each  
other the vulgar details of how we earn our daily  
bread. So don't let's do it! Oh, I do agree with  
you when you say\*- she means me --

(with proud emphasis he is reading his  
own line)  
\*what are men and women for, but to rise above the  
stupid necessities of the eight-hour day!"'

This beautiful moment is broken by the very  
realistic, loud voice of the boss.

Matuschek's Voice

Marton!

Marton, instantly brought back to reality,  
shoves the letter in his pocket as he goes.

Marton  
Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

CAMERA PANS with Marton as he goes towards the  
door.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - DOOR TO THE STOCK ROOM

Marton enters quickly. The CAMERA PANS with him  
as he goes over to Mr. Matuschek who is standing  
by a counter and has a medium-sized cigarette  
box in his hand.

CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton  
Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
I can get two dozen of these cigarette boxes from Miklos Brothers. What do you think of it?  
(to make sure that Marton agrees with him)  
I think it's great.

Marton takes the box and looks at it.

Matuschek  
Open it.

Marton opens the box, and to his great surprise it plays a song - like a music box.  
Marton instantly closes the box.

Marton  
No, Mr. Matuschek - that's not for us.

Matuschek  
(slightly irritated)  
You haven't even listened to it -- it plays O Chi Tchornya.

Marton  
(business-like, without being offensive)  
Even if it played Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, I still would say no. I don't like the whole idea.

Matuschek  
(his irritation turning into sarcasm)  
It's wonderful how quickly you can make up your mind. I've been in this business thirty-five years and it took me a whole hour to decide that I like the box. But I guess you're a genius -- you know so much more than I...  
(signalling out into shop)  
Mr. Vadas -!

## MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - VADAS

He is standing on top of a ladder, putting some goods high on a shelf.

Vadas  
(responding big)  
Coming, Mr. Matuschek!

He flies down the steps.

A-21

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK AND MARTON

As Vadas enters the scene, Matuschek calls in the other direction:

Matuschek

Miss Novotni

Miss Novotni, whom we have seen in the background, comes towards Mr. Matuschek.

A-22

## CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH

He is standing behind a counter at the farther end of the shop. He is no mood for another crisis, and to be sure he won't be called, he slips quickly through the locker room door.

A-23

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK AND MARTON, VADAS AND ILONA

Matuschek

(presenting his case)

Look here - what do you think of this? I want your honest opinion --

(raising his voice)

-- don't let me influence you.

(he opens the box. It plays  
O Chi Tchornya)

It's a very popular classic.

There is a moment of silence. Vadas makes sure that Matuschek sees how delighted he is as he listens to the music.

Ilona

(who is taking no chances)

I think people who smoke cigarettes and who love to hear O Chi Tchornya will like it..

Vadas

(cutting in)

I'd even go further - I think it will make music lovers out of cigarette smokers, and cigarette smokers out of music lovers! I think it's sensational!

Matuschek

(triumphantly, looking at Marton)

Well, Mr. Marton. Have you thought it over?

A-23

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton (quietly, but firmly)  
 Yes. I still believe it's inadvisable.

Matuschek (losing his temper)  
 Give me one reason!

Marton  
 (starting calmly but gradually getting excited)  
 Let's say a man smokes twenty cigarettes a day -- so he opens the box twenty times and twenty times he has to listen to O Chi Tchornya. It's a horrible idea! And besides this is imitation leather, and cheap glue. In two weeks the whole thing will come apart -- and all you have left is O Chi Tchornya!

Matuschek (thoroughly angry)  
 I know that's imitation leather -- you don't have to tell me. You just sell things, and let me do the buying!

Flora enters the scene.

Flora  
 Excuse me, Mr. Matuschek - Miklos Brothers are on the phone.

THE CAMERA MOVES with Matuscher and Flora as they go toward the phone, but at such an angle that Vadas, Marton and Ilona are seen in the background. Flora hands Matuschek the receiver.

Matuschek (into the phone)  
 Yes, Mr. Miklos....

He looks toward the group in the background a little uncomfortably. The group pretends not to be listening, and to be busy with other things, but it is clear that they want to hear every word.

Matuschek (in a slightly lower voice)  
 Can I call you back? I'd like to have a little more time to think about it. No, it's not the price. I'm not so sure about the whole idea...

(suddenly forgetting his surroundings - angrily, in a loud voice)  
 You can't expect me to make up my mind in five minutes... Well, if that's the case, I have to say no. Sorry.

CONTINUED

A-23

## CONTINUED (3)

He puts down the receiver with a bang, and goes out of scene - passing Marton without looking at him.

A-24

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE DOOR

Matuschek enters, goes into the office and slams the door behind him.

A-25

## CLOSE SHOT - VADAS AND MARTON

Vadas realizes that in spite of the boss's anger Marton has won. He makes a gesture as though to say 'Life is full of puzzles'.

Marton  
(quietly)

If you want the bicarbonate of soda, it's on the second shelf in the locker room.

Vadas  
(suddenly a serious man)  
Always clowning!

He picks up an armful of boxes. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes angrily into the stock room.

A-26

## MED. CLOSE SHOT - ENTRANCE OF THE STORE

Klara enters. She is a quiet, modestly dressed young girl. She comes in with shy hesitancy and stops before a display of bags. She looks at one of the bags, and yet something else seems to be on her mind.

Marton enters. We now see Marton go through his customary act as a salesman.

Marton  
Good morning, Madame.

Klara  
Good morning.

Marton  
Lovely bag, don't you think?

Klara  
Yes -- very.

Marton (glibly)  
It's an imported model. We have it in pigskin and alligator, and in several colors - with or without fitted accessories.

Klara (a little uncomfortably)  
Well, I didn't really come in to buy a bag.

Marton (quickly)  
I beg your pardon, Madame. What can I show you?

Klara (hesitating)  
To tell you the truth, I didn't want to buy anything.

Marton (still in his routine)  
That's perfectly all right. If you wish to look around, please make yourself at home.

Klara  
Thank you...

(with sudden resolution)  
I wonder if I could see Mr. Matuschek?

Marton  
Unfortunately, Mr. Matuschek is very busy at the moment. Of course, I would be glad to call him...

Klara (quickly)  
I'd appreciate that very much --

Marton  
But if you would tell me your wishes, it's quite possible that I could take care of them to your satisfaction.

CONTINUED:

A-26

CONTINUED (2)

Klara

Well -- I noticed in the window that you're having a summer sale.

Marton

Yes, Madame. Everything is reduced twenty-five percent - several articles even more. For instance, this compact. Yesterday you couldn't have bought it for one penny less than three-ninety -- and today you can have it for two twenty-five.

Klara (genuinely impressed)

Really? That's a wonderful bargain.

Marton

Everything in the store is a bargain today.

Klara

I imagine you'll do a big business.

Marton (bragging)

No question about it. You're wise to come so early. We'll probably have such a big rush we won't be able to take care of the customers.

Klara (laying a trap)

Then you should have some extra help.

Marton (falling)

We probably will.

Klara

(finally daring to say the truth)

In that case, maybe you can use me. I'm looking for a job.

Marton

(in an injured but not unfriendly tone -- suddenly changing the status to that of two clerks)

Now listen, - that wasn't very nice, letting me go through this whole routine.

Klara

I'm terribly sorry -- I didn't mean to....Do you think you could help me get a job here?

Marton

I wish I could, but I'm afraid there's absolutely no opening.

Klara

But you just told me you'd need some extra help because of the rush.

CONTINUED:

A-26

CONTINUED (3)

Marton

Look around for yourself. You can see what kind of business we're doing. Every half hour another customer rushes in --

At the same moment he looks toward the door, for a customer has entered. Making a gesture to Klara, as if to say, 'I've got to attend to business,' he walks toward the unseen customer.

Marton (to customer, out of scene)

Good morning.

A-27

CLOSE SHOT - ENTRANCE DOOR

A very cranky, middle-aged woman is standing inside the shop by the door, looking into the show window, from the inside of the shop. Marton enters the scene.

Woman Customer (pointing to window)  
How much is that belt in the window -- the one that says two-ninety-five?

Marton

Two-ninety-five, Madame.

Woman (disappointed)

Oh, no.....

She goes out of the store. CAMERA MOVES with Marton as he goes back into the store. For a moment he has forgotten about the girl. Klara stops him.

During the following scene, Marton moves around the store, resuming some of his duties, putting things in order, etcetera. Klara follows him.

Klara

Excuse me, but may I tell you my qualifications?

Marton (a little helplessly)

If I could do anything for you, I would do it --

Klara (persistent)

You know, I'm not an inexperienced girl --

Marton

But I know the situation here -- there isn't a chance --

CONTINUED:

A-27

CONTINUED (2)

Klara

I worked for two years at Blasek and Company - and I left of my own accord. And before that I was with Latzko Brothers for ten months.

Marton

My dear child, even if you worked at Mintz & Kramer--

Klara (quickly)

I did! I know how to take care of the finest clientele.

Marton

We don't deal with that class of people. We only have middle class trade.

Klara

Middle class! What kind of trade do you think Blasek & Company have? And they'd be glad to have me back right now.

Marton

Why don't you go back?

Klara

Well, that's another story.

Marton

Listen, if it were up to me, I'd put you to work right away -- but I'm not the boss.

Klara

Then why don't you let me see him?

Marton (with great patience)

He's in a very bad mood today.

Klara (still hanging on)

I'll take a chance. Maybe I can cheer him up.

A-28

DOOR TO MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE ~ MED.CLOSE SHOT

Matuschek comes out of the office. CAMERA MOVES with him as he walks along, inspecting things. As the CAMERA MOVES with him, we gradually pick up Klara and Marton in the f.g., with Matuschek in the b.g. Neither Klara nor Marton are aware of Matuschek's presence. Matuschek, in turn, does not pay any attention to Klara and Marton.

CONTINUED:

A-28

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton

(just as Matuschek passes in b.g.)  
 My dear young lady - I've been here nine years. I  
 know Mr. Matuschek inside and out --

By now, Matuschek, in b.g., turns around and  
 listens with great interest.

Marton

I know exactly what his attitude would be. I can  
 predict his every reaction. I could tell you word  
 for word exactly what he would say --

Matuschek

Mr. Marton - !

(beckoning)

Just a moment, please.

(his tone is very courteous, because  
 he believes Klara is a customer)

Marton goes toward Matuschek.

A-29

## CLOSE SHOT - MARTON AND MATUSCHEK

Matuschek (in a low voice, now not  
 so nice)

So -- you know every reaction of mine, hmmmm! You  
 know everything about me. You know exactly what  
 I think -- even before I thought of it! You're  
 not only a genius, you're a mind-reader!

Marton

But, Mr. Matuschek --

Matuschek (waving him off)

Never mind.

He leaves Marton behind and goes toward Klara.

A-30

## MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - KLARA AT THE COUNTER

Matuschek enters very politely, and bows.

Matuschek

Good morning, Madame. I am Mr. Matuschek.

Klara (not knowing what to think)

Good morning, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek

Please have a seat.

Klara, not knowing what to do, sits.

Klara

Thank you.

A-31

## CLOSE SHOT - MARTON

who has watched the scene. He grins, anticipating Matuschek's making a fool of himself. Then he turns and goes quickly toward the background, afraid that he might burst into laughter any moment.

A-32

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK AND KLARA

Matuschek  
I don't know what the difficulty is - but I can assure you there is no such word as impossible in the vocabulary of Matuschek & Company.

Klara  
I'm so glad to hear you say that.

Matuschek  
And I mean it!

Klara  
(realizing that she can't monkey around any longer)  
Mr. Matuschek, I was at Blasek & Company --

Matuschek  
I'm sure you'll find much nicer things in our shop.

Klara (getting up)  
No, I mean I worked there...  
(Matuschek looks at her, flabbergasted)  
I'm looking for a job.

Matuschek  
(turning in a split second from a salesman to an employer)  
No, no, no! That's impossible. It's out of the question.  
(he starts away)

Klara  
But, Mr. Matuschek -

Matuschek  
I have no time, no time -- I am very busy!

He exits. Klara remains for a second, crushed. Marton enters.

Marton (very simply)  
I told you there's no use...you're just wasting your time.

CONTINUED

A-32

CONTINUED (2)

Klara  
I've got to have a job!

A-33

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR OF MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE

Matuschek is already inside his office, with the door open.

Marton!  
Matuschek (calling)

A-34

CLOSE SHOT - MARTON AND KLARA

Marton  
One moment, Mr. Matuschek.

The tempo increases. Marton does not want to walk out on Klara brutally, but on the other hand he must respond to Mr. Matuschek's call.

Marton  
Have you tried Baum's department store?

Klara (simply)  
Every entrance.

Marton  
I don't know what to say -- maybe after inventory --

Klara  
When will that be?

Marton  
Well -- in a week or two.

Matuschek's Voice  
Martoni

Marton  
Coming, Mr. Matuschek.

Klara (desperately)  
Please -- may I leave you my address?

Marton  
All right.

(takes out pencil and paper)  
And if we need anybody, you'll be the first one.

CONTINUED:

A-34

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara

My name is Klara Novak - Albert Street 46. And if you need me in a hurry, you can phone 62-242 - that's the grocery store downstairs. Ask for Johanna and tell her you have a business message for Klara...

Marton

(who has been writing rapidly)  
All right -- I've got it all.

Now he has to go. He hurries out of the scene.

A-35

## INT. MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT

Matuschek is pacing up and down, behind the desk. Marton appears in the doorway.

Marton

Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek

Close the door.

Marton enters the room and closes the door. Matuschek walks toward Marton. CAMERA MOVES UP to a

## CLOSER SHOT

Matuschek

(like a hurt parent)

Why do you put me in a situation like that, in front of the whole shop?

Marton

I'm sorry, Mr. Matuschek, but it wasn't my fault.

Matuschek

Whose fault was it?... Mine?

Marton

Well - yes.

Matuschek

What's the matter with you, Marton. You're my oldest employee -- I try to show my appreciation in every way. I invite you to my house...

CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton  
And I'm very grateful.

Matuschek  
(beginning to lose his temper again)  
You have a funny way of showing it. You know how much I value your judgment - and on every occasion you contradict me. Whatever I say, you say no.

Marton  
(losing his temper)  
All right, Mr. Matuschek - from now on I'll say yes... Yes, Mr. Matuschek - certainly Mr. Matuschek -- yes, Mr. Matuschek --

Matuschek  
(he sees that Marton is right - changing his attitude)  
It was a nice party last night, wasn't it?

Marton  
(not giving in entirely, still a little sulky)  
Yes, sir.

Matuschek  
(trying to make up with him)  
I had lots of fun, didn't you?

Marton  
Yes, sir.

Matuschek  
(insisting on making up)  
Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it -- By the way, that little poem you wrote in Mrs. Matuschek's guest book - did you make that up yourself?

Marton  
(a little embarrassed at being discovered as an intellectual)  
Not exactly. It's really by Shakespeare - but I changed it a little to suit the occasion. I made the last line rhyme with Matuschek...that's all.

Matuschek  
Well, Mrs. Matuschek liked it. You made a very fine impression on her. Yes, Mrs. Matuschek thinks an awful lot of you --  
(his face beaming with love for his wife)  
- and, you know, I think an awful lot of Mrs. Matuschek... .

CONTINUED:

A-35

CONTINUED (3)

Matuschek pats Marton on the shoulder in a fatherly way. Suddenly from the shop we hear the sound of the music box playing O Chi Tchornya. Matuschek and Marton look at each other in slight suspense. The next moment the door opens and Vadas comes in triumphantly.

Vadas

I think I've found a customer for the cigarette box. What price shall I quote, Mr. Matuschek?

Matuschek gives a little grin to Marton. Then he starts out of the office. As he goes toward the door, followed by Vadas and Marton, he starts figuring.

Matuschek

Well, let's see -- two eighty-five -- and I think we'll get five percent discount.

(By now he opens the door)

A-36

INTERIOR SHOP - CLOSE SHOT DOOR TO  
MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE

Matuschek opens the door, comes out, still figuring the price - when suddenly he sees --

A-37

CLOSE SHOT - AT THE COUNTER

Klara stands at the counter listening to O Chi Tohorneya.

A-38

CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK, MARTON, VADAS

Matuschek is puzzled. Marton quickly sizing up the situation, pushes Vadas aside.

Marton

Let me take care of this, Mr. Matuschek -  
(he goes quickly toward Klara)

A-39

CLOSE SHOT - AT COUNTER

Marton enters.

Marton (in a very kindly tone)  
Look -- there's no use waiting. Please believe me -  
if there's an opening you'll be the first one --

CONTINUED

A-39

## CONTINUED (2)

Before the girl can answer, Matuschek enters.  
He has an idea.

Matuschek (to Klara)  
Would you buy a box like this?

Klara  
Well, Mr. Matuschek - I couldn't buy anything at the moment.

Matuschek  
No, no. I just want your opinion - your honest opinion - do you like it?

Klara (meaning it)  
Yes, I do - it's marvelous.

Matuschek  
Why?

Klara  
(after a moment's thought)  
I - I think it's romantic.

Marton (a little annoyed)  
Romantic? What's romantic about it?

Klara  
Well -- cigarettes and music...I don't know -- it makes me think of - of moonlight - and...cigarettes and music!

During the last few words, Matuschek nods in approval several times. Now, with a pompous smile, he turns to Marton.

Matuschek  
There's the woman's point of view..

This is too much for Marton and he walks out.

Klara  
(making the most of her moment)  
How much are you selling it for?

Matuschek  
Well - I would say - four twenty-five.

Klara  
Oh, that's a bargain! That's a real bargain!

During this speech, a slightly plump woman customer was passing in the background, but the word 'bargain' caught her. She turns back and looks at the box. At the same moment, Klara, seeing her great chance, takes her hat off and

CONTINUED

puts it behind the counter - thus she becomes instantly a salesgirl. The woman customer is now examining the box with great approval. It is still closed.

