

Written by Quentin Tarantino: Inglorious Bastards

Shosanna, a French Jew hiding in Paris, is forced to have coffee and desert with

COLONEL LANDA: Have you tried the strudel here?

SHOSANNA: No.

COLONEL LANDA: It's not so terrible. So how is it the young private and yourself came to be acquainted?

She's about to answer when a waiter approaches.

COLONEL LANDA: Yes, two strudels, one for myself, and one for the mademoiselle. A cup of espresso, with a container of steamed milk, on the side. For the mademoiselle, a glass of milk The waiter exits.

COLONEL LANDA: So mademoiselle, you were beginning to explain ?

SHOSANNA: (anxiously) Up until a couple of days ago, I had no knowledge of Private Zoller, or his exploits. To me, the private was simply just a patron of my cinema. We spoke a few times, but —

COLONEL LANDA: — Mademoiselle, let me interrupt you. This is a simple formality, no reason for you to feel anxious.

The strudel arrives. The colonel takes one look at it, and says to the waiter

COLONEL LANDA: I apologize, I forgot to order the cream fresh.

WAITER: One moment. He exits.

COLONEL LANDA: (Refuring to the apple pie) Wait for the cream. (Back to business) So Emmanuelle — May I call you Emmanuelle?

SHOSANNA: Oui.

COLONEL LANDA: So, Emmanuelle, explain to me how does it happen, that a young lady such as yourself, comes to own a cinema?

The waiter returns, applying cream fresh to the two strudels. The SS Colonel looks across the table at his companion, picking up his fork he says:

COLONEL LANDA: After you.

Shosanna takes a whip creamy bite of strudel, Landa follows her lead.

COLONEL LANDA: (Mouthfull of pie) Success? Shosanna, mouth full of pie, indicates she approves.

COLONEL LANDA: Like I said, not so terrible. (Back to business) So you were explaining the origin of your cinema ownership?

SHOSANNA: The cinema originally belonged to my aunt and uncle.—

Colonel Landa removes a little black book from his pocket.

COLONEL LANDA: What is there names?

SHOSANNA: Jean-Pierre and Ada Mimieux. He records the names in his little book.

COLONEL LANDA: Where are they now?

SHOSANNA: My uncle was killed during the blitzkrieg.

COLONEL LANDA: Pity Continue.

SHOSANNA: Aunt Ada passed away from fever last spring.

COLONEL LANDA: Regrettable. (Respectful pause) It's come to my attention you have a Negro in your employ, is that true?

SHOSANNA: Yes, he's a Frenchman. His name is Marcel. He worked with my aunt and uncle since they opened the cinema. He's the only other one who works with me.

COLONEL LANDA: Doing what?

SHOSANNA: Projectionist.

COLONEL LANDA: Is he any good?

SHOSANNA: The best.

COLONEL LANDA: Actually one could see where that might be a good trade for them. Can you operate the projectors?

SHOSANNA: Of course I can.

COLONEL LANDA: Knowing the Reichsminister as I do, I'm quite positive he wouldn't want the success or failure of his illustrious evening dependent on the prowess of a Negro. So if it comes to pass we hold this event at your venue, talented no doubt as your Negro may be, you will operate the projectors. Is that acceptable?

SHOSANNA: Oui.

Colonel Landa takes another bite of strudel, Shoshanna follows suit.

COLONEL LANDA: So it would appear our young hero is quite smitten with you?

SHOSANNA: Private Zoller's feelings for me aren't of a romantic nature.

COLONEL LANDA: Mademoiselle..?

SHOSANNA: Colonel, his feelings are not romantic. I remind him of his sister.

COLONEL LANDA: That doesn't mean his feelings aren't romantic.

SHOSANNA: I remind him of his sister who raised him.

COLONEL LANDA: It's sounding more and more romantic by the minute.

Landa takes out a handsome looking cigarette case, with a SS logo on it. Removing one of the fags, he lights it up with a fancy SS gold lighter. He offers one to Shosanna.

COLONEL LANDA: Cigarette?

SHOSANNA: No thank you.

COLONEL LANDA: Do you smoke?

SHOSANNA: Yes.

COLONEL LANDA: Then I insist, you must take one. There not French, there German.

(I hope your not nationalist about your tobacco, to me French cigarettes are a sin against nicotine. She takes one, but makes no move to light it. He inhales deep, and says:)

COLONEL LANDA: I did have some thing else I wanted to ask you but right now, for the life of me, I can't remember what it is. Oh well, must not of been important.

Colonel Landa stands up, throws some French francs on the table, puts on his grey SS cap, touches his finger to his visor, saluting Shosanna and saying:

COLONEL LANDA: Till tonight. And with that he's gone. Shosanna breathes a sigh of relief.