



Scripts.com

**Ogon, voda i... mednye
truby (Fire, Water and...
Pipes of Glory)**

By Unknown

M.Gorky Central Film Studio
for Youth and Children
First Artistic Association

THROUGH FIRE:

WATER:

AND BRASS PIPES:

THROUGH FIRE, WATER AND...

BRASS PIPES:

Written by

M. VOLPIN and N. ERDMAN

Directed by

Alexander ROW

Director of Photography

Dmitry SURENSKY

Production Designer

A. KLOPOTOVSKY

Music by N. BUDASHKIN

Sound by A. DIKAN

Tatiana KAMENEVA

Starring:

Alyonushka - Natalya SEDYKH

Vassya - Alexei KATYSHEV

Kaschei - G. MILLYAR

Baba Yaga - V. ALTAISKAYA

Kaschei's werewolf servants:

Blackbeard - L. POTYOMKIN

Baldy - A. KHVYLIA

One-eyed - A. KUBATSKY

Fedoul VI - L. KHARITONOV

Sophie - M. KREPLOGORSKAYA

Chief Fireman - A. SMIRNOV

Water sprite - P. PAVLENKO

Counsellor - A. TSINMAN

Lady Counsellor - Z. VASSILKOVA

King - M. PUGOVKIN

Queen - L. KOROLYOVA

Princess - I. BUDKEVICH

Fire, water and brass pipes!

A fairy tale would anyone entice.

But this tale's name is dense.
Only a clue will help make sense.
To explain what's water and fire
I guess no one would require.
But why the brass pipes,
and what sort are these pipes -
water pipes,
samovar or smoking pipes?
I'd have explained you the script,
if my education permit.
But you don't have to be a whiz
To see what this tale about is.
Danger!
Where did you come from?
Whitey!
Who are you?
No one. And who are you?
No one, either.
- I'm grazing my little goat.
- And I'm making charcoal.
- What's your name?
- Vassya.
- And yours?
- Alyona.
Alyonushka?
- Here's your goat.
- Thank you very much.
Why did you do that?
- It was an accident.
- An accident?
Whitey's very smart.
She nearly can talk.
Let's teach her talk. Say "me-e".
Good.
Now say "be-e".
- Very good!
- She already knows two words.
Laughing, aren't you?
You will be weeping soon!
Ready for landing!
Right here, right here.
C'mon, c'mon...
Stop! Chuck-chuck...
Brake it!

Does Kaschei the Immortal
live here?
What do you want him for?
I want to dance at his wedding.
Dressed like that?
What d'you know about good looks?
This is brocade.
Who are you?
- I'm his mother-in-law.
- Some mother-in-law!
I'm the bride's mother!
So, Kaschei is my son-in-law.
- And she wanted to dance!
- Yes, if I can refresh my memory.
It's not only your memory
that needs refreshing.
Bless you!
So many guests!
Demons and witches,
monsters and snitches.
Evil spirits in human guise.
Not to mention the disguised.
I wouldn't have invited
the disguised.
They might steal my flying broom.
We keep watch on everyone.
You can watch all right,
but there're too many who might.
It's hard to watch them with
two eyes, and you've got only one.
When does the wedding start?
Soon. Run along, mother-in-law.
I'm running.
Hurry up, or you'll be late
for your daughter's wedding.
Merci.
See you!
The bridal couple is here!
Boonie, put your hat on,
or your bald spot'll catch cold.
- She called Kaschei "Boonie" ...
- His Immortality himself ...
How dare she?
So what? She's as good as married.

Who is she?

- I'm his mother-in-law.

- Some mother-in-law.

our noble aristocrats:

Baldykov, Nosov, Mustachov!

A golden saucer, a ripe apple.

- Hold it! Who are you?

- Oh, Tiny Tot.

What the devil d'you want here?

I'm sent by my illustrious master,

the twelve-headed dragon,

His Majesty Gorynich!

I was expecting him in person.

An illness did my master take.

First and fifth heads're dizzy,

the twelfth is in ache.

He has eleven heads too many.

He asks you to accept

this teeny-weeny present.

He could make it bigger.

- What is this present?

- Youth-restoring apples.

One for the groom,

and one for the bride.

When you eat one,

you're a hundred years younger.

- What if you eat them both?

- Two hundred years younger.

Don't bite it yet.

How old are you?

- Very young.

- Be more precise.

On Friday morning,

when the roosters crow...

I'll be exactly 104.

So if you eat the apple,

you'll be only four?

What am I doing?

I nearly ruined my life.

Boonie, take mine.

That did cause a lot of heat!

oh, how young you've gotten!