Woman

Oh...that's a candy box, isn't it?

Matuschek is about to answer, but Klara intercepts.

Klara

Yes, Madame -- a candy box - and I would say a very unusual one.

To illustrate, she opens the box with a look of anticipation. But the box doesn't play. Klara and Matuschek exchange surprised and desperate looks.

A-40

CLOSE SHOT - MARTON AT ANOTHER COUNTER

watching the scene. He is highly interested in the proceedings. The fact that the box doesn't play confirms his opinion of its bad workmanship.

A-41

CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK, KLARA AND WOMAN CUSTOMER

Just when Klara and Matuschek think the sale will fall through, the unexpected happens.

Woman

I like it. How much is it?

Before they can answer, the music decides to start. The woman's expression changes to disapproval.

Woman

Is that coming out of this box?

Matuschek  
Yes, Madame. It's O Chi Tchornya - a very popular classic.

Woman (with finality)  
Oh, no -- that will never do. Where do people get ideas like that? Can you imagine -- every time you take a piece of candy, you have to listen to that song!

A-42

CLOSEUP - MATUSCHEK

He is terribly embarrassed, because Marton's argument has been confirmed in terms of candy. He looks guiltily toward Marton out of the corner of his eye.

A-43

## CLOSEUP - MARTON

He beams.

A-44

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK, KLARA, WOMAN CUSTOMER

Matuschek looks away from Marton. The woman customer closes the box.

Woman

Oh, no!

She is about to leave. Now Klara goes to work.

Klara (with finished sales-girl technique)

I know just what you mean, Madame - and yet, do you know, some of our customers like it for the very thing you object to. We've sold quite a few -- and especially to ladies. There's no denying we all have a weakness for candy -- and when I say weakness, I don't mean to say anything against candy -- I only mean we're inclined to overdo it a little.

Woman (indifferently)

That's true, I suppose.

Klara

Now for instance, Madame -- have you any idea how many pieces of candy you eat a day?

Woman

Well, no -- I never gave it a thought.

Klara

That's just it. We pick up a piece of candy absent-mindedly, and then we take another piece -- and before we realize it, we've gained a pound or two. That's when your troubles begin. Masseurs, electric cabinets --

Woman (with feeling)

Don't I know it!

Klara (driving home for the kill)

Now this little box makes you candy-conscious. That's what Matuschek & Company designed it for! Every time you open it, this little tinkling song is a message to you: "Too much candy -- now be careful."

Woman

How much is it?

CONTINUED:

A-44.

CONTINUED (2)

Klara (thinking fast and raising  
the price)  
Five-fifty.

Matuschek, feeling that she is going too  
far, wants to correct her. But she  
shakes her head - she knows what she is  
doing.

Klara  
--- reduced from six ninety-five. It's a real  
bargain.

Woman  
I'll take it.

A-45

CLOSEUP - MATUSCHEK

Now he is a very happy man, and turns with  
a smug smile toward Marton.

A-46

CLOSE SHOT - MARTON

He looks like a defeated man.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

B-1

WE FADE IN ON -  
CLOSE SHOT - ONE OF MATUSCHEK & COMPANY'S  
TWO SHOW WINDOWS

IT IS A SLIGHTLY SLUSHY DAY - A TYPICAL,  
UNINVITING, DARK DECEMBER MORNING - ABOUT TEN  
MINUTES BEFORE EIGHT O'CLOCK.

There is a Christmas tree in the window, around  
which are grouped all kinds of articles. It  
is obviously a holiday display.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK to a MEDIUM SHOT of the  
show window. We discover a policeman in a  
winter overcoat standing with his back to the  
CAMERA, looking at the Christmas tree. The  
CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he strolls along. As  
he goes by the corner of the next window of  
the shop, he passes Pirovitch - also in a heavy  
winter overcoat - who is standing against the  
shop, reading his morning paper -- as usual,  
the first one.

Policeman (as he passes Pirovitch)  
Morning.

Pirovitch  
(tipping his hat - a little timidly)  
Good morning, sir.

The policeman stops in front of the second  
show window, a little farther down, and  
glances idly at the display.

B-2

CLOSE SHOT - THROUGH THE GLASS

on what the policeman sees. It is a group  
of about twenty of the cigarette music boxes,  
which apparently Matuschek & Company has been  
unable to sell in the last six months. They  
are grouped around a prominently lettered card  
which reads:

SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE  
O CHI TCHORNYA CIGARETTE  
BOXES -- REDUCED FROM  
4.25 to 2.29

B-3

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH

Marton enters.

CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton

Good morning.

Pirovitch

Good morning, Marton.

Marton

Well, I have a big dinner date tonight.

Pirovitch (his face lighting up)

With the boss?

Marton

Oh, no, he doesn't invite me any more. How do you figure him out?

Pirovitch

I give up. It's certainly difficult to get along with him these days.

Marton

He hardly talks to me any more. Well, I hope he feels more cheerful today. He'd better -- because I'm going to ask him for a raise.

Pirovitch

A raise!

Marton

Pirovitch -- do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

Pirovitch

Oh, no -- go ahead.

Marton (a little self-consciously)

This is very confidential -- suppose a fellow like me wants to get married -

Pirovitch (with delighted surprise)

Well, that's wonderful! That's the best thing that could happen to you. Who's the girl?

Marton

Listen -- what did I say? I said suppose -- and I didn't say me, I said a fellow like me. Now look -- for instance, how much does it cost you to live? Just you and Mrs. Pirovitch, leaving out the children -

Pirovitch

Why fool yourself?

Marton (slightly embarrassed)

Well, let's say - temporarily. How much does it cost?

CONTINUED:

B-3

## CONTINUED (3)

Pirovitch

It can be done - and very nicely. Naturally, you can't be extravagant.

Marton

Now -- suppose such a fellow took a three-room apartment - diningroom, livingroom and bedroom.

Pirovitch

What do you need three rooms for? If you have the right girl, you live in the bedroom.

Marton

Where do you eat?

Pirovitch

In the kitchen -- you get a nice, big kitchen.

Marton

Then where do you entertain?

Pirovitch

Entertain! What are you, an ambassador? Who do you want to entertain -- Listen, if someone is really your friend, he comes after dinner.

Marton

Oh, no, Pirovitch. That's not my idea of Paradise.

Pirovitch

Paradise - on your salary? My boy, with three hundred and fifty a month, minus income tax and social insurance -- you're not in the Paradise bracket!

B-4

## MEDIUM SHOT

Klara enters and stops near Pirovitch.

Klara

Good morning.

Pirovitch (very friendly)

Good morning, Klara.

Marton

(barely tipping his hat - brusquely)  
Morning.

(he opens his paper)

Klara (ignoring Marton)

How's your wife, Mr. Pirovitch?

CONTINUED:

B-4

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton (looking up)  
Yes -- how is she?

Pirovitch  
(suddenly - with a worried look)  
Oh, my goodness!

Klara (alarmed)  
What's the matter?

Pirovitch  
I forgot to call Dr. Hegedus.

Marton  
Is there anything serious with Mrs. Pirovitch?

Pirovitch  
No -- she couldn't be better.

Marton  
Then what do you want to call the doctor for?

Pirovitch  
If I don't call him, he'll come.  
(as Pirovitch leaves, CAMERA PANS  
with him)  
Excuse me - I'd better telephone him right away.

B-5 -  
B-8

## CLOSE SHOT - KLARA AND MARTON

They are standing on opposite sides of the entrance, each leaning against a show window. Klara opens her book, which has a typical library cover. She starts to read. Marton returns to his newspaper. They read for a moment, then:

Marton  
(a little uncomfortable, but trying  
to achieve an air of correctness)  
Miss Novak.

Klara (coldly)  
Yes, Mr.. Marton?

Marton  
I noticed that you wore a yellow blouse with light green dots yesterday ---

Klara (interrupting)  
No, Mr. Marton - as usual, you're mistaken. It was a green blouse with light yellow dots - and everybody else thought it was very becoming.

CONTINUED:

B-5 -  
B-8

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton tries to get a word in, but Klara brushes everything aside and continues:

Klara

And I don't remember that I ever remarked about your neckties -- and believe me, Mr. Marton, if you think I couldn't say anything about them, just ask Mr. Vadas. So please leave my blouse alone. It's none of your business.

(she returns to her book)

Marton (stiffly)

I'm sorry, but Mr. Matuschek seems to think it is my business.

Klara (maliciously)

Oh yes, that's right -- I'm working under you. Well from now on, I'll telephone you every morning and describe just what I'm going to wear - and before I select my next season's wardrobe, my dressmaker will submit samples to you!

(getting outraged)

Imagine you dictating what I should wear!

Marton

(who has tried several times to get a word in, now losing his patience)

For heaven's sake, I don't care what you wear -- if you want to look like a pony in a circus, all right! But I have troubles of my own, without your blouse coming between Mr. Matuschek and me.

Klara

Listen, I sold as much goods yesterday as anybody in the place. Hundred ninety-seven pengo fifty isn't bad for a rainy Friday three weeks before Christmas. Did you tell that to Mr. Matuschek?

Marton

I did!

Klara

What did he say?

Marton

He said 'Tell her not to come in that blouse any more.'

Klara

Tell him I won't!

Marton

I will!

Klara turns angrily back to her novel, and Marton walks away. CAMERA PANS with him.

CONTINUED:

B-5 -  
B-8

## CONTINUED (3)

Pirovitch returns. During the following scene of Pirovitch and Marton, we see in the b.g. the arrival of Pepi, Ilona, and Flora.

Pirovitch

Well, I caught him just in time. Saves me five pengo, and that counts when you're married.

(relaxes, and in a good mood)

Now come on - tell me who is the girl?

Marton

(in a lower voice, which brings Pirovitch closer to him)

Don't you remember the girl I was corresponding with - ?

Pirovitch (with great intimacy)

Oh yes -- about the cultural subjects.

Marton

Well - after a while, we came to the subject of love - naturally, on a very cultural level.

Pirovitch (drily)

What else can you do in a letter?

Marton

(going even closer to Pirovitch)

Pirovitch - she is the most marvelous girl in the world --

Pirovitch

Is she pretty?

Marton

- She has such ideals, such a point of view on things... She's so far above the girls you meet today, there is simply no comparison.

Pirovitch (pessimistically)

So she's not so very pretty!

Marton

Please don't say that, Pirovitch.

Pirovitch

I'm sorry. The main thing is that you like her.

Marton

I hope I will.

Pirovitch (puzzled)

What do you mean? You love a girl, and don't know if you like her!

CONTINUED:

B-5 -  
B-8

## CONTINUED (4)

Marton

That's right, Pirovitch - that's just the question.  
You see, I haven't met her yet.

Pirovitch

You haven't --

Marton

I postponed it again and again. I'm scared,  
Pirovitch. You see, this girl thinks I'm the most  
wonderful person in the world -- and after all,  
there's a chance she might be disappointed.

Pirovitch (a little drily)

Yes -- there is a chance.

Marton (ardently)

On the other hand -

Pirovitch

You might be disappointed, too.

Marton

I don't dare think of it... Pirovitch, did you  
ever get a bonus?

Pirovitch

Yes -- once.

Marton (in the clouds)

The boss hands it to you in an envelope - and you  
don't want to open it - you wonder how much it  
is. As long as that envelope isn't opened, you're  
a millionaire. You keep postponing that moment...  
but you can't postpone it forever...

(with real excitement)

Pirovitch, I'm meeting her tonight - at eight-  
thirty - in a cafe --

Pirovitch

(knowingly)

A red carnation?

Marton

Yes. She's going to have one as a bookmark in  
a copy of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, and I'm going  
to wear one in my lapel... I haven't slept for  
days --

Pirovitch (warmly)

I'm sure she'll be beautiful.

Marton

Not too beautiful -- what chance would there be  
for a fellow like me?

CONTINUED:

Pirovitch  
What do you want - a homely girl?

Marton  
No, Pirovitch.  
(with great earnestness)  
Knock wood - for just a lovely, average girl...  
that's all I want!

B-9

MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD OPPOSITE SIDE  
OF THE STREET

Pirovitch and Marton are in the foreground.  
Their conversation is interrupted by a taxi  
which stops in front of the shop. Pirovitch,  
thinking it is the boss, hurries to the taxi  
and opens the door. But to his great sur-  
prise not the boss, but Vadas steps out.

Vadas (to Lorenz)  
Thank you, my good man.

Pirovitch angrily slams the door and goes  
out in the direction of Marton.

Vadas (in a loud voice)  
Good morning, everybody.

B-10

CLOSE SHOT - VADAS AND THE TAXI DRIVER

Vadas takes a big bankroll out of his pocket,  
peels off a note and gives it to the driver.

Vadas (showing off)  
Here, my good fellow. Keep the change - and send  
your boy through college!

Driver  
Thank you, sir.

The taxi exits. CAMERA PANS with Vadas as  
he walks toward Marton and Pirovitch, who  
are looking at him with curious expressions.

Vadas (in a challenging voice)  
I can see by the expression on your underpaid  
faces that you wonder where I got all this money.

Pirovitch (quietly, but with a  
knowing look on his face)  
No, Mr. Vadas, I don't wonder.

CONTINUED:

B-10

CONTINUED (2)

Vedas (sharply)  
What do you mean?

Pirovitch (with an innocent air)  
I just mean I don't wonder.

Before the argument can develop, we hear the sound of a taxi stopping quickly. They all look in the direction of the taxi.

B-11

SHOOTING TOWARD OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET

Mr. Matuschek steps out of the taxi. He pays his fare quickly, and his expression is extremely stern. He seems to be absentminded. CAMERA PANS with him as he goes toward the shop. The male employees tip their hats, but Matuschek ignores them completely. The employees exchange looks which indicate that the boss is in an unusually uncordial mood. Just as Matuschek is about to open the door, he glances at one of the show windows. He seems to be very displeased.

Matuschek

This window looks terrible -- there isn't a shop on the street that doesn't look better. It's a wonder we get any customers! Well, we'll have to stay after closing hour tonight, and redecorate.

B-12

DOUBLE CLOSE UP OF MARTON AND PIROVITCH

Marton is considerably shaken up by what he has just heard. He looks at Pirovitch and makes a gesture which indicates his despair at the thought of missing his appointment tonight.

B-13

CLOSE UP OF KLARA

who seems to be just as alarmed as Marton. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to a DOUBLE CLOSE SHOT of her and Ilona.

Ilona (angrily)  
Redecorate windows -- a fine way to spend your evenings! Well, my boy friend will have to dine with his wife.

Klara and Ilona, who are the last ones, are going toward the door during the following dialogue. The CAMERA PRECEDES them.

CONTINUED:

B-13.

CONTINUED (2)

Klara (very worried)  
I'll have to get out of it some way --

Ilona  
Klara, you haven't got a chance.

Klara  
I have a very important engagement at eight thirty -  
and I have to get home first. I have so much to do -  
(forgetting her worries for a moment)  
-- you see, I have to change....Tell me, Ilona, did  
you notice the blouse I wore yesterday - the green  
blouse -

Ilona  
With light yellow dots?

Klara (happily)  
Yes.

Ilona  
Oh, I thought it was simply stunning!

Klara (happily)  
Did you really? I'm so glad -  
(as she goes into the door)  
You see, I'm planning to wear it tonight...

By now she is inside the door and she closes  
it behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-14

INT. MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -  
MATUSCHEK SITTING AT HIS DESK

Matuschek holds several letters in his hand  
but his mind is on something else. The  
telephone rings.

Matuschek (into the telephone)  
Hello --

(we are now looking at a deeply  
troubled man)  
Yes, darling... Well, you were asleep and I didn't  
want to disturb you. You came home late and I  
thought you wanted to sleep a little longer...  
No, no - I'm not angry. Did you have a good time?  
Well, that's all that matters, isn't it? . . What?  
Two hundred shillings -- Emma, I don't understand  
it. Only last Monday I gave you -- No, I'm not  
complaining, but it's quite a bit of money . . All  
right, all right - yes - certainly. I'll send it  
over as soon as possible. . . Goodbye. . . .

CONTINUED:

B-14

## CONTINUED (2)

Matuschek, during the telephone conversation has, on the surface, been very patient, now puts the receiver down and paces up and down several times. There is no doubt by now what the source of his unhappiness is.

B-15

## MEDIUM SHOT OF THE OFFICE

Matuschek is still pacing up and down. Marton enters. He stops close to the door.

Matuschek (annoyed at the intrusion)  
What is it?

Martton comes closer. The CAMERA COMES CLOSER to both of them.

Martton  
Mr. Matuschek, I would like to talk to you for a moment --

Matuschek (coldly)  
Is it important?

Martton (a little taken aback)  
Well -- it's -- it's important to me.

Matuschek (icily)  
Is it important to Matuschek & Company?

Martton  
No, not exactly. But --

Matuschek  
I'm pretty busy -- you'll have to see me some other time.

He pretends to look back at his papers.  
Martton, after taking one step toward the door, stops.

Martton  
Pardon me, Mr. Matuschek --

Matuschek (with even greater sharpness)  
What do you want now?

Martton  
Well -- for several days your attitude toward me seems to have changed . . .

Matuschek  
Has it?

CONTINUED:

Marton (standing his ground with dignity)

Yes, Mr. Matuschek, it has. Really, I'm completely at a loss to explain it - after all, I do my work --

Matuschek

And you get paid for it, don't you?

Marton (really taken aback)

Yes, sir.

Matuschek

Every week?

Marton

Yes, sir.

Matuschek

So everything seems to be all right -- doesn't it?

Marton

Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

(he goes out of the office quietly)

B-16

MEDIUM SHOT - DOOR LEADING TO THE OFFICE

Marton enters the shop. He is very depressed.  
Pirovitch enters the scene.

Pirovitch

Did you see him?

Marton (in a low tone, but exploding)

I'm not going to stand for this much longer.  
What does the man want of me? - Why does he have to pick on me?

