

The Grand Budapest Hotel - Clip 2 - 2014 US c.4 min. 2:56-6:56 Tom Wilkinson, Jude Law: [46 - The Grand Budapest Hotel - Clip 2:YouTube](#) [IMDb](#) [Wikipedia](#)

- **grammar points:** past perfect, will, few, passive, comparative, superlative
- **phrasal verbs:** taken up, be taken aback,
- **idioms:** Scribe's Fever, expect, off season, by that time, shabby, polite nod, banter, strike one as being, elbow-to-elbow, smartly dressed, alone/lonely, my own, indeed, the curtain rose on, **as the expression goes, on the edge of my seat,** that is, on my behalf, I beg your pardon?

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AUTHOR AS AN OLD MAN:

A number of years ago, while suffering from a mild case of "Scribe's Fever," a form of neurasthenia common among the intelligentsia of that time, I decided to spend the month of August in the spa town of Nebelsbad below the Alpine Sudetenwartz, and **had taken up** rooms in the Grand Budapest, a picturesque, elaborate, and once widely celebrated establishment. I **expect** some of you **will** know it.

AUTHOR AS A YOUNG MAN:

It was **off season** and, **by that time**, decidedly out of fashion, and it **had already begun** its descent into **shabbiness** and eventual demolition. What **few** guests we were, **had** quickly **come** to recognize one another by sight as the only living souls residing in the vast establishment, although I do not believe any acquaintance among our number had proceeded beyond the **polite nods** we exchanged as we passed in the Palm Court, in the Arabian baths, and onboard the Colonnade Funicular. We were a very reserved group it seemed, and without exception, solitary. Perhaps as a result of this general silence, I **had established** a casual and **bantering** familiarity with the hotel's concierge, a West-continental known only as Monsieur Jean, who **struck one as being** at once, both lazy and really, quite accommodating. I expect he **was** not well **paid**. In any case, one evening, as I stood conferring **elbow-to-elbow** with Monsieur Jean, as **had become** my habit, I noticed a new presence in our company. A small, elderly man, **smartly dressed**, with an exceptionally lively, intelligent face and an immediately perceptible air of sadness. He was, like the rest of us, **alone**, but also, I must say, he was the first that **struck one as being** deeply and truly **lonely**. A symptom of **my own** medical condition as well.

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Who's this interesting old fellow?, I inquired of Monsieur Jean. To my surprise, he **was** distinctly **taken aback**.

MOUSIEUR JEAN:

Don't you know? He asked. Don't you recognize him?

AUTHOR:

He did look familiar.

MOUSIEUR JEAN:

That's Mr. Moustafa himself. He arrived earlier this morning.

AUTHOR:

This name **will** no doubt be familiar to the more seasoned persons among you. Mr. Zero Moustafa was at one time **the richest** man in Zubrowka, and was still **indeed** the owner of the Grand Budapest.

MOUSIEUR JEAN:

He often comes and stays a week or more, three times a year **at least**, but never in the season.

AUTHOR:

Monsieur Jean signaled to me and I leaned closer.

MOUSIEUR JEAN:

I'll tell you a secret.

He takes only a single-bed sleeping room without a bath in the rear corner of the top floor, and it's **smaller than** the service elevator!

AUTHOR:

It **was** well **known**, Zero Moustafa **had purchased** and famously inhabited **some of the most** lavish castles and palazzos on the continent.

Yet here, in **his own** nearly empty hotel, he occupied a servant's quarters?

At that moment, **the curtain rose on** a parenthetical, domestic drama...

MOUSIEUR JEAN:

Shit.

AUTHOR:

which required the immediate and complete attention of Monsieur Jean, but frankly, did not hold mine for long.

However, this premature intermission in the story of the curious, old man **had left** me, **as the expression goes**, "gespannt wie ein Flitzebogen," that is, **on the edge of my seat**, where I remained throughout the next morning until, in what I have found to be its mysterious and utterly reliable fashion, fate, once again, intervened **on my behalf**.

ZERO:

I admire your work.

AUTHOR:

I beg your pardon?