Pirovitch

Well - you're his oldest employee -

Marton

That's a fine reason.

Pirovitch

(with the philosophy of the underdog)  
He picks on me, too. The other day he called me an idiot. What could I do? - So I said, 'Yes, Mr. Matuschek, I'm an idiot'.... I'm no fool! -- Listen, maybe he has business worries - maybe he has trouble with his wife....

B-17.

## CLOSE SHOT - VADAS

He is standing on a small ladder nearby. He must have been listening with great interest. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes over to Pirovitch.

Vadas

Is he having trouble with his wife?

Pirovitch (scared to death)  
I don't know - it's none of my business! I'm talking to Marton - what do you want? ..

He leaves Vadas. The CAMERA PANS with Pirovitch as he goes over to Marton. He takes him a few steps aside to be sure that Vadas can't hear any more.

Pirovitch (with great concern)  
Marton - don't be impulsive - not at a time like this, not when millions of people are out of work --

Marton

I can get a job anywhere!

Pirovitch

Can you? Let's be honest.

Marton (brooding)  
I'll take a chance. I'm not a coward - I'm not afraid.

Pirovitch (with great simplicity)  
I am, Marton. I'm afraid of the boss - I'm afraid of the grocer, of the butcher - of the doctor -- I have a family, Marton.

Marton

Well, I haven't --

Almost in the middle of the word he stops himself because he remembers his approaching romance.

Pirovitch

(responding to what he has seen in  
Marton -- with great feeling)  
Think it over ... Those were nice letters,  
weren't they?

The CAMERA PANS with Marton as he goes thoughtfully toward the stockroom door.

B-18.

## MEDIUM SHOT - STOCKROOM

In the foreground we see Klara and Pepi. Pepi has just put several packages into a sort of canvas cover. Klara hands him the last box.

Klara

And this one is already paid for -- just leave it downstairs at the desk.

Marton enters without paying any attention to Pepi or Klara. He gets busy with his work arranging things on the shelf, putting them from the table to shelf and also rearranging them on the shelves.

Pepi (as he grabs his bundle)

Mr. Marton, do you think I have to work tonight, too?

(in a tough voice)

After all, I'm a child --

Martton

No, you don't have to stay tonight.

Pepi

Do you mean it?

Martton

I'll straighten it out with Mr. Matuschek.

Pepi (very happy)

Thank you, Mr. Marton.

He goes.

B-19

## CLOSE SHOT - KLARA

She has listened with unusual interest during this conversation. The fact that it is possible for somebody to get off tonight and that Marton might be instrumental, gives her an idea. And it takes her only one moment to lay out her strategy. She changes her attitude toward Marton completely. The CAMERA PANS with her as she walks over to him with the sweetest smile. Marton is still busy putting articles on the shelf.

Klara (in a voice of honey)

May I help you, Mr. Marton?

Martton (impersonally)

No, thank you.

CONTINUED:

B-19

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara

No trouble at all.

(she hands him one of the articles,  
pointing to one section of the shelf)  
I put all the imported bags on the shelf.

Marton

(with a business-like look - nods)

Uh,huh.

Klara

Is that the way you wanted it, Mr. Marton?

Marton (still not interested)

Yes.

Now she goes to work.

Klara

I'm so glad you like it. If there's anything  
wrong, I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me.

Marton

(stopping his work - looking at her  
distrustfully)Since when are you so interested in my idea of  
what's wrong?

Klara

(who is just getting started)

Well, I like to please you, Mr. Marton. After  
all, I'm working under you.

Marton

You don't have to keep harping on that!

He resumes his work. Klara helps him.

Klara

I don't mean it that way at all, Mr. Marton. Re-  
gardless of what I think of you personally - I  
believe that anybody who works with you and  
doesn't get a great deal out of it is just dumb.

Marton (his ego wounded)

What do you mean 'what you think of me personally'?

Klara

(a little bit cernered - trying to  
make the best of it)Well, since you ask, I would say no matter what  
can be said against you, I think you're a gentle-  
man.

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop  
Around  
The  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

B-19

CONTINUED (3)

45

Marton

(not quite won over but beginning to  
follow it -- gruffly)  
Well, I try to be.

He goes back to his work.

Klara

And oh, Mr. Marton, you don't realize what that means to a working girl. What a girl has to go through in some shops! For instance when I worked at Foeldes Brothers & Sons, well, the sons were all right -- but the brothers, Mr. Marton!.. And that's why I like it here so much. When you say 'Miss Novak, let's go in the stockroom and put some bags on the shelf', you really want to put some bags on the shelf. And that's my idea of a gentleman.

Marton

Well, I just don't believe in mixing bags with pleasure.

Klara

(feeling that she is gaining ground)  
Mr. Marton --

Marton

Yes, Miss Novak?

Klara

About that blouse --

Marton (actually friendly)

Listen -- I'm sorry, but I had to do that.

Klara

But I want to thank you. I'm so glad you did it. You know, in the bottom of my heart, after thinking it over -- you're so right. The blouse was really awful.

Marton (in a nice tone)

I wouldn't say awful.

Klara (charmingly)

Yes, it was. Of course, I didn't admit it at the time -- but what woman would? We hate to admit we're wrong -- that's why we're so feminine.

Marton (good-natured)

You know, this is the first time you've shown a little sense. Well, there's a change in you.

CONTINUED:

B-19

CONTINUED (4)

Klara  
(being the modest little girl)  
I know it.

Marton  
(now completely won over -- looking  
at her with new eyes)  
And if you keep on like this, I think we'll  
get along better.

Klara  
Thank you, Mr. Marton.

Marton  
That's all right, Miss Novak.

He continues his work.

Klara  
(now moving in for the kill)  
I was planning to wear that awful blouse tonight.  
You see, I have a date --

Marton  
Tonight? Well, didn't you hear what Mr. Matuschek  
said? We have to stay here to decorate the windows.

Klara (very innocently)  
Oh, I almost forgot. Would it be possible -- do  
you think you could spare me tonight, then maybe  
Mr. Matuschek would let me off?

This hits Marton like a bombshell. He  
looks at her - first dumbfounded, then  
furiously.

Marton  
So! That's why I'm a gentleman! That's why you  
learned so much from me all of a sudden!

Klara  
I don't understand.

Marton  
So you want to get off tonight?

Klara  
I have to, Mr. Marton.

Marton  
Well, you're out of luck. Such an obvious trick --  
(outraged)  
-- and I nearly fell for it!

CONTINUED:

Klara (desperately)  
Please, Mr. Marton, I have to get off tonight --  
it's terribly important.

Marton  
For six months you've done everything you could to antagonize me, and now you have the nerve --

Klara  
Well, you haven't been very nice to me!

During the following scene Marton does not pay any attention to her. He goes to the counter to get a collection of packages together. He hands her one and then another until she holds a stack in her arms.

Klara  
(realizing that Marton won't help her - throwing all discretion to the winds)  
No matter what I do, it's wrong. If I wrap a package - that's not the right way. If I make a suggestion -- and some of them are very good -- you don't even listen. Everything has to be done exactly your way and even then you don't like it! When I came into this shop I was full of life and enthusiasm and now -- I'm nothing. You've taken my personality away! You're a dictator -- that's what you are. Well, let me tell you -- any day now I may be in a position where I won't have to work any more. And then, Mr. Marton, I'll really tell you what I think of you.

By now Marton has a stack of boxes in his own arms too, and both are walking toward the door.

Klara  
And as for that blouse, I think it's beautiful and I'm going to wear it tonight, yes, tonight!

Marton opens the door; and as she passes him into the shop -- like somebody stating a piece of news:

Klara  
Mr. Marton, I don't like you.

She goes toward the shop. Marton follows her.

B-20

MEDIUM SHOT - COUNTER CLOSE TO THE STOCKROOM DOOR

Klara and Marton enter the shop. They put their boxes down on the counter. Klara sees Mr. Matuschek and goes quickly toward him.

B-21-23

CLOSE SHOT - MR. MATUSCHEK - ANOTHER PART OF THE SHOP

Klara enters the picture.

Klara

Mr. Matuschek, I wonder if I could see you for a moment?

Matuschek

(not exactly friendly but much more civil than with Marton)

Well, what is it?

Klara

Would it be possible, by any chance -- do you think you could spare me tonight?

Matuschek

Well, let me see - we'll need three people to dress the A window --

The CAMERA PANS with him as he walks toward Marton.

Matuschek

Could you get along without Miss Novak?

Marton

Well, Mr. Matuschek -- I wonder if I could talk to you for a moment --

Matuschek (suspicious)

You want to get off, toot

Marton

Well, yes -- Mr. Matuschek -- I would appreciate it very much ...

Matuschek (in a sudden outburst)

What is this? Does everybody want to leave? Once a year I ask you to stay here! --

During the following dialogue we see the effect of Matuschek's mood on the whole shop. In individual CLOSE SHOTS we show Klara scared to death. We know that she wouldn't dare to ask again for her evening

CONTINUED:

B-21-23

## CONTINUED (2)

off. On the contrary, she looks now so desperate, putting things back and forth, almost without sense, just to seem busy. Mr. Vadas runs up and down the step ladder. Mr. Pirovitch is trembling, and putting some boxes under the counter. Flora and Ilona also look as busy as possible.

Marton

I'm sorry, Mr. Matuschek, if I had only known yesterday --

Matuschek

I see -- you want a special invitation! Next time I'll send you an engraved announcement.

Pirovitch enters the scene with what for him is great courage.

Pirovitch

Mr. Matuschek -- I've talked everything over with Mr. Marton -- I know his ideas, and I think Miss Novotni and I can manage the novelty window by ourselves.

Matuschek

Did I ask you for advice? What do you mean, Mr. Marton and you have talked it over! Whose shop is this?

Pirovitch

Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes back and finds something to do which takes him out of sight below the counter.

B-24

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK AND MARTON

Matuschek (with cynicism)

So you want the evening off, Mr. Marton! -- It's all right -- I think we can manage without you.

Marton (wounded)

This is the first time in years that I've asked a favor. If it weren't very important --

Matuschek

I gave you your evening -- what more do you want? Do you want a brass band to see you off?

Marton (fighting back - firmly)

Please, Mr. Matuschek, I think you're being unjust.

CONTINUED:

B-24

CONTINUED (2)

Matuschek (really exploding)  
I'm being unjust! Once a year I ask six ladies and gentlemen -- six, mind you, when next door a shop twice as big as mine employs only four --

At this moment we hear the opening of a door from outside the picture. Matuschek changes his attitude completely and walks smilingly toward the door.

B-25

CLOSE SHOT - THE DOOR

A lady customer has entered. Matuschek enters the picture. Now he is Matuschek, the salesman, courteous and smiling.

Matuschek  
Good morning, Madame. Is there anything I can show you?

Woman Customer  
Have you traveling bags for men-- with a zipper?

Matuschek  
Oh, yes, Madame. We have every type of traveling bag in the zipper.

Woman Customer  
Thank you very much. I'm just doing a little window shopping for my husband. He'll be here tomorrow.

Matuschek  
I'll be delighted to serve your husband.

Woman Customer  
Thank you. Good morning.

Matuschek  
Good morning, Madame.

He bows politely and closes the door after the lady. As soon as he has closed the door, Matuschek is the boss again. Practically without transition, he resumes his shouting tone. THE CAMERA PRECEDES him into the shop.

Matuschek  
Six ladies and gentlemen, who stand around here for days telling jokes and talking about movies, while I pay the gas and rent and light and taxes, and their salaries!

CONTINUED:

B-25

CONTINUED (3)

By now he has reached the cashier's place. The telephone rings. Before Flora has a chance to answer, Matuschek takes the receiver.

Matuschek (very politely)  
Good morning, Matuschek and Company.

His expression darkens as he discovers it is not a customer.

Matuschek  
Just a moment -- Mr. Pirovitch.

B-26

CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH

This is no moment for him to get a personal call. He goes toward the telephone like a lamb going to the slaughter.

B-27

CLOSE SHOT - CASHIER'S PLACE AS PIROVITCH ENTERS

Matuschek stands there sternly. Pirovitch takes the receiver. His heart drops in his pants.

Pirovitch (into the telephone)  
Yes, Mama -- I called you. Imagine, Mama, we're decorating the window after closing hour - so we don't have to have dinner with the Kralik's! Isn't that wonderful!

(getting rid of Mama quickly)  
Yes, Mama, I knew you'd be glad -- goodbye.

He goes back to his counter with an apologetic smile to Mr. Matuschek. Matuschek is again without transition. The CAMERA PRECEDES him as he walks toward Marton!

Matuschek  
-- Six people, I ask one day in a year to be so kind as to redecorate a window -- and you have the nerve, Mr. Marton -- the oldest employee in the place, who should set an example --

Marton  
Mr. Matuschek, you spoke like this to me yesterday. What did I do yesterday? The whole week you've treated me like this, without any reason.

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop B-27  
Around  
The  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

52

CONTINUED (2)

Matuschek  
Without any reason? Maybe I have more reason  
than you think!

Marton (more quietly)  
It's obvious that you're not satisfied with me.

Matuschek (also quiet)  
You can draw your own conclusions.

Marton  
In that case, there's only one thing to do, Maybe  
we'd better call it a day.

There is a moment's pause with terrific  
tension. This resignation has an entirely  
different quality from the charming little  
family quarrel which these two had several  
months ago. Matuschek does not answer.  
The CAMERA PANS with him as he walks away  
from Marton. This is a deeply unhappy man,  
and we still have to know the true cause  
of his suffering. As he paces up and down,  
we hear the telephone ring.

Flora's Voice  
Matuschek & Company... Yes, Mrs. Matuschek, he's  
here. -- Mrs. Matuschek on the telephone.

Matuschek hears this and walks the few steps  
toward the telephone. He takes the telephone.

Matuschek (very quietly)  
Yes, Emma -- no, I'm not coming home tonight.  
All right... Oh, yes -- all right, all right --  
I'll send it right away.

She hangs up the receiver.

Matuschek (to Flora)  
Put two hundred pengo in an envelope, and tell  
Pepi to take it over to Mrs. Matuschek.

Flora  
Pepi is out -- he has quite a few packages to  
deliver, and I don't think he'll be back  
until after lunch.

Matuschek thinks for a moment whom to send.

B-28

CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH

He sees an opening to help his friend. The  
CAMERA MOVES with him as he goes toward  
Matuschek, taking his nerve in his hands.

B-28.

## CONTINUED (2)

Pirovitch

Mr. Marton and I always have lunch at Parago's -- it's only a few blocks from your home, Mr. Matuschek. We can deliver it.

He looks at Marton.

Pirovitch

Isn't that right, Mr. Marton?

Marton (deeply hurt but willing to make up)

Yes.

B-29

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK

Matuschek

No, thank you, Mr. Marton.

(into the shop)

Mr. Vadas!

B-30

## CLOSE SHOT - VADAS

He practically flies toward Matuschek.  
The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes.

Vadas

Yes, sir!

Matuschek

I don't like to break in on your lunch hour --

Vadas

That's perfectly all right, Mr. Matuschek.  
It will be a pleasure.

Matuschek

Thank you.

B-31

## LONG SHOT - THE SHOP

Matuschek walks quietly back to his office. There is a moment of silence as the employees begin to recover from the storm. A man customer enters. Marton approaches him.

B-32

CLOSE SHOT - THE MAN CUSTOMER  
AND MARTON

Marton is now the well-trained salesman who, regardless of his personal worries, must play the role of a smiling, efficient salesman.

Martton

Good morning!

Man Customer

Have you one of those airplane weight suit-cases?

Martton

Yes, sir. If you'll kindly step this way --  
(indicating a suitcase)

We have the same in three sizes -- and several finishes -- dark, medium, and light. You can have your choice of fittings. They come in silver, nickel, or tortoise-shell. And we sell them as low as seventy-five-fifty. . .

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

## SEQUENCE "C"

C-1

OUT

C-2

FADE IN:

INTERIOR OF THE SHOP - MEDIUM SHOT - AT  
ONE OF THE SHOW WINDOWS.

Vadas and Ilona are decorating the window. Matuschek enters the scene, for a moment watches the decorating of the window. CAMERA PANS with him as he goes over to the other window. There we discover Marton and Klara, Marton putting little articles on the branches of the Christmas tree, Klara standing nearby and handing him the articles. The atmosphere is very subdued and depressed. Each of the three -- Matuschek, Marton and Klara -- is busy with his own troubles. Matuschek watches both for a few seconds, then:

Matuschek (very politely)  
Mr. Marton -- will you come to my office? I'd like to talk to you.

Marton

Yes, sir.

Matuschek, followed by Marton, goes to his office.

C-3

CLOSE SHOT - THE OFFICE DOOR

Matuschek goes into the office, followed by Marton. Marton, before entering the office, turns back to the rest of the shop with a happy smile, firmly believing that Matuschek, as usual, wants to make up with him.

C-4

CLOSE SHOT - PIROVITCH - FLORA AND ILONA

responding and waving good luck to Marton.

C-5

INTERIOR OFFICE - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT AT DESK

MATUSCHEK stands by the desk. Marton enters and comes close to him. The CAMERA MOVES up

CONTINUED

C-5

CONTINUED (2)

to a CLOSE SHOT on both of them. Marton is full of repressed anticipation.

Matuschek (very quietly)  
You know, Mr. Marton, I've been thinking all day about what you said this morning.

Marton (with a smile)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Matuschek, I'm afraid I lost my temper.

Matuschek (even more quietly)  
No, no -- I think you were right. I really believe you'd be happier elsewhere.

Marton (stunned)  
You think so, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
I'm sure of it.

After a moment's pause, Marton now realizes the full seriousness of the situation. It takes him a few seconds to recover.

Marton  
Well -- I guess there's nothing more to be said.

Matuschek, very business-like, takes his wallet out of his pocket.

Matuschek  
Now -- let's see. Naturally you're entitled to a full month's salary -- three hundred and fifty -- I believe that's correct.

Marton  
Yes.

Matuschek  
Will you sign this receipt, please?

Marton, dazed, signs it. Matuschek takes an envelope from the desk.

Matuschek  
-- And here's a letter which certainly will not handicap you in seeking employment.

Marton takes it. There is a moment's pause. Then --

Marton  
Thank you.

After a few seconds' pause -

## CONTINUED (3)

Matuschek  
-- Well, we might just as well say goodbye.

Matuschek takes his hand and both men shake hands.

Marton  
Goodbye, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Goodbye.

Marton leaves quickly.

C-6

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR OF THE OFFICE

Marton comes out of the office, and closes the door.

C-7

CLOSE SHOT - THE REST OF THE EMPLOYEES

who are looking at him, Pirovitch, Ilona and Flora, in friendly anticipation. As they see Marton's expression, their expression gradually becomes worried.

C-8

CLOSER SHOT - MARTON AT THE DOOR

THE CAMERA PRECEDES HIM as he walks toward the others. His expression leaves no doubt in anybody's mind. Pirovitch enters the scene and stops in front of him. Now Marton stops, too.

Pirovitch  
What happened?

Slowly Marton takes the letter out of the envelope in his hand and unfolds it. He begins to read the letter aloud. As he does, the CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK and gradually one after the other of the employees joins in a group around Marton.

Marton  
To Whom It May Concern:  
I wish to state that Mr. Alfred Marton leaves my employ of his own accord. Mr. Marton started with Matuschek & Company nine years ago as an apprentice. Through his diligence he advanced to the position

CONTINUED:

C-8

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton (cont'd)  
 of clerk, and for the last five years he has been our first salesman. We have found him reliable, efficient and resourceful, and we can recommend him without reserve. He carries with him our best wishes for success in his future career.  
 Signed: HUGO MATUSCHEK

All are deeply moved when he finishes. Except Vadas who pretends to be even more deeply moved than the others. After a moment's pause, Marton turns and goes toward the locker room door.

C-9

## MEDIUM SHOT - INT. LOCKER ROOM

Marton enters, goes to his locker and opens it with a key. The CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE SHOT. He takes from the upper shelf all his belongings -- a spare collar, a piece of soap, a comb and brush. Then he lifts out a glass of water, and we see a carnation in it.

He takes the carnation out of the water. Then he lifts the paper which lines the locker shelf to see if he has forgotten anything. His hand reaches in and he brings out a little package. He has apparently completely forgotten it.

C-10

## INSERT: A LITTLE PACKAGE

It is the Bicarbonate of Soda of several months ago.

C-11

## MEDIUM SHOT OF LOCKER ROOM

He walks over to the table and takes a piece of wrapping paper and during the following scene he wraps his belongings and puts on his overcoat and hat. Pirovitch enters. He is heartbroken and strangely anxious.

Pirovitch  
 I still can't believe it. There's no reason for it.

Marton

Listen -- the boss doesn't have to give you a reason. That's what's so wonderful about being a boss. . . Well, I wanted to get off tonight -- I got off, all right.

CONTINUED:

C-11

CONTINUED (2)

59

He takes the carnation, which he has put on the table -- looks at it for a few seconds -- then crushes it in his hand and throws it away, realizing what it means.

Pirovitch  
Marton -- you're not going?

Marton

I couldn't face her. This morning I had a position -- a future. And now -- you see, I'm afraid I exaggerated in my letters. I showed off a little. She's expecting to meet a pretty important man. . .

(as they go out)  
And I'm not in the mood to act important tonight.

C-12

INT. SHOP - MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE LOCKER ROOM

All the other employees have stopped working. They are standing almost in a group, except Klara, whom we don't see at the moment. Marton and Pirovitch enter from the stockroom. Marton stops near a counter. He has to face the task of saying goodbye.

Marton  
Well --

At the moment nobody moves to say goodbye.

C-13

CLOSE SHOT - MARTON

Suddenly he remembers about his salesbook. He takes the salesbook, with great feeling, out of his pocket and two pencils which belong to Matuschek & Company and deposits them on the counter. It might be a final giving-up of the sword.

C-14

CLOSE SHOT OF THE WHOLE GROUP

Everybody is touched by the full meaning of what he has done. Right in the silence cuts Vadas' sharp voice.

Vadas  
Well, my dear Marton, I think I speak for all of us when I say that this is a shock and a surprise. We feel we are losing a splendid fellow worker, and we certainly wish you all the luck you so rightfully deserve.

## CONTINUED (2)

The others have listened uncomfortably to this obviously phoney speech. When he finishes, Vadas grabs Marton's hand in a vigorous handshake and then he pretends to be so overcome with emotion, he goes out of the picture. Marton is left with the others.

Marton (with real feeling)  
Well, Ilona -- I'm going to miss you.

Ilona (deeply touched)  
I can't understand it!

Marton  
That's nothing unusual. It happens every day. . .  
some one gets fired. . .  
(taking her hand)  
Goodbye, Ilona.

Ilona  
Goodbye, Marton.

Marton now turns to Flora, who has tears in her eyes. He tries to play against the sentiment of the situation.

Marton  
Flora, when you go through my salesbook, you'll notice I cancelled slip number five, but I deducted it from the total.

Flora nods, also trying not to give way to her feelings but suddenly her feelings overcome her and she faces him, sniffling.  
Finally, Marton turns to his dear friend, Pirovitch.

Pirovitch  
Now, Marton -- we're going to see each other. If you have an evening with nothing to do -- you know where we live.

Marton  
Thanks, Pirovitch.

They shake hands and Marton leaves the group. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes toward the door. He looks once or twice around the shop, his eyes saying goodbye to the long-familiar place. As he comes nearer the door, the CAMERA DISCLOSES Klara, who has been waiting there. Marton stops when he sees her.

Marton  
Well, Miss Novak, if I had anything to do with your not getting the evening off -- I'm very sorry.

Klara

(quietly and sincerely)  
And if it's my fault in any way that you got into  
this trouble -- believe me, I'm sorry, too.

Marton

Oh, that's all right.

Klara

It's true we didn't get along -- I guess we fought  
a lot -- but losing a job at a time like this is  
something you don't wish --

She catches herself, but Marton completes  
what she was going to say.

Marton (with irony)

-- On your worst enemy. I know.

Klara (resentfully)

I didn't say that, Mr. Marton!

Marton

Let's not quarrel any more, Miss Novak.

(he extends his hand)

Goodbye.

They both shake hands.

Klara

Goodbye.

Then Marton leaves the shop.

C-15

LONG SHOT OF THE SHOP

There is a moment of complete silence.  
Suddenly -

Vadas

Well - life has to go on.

He leaves quickly toward the window and all  
the others also gradually resume work.

DISSOLVE:

C-16

OUT

C-17

MATUSCHEK'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT  
OF THE DESK

Matuschek is standing at the desk. He is in a strange mood. The telephone rings.

Matuschek

Yes?... oh... well....

(he talks very confidentially)

... you have....

(he is very excited)

...how long will it take you to come over here?  
Well, then come right away. All right. I'll be waiting. . .

He hangs up the receiver. He stands for a moment in thought, then he goes quickly out of his office.

C-18

## LONG SHOT - THE SHOP

The employees are all working. Matuschek appears in the doorway.

Matuschek

You may all go home -- we'll finish the windows on Monday.

C-19--C-22

CLOSE SHOT OF KLARA

62

She is thrilled. She doesn't lose a moment as she practically races to the locker room, the CAMERA PANNING with her.

C-23

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MED. SHOT

Klara enters quickly. It takes her only a few seconds to get her hat and coat on and then she reaches into her locker.

C-24

INSERT - THE SHELF

On the shelf we see her book. It is Tolstoy's Anna Karenina. Her hand reaches in and takes the book out.

C-25

MED. SHOT OF THE LOCKER ROOM

Klara goes quickly out of the locker room. In the doorway she collides with the other employees as they are coming in.

Klara

Good night!

Others

Good night!

C-26

INT. SHOP - MED. SHOT - THE LOCKER ROOM DOOR

Klara comes out of the locker room door and the CAMERA PANS with her as she races toward the door. She goes.

C-26a

MED. SHOT - DOOR TO THE LOCKER ROOM

Pirovitch emerges from the locker room. He has on his hat and overcoat. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes quickly to the telephone. The CAMERA MOVES up to a CLOSE SHOT. He dials.

Pirovitch

Hello. . . Is this Mrs. Hojas? This is Mr. Pirovitch, Mr. Marton's friend. I know he's not there yet, but when he comes, will you please tell him we are not working tonight and I'm coming over. Thank you.

C-26b

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK

He has just come out of the office. He stands a few feet away from the office door and obviously has heard Pirovitch's conversation.

Pirovitch (soared)  
I hope you don't mind, Mr. Matuschek -- he probably feels pretty low tonight and --

C-26c

## MED. SHOT - PIROVITCH AND MATUSCHEK

Matuschek (coldly)  
You don't have to explain. What you do after working hours is your own business.

Pirovitch  
Thank you, sir.

There is a moment's pause. Pirovitch goes toward Matuschek.

Pirovitch  
You haven't changed your mind, by any chance, Mr. Matuschek?

Matuschek  
You've got the evening off, haven't you? Well, go home.

Pirovitch (desperately)  
He is the best man you had, Mr. Matuschek -- why did you let him go?

Matuschek  
I warn you, Pirovitch --

Pirovitch  
His whole life he lived in this shop. He was almost like a son to you. And you were so proud of him -- you invited him to your home again and again --

These last words strike like a hot iron on Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Mr. Pirovitch, you want to keep your job, don't you?

Pirovitch (humbly and defeated)  
Yes, Mr. Matuschek -- I have to. I have a family -- two children.

Matuschek  
In that case, mind your own business and go home.

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop Around  
The Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

C-26c

CONTINUED (2)

64

Pirovitch  
Yes, Mr. Matuschek.

His brave effort was in vain. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes, completely defeated, toward the street door and leaves the shop.

C-27

MED. SHOT INCLUDING THE OFFICE AND THE LOCKER ROOM DOORS

Matuschek still in his strange mood, stands waiting for his employees to go. Ilona and Flora now come out of the locker room. As they pass Mr. Matuschek, Ilona and Flora say:

Ilona and Flora  
Good night, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Good night, good night.

Vadas is the last one. He stops in front of Matuschek, clicks his heels and pauses.

Vadas  
Good night, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Good night.

Vadas is about to go when he remembers something.

C-28

CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK AND VADAS

Vadas  
Oh, Mr. Matuschek, I'm not quite certain if I delivered Mrs. Matuschek's message -- she told me when I gave her the two hundred pengo to remind you to call her in case you change your mind and don't work tonight.

Matuschek (inscrutably)  
Yes -- you did. Thank you.

He is about to go but he turns back again.

Vadas  
You know, Mr. Matuschek, the last time I had the pleasure of being at your apartment was several

CONTINUED:

C-28

## CONTINUED (2)

Vadas (cont'd)  
months ago when you sent me after your briefcase.  
And today I had a chance to get a glimpse at your  
new dining room set -- it's exquisite.

(making a slight hint for an invitation)  
I can imagine what it will look like with all the  
lights on at a dinner party. It must be simply  
stunning.

Matuschek  
Thank you, Vadas.

Vadas  
Good night, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Good night, Vadas.

C-29

## CLOSE SHOT - THE STREET DOOR

Vadas exits.

C-30

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK

He pauses for a moment, then goes toward the  
street door.

C-31

## CLOSE SHOT - STREET DOOR

Matuschek enters the scene, locks the door.  
The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he goes over to  
the light switch and most of the lights go off.  
He paces up and down several times and stops.  
We now see a man completely off-guard. He is  
trembling with emotion. We hear a knock on  
the door. He goes quickly to the door.  
The CAMERA PANS with him. He opens the door  
and we see a middle-aged man enter, carrying  
a briefcase. It is a detective.

Detective  
Good evening, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Good evening.

(they walk toward a counter)  
Will you sit down, please?

Detective  
Thank you.

C-31

## CONTINUED (2)

He sits down on a customer's chair. Matuschek sits, too. The detective opens a briefcase and takes out a report.

Matuschek

So it's true?

Detective

I'm afraid so, Mr. Matuschek. Now, here we have the complete record from our operatives, two of our most reliable men.

Matuschek (nodding)

Mm-hmm.

Detective (reading)

Report on Mrs. Emma Matuschek. On December 6th, Mrs. Matuschek left her residence at Maximilian Street, Twenty-three, at eight forty-five. She walked two blocks up to Karl Street, where she engaged a taxi. At nine-thirty, the taxi stopped on the corner of Castle and Johann Streets.

There Mrs. Matuschek was joined by a young man.

(Matuschek, who has been listening like a man to his death warrant, gets up suddenly and turns away. The Detective gets up, too. He gives Matuschek a moment to recover)

Well, Mr. Matuschek, your suspicion was right -- it was one of your employees. Both our operatives identified him later as Mr. Vadas.

Matuschek (turning -- incredulously)  
Vadas?

Detective (referring to his report)  
Yes, Ferencz Vadas. Danube Place, Fifty-six.  
There is such a man in your employ, isn't there?

Matuschek is unable to speak.

Matuschek

Mm-hmm. . .

He takes the report from the Detective and begins to read it. After a few moments he can't read any more.

Matuschek (half to himself)  
Twenty-two years we've been married -- twenty-two years I was proud of my wife. Well--she didn't want to grow old with me. . . . Well - if you'll send me your bill, I'll take care of it immediately.

CONTINUED:

C-31

CONTINUED (3)

Detective  
 (respecting Matuschek's pain)  
 Yes, Mr. Matuschek. Good night!

Matuschek  
 Good night!

The CAMERA PANS with the detective as he leaves the shop.

C-32

LONG SHOT OF THE SHOP (SHOOTING TOWARD THE OFFICE DOOR)

For a few seconds Matuschek is unable to move. Then he turns and slowly goes to his office, shutting the door behind him.

C-33

OUT

C-34

INT. OF THE SHOP - MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD THE STREET DOOR

Pepi enters. He is surprised to see the shop deserted. The telephone rings. Pepi answers it.

C-35

CLOSE SHOT - PEPI AT THE TELEPHONE

Pepi

Hello ...

(suddenly changing his voice to a high-pitched imitation of a girl's voice -- a malicious smile on his face)

No, Mrs. Matuschek, this is Flora speaking. Good evening! . . Who? Pepi? No, Pepi isn't back yet... I see, Mrs. Matuschek, he did some errands for you.. Oh, you don't say -- he forgot to pick up a bottle of perfume at Chabot's ... Isn't that too bad!... Yes, I'll give a good scolding to the little rascal.. Have a good time, Mrs. Matuschek. Good night.

He hangs up the receiver, muttering to himself in his own natural voice. Suddenly he becomes again aware of the mystery of the deserted shop. He starts toward the stock room door.

C-36

INT. STOCK ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT AT DOOR

Pepi enters, sees it is deserted. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the locker room. The same thing there. Pepi's surprise grows. He goes out toward the office door.

C-37

## MED. SHOT - OFFICE DOOR

from such an angle that when the door opens, we can see inside. Pepi comes into the picture, opens the door and what he sees horrifies him. As he runs into the office:

Pepi (screaming)  
Mr. Matuschek, don't do that! No--no, no, Mr. Matuschek.

We hear the sounds of a short struggle, then we hear the sound of a shot and the crashing of glass. There is a moment's pause, then the CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD the door and stops at an angle from which we get a clear view of the inside of the office. We see Matuschek standing at the desk, his hair a little disarranged as after a struggle. He is panting with excitement. A few steps away is Pepi, hiding a gun behind his back. He apparently has prevented Mr. Matuschek from committing suicide.

## DISSOLVE TO:

C-38

OUT.

C-39

## MED. SHOT - IN FRONT OF THE CAFE

The CAMERA MOVES with Marton and Pirovitch as they walk sadly along the street and stop in front of the Cafe.

Pirovitch  
Why don't you go in? I really think you should go in and keep your date.

Marton  
(with patience--but with finality)  
Now, Pirovitch--just do me a favor and deliver my note.

Pirovitch  
All right.

Marton  
And, Pirovitch--I don't want to know what she looks like. If she's bad looking--well, I had enough bad news today. And if she's lovely--it'll make it so much more difficult. So, don't tell me.

Pirovitch  
I won't. Now, what's the name of that book?

Marton  
Anna Karenina -- and a red carnation as a bookmark.

CONTINUED:

C-39

CONTINUED (2)

Pirovitch is just about to go in but before he goes, he pauses and the CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the corner of the window. The window of the Cafe is curtained only about shoulder-high; so Pirovitch can look in and survey the Cafe before he enters. After a few seconds, Marton joins Pirovitch - remembering his resolve, he does not look in himself. He watches Pirovitch's face, however, with intense curiosity.

Marton

See anything?

Pirovitch

(looking around)

Not yet. -- Oh...There's a beautiful girl!

Marton (excitedly)

Really?

Pirovitch

Very beautiful - but no book. . .

Marton reacts a little disappointedly.

Pirovitch is standing on his tiptoes looking right down underneath him.

Pirovitch

Wait a minute -- I think I see it...Right here under the window. Yes -- Anna Karenina by Tolstoy -- and a carnation.

Marton is listening with the suspense of a man listening to the radio report of a prize fight.

Pirovitch

I can't see her face -- she's sitting behind a clothes rack. There's a cup of coffee on the table -- she's taking a piece of cake...Marton, she's dunking --

Marton

(defending his girl)

Why shouldn't she?

Pirovitch (philosophically)

All right.

He looks back into the Cafe.

Pirovitch

(getting more and more excited)

She's leaning forward now, Marton, she--

The  
Shop  
Around C-39  
The  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

70

CONTINUED (3)

Suddenly he stops.

Marton  
Can you see her?

Pirovitch (in a strange voice)  
Yes.

Marton (timidly)  
Is she pretty?

Pirovitch  
Very pretty.

Marton (relieved)  
She is, huh?

Now Pirovitch turns away from the window  
to Marton. It is difficult news he has  
to break.

Pirovitch  
(beating around the bush)  
I would say -- she looks -- she has a little of  
the coloring of -- of Klara,

Marton (displeased)  
Klara? You mean Miss Novak of the shop?

Pirovitch  
(trying to build a bridge)  
Now, Marton, you must admit that Klara is a good-  
looking girl -- and personally, I've always found  
her a very likable girl.

Marton (annoyed)  
This is a fine time to be talking about Miss Novak.

Pirovitch  
Well, if you don't like Miss Novak, I can tell you  
right now, you won't like this girl.

Marton  
Why?

Pirovitch (shooting the works)  
B-b-because -- it is Miss Novak.

For a moment this news had the effect of  
a bombshell. For a moment Marton is stunned --  
unable to speak. It takes him two seconds to

CONTINUED:

C-39

CONTINUED (4)

get the idea into his head and even then, he still can't believe it. He goes to the window and looks into the Cafe.

C-40

INT. CAFE - CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW TOWARD THE OUTSIDE

Marton looks in. He focuses directly beneath him.

C-41

CLOSE SHOT - THE TABLE BELOW

We see the book, Anna Karenina, with the carnation in it. The CAMERA PANS up and we see Klara sitting at the table but her face is hidden by the clothes rack. She opens her little jacket, and we see that she is wearing the blouse with the dots. The CAMERA MOVES quickly to a CLOSE SHOT of the blouse.

C-42

CLOSEUP OF MARTON THROUGH THE WINDOW

There is no question in his mind, that it's Klara.

C-43

EXT. CAFE - CLOSE SHOT OF MARTON AND PIROVITCH

Marton turns away from the window. He is disappointed and heartbroken. Pirovitch realizes what a shock this must have been to Marton, and after a moment's silence:

Pirovitch  
(taking the note out of his pocket)  
Shall I give the note to the waiter?

Marton

No.

He takes the note from Pirovitch, tears it up and puts it in his pocket.

Pirovitch  
Well, what do you want to do? Let that poor girl wait?

CONTINUED:

Marton

Why shouldn't Miss Novak wait! -- For six months she fought with me every day --

Pirovitch

But still -- she wrote those letters, my friend.

Marton

(after a slight pause)

That's my misfortune...Well--goodbye, Pirovitch.

He walks away. Pirovitch looks at him for a few seconds--then walks away in the other direction.

INT. CAFE - MED. SHOT AT KLARA'S TABLE

Klara is waiting nervously and looks from time to time toward the door, and around the Cafe to be sure she has not missed him. An elderly, very good-natured waiter approaches the table.

Waiter

Excuse me, Miss -- could I have this chair?

Klara (quickly)

Oh, no, I'm expecting somebody. The party will be here any minute.

Waiter

(in a hurry)

That's all right.

He gives her a friendly look and is about to go when he notices -

INSERT - OF THE BOOK WITH THE CARNATION

CLOSE SHOT - KLARA AND WAITER

The waiter smiles at her. Klara looks back at him with some embarrassment.

Waiter

Carnation, huh?

Getting closer to her for a bit of friendly gossip:

C-46

CONTINUED (2)

Waiter

A few nights ago we had a case with roses -- turned out very nice, very nice. But once, about three months ago, we had a very sad case -- with gardenias. She waited all evening and nobody came-- and when we cleaned the Cafe, we found, underneath one of the tables, another gardenia. Well, you can imagine -- the man must have come in, taken one look at her, said "phooey", and threw away his gardenia.

Klara has heard the last part with great concern. This was a situation she had never considered, and for a few moments, she is really worried.

Klara

Isn't your clock a little fast? My own is eight-twenty-seven, and yours is eight-thirty-one.

Waiter (sympathetically, suddenly realizing what must be in her mind)

Listen, you have nothing to worry about -- pretty girl like you -- if he doesn't come, I'll put on a carnation myself.

C-47

MED. SHOT - INCLUDING THE TABLE WITH KLARA AND THE WAITER BEHIND HER

Klara is still anxiously waiting and suddenly on the other side of the window, unnoticed by Klara, we see Marton slowly coming back to the Cafe and stopping for a cautious look into the window. He has apparently changed his mind about the whole situation and has been irresistibly drawn back. He walks in the direction of the door.

C-48

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT AT THE DOOR -  
INSIDE THE CAFE

Marton enters. The CAMERA MOVES with him as he walks to Klara's table.

Marton  
(acting surprised)  
Hello, Miss Novak!

Klara looks up dismayed -- of all people at this moment -- to see Marton.

Klara  
Good evening, Mr. Marton

Marton  
Well -- what a coincidence!  
(stalling)

You know, I had an appointment here -- you haven't seen Mr. Pirovitch, by any chance?

Klara  
(coolly)  
No, I haven't.

Marton  
Well, I guess I'll wait.

There is a moment's pause, while Klara does not encourage him.

Marton  
Do you mind if I sit down?

Klara  
(almost frantically)  
Yes, I do. Please, Mr. Marton, you know I have an appointment, too.

Marton  
(play-acting)  
Oh, yes! Of course! I remember now. Your friend seems to be a little late.

Klara  
Now, please don't be sarcastic. I know you had a bad day and you probably feel very bitter -- but still --

Marton  
(bragging)  
Me--bitter? -- About leaving Matuschek & Company?  
Listen, when I came home I sat down at the phone, and in five minutes I had what amounts to two offers --

CONTINUED:

C-48

CONTINUED (2)

Klara  
(in a tone of dismissal)  
I congratulate you and -- I wish you good luck.

Marton  
(oblivious to the hint -- insisting  
on making conversation)  
I see you're reading Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, huh?

Klara  
(irritably)  
Why, yes -- anything against it?

Marton  
(insisting on being friendly)  
No, no, no. But I never expected to meet you in  
a cafe with Tolstoy. It's quite a surprise --  
I didn't know you went in for high literature.

Klara  
There are many things you don't know about me,  
Mr. Marton.

He leans over.

Marton  
(moving in even further)  
Have you read Crime and Punishment by Dostoyevsky?

Klara  
No, I haven't.

Marton  
Well, I have! -- There are many things you don't  
know about me, Miss Novak. In fact, there might  
be a lot we don't know about each other. You  
know, people seldom go to the trouble of scratch-  
ing the surface of things to find out the in-  
ward truth.

Klara  
(in a very superior tone)  
Mr. Marton, I wouldn't care to scratch your sur-  
face -- because I know exactly what I would find.  
A handbag instead of a heart, a suitcase instead  
of a soul, and instead of an intellect, a cigarette  
lighter -- that doesn't work.

Marton  
(greatly impressed)  
That's very well put. Comparing my intellect  
with a cigarette lighter that doesn't work is  
such an interesting mixture of poetry and --  
meanness --

CONTINUED:

C-48

CONTINUED (3)

Klara  
 (indignantly)  
 Meanness?

Marton  
 (absent-mindedly sitting down)  
 Now don't misunderstand me, Miss Novak --

Unconsciously, he picks up the book and plays with it.

Marton  
 I was just on the verge of paying you a compliment.

Panic-stricken when she realizes that he has taken her book, she grabs the book out of his hand, puts it back exactly where it was, carefully arranging the carnation in its place.

Klara  
 Please, Mr. Marton; I tell you I was expecting somebody.

Marton gets up. Still he doesn't go away.

Marton  
 (he's actually going to try to make a date)  
 Listen, if your party doesn't show up -- would I --

Klara  
 (spiritedly)  
 Don't worry about that, Mr. Marton. This party will show up. So it's really not necessary for you to entertain me.

Marton is moved by the snub. As he goes, the CAMERA MOVES with him. In the meantime, just as he passes the adjoining table, the people leave the table. Unnoticed by Klara, he sits down in a chair -- which is back-to-back with Klara's chair.

C-49

CLOSE SHOT - KLARA AND MARTON

sitting back-to-back.

Marton  
 (over his shoulder)  
 Have you read Zola's Madame Bovary?

CONTINUED:

C-49

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara  
 (turning around)  
 Madame Bovary is not by Zola.

Suddenly realizing what has happened, she turns around more.

Klara  
 Are you still here? -- Now, Mr. Marton, are you deliberately trying to ruin my evening? Why do you want to do me harm? Why do you hate me so?

Marton  
 I don't hate you.

Klara  
 (sarcastically)  
 I suppose you love me!

Marton  
 No, why should I? What have you ever done to make me love you?

Klara  
 (angry)  
 I don't want you to love me.

Marton  
 (just as angry)  
 Well, I don't!

They turn away from each other and are again back-to-back.

C-50

## CLOSE SHOT ON THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra starts to play O Chi Tchornya.

C-51

## CLOSE SHOT OF MARTON AND KLARA

They both react instantly to the music. The song has many meanings to both of them.

Marton  
 (turning again -- in a rather warm, friendly tone)  
 You know what that song reminds me of?

CONTINUED:

C-51

CONTINUED (2)

Klara

Yes, thank you -- two dozen unsold cigarette boxes.

Marton

Wrong again. It reminds me of a girl who was looking for a job -- and a very nice girl, I thought.

Klara

You thought that? How you can lie!

Marton

That was before you began to make fun of me -- giving imitations of me in the locker room. And I want to take this opportunity, Miss Novak, to inform you that I don't walk like a duck -- and I am not bowlegged.

Klara

(provocatively)

Aren't you?

Marton (furiously)

No, I'm not!

Klara

(smugly)

I have information to the contrary. Mr. Vadas assured me that you have your trousers specially made.

Marton

(outraged)

That's a lie! Mr. Vadas...! That's the kind of man you trust, huh? I've never been to a tailor in my life.

He gets up out of his chair and rushes over to her chair in a rage.

Marton

And if you think I'm bowlegged, you come out on the sidewalk with me and I'll pull up my trousers.

Klara is so shocked at the idea that for a moment, she does not realize that he sat down at her table. Now both are getting more and more into a fight.

Marton

How would you like it if I make remarks about your hands being red?

Klara

That's exactly what you did.

C-51

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton

Yes, but only after you made fun of my legs.

Klara

And they aren't red at all.

Marton

Not any more -- after I called your attention to them. Let me tell you something, Miss Novak, you may have beautiful thoughts, but you certainly hide them. So far as your actions are concerned, you're cold and snippy like an old maid -- and you'll have a tough time to make any man fall in love with you.

Klara hides her anger behind an attitude of queenly superiority.

Klara

I am old maid -- no man will fall in love with me? Mr. Marton, you're getting funnier every minute. I could show you letters that would open your eyes-- or maybe not. You probably wouldn't understand what's in them. They're written by a type of man so far above you that it's ridiculous. Ha! I have to laugh when I think of your calling me an old maid -- you--you little, insignificant clerk!

Marton is completely crushed by this stinging proof that he has failed to make the slightest impression on Klara and not only that but she is expecting a man who is completely the opposite of what she thinks Marton is. He gets up and as he walks away from her:

Marton

(with a last attempt of bravado)  
Goodbye, Anna Karenina.

The CAMERA PANS with him as he walks out of the Cafe.

C-52

## CLOSE SHOT AT THE TABLE

Klara quickly reaches over to the opposite chair and tips it against the table - so that it is clear that that chair is reserved, as we

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

D-1

FADE IN:  
CORRIDOR IN A HOSPITAL

We fade in on an INSERT of a little card inserted in a frame on the door of a hospital room. On the card we read:

MR. H. MATUSCHEK

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO a MEDIUM SHOT of the door. A doctor comes out of the room followed by Pepi, who is dressed in a Sunday suit. Pepi closes the door. The doctor is a very dignified, middle-aged man, slightly on the pompous side. During the following scene, Pepi and the doctor are walking toward the elevator. The CAMERA IS GOING with them.

Pepi

(with the air of an important grown-up)  
Well, Doctor, I would say it's a nervous breakdown  
-- what do you think?

Doctor (taking Pepi straight --  
and full of medical dignity)

It's what we call the collapse of the psyche in its futile effort to adjust to realities from the objective world. It is a mixture of (latin word) and (latin word).

Pepi, who has listened with pretended interest, nods once in a while in agreement.

Pepi

Is that more expensive than a nervous breakdown?

Doctor

Pardon me, Mr. Katona -- are you related to the patient?

Pepi

No, I'm a business associate of Mr. Matuschek's. Now, look here, Doctor, let's cut out this expensive Latin and get down to business. . . you think our patient has to stay here?

Doctor

I would say he shouldn't leave too soon -- to be sure he doesn't have a relapse.

Pepi (with a grand manner)

Doctor, I leave that to you! You know best! And if you want to be positive he doesn't have a relapse, don't make the bill too high.

D-1

## CONTINUED (2)

By now, they have reached the elevator.

Doctor (irritated and indignant)  
Pardon me, Mr. Katona, but precisely what position  
do you hold with Matuschek & Company?

Pepi  
Well, I would describe myself as a contact man.  
I keep contact between Matuschek & Company and the  
customers -- on a bicycle.

Doctor (disgusted)  
You mean -- an errand boy!

Pepi (undismayed)  
Doctor -- did I call you a pill-peddler?

At this moment, the elevator door opens.  
The elevator is crowded and Marton emerges.  
Pepi keeps up his bluff before his new  
audience of Marton.

Pepi  
Well, goodbye, Doctor. Hello, Mr. Marton...  
(patting Marton on the shoulder --  
with an air of great solemnity)  
I want to thank you for your splendid reaction to  
my telephone call. I knew you wouldn't fail us.

Marton  
(trying to get to the point)  
Is it serious?

Pepi  
Naturally, it was a terrible shock -- but I have  
to get over it. Now, this whole thing must be in  
strictest confidence. What I told you over the  
telephone is between the three of us -- me,  
Mr. Matuschek and you.

By now they are in front of Matuschek's room.  
Marton, who has not paid any attention, enters  
the room carefully. Pepi remains outside.

D-2

MATUSCHEK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT -  
AT THE DOOR

Marton enters quietly. He closes the door  
carefully and the CAMERA PANS with him as he  
walks to Matuschek's bed.

Now we see Mr. Matuschek, a grief-stricken,  
haggard man, lying very still. His eyes  
welcome Marton.

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop D-2  
Around  
The  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

82

CONTINUED (2)

As Marton approaches he lifts himself with some difficulty in the bed. He extends his hand. Marton takes it and there is a silent handshake.

Matuschek

(in a weak voice -- with great feeling)  
Thank you for coming, Marton, thank you. Sit down.

Marton sits.

D-3

CLOSE SHOT - BOTH OF THEM

Matuschek

Do you remember -- when you were at my house for dinner the last time -- I told you if things go well, I might take it easier -- and maybe by Christmas, make you manager of the shop?

(with a sad smile)

Now, I have to take it easier. Would you care to work for me again, after what I --

Marton

Please, don't even think about it.

Matuschek

(insisting on talking about the subject)  
Is it possible that I ever distrusted you, Marton? I hated you -- I couldn't stand your presence any more. That's how far jealousy can drive a man.

Marton (soothing him)

Well, it's all over now, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek

(a tortured man, who has to get this thing off his mind)

When I first got that anonymous letter, I laughed at it. My wife having secret rendezvous with one of my employees!... My wife? That's impossible! But you can't throw a letter like that away. It stays with you -- every word. The first day you say it can't be true -- and the next day you say, I hope it isn't true.

Marton

But how could you suspect me?

Matuschek

You were the only one from the shop who came to my home. You sent flowers to my wife.

Marton

It was only --

CONTINUED:

D-3

## CONTINUED (2)

Matuschek (quickly)  
You don't have to tell me! But if this poison once  
gets into your mind. . . Please try to understand.

Exhausted he sinks back into the cushions.

Marton  
I do, Mr. Matuschek.

After a little pause, Matuschek takes the keys  
from the night table and hands them to Marton.

Matuschek (with great feeling)  
Here are the keys to Matuschek & Company.

Marton  
(taking the keys -- realizing the  
importance of this moment)  
Thank you.

He gets up. He feels uncomfortable that he  
has to bring up the subject.

Marton  
Now -- what shall I do about Mr.--

Matuschek  
(his face showing his pain)  
Vadas?

Marton  
Yes.

Matuschek  
I want him very quietly dismissed -- no scandal --  
don't even mention the subject to him. We shouldn't  
lower ourselves.

Marton  
Very good, sir.  
(trying to cheer him up before he goes)  
Well, we're going to make this the biggest Christmas  
in the history of Matuschek & Company.

Matuschek  
I know you will.

They shake hands. Marton goes. The CAMERA  
PANS with him as he goes toward the door.

Matuschek's Voice  
-- And, Marton....

Marton turns around.

Marton  
Yes, sir?

D-4

## CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK IN THE BED

Matuschek (with a benevolent smile)  
Now that you're the boss -- if you want to give  
yourself a raise...

D-5

## CLOSE SHOT - MARTON AT THE DOOR

Marton  
(with a bashful but happy smile)  
Well, I think I'll talk to myself -- and if I don't  
ask for too much, I'll give it to myself. Thank  
you, Mr. Matuschek.

He goes. The door stays closed for one  
second, when Pepi opens it and peaks in,  
then enters.

D-6

## MEDIUM SHOT OF THE ROOM

Pepi comes into the room, takes his coat and  
hat from an armchair and then approaches the  
bed.

D-7

## CLOSE SHOT OF MATUSCHEK AND PEPI

Pepi  
Well, goodbye, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek (with great feeling)  
Pepi, I don't know how to thank you -- you saved  
my life.

Pepi (prosaically)  
Don't mention it -- it was a pleasure. Now, if  
you want anything else -- you know where to reach me.  
(pretending to make a joke --  
but meaning it plenty)  
I'm still nothing but an errand boy at Matuschek  
& Company.

Matuschek (with a smile)  
In other words, you'd like to be a clerk.

Pepi  
I wouldn't put it that brutally.

Matuschek  
(who is getting a little tired)  
Well -- after I get better --

CONTINUED:

D-7

CONTINUED (2)

Pepi  
 (pursuing his opportunity and perceptibly wearing out Matuschek)  
 Then you might change your mind -- and besides, who knows how long you'll have to stay here?  
 . . . You're a pretty sick man, Mr. Matuschek. This isn't just an ordinary breakdown.

Matuschek (exhausted and annoyed)  
 All right -- you're a clerk! Now, get out!

Matuschek sinks back into his cushions.

Pepi (jubilantly)  
 Thanks, Mr. Matuschek.

The CAMERA PANS with him as he jauntily goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-8

INT. OF SHOP - MED. CLOSE SHOT -  
 THE ENTRANCE DOOR - EARLY MORNING

Through the door we see Marton just turning the key. With him are Ilona, Flora, Pirovitch and Vadas, all excitedly talking at the same time and congratulating him as they proceed into the shop.

Marton (shyly)  
 Thank you -- thank you so much.

Vadas  
 (getting set for a speech)  
 Well, old fellow, I think I speak for everybody as well as myself --

The rest of them start walking out, but Vadas continues as if nothing had happened. He grabs Marton's unwilling hand and keeps on shaking it vigorously.

Vadas  
 Heartiest congratulations! -- And what a load off my mind! Now we're all one happy little family again.

Marton  
 Yes -- ah -- yes.

He starts to walk toward the office door, and Vadas follows him. He puts his arm around Marton's shoulder.

D-8

## CONTINUED (2)

Vadas

And, Marton, you can be assured of my personal co-operation to the fullest extent. I want you to be a real success and --

At this moment they reach the office door and Vadas realizes that Marton is not going to the locker room any more.

Vadas

(with a sour-sweat smile)

Oh, that's right, you're going into the office now... Ha, ha, ha. . . Well, if anybody deserves it, it's you.

During the last few words he took off his glove on purpose. Now he holds his hand in front of him admiringly.

D-9

## INSERT - OF THE HAND

On his little finger we see a diamond ring.

D-10

## CLOSE SHOT - VADAS AND MARTON

Vadas (still looking at his hand)  
Nice ring, isn't it? I had a little luck last night, too, Real diamond.

Marton (controlling his disgust)

Um-hum.

Vadas

My grandma gave it to me. That's what you get for being a good boy. Some boys get red apples -- and I get diamonds. . .

(switching to a very businesslike manner)  
By the way, Marton, I have several very unusual ideas for that window display -- and --

Marton (interrupting him)

Thank you, Vadas. But I think the rest of us can take care of the windows.

(killing him with politeness)

Just at the moment, I wish you'd go right into the stockroom. You know those big suitcases on the top shelf?

Vadas

Yes -- the black suitcases.

CONTINUED:

D-10

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton

And then there are the big brown suitcases --

Vadas

On the bottom shelf.

Marton

Correct. Now, I want you to take all the big black suitcases from the top shelf and put them on the bottom shelf -- and then take all the big brown suitcases from the bottom shelf and put them on the -- top shelf.

Vadas (now getting it -- deeply hurt)

But, Marton --

Marton

Well, if you don't want to do it --

Vadas (cowardly)

-- I didn't say anything like that. Certainly -- I'll do it -- I'm a good soldier!

Marton

Then do it right away.

He goes into the office and slams the door. Vadas gives the door one furious look and then turns toward the stockroom.

WIPE TO:

D-11

## SHOP NEXT DOOR TO MATUSCHEK'S

It is a haberdashery. Pepi comes out of the shop. He is dressed exactly the same as he was in the hospital but he has bought a derby hat and a cane and it makes a remarkable difference in his appearance. He smokes a cigarette with a rakish air and the CAMERA PANS with him as he goes into Matuschek & Company, jauntily and conscious of his transfiguration.

D-12

## INTERIOR SHOP - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Flora, Pirovitch and Ilona, who have just come out of the stockroom and are beginning their usual morning preparations. Pepi suddenly enters. All three are stunned by Pepi's changed appearance. Without paying any attention to them, Pepi walks straight to the

CONTINUED:

D-12

CONTINUED (2)

telephone and picks it up. During the following scene, Pirovitch, Ilona and Flora watch Pepi with increasing astonishment and gradually walk closer to him, and the CAMERA, with them, MOVES UP TO A CLOSER SHOT of the whole group.

Pepi

31-128. . . Is this the Atlas Employment Agency? This is Mr. Katona of Matuschek & Company speaking. . We have an opening for a new errand boy. Now see here -- I want an educated, healthy boy of good family and no bad habits. Send me four or five -- I'll look them over -- and right away, if you please. Tell them to ask for Mr. Katona of the sales department. . . All right.

All three are exchanging looks with each other and then their astonished gaze returns to Pepi.

Pepi (showing off)

What's the matter -- didn't you ever see a clerk in your life before -- ?

Flora

Who made you a clerk?

Pirovitch

Yes -- who did this dreadful thing?

Pepi (assuming terrific importance and trying to be confidential)

Listen -- folks, I can't give you the whole story -- I'm tied up with my word of honor -- but, if it hadn't been for me, this shop would be closed on account of suicide. And you all would be out of a job.

The telephone rings at this moment. Flora takes the telephone.

Flora

Matuschek & Company. . . Oh, yes, Mrs. Matuschek -

Pepi immediately takes the receiver from Flora. He holds his hand over the mouth-piece.

Pepi

Don't miss this, folks.

(into the telephone -- with a nasty politeness)

Hello, Mrs. Matuschek. . . Yes, this is Pepi speaking. That's right. I didn't bring you that bottle of perfume -- and you're never going to get it, what do you think of that? Your perfume days are over, Mrs. M. . . Yes, this is Pepi

CONTINUED:

D-12

CONTINUED (3)

Pepi (cont'd)  
 speaking. Oh, you want to talk to Mr. Matuschek?  
 That's too bad -- just at the moment, he's up in  
 a balloon with two blondes.

To the other three clerks on the side:

Pepi  
 Now watch this --  
 (again into telephone)  
 You wouldn't like to talk, by any chance, to  
 Mr. Vadas, ha, ha, ha!

He hangs up the receiver.

Pepi  
 That got her!

As he strolls out of the picture -

Pepi  
 Draw your own conclusions.

Pirovitch, Ilona and Flora have watched  
 the telephone conversation with fascinated  
 interest and finally the full meaning  
 of what must have happened has dawned on  
 them.

DISSOLVE:

D-13

OUT.

D-14

OUT.

D-15

MEDIUM SHOT - OFFICE

Marton walks up and down, waiting. Vadas  
 enters, determined to please if it kills  
 him. He walks toward Marton. The CAMERA  
 MOVES UP to a -

D-16

DOUBLE CLOSE SHOT

Vadas  
 You sent for me, chief?

CONTINUED:

D-16

CONTINUED (1)

Marton

Vadas, I'm a little worried about you. Do you think you'll be comfortable under a former fellow clerk, working under a younger man?

Vadas

Marton, this is the age of youth. I always ride with the times. You're a very smart young man, and I take my hat off to you.

Marton (a little bored with his own diplomacy)

Let's stop beating around the bush -- you and I never got along.

Vadas (playing naive)

You think so -- !

Marton

Come on -- admit it -- you don't like me.

Vadas

I don't like you? Marton, you're the boss, that's right, but I am not going to be a yes-man. You know what I'm going to do -- I'm going to contradict you. I do like you!

(triumphantly)

Anything else bothering you?

Marton

Yes, I don't like you!

## CONTINUED (2)

Vadas (who has an answer for everything)  
That's every man's privilege -- and I thank you for being so frank. Now at least, I know my problem. And it's up to me to make you change your mind -- and I don't think that will be so hard. Ha, ha, ha -- Marton, I heard the funniest joke -- want to hear it?

Marton  
No.

The telephone rings. Marton takes the telephone.

Marton  
Hello . . . Yes, this is Matuschek & Company. . . Who is this -- Johanna? Oh, you're calling for Miss Novak. . .

He forgets Vadas completely and is seriously concerned about Klara.

Marton  
What's the matter with her? . . . Well, I hope it's nothing serious. Fine, I'm glad to hear it. Just tell her not to worry and unless she's absolutely all right, tell her not to come today. There's no hurry at all. Be sure and tell her to take good care of herself.

He puts up the receiver. His thoughts are still on Klara when Vadas breaks in.

Vadas  
Really, Marton, that's a wonderful attitude.

Marton  
What's so wonderful about it?

Vadas  
After all, I've been around here, you know. My eyes are open, and if anybody didn't get along with you -- it was nobody else but Miss Novak.

Marton (now getting really disgusted)  
Leave Miss Novak out of this!

Vadas  
All right, Marton, I have nothing against Miss Novak -- I always thought she was a very nice girl. But once in a while, perhaps, she went a little too far.

CONTINUED:

D-16

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton (like a hero defending womanhood)

Now, look here -- I don't want another word about Miss Novak. She's a fine girl, she's working hard, she's a very good sales girl -- and you shut up!

Vadas (taking it)

Well, Marton, I didn't mean any offense. As a matter of fact, I was agreeing with you.

Marton (outraged)

I don't want you to agree with me -- you're fired!

Marton precedes him to the door and opens it.

Vadas (seeing that all is lost -- now showing his true color)

Oh, so I'm fired -- !

Marton

Get out of here -- and quick! You two-faced, double-crossing two timer -- you gigolo, get out of here!

Vadas walks quickly into the shop.

D-17

## MEDIUM SHOT - SHOP

Vadas enters. Marton follows him. By now everybody in the shop knows what is happening and are watching in great suspense.

Vadas

Folks, did you hear what he called me? I want you to remember on the witness stand - he called me a gigolo.

Marton (pushing him)

Get out!

Vadas (standing firm)

Don't you push! What right have you got to fire me anyway -- does Mr. Matuschek know about this?

Marton

No -- what do you think of that? Mr. Matuschek had nothing to do with it. I'm the manager and you don't work here any more.

Vadas

So -- you're the manager! How do I know you're the manager. Anybody can say that. Prove it! Show it to me in black and white!

CONTINUED:

D-17

CONTINUED (2)

Marton

So -- you want it in black and white, do you? Well, You're going to get it in black and blue!

He punches Vadas. Vadas punches back. They both get into a scramble. The fight ranges through most of the shop, the other employees jumping out of the way. Both fall against a table on which there is a group of the O Chi Tchornya boxes. The boxes fall to the floor and as the fight continues, several of the boxes begin playing O Chi Tchornya together, but not in unison. Both get up again and face each other. Finally, Marton delivers the knockout blow. Vadas goes down. There is a rejoicing in the shop. And pepi, always the practical man, goes quickly into the locker room. Vadas slowly gets up. He straightens out his clothes, trying to retain his dignity.

Vadas

Well -- this is a very nice little case of assault and battery. You'll hear from my lawyer . . . And -- what about my salary?

Flora hands him an envelope promptly -- apparently she also has been thinking fast.

Flora

Here it is, Mr. Vadas.

As Vadas opens it and counts it, Pepi enters with Vadas' hat and coat, also carrying his other belongings, such as: Comb, spare collar, tie, soap, etc.

Pepi

Pardon me, sir -- your garments.

With mock servility, he holds Vadas coat. Then as Vadas is about to take his other belongings, Pepi drops them to the floor and Vadas has to pick them up himself.

Vadas

And, by the way, I'm entitled to a letter of reference.

Marton

Right! Flora, take a letter!

Flora quickly, anticipating some fun, grabs a notebook and pencil. All the other employees, watch with delight.

CONTINUED:

D-17

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton

To Whom It May Concern: Mr. Vadas has been in the employ of Matuschek & Company for two years, during which period he has been very efficient as a stool pigeon, trouble maker and -- rat. If you want anybody in that capacity, we can recommend him very highly. He does not leave of his own free will but as the result of a punch in the nose.

Getting ready to fight again, he now rushes over to Vadas who has picked up everything by now.

Marton (as Vadas backs away)

And if he doesn't clear out of here right away, he'll get another one..

By now, Vadas is out of the shop. Marton, in the doorway, shouts after him:

Marton

Yours truly, Alfred Marton, Manager, Matuschek & Company.

Then he turns back into the shop and closes the door.

Marton (in a businesslike manner)

Now, folks, let's go to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-18

## INTERIOR POST OFFICE- MEDIUM SHOT

showing that part of the post office which is behind that wall barring the public from the private side of the post office. We see the postmaster's side of the post office, showing two or three windows and through the windows we see customers buying stamps, etcetera. And also we see two or three long tables where the sorting of mail is done. At each window sits a post office employee in uniform. The CAMERA PANS around the corner and stops at the postmaster's side, showing a wall of post boxes. On the postmaster's side, the boxes naturally are open. The CAMERA MOVES to a CLOSE SHOT of BOX 237.

D-19

## CLOSE SHOT - BOX 237

The post box is empty. The post box is now being opened from the outside. The box is

CONTINUED:

D-19

## CONTINUED (2)

below face level and, therefore, we cannot see Klara's face behind the post box. Her hand comes in, but stops timidly in the front part of the box -- she is afraid to find the box empty. But finally her hand goes in and feels around a little more than necessary, in the hope that maybe the letter may be in a corner. Finally the hand knows there is no letter and stops. After a few seconds -- Klara is apparently bending down because we see her face framed by the post box. As she looks in with terrific disappointment, hating to believe the evidence of her hand, she closes the post box.

D-20

OUT

D-21

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - SHOP SHOOTING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE DOOR

The shop is doing a normal business and, at the moment every employee is waiting on a customer. Klara enters. She is in a terrible state, and on top of that, she has to face the boss for being late. So she goes quickly and directly to the office, not bothering to say goodmorning to the busy clerks. As she comes to the office door, she knocks on the door and enters.

D-22

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE OFFICE

Klara enters but instead of seeing Mr. Matuschek, she sees Marton standing by the desk reading some letters. Klara is amazed at the sight of Marton. Marton looks up, too. He goes a little closer to her. The CAMERA MOVES to a -

D-23

DOUBLE CLOSE SHOT OF BOTH

Klara

Oh -- good morning!

Marton

Good morning!

(glad to see Klara back -- in a very friendly tone)

Well, I guess you're surprised to see me back?

CONTINUED:

D-23

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara (a little dazed)  
Naturally -- I'm glad you have your job again.  
I congratulate you.

Marton  
I hear you weren't feeling very well.

Klara (trying to hide the terrible state she is in)  
That's all right -- thank you. I'm looking for Mr. Matuschek.

Marton (enjoying himself)  
Well, here he is -- I am Mr. Matuschek.

Klara (extremely nervous and on the verge of breaking)  
Now, Mr. Marton, don't make any jokes -- not today! And please, if you have to pick on me, make it some other time! I want to talk to Mr. Matuschek.

Marton (gently)  
Would it really be so terrible if I were the boss and you had to talk to me?

Klara (thinking he is obstinately making fun of her)  
Now, Mr. Marton, how can you be so cruel? My nerves are at the breaking point, and you torture me.

Marton  
Now, Miss Novak -- I don't know what to say to you. I'm trying to tell you that Mr. Matuschek is not here and I'm the manager.

Klara (pleading)  
Haven't you any heart at all? Can't you see I am not well -- I can hardly see straight -- the room, everything is turning around -- and in this state of mind I ask you a simple question and, instead of having any consideration for me, you deliberately try to frighten me!

At this moment the telephone rings. The CAMERA PANS with Marton as he sits down at the desk in the boss' chair.

D-24

## CLOSE SHOT OF KLARA

She looks amazed at Marton. Can it possibly be true that he is the manager.

D-25

## CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND THE DESK

Klara in the background standing behind the desk, and Marton in the foreground at the telephone.

Marton

Hello... Mr. Foeldes?...Hello, Mr. Foeldes! Thank you, thank you!...Well -- it happened this morning.

Klara gets more and more tense.

Marton

Yes, Mr. Matuschek won't be with us for a while... Thank you -- thank you very much.

Klara can hardly believe what she hears.

Marton

No, please, no, no -- look here, Mr. Foeldes, I don't own the shop yet -- I'm just the manager!

At the word "manager", Klara faints.

Marton

(quickly into the telephone)

Goodbye.

He hangs up the receiver and rushes over to Klara.

D-26

## CLOSE SHOT - MARTON AND KLARA

He holds her in his arms.

Marton (tenderly and frightened)

Klara!

The CAMERA PANS with him as he puts her down on the couch. He raises her legs and lowers her head. Finally, Klara opens her eyes and slowly sits up.

Klara (coming out of her faint)  
What happened?

Marton

You fainted .. Miss Novak.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

E

FADE IN:

KLARA'S BEDROOM. It is evening. It is a small room, quaintly furnished. Apparently the bedroom of a girl in a lower middle-class family apartment,

E-1

MEDIUM SHOT AT THE DOOR

The door is opened by Klara's grandmother -- a kindly old lady. Marton enters quietly. The grandmother closes the door and the CAMERA PANS with Marton, disclosing the bed. Klara is sitting up in the bed in her night clothes, wearing a little bed jacket. Marton stops by the bed.

Marton (tenderly)

Good evening, Miss Novak.

Klara

Good evening.

Marton

I hope you'll forgive the intrusion, but being in charge of the shop, I feel -- well, like the father of our little family -- and -- anyway, how are you, young lady?

Klara

I'm all right, Mr. Marton.

Klara

Please sit down.

Marton sits down. THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to them.

Marton

You know, Christmas is coming soon, and we'll all miss a good worker like you in the shop. So -- you'd better get well.

Klara

I'm sure I'll be all right in a day or two.

Marton

But that doesn't mean you should neglect yourself. Now, I'm very serious. You see, I feel pretty responsible for the whole thing.

Klara

You? Oh, no, Mr. Marton. I think I can relieve your mind. It wasn't your fault at all.

(with a tragic expression)

There's a much bigger reason, unfortunately.

CONT'D

Marton (worried)  
Don't you think you should call a doctor?

Klara  
No, I don't need a doctor. My trouble is what one might call psychological --  
(bravely)

Well, it's my personal problem and I'll come out of it. It's just one of those things -- I'll be all right.

Marton  
I'm so sorry. It's really a shame that you have to go through all this. But as long as it's only psychological --

Klara  
(looking at him with scorn and pity)  
Only psychological!

(again the Klara of the love letters)  
Mr. Marton, it's true we are in the same room --- but we are not in the same planet!

Marton (impressed)  
Miss Novak, although I'm the victim of your remark, I must admire your exquisite way of expressing yourself. You certainly know how to put a man in his planet!

## E-2

## MEDIUM SHOT OF THE WHOLE ROOM

The grandmother opens the door.

Grandmother (excitedly)  
Aunt Anna has something for you.

Klara (also excitedly)  
She has... Well, why doesn't she come in? Come in, Aunt Anna!

Aunt Anna enters. She is a middle-aged, middle-class woman. She hands Klara the key to the post box and a letter.

Klara  
Oh, this is Mr. Marton, of Matuschek & Company... This is my Aunt Anna.

Marton  
Glad to meet you.

Aunt Anna  
How do you do.

E-2

## CONTINUED (2)

Grandmother  
(who has entered with Aunt Anna)  
I hope it's good news.

Klara  
I'll tell you later...

Grandmother and Aunt Anna take the hint  
and go.

E-3

## CLOSE SHOT - KLARA AND MARTON

Klara  
(now giving Marton the hint)  
Well, Mr. Marton, it certainly was kind of you to  
drop in but I don't want to spoil your evening —

Marton  
(stalling because he wants to see  
the effect of his letter on her)  
Oh, no, I have lots of time. Go right ahead and  
read your letter. Pay no attention to me.

Klara  
If you don't mind.

Marton  
Oh, no. Certainly not....

THE CAMERA PANS with him as he goes toward the  
window. He pretends to be uninterested, but  
is watching her all the time.

E-4

## CLOSEUP - KLARA IN THE BED

She looks at the envelope.

E-5

## INSERT - OF THE ENVELOPE

"DEAR FRIEND  
POST BOX 237  
SPECIAL DELIVERY  
RUSH"

E-6

## CLOSEUP OF KLARA

She reads the letter. Her expression becomes  
increasingly happy.

E-7

## CLOSEUP OF MARTON - watching her.

E-8

## CLOSEUP OF KLARA

She has finished the letter and puts it down.  
There are tears of joy in her eyes.

E-9

## MEDIUM SHOT OF KLARA AND MARTON

Marton comes closer to the bed. THE CAMERA MOVES UP to a --

E-10

## CLOSE SHOT

Marton

Good news?

Klara (a different girl)  
Very good news. Mr. Marton, I'm sure I'll be back to the shop tomorrow and I can promise you I'll be on my toes. I'll sell more goods than I ever sold before. Let all the customers come -- open the doors and let them in -- I'll handle them.

Marton (trying to play dumb)  
There's certainly a big change in you - it's amazing what one letter can do.

Klara

You know, if I weren't feeling so wonderful right now, I'd be very sore at you.

Marton

At me? Why?

Klara

You really spoiled my date last night. I wasn't so wrong when I asked you not to sit down at my table. You see, this gentleman came to the cafe, looked into the window, saw us together -- and he misunderstood.

Marton

You mean he thought you and I were -- friends?

Klara

He must have.

She picks up the letter and finds the sentence.  
Reading from the letter:

Klara

"Tell me, and be frank -- I think you owe it to me -- who is this very attractive young man? He's just the type women fall for and --"

She can't control her amusement any longer  
and she giggles;

CONTINUED

E-10

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara

Ha, ha, ha --

Marton, who felt at first a little uncomfortable over the compliments, is now let down by her reaction.

Martton

Ha, ha, ha -- I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble,

Klara (coquettishly)

Well, I'll straighten that out. Let him be a little jealous! -- Won't hurt him!

Martton

(trying to make some headway)

Doesn't seem to be much of a man -- this friend of yours. He walks away -- he's afraid to come to a table because another man sits there —

Klara

(rushing to the defense of her dear friend) Mr. Marton, he was not afraid! I can assure you! He's tactful, he's sensitive. He's not the kind of man -- who would sit at a table uninvited. It's difficult to explain a man like him to a man like you.

(triumphantly)

Where you would say black -- he would say white. Where you would say ugly -- he says beautiful -- And where you would say old maid, he says...

She picks up the letter again and quotes:

Klara

"Eyes that sparkle with fire and mystery....

(she mumbles a few lines)

vivacious....

(mumbling a few more lines)

fascinating....".

A little embarrassed at the compliments to herself that she is reading, she laughs:

Klara

Ha, ha, ha, I make him think of gypsy music...

Marton enjoys the effect of his letter.

Klara

Speaking of gypsy music -- we're still having some difficulty selling those O Chi Tchornya boxes, aren't we?

Martton

Well, that doesn't matter.

CONTINUED

E-10

CONTINUED (3)

Klara (challenging)  
Mr. Marton, consider one box definitely sold. I just got an inspiration. I'm going to give it to my friend for Christmas.

Marton  
(terrified because he knows who is going to get the box)  
Miss Novak, you're taking an awful chance. Look -- why don't you give him a wallet? I know he will be crazy about it -- any man would like it. — A wallet is a practical thing -- and we have those new imported pigskins —

Klara  
No, no, not interested.

Marton (the salesman again)  
I'll make you a special price.

Klara  
No, I'm sorry.

Marton  
A wallet is not only practical -- it's so romantic. On one side he carries your last letter. On the other side, your picture. And when he opens it, he finds you -- and that's all the music he wants.

Klara  
(beginning to see a new Marton)  
Why, Mr. Marton, you surprise me! That's very well expressed! Yes, I must admit -- that's very nice.

Marton swells up.

Klara  
But just the same, he's going to get the cigarette box.

Marton swells down.

Marton  
Well, I suppose there's nothing left for me to say -- except - that I wish a very Merry Christmas - to both of you.

Klara (happily)  
Thank you.

Both shake hands.

Marton  
Good night, Miss Novak.

Klara  
Good night, Mr. Marton.

Marton turns and goes as we...

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "E"

The  
Shop  
Around  
The F-1  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

SEQUENCE "F"

103

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - MEDIUM SHOT IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

It is early morning on the twenty-fourth of December -- Christmas Eve. There is snow outside, beginning to melt. In front of the shop stands the bicycle of Matuschek & Company. Rudy, the new errand boy, is piling packages into the box attached to the bicycle. Rudy is a boy of seventeen and much taller than Pepi, also much more naive. Pepi comes out of the shop. He is dressed now like a clerk. A handkerchief sticks out of his pocket and a pencil is behind his ear. He goes toward Rudy, and the CAMERA MOVES up to a --

F-2

CLOSE SHOT OF BOTH OF THEM

Pepi (completely the boss)  
Rudy!

Rudy (respectfully)  
Yes, Mr. Katona?

He continues to put the packages into the box.

Pepi  
You know what time it is?

Rudy  
Five minutes after eight --

Pepi  
And you're still here!

Rudy  
Well, I --

Pepi  
Don't contradict me -- just listen!

Rudy  
Yes, Mr. Katona.

Pepi  
You have to be faster, especially on a day like this. It's Christmas Eve, young man. Do you realize your responsibility? All over the world manufacturers are taking skins from the backs of cows and sheep and pigs, to produce all these wonderful things. Mr. Matuschek pays a fortune to buy them. And I sell them! And then you -- you don't deliver them! Am I asking too much?

CONTINUED:

F-2

CONTINUED (2)

Rudy  
No, Mr. Katona.

He goes quickly toward the shop and enters.

F-3

INTERIOR SHOP - MEDIUM SHOT

Pepi enters the shop. Everybody is again going through their daily morning routine except Klara, who is not present. Marton emerges from his office full of pep.

Marton  
I have great news for you. I've just talked to the hospital. Mr. Matuschek is much better.

Everybody comes toward Marton excitedly.  
The CAMERA MOVES UP to a--

F-4

CLOSE SHOT OF GROUP

Pirovitch  
Well! Can we visit him?

Flora  
Let's all get together and buy him a nice Christmas present.

Ilona  
I have a suggestion -- let's get him a cute little Christmas tree for his hospital room.

Marton (now giving a pep talk)  
That's all very nice. But the biggest Christmas present you can give him tonight is an empty, bare-looking shop without a thing in it -- but money in the cash register! Now, boys and girls, let's make this the biggest Christmas Eve in the history of Matuschek and Company!

(everybody voices enthusiastic approval)  
(suddenly looking around)  
Where's Klara?

The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes toward the rear of the shop

Marton  
Klara! Miss Novak!

Klara comes quickly out of the locker room.

Klara  
Coming!...Yes, Mr. Marton -- what is it?

F-5

CLOSE SHOT OF BOTH OF THEM

Klara approaches him excitedly, thinking he has important orders for her.

Marton

(looking at her for a moment -- forgetting business--gently)

How are you today?

Klara (perplexed)

Fine!

Marton

Good.

(resuming his business tone)

Now, look here, we're expecting a terrific business today -- it's going to be very tough.

(in a quiet, confidential tone)

Now, don't overdo it...

The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes quickly to the office.

Marton (loud and briskly)

All right, let's go!

He closes the office door behind him.

F-6

MED. CLOSE OF KLARA

She is still a little bewildered over Marton's attitude. Then she turns toward the counter and starts to work. Pirovitch joins her and, during this scene, both work together helping each other, and laying out things for Christmas.

Pirovitch (trying to be very diplomatic)  
Oh, Klara, I wonder if I could ask a little favor of you.

Klara

With pleasure, Mr. Pirovitch.

Pirovitch

I wanted to buy one of those O Chi Tchornya boxes -- and Marton tells me that you took the only one which really works.

Klara

That's right -- I bought it for my boy friend.

Pirovitch

Oh! Ah-ha! --

Klara (proudly)

Yes, he's coming tonight. We're celebrating Christmas Eve...

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop  
Around F-6  
The  
Corner  
Changes  
10-23-39

106

CONTINUED (2)

Klara (cont'd)  
(coming closer to Pirovitch)  
Mr. Pirovitch, can you keep a secret?

Pirovitch  
On my word of honor.

Klara  
I might come back Monday with a ring on my finger  
-- maybe -- you never know.

Well, Klara! Pirovitch (acting thrilled)

Um-hum. Klara (almost smugly)

Pirovitch  
That's wonderful! And that's the young man who  
gets the cigarette box?

Klara  
Yes.

Pirovitch  
Then let's drop the whole thing. You see, I thought  
of giving it to my wife's uncle for Christmas.

Klara  
Oh, I'm sorry. Can't you get him something else?

Pirovitch  
Well, it's not so easy. You see, I don't like him  
-- I hate to spend a nickel on him and yet I must  
give him a present. So I thought if I have to give  
him a present -- at least give him something he  
won't enjoy.

Klara looks up - worried.

Pirovitch  
The box costs two twenty-nine -- that's a lot of  
money -- but it's worth it to ruin my wife's uncle's  
Christmas...

(suddenly pretending embarrassment)  
Oh, excuse me, Klara -- I forgot -- you always  
liked those --

Klara  
No, no, please, Mr. Pirovitch, speak freely. Tell  
me -- if you were in my position, what would you  
give him?

Pirovitch  
Well, it's hard to say.

Klara  
What do you think of the idea, of -- maybe -- let's  
say, a wallet?

CONTINUED:

Pirovitch (glowing)  
A wallet! Klara, that's an inspiration! You mean  
one of those imported pig skins --

Klara  
That's what I thought.

Pirovitch  
You can't miss! If I'd get such a wallet, I'd be  
the happiest man in the world. On one side --  
(he takes out his own wallet)  
Here I'll show you -- on one side I put my wife's  
picture, and on the other side my baby.  
(pointing to the baby's picture)  
And when I open it, it says, 'Papa' and not  
O Chi Tchornya'.

Klara  
(happy that she averted a last minute  
catastrophe)  
Thanks, Pirovitch, I'll think it over.

She walks out. Pirovitch looks after her for  
a second, then quickly he goes toward the  
office.

F-7

INT. OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT

Marton is standing at the desk as Pirovitch  
comes in, quickly closing the door and whispers;

Pirovitch  
Marton, you get the wallet.

He goes out quickly as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

F-8

STREET IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

It is Christmas Eve -- late afternoon -- lights  
are burning. In front of the shop is the usual  
Christmas rush. The street is crowded. Street  
peddlers are selling toys and typical Christmas  
novelties to passing crowds and as the CAMERA  
MOVES CLOSER to the shop, we see that Matuschek  
& Company is doing a terrific business.

F-9

INTERIOR OF THE SHOP

The shop is crowded as never before.

F-10

CLOSE SHOT - NEAR ONE OF THE WINDOWS  
(SHOOTING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE STREET  
TOWARD THE BACK OF THE SHOP)

Pepi approaches the window. He is waiting on a rather stout, somewhat unpleasant looking woman. As he bends down into the window to take a folding leather frame, he suddenly stops because he sees:

F-11

SHOW WINDOW - SHOOTING FROM THE INSIDE INTO THE STREET

Behind the glass we see Mr. Matuschek. He has his overcoat well-buttoned up, his face is pale and yet he is smiling with the excitement of an invalid out for the first time and looking into the window of his own home. He nods with friendliness to Pepi.

F-12

DOUBLE CLOSE SHOT - PEPI AND THE CUSTOMER

Pepi happily nods back and makes a gesture as if to say, 'watch me selling'.

Pepi

Madame, there is no more sensible gift from a wife to a husband than a leather traveling frame with your picture in it. It is not only a beautiful gift but it's the best traveling insurance for matrimonial happiness...Please let me show it to you.

He looks back toward Matuschek.

F-13

CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK

Matuschek nods with paternal approval.

F-14

CLOSE SHOT - PEPI AND CUSTOMER

Pepi

Now, Madame, imagine yourself in a frame like this... when your husband goes on a trip, you slip this little frame in his suitcase and wherever he is -- you're with him ... For instance, how many times does it happen, a man comes to a strange town, forgets his wife, and just as he is about to pick up the telephone he sees your smiling face and knows that means trouble -- isn't that worth four eighty-five?

Customer

Yes -- I think I'll take it.

F-15

MED. SHOT - PEPI AND CUSTOMER IN THE FOREGROUND MATUSCHEK BEHIND THE WINDOW IN THE BACKGROUND.

Pepi is just about to leave with the customer when Matuschek knocks at the window. Pepi turns back and Matuschek points to a very big suitcase as if to say: "Sell her this." Pepi lifts it out of the window and as he starts following the customer:

Pepi

And now, Madame, -- if you should want a suitcase to go with the frame -- here it is.

F-16

CLOSE SHOT - MATUSCHEK IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

He is still looking in the window and moving a little bit closer toward the entrance. Suddenly our old friend, the Policeman, joins him.

Policeman

Well, Mr. Matuschek -- what are you doing here! Since when are you back?

Matuschek

I'm not here. I'm supposed to be a pretty sick man -- that's what the doctor tells me. But it's Christmas Eve and -- I just couldn't stand it any more. Imagine me, for more than a week in a hospital without seeing a single customer. The only piece of leather goods in the place was my nurse's handbag, and do you know where she got it -- Blasek Brothers! And then they expect me to get well. By the way, did you pass by Blasek Brothers?

Policeman

Oh, yes.

Matuschek

(now completely back in business)  
What kind of business are they doing?

Policeman

They're pretty busy -- but no comparison with this.

Matuschek

Good! We're all right, aren't we?

Policeman

Now, Mr. Matuschek -- take it easy -- don't overdo.

CONTINUED:

F-16

CONTINUED (2)

Matuschek

Me! Don't worry -- I'm no fool. I just wanted to look around and see -- if the shop is still here. Ha, ha, ha...That's all. And then I go.

Policeman

Well, Merry Christmas, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek

Same to you.

They shake hands. Just as the policeman leaves, we hear two women in the back of Matuschek, standing at the show window and looking at the display.

First Woman

You think Eric would like that briefcase?

Matuschek turns around and listens.

Second Woman

Well, I don't know --- I'm not so sure.

Matuschek

(pretending to be a stranger)

Pardon me, I can't see very well without my glasses. Can you tell me how much that briefcase is?

First Woman

Twenty-four fifty.

Matuschek

Twenty-four fifty! You certainly get exceptional values here. I wonder how Matuschek & Company does it.

Second Woman

Well, if you don't know, Mr. Matuschek --- who should?

They both leave him. Matuschek looks after them, dumbfounded, when two other women customers stop at his other side.

First Woman

I wonder if they have that kind of cigarette lighter here?

Second Woman

Well, let's go in and look. If we can't get it here, we can try Kramer & Kramer ---

CONTINUED:

The  
Shop  
Around  
The  
Corner  
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F-16

CONTINUED (3)

111

First Woman  
Or we can always go to Blasek Brothers.

They go into the shop. Matuschek, during the first part, has only half-listened. The name Blasek Brothers is dynamite to him. He quickly enters the shop, taking his overcoat off as he goes. At least he will put up a tough fight against Blasek Brothers.

DISSOLVE TO:

F-17

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR IN FRONT OF THE SHOP

The door is closed -- the curtain is already pulled down. The closing sign is on the door. Matuschek opens the door to let the last customers out. They are the two ladies who came in to buy the cigarette lighter and now both of them have their arms full of packages. Matuschek has apparently done a brilliant business. He does not look like a sick man any more.

Matuschek  
Thank you so much -- and a Merry Christmas to you.

Customers  
Same to you. Thank you, Mr. Matuschek.

They go. Matuschek closes the door.

F-18

CLOSE SHOT - IN THE SHOP

around the cashier's booth. The whole shop looks like after a terrifically busy day. All the employees are grouped around Flora, who is adding the day's receipts up. They are all waiting in great suspense. Now Matuschek joins them.

Matuschek  
Well, how much is it?

Flora  
Nine thousand, six hundred fifty-four -- and seventy-five.

CONTINUED:

F-18

CONTINUED (2)

The result is received triumphantly by everyone.

Matuschek

(getting ready for a speech)

My friends -- that's the biggest day since Twenty-eight. You should be very proud. And I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

All the employees are listening with great personal feeling and devotion.

Matuschek

I walked in here a sick man two hours ago but you, Marton, and you, Pirovitch, you are the best doctors -- and you, Klara -- and Flora -- and Ilona -- you are wonderful nurses.

Pepi, who feels that he might be forgotten, pushes himself up a little forward.

Matuschek

And, Pepi --

(he pats him on the shoulder)

-- you know how I feel about you --

Pepi

Yes, sir.

Matuschek

(returning to the rest of them)

When I got that little Christmas tree you all sent this morning, I was deeply moved. I read your little note over and over. I'm glad to know you missed me and hoped I would come back home again. You are right -- this is my home. This is where I really spent my life. One makes acquaintances, social contacts, one has relations-- nephews, cousins --

Pepi

(with contempt)

No good.

Matuschek

Well, Pepi, I wouldn't go that far. What I want to say is this: One only too seldom realizes that the people one works with are one's real friends. Well, there is no Christmas without a bonus. Am I right?...

Everybody gets a little excited -- particularly Pirovitch. Matuschek takes a bunch of envelopes from his pocket.

CONTINUED:

F-18

CONTINUED (3)

Matuschek

Marton --

Marton

Thank you, Mr. Matuschek.

During this scene, Pirovitch gets more  
more restless as his name doesn't come up.

Matuschek

Klara --

Klara

Oh! Mr. Matuschek!

Matuschek

Pepi --

Pepi

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Matuschek

Flora --

Flora has tears in her eyes and can't  
answer as she takes the envelope.

Matuschek

Ilona --

Ilona

Thank you.

By now, Pirovitch has nearly died.

Matuschek

And, Pirovitch -- there were a couple of times  
when I called you some names. But when you see  
the bonus, you'll know I didn't mean it.

Pirovitch

Thank you, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek

Well, that's about all.

Suddenly he realizes he has completely  
forgotten Rudy.

Matuschek

Oh -- what's your name?

CONTINUED:

F-18

CONTINUED (4)

Rudy.  
Rudy.  
Pepi (giving him a boost)  
Good boy.

Matuschek takes his wallet out of his pocket  
and gives Rudy a bill.

Rudy (overwhelmed)  
Thank you, Mr. Matuschek.

F-19

CLOSE SHOT OF RUDY AND PEPI

Before Rudy has a chance to put the bill in  
his pocket, Pepi takes it and returns it to  
him.

Pepi (in a low voice)  
Too much.

Matuschek  
Now I want you all to go home and have a very  
Merry Christmas.

Everybody  
Thank you, Mr. Matuschek. Merry Christmas!

Very eager to get home, they all gayly go  
toward the locker room. Only Marton remains  
with Matuschek. Matuschek reaches behind a  
counter and takes his hat and overcoat. Marton  
helps him on with it. Matuschek tries to  
appear gay and carefree.

Matuschek (putting out a feeler)  
Well, I think I'll have a little dinner, celebrate  
Christmas. Tell me, Marton, have you ever eaten at  
Biro's?

Marton  
No, I'm afraid that's over my head.

Matuschek  
Well -- Christmas comes only once a year -- how  
about joining me? We'll break a bottle of  
champagne!

Marton (embarrassed)  
Mr. Matuschek -- there is nothing I would love  
more --

Matuschek (quickly)  
Oh -- you have another engagement.

Marton  
Well, I --

Matuschek  
Sssh! Not another word. I just wanted to be sure  
you were not alone. Good night, and have a wonder-  
ful time.

(with great feeling)  
Merry Christmas!

CONTINUED:

F-19

CONTINUED (2)

They shake hands.

Marton

Same to you, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek walks slowly toward the door. He has no destination -- as Pirovitch comes along in his overcoat.

Pirovitch (beaming)

Thank you again, Mr. Matuschek. You were right about that bonus.

Pirovitch opens the door and they both go out together.

F-20

CLOSE SHOT OF THE DOOR

Pirovitch and Matuschek come out of the shop.

Matuschek (still fishing for company that evening)

Well, Pirovitch, I imagine you'll have a nice Christmas party tonight?

Pirovitch (completely unaware of

Matuschek's game)

Yes, I should say.

Matuschek

You'll probably have some guests?

Pirovitch

Oh, no, Mr. Matuschek. Just my wife, my boy, my little baby and myself. That's all we want -- and we are very happy.

Matuschek (realizing he has

no chance -- but very friendly)

Well, Merry Christmas!

Pirovitch

Merry Christmas, Mr. Matuschek.

He goes as Pepi comes out of the shop.

Pepi

Still hanging around the shop, eh, Mr. Matuschek? Can't get away from here, huh?

Matuschek (making another attempt)

Well, son you'd better hurry. I guess you're going to celebrate Christmas with your father and mother. (hoping he is)

Am I wrong?

CONTINUED:

F-20

CONTINUED (2)

Pepi (cold bloodedly)  
Father and mother!  
(pointing toward the corner)  
See that girl on the corner? Well I'm her Santa  
Claus. Good night, Mr. Matuschek!

Matuschek  
Good night, Pepi.

Pepi goes. Flora comes out of the shop,  
passing Matuschek.

Flora  
Merry Christmas, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
Merry Christmas, Flora -- my regards to your  
mother.

Flora  
Thank you, Mr. Matuschek.

She also goes. Rudy comes out of the shop,  
stops by Matuschek.

Rudy (with great respect)  
Mr. Matuschek, I don't know how to thank you for  
that marvelous present. After all, I'm only  
working here a week.

Matuschek  
That's all right -- what was your name?

Rudy  
Rudy.

Matuschek  
Um-hum -- how old are you, Rudy?

Rudy  
Seventeen.

Matuschek  
Wonderful age -- you have your whole life before  
you. And it's all up to you -- what you make of it.

Rudy  
Yes, sir.

Matuschek  
Now, don't squander that money. Go right home and  
give it to your mother.

Rudy  
My people don't live here in town.

Matuschek (suddenly realizing that  
here may be his chance)  
Umm. Is that so! Have you any other relations here?  
CONTINUED:

## CONTINUED (3)

Rudy  
No, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
You mean you're all by yourself in Budapest on Christmas Eve?

Rudy  
That's right.

Matuschek  
(with a bright smile on his face -  
tempting Rudy)  
Rudy -- do you like chicken noodle soup?

Rudy (starting to smile too)  
I certainly do, Mr. Matuschek.

Matuschek  
And what would you think of roast goose, stuffed with baked apples, and fresh boiled potatoes with butter, and a little bit of red cabbage on the side?

Rudy (his mouth watering)  
I'd love it.

Matuschek (practically eating  
it already)  
And then a cucumber salad with sour cream?

Rudy (overcome)  
Oh, Mr. Matuschek!

Matuschek  
And then a double portion of apple strudle with vanilla sauce?

Rudy  
Sounds wonderful.

Matuschek  
(his Christmas is saved).  
Well you're going to have it tonight! Come, Rudy.

He takes Rudy's arm and as they go we hear  
Matuschek's voice:

Taxi! Matuschek's Voice

F-21

## INT. LOCKER ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

Klara has unwrapped the wallet and is in the act of showing it to Ilona, who already has her hat and coat on.

Ilona

That's lovely. I'm sure he'll like it.

Klara

I think so, too.

Ilona

Well, Merry Christmas, Klara -- and I hope everything turns out just as you want it to.

Klara

Thanks, Ilona -- Merry Christmas!....

Both kiss each other as Ilona goes. Klara goes quickly to a little table and starts wrapping the wallet again as Marton appears in the door with his hat and overcoat.

Klara

Oh, I'm sorry to keep you waiting. I'll be through in a second.

As he goes toward the table:

Marton

That's all right -- no hurry.

(Marton sees the wallet)

Oh!....

Klara (a little embarrassed)  
I followed your advice after all.

Marton

Want to see something?

He takes something out of his pocket and unwraps it quickly. He opens it -- it is a gold locket with stones. Klara stops wrapping the wallet and looks at the locket.

Klara (terribly impressed)  
Oh, it's beautiful!

Marton

Why don't you try it on?....I'd like to see how it looks on a girl.

Klara hesitates for a moment. Then she puts it on and the CAMERA PANS with both of them as they go toward the mirror.

CONTINUED:

F-21

## CONTINUED (2)

Klara

Are those real diamonds?

Marton

Pretty near.

Klara

Oh, my...

(During the following scene Klara takes off the locket and gives it back to Marton. Both wrap their respective gifts together at the same table. And Marton helps her to get into her coat, etcetera)

I didn't know you had a girl friend.

Marton

Yes -- it's probably not easy for you to imagine that somebody should like a man of my type.

Klara

Now, Mr. Marton, don't let's start all over again. It's Christmas and I'd like to be friends with you -- and besides you're wrong! Do you mind if I tell you something?

Marton

Not at all.

Klara (confessing)

When I started to work here, something very strange happened to me. I got psychologically mixed up.

Marton

You don't say.

Klara

Yes, I found myself looking at you again and again. I just couldn't take my eyes off you.

Marton (flabbergasted and hopeful)

Oh!

Klara

Um-hmm. And all the time I was saying to myself: 'Klara Novak, what's the matter with you? This Marton is not a particularly attractive man.'

(Marton's face drops)

I hope you don't mind.

Marton

Oh, no, no. Not at all.

Klara

And now comes the paradox! I caught myself falling for you!

CONTINUED:

F-21

CONTINUED (3)

Marton (with new hope)  
I can't believe it!

Klara  
Yes, Mr. Marton -- and very much so!

Marton  
You certainly didn't show it.

Klara  
In those first few weeks -- well, I know you won't misconstrue what I'm going to tell you -- after all, I'm very happily engaged. At least it looks that way.

Marton (impatiently)  
Please go ahead.

Klara  
Well -- in those first few weeks -- there were moments in the stockroom when you could have swept me off my feet.

Marton (dumbfounded)  
Now, I'm getting psychologically mixed up.

Klara  
(trying to be sophisticated)  
You see I was a different girl then. I was rather naive. All my knowledge came from books, and at that time I just read a novel about a glamorous French actress of the Comedie Francaise. When she wanted to rouse a man's interest, she treated him like a dog.

Marton  
That's true -- you treated me like a dog.

Klara  
Yes, but instead of licking my hand, you barked. You see, my mistake was I didn't realize that the difference between this glamorous lady and me was that she was with the Comedie Francaise and I was with Matuschek and Company.

Marton  
(very happy at all this news)  
Well, that's all forgotten now.

Klara  
(seeming to want to prolong the conversation)  
And now you go to your girl friend and -- by the way, is it serious?

Marton  
Oh, yes -- very.

CONTINUED:

F-21

CONTINUED (4)

Klara (giggling a little bit)  
 We might both be engaged Monday morning.

Marton  
 I think we will.

Klara (still leaving the door open)  
 I don't want you to misunderstand -- in my case,  
 I just say it might happen.

Marton  
 As a matter of fact, I can tell you it will happen.

Klara (caught by something in his  
 voice)  
 How do you know?

Marton (evasive)  
 Let's not go into that.

He leaves the locker room and Klara follows  
 him, turning off the light. Both enter  
 the shop.

F-22

INT. SHOP - CLOSE SHOT AT THE DOOR

Both are entering the shop. During the fol-  
 lowing scene they walk from the locker room  
 door toward the front part of the shop. Mar-  
 ton turns out the main switch and as they  
 walk along during the scene, he turns out  
 several other lamps. He picks up odds and  
 ends here and there, and does a few little  
 automatic straightenings out.

Klara  
 Oh, Mr. Marton, what do you mean you know?

Marton  
 Well, I might just as well tell you. He came to  
 see me.

Klara  
 Who?

Marton  
 Your fiance. He came last night. You shouldn't  
 have told him who I am -- I spent a very uncomfor-  
 table hour. He apparently didn't believe it when  
 you wrote him I meant nothing to you.

Klara (stunned)  
 I can't get it into my head. Coming to see you --  
 it doesn't sound like him at all.

CONTINUED:

F-22

## CONTINUED (2)

Marton

Listen, I straightened everything out. Don't you worry. In a little while you'll be Mrs. Popkin.

Klara (completely off-guard)

Mrs. Popkin!

Marton

That's his name, isn't it? That's what he told me,

Klara (covering up fast)

Yes, Popkin. That's right. Popkin.

She realizes for the first time that dear friend has a name and that it is Popkin. And Popkin isn't her idea of the name he would have so she is not very happy. Marton, enjoying the effect of this on her, very innocently says:

Marton

Nice fellow. I congratulate you.

Klara (pulling herself together)

Thank you.

(dying to find out more about him)

I think he's a very attractive man -- don't you?

Marton

Oh, yes, -- for his type -- I would say -- yes.

Klara (trying with great skill to

get Marton to describe this fellow)

Would you really classify him as a definite type?

Marton

Absolutely. And don't you try to change him. Don't you put him on a diet.

Klara (frightened - imaging a

three hundred pound fiance -- still

trying to be very casual)

Would you call him fat?

Marton

I wouldn't. But that's a matter of opinion. Personally I think that little stomach of his gives him a nice homey quality. And that's what you want in a husband, isn't it?

Klara (stuck with Popkin)

Yes, that's what I want.

CONTINUED

F-22

## CONTINUED (3)

Marton (cheerfully)  
I thought so. And you're right.

(very earnestly)  
If I were a girl and I had to choose between a young good-for-nothing with lots of hair and a fine, solid, mature citizen -- I'd pick Mathias Popkin every time.

Klara (realizing that there's no hope for his body)  
But he has a fine mind, don't you think? Didn't he impress you as being rather witty?

Marton  
Well, he struck me as somewhat depressed -- but it's unfair to judge a man when he is out of a job.

Klara  
Out of a job! Why, he never told me.

Marton  
Shows how sensitive he is. But you have nothing to worry about. At least he feels you both can live very nicely on your salary.

Klara (shocked because now Popkin's inner quality is crumbling, too)  
Did you tell him how much I make?

Marton  
Well, he's your fiance and he asked me. When I told him you make two hundred and fifty a month, he was a little worried. So I promised him that you are going to get a raise, and he was greatly relieved. And let me tell you, mentioning that bonus didn't do you any harm.

Klara  
That's terrible. I'm outraged. I never dreamed he was materialistic like this. If you read his letters -- such ideals -- such a lofty point of view -- I could quote you passages...

Marton  
What, for instance?

Klara starts to think for a moment and then she quotes him a beautiful passage, but in the middle of a sentence, Marton picks it up and finishes it for her. She looks at him, dazed.

Marton  
That's by Victor Hugo. He stole it.

CONTINUED:

F-22

CONTINUED (4)

Klara is heart broken. She sits down on some empty boxes on the verge of tears. Marton sits next to her.

Klara

I thought I was the inspiration of all those beautiful thoughts -- and now I find he was just copying words out of a book. And he probably didn't mean a single one of them.

Marton (very sympathetic)

Well, I'm sorry you feel this way. I hate to think I spoiled your Christmas.

Klara

I built up such an illusion about him. I thought he was so perfect.

Marton

And I had to be the one to destroy it.

Klara

That's all right. I -- I really ought to thank you.  
(she gets up and he gets up, too)

Marton

Klara, if I had known in the beginning, how you really felt about me -- things would have been different. We wouldn't have been fighting all this time. If we did quarrel, it wouldn't have been over handbags and suitcases, but something like -- should your grandmother and your aunt live with us or not.

Klara (an unhappy girl)

It's very sweet of you to try to cheer me up like this -- but I think we'd better say goodnight. You have an engagement -- and so have I -- and we shouldn't be late.

(she gives him her hand. Marton takes it and doesn't let it go)

Marton

You know what I wish would happen? -- When your bell rings at eight-thirty tonight and you open the door -- instead of Popkin, I come in.

Klara (suffering)

Please -- you're only making it more difficult for me.

Marton (ardently taking her by the arms)

And I would say to you, Klara, darling --

Klara (attracted -- but fighting it)

Please don't.

CONTINUED:

F-22

## CONTINUED (5)

He is about to take her in his arms.

Marton

Dearest, sweetheart, Klara -- I can't stand it any longer. Please get your key. Open post box two thirty-seven. Take me out of my envelope -- and kiss me.

Klara (struggling)

No, Mr. Marton, you mustn't --

Even as she is talking, she suddenly realizes that he knows about the post box and he quoted from one of her letters -- that this might be dear friend. She stares at him as at a ghost. Marton takes a carnation out of his pocket and puts it in his button hole.

Marton (in a trembling voice)

Dear friend!

Klara leans back against the counter. She looks at him again and again. Then -

Klara (trying to get it into her head)  
You -- dear friend?

Marton

(at the highest pitch of suspense)  
Are you disappointed?

Klara

Psychologically I'm very confused -- but personally I don't feel bad at all.

(Marton feels a little relieved)  
Tell me -- when you came to the Cafe that night, I was pretty rude to you --

Marton (dismissing it)

Aw --

Klara

Yes, I was. Don't you remember? -- Why, I called you bow-legged!

Marton (laughing it off)

Yes -- and I wanted to prove that I wasn't. I was going to go out on the street and pull up my trousers.

Klara (wanting to be tactful but yet wanting to make sure she gets the right husband)

Yes... Would you mind very much if I asked you to pull them up now?

Marton knows he has nothing to fear. With a big smile, he steps back and pulls up his trousers to his knees, proving forever that he is not bow-legged. With a sigh of relief, Klara goes to him and they embrace, as we

FADE OUT.

THE END