By the way, granny,

get out of here!

I'd better marry a young girl.
- Mommy!
- Get out!
How come?
You've already taken the dowry.
Get out while you're still alive!
Stop crying!
You'll pay for the child's tears.
That's it! The wedding is off!
You cheat!
Hey, my loyal minions!
You won't forget us,
Kaschei the Immortal!
Beat it.
Put the lights out,
drive the guests out.
Your Immortality!
I've found such a chick for you,
more beautiful
than words can tell!
That's what I need right now.
Bring her at once!
I'm pretty cute and bright
Even on a Friday night.
On a Sunday if you come,
You'll be smitten by my charm.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife & couldn't keep'er.
He would have another wife,

but she said:

Hey, instead of boasting,
Play and make the most of it.
Sing for a us a rhyming
About Motia darling.
I would love the plumpy lass,
With her I'm never in the dumps!
If she weighed a little less,
I would carry her in my arms.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
had a wife & couldn't keep'er.
He would have another wife,

but she said:

Wouldn't it be nice to go
to a fair,
to have a ride on a merry-go-round.
You - upon a white horse,
I - on a black one.
That would be wonderful.
I love merry-go-rounds.
It's like racing on a real troika,
against the wind.
And here's Mickey the Bear.
Mickey, do you like ale?
Do you love honey?
What about cider?
That's all. Come to the fair
and we'll amuse you there.
So much
for our going to a fair.
What do you mean?
We can only dream.
We've got no money, Alyonushka.
I like dreaming.
It's fun.
If you're looking for delight,
Come, I'll give you a ride!
- No, but thanks.
- We're in no hurry.
If the bays you did refuse,
then the blacks you'll sure use.
We like walking,
don't we, Whitey?
Right!
The bays you did refuse,
the blacks you didn't use.
These white prancers though
will sure entice you to go.
Let's have a ride?
Alyonushka!
Vassya!
Help me, Vassya!
Now, Alyona, I'm going
to show you what I prize most.
What I've never shown to anyone.
Take notice.
The trunk is of silver.

And the leaves are gold.
What for?
What do you mean, what for?
It means riches, wealth.
It means riches, wealth.
What are the riches for?
What for?
For having trees
with silver trunks
and gold leaves.
Well, I like our trees better.
- What are your trees like?
- White, tall birch trees.
Why, Vassya...
Forget your Vassya!
How can I forget Vassya,
grandfather?
Your Immortality,
let's transform her to a frog.
Don't butt in.
Listen, Alyona,
you mustn't call me grandfather.
But you're old.
- Into a toad, to cure of stupidity.
- Keep out of this!
I'm neither old, nor young.
I'm eternal.
I'm not called,
I'm always addressed.
- How am I to address you, grandpa?
- Again! A bumpkin!
- Into a toad!
- Don't butt in!
You should address me
"Your Immortality".
- Your Immortality.
- Precisely!
Or just Boonie.
Boonie? Funny, isn't it, Whitey?
All right, I'll address you
"Your Immortality".
See? And you said, into a toad.
What do you know?
Your Immortality,

I have to go home now!
You are not here
to think about Vassya.
You are here to marry me,
Kaschei the Immortal!
If you give me your assent,
your life'll be a god send.
You'll be my darling pet,
like a diamond in a set!
Like a diamond in a set...
Precisely.
Hey, she bit me!
Kaschei the Accursed!
Like a diamond in a set?
If you refuse to marry me,
then blame yourself!
In the palace it's light,
in the tower it's night!
Alyonushka!
Vassya!
My loyal vassals,
my servile thralls.
- You see?
- We see.
- You know your duty?
- We do.
Then go do it, your evil duty!
Vassya! Come quick!
Save poor children
from the raging fire!
- Save old men, quick!
- And old women who're weak!
What a fool and a dink!
He was easily hoodwinked!
It's burning like hell!
It's burning so well!
Valiant fire fighters,
my brothers, awaken!
The misfortune we've awaited
has arrived at last!
or to put it better,
our great chance is here!
It's not an ordinary conflagration,
it's the king's palace burning.

This grandiose misfortune,
or rather our great chance,
is an ideal situation
for the firemens' proliferation.
Or in plain words,
strike while the iron is hot.
Chests out!
Tummies in!
Eat your leader with your eyes!
- Where's your chest?
- I forgot.
Fedoul I to Fedoul V
here were born and thrived!
I'm not the Terrible nor the Proud,
I'm Fedoul VI the Burnt-out!
Good morning.
- I'm sweating!
- May the heat benefit you!
Sit our Majesty down!
- You sat on a hot seat.
- I was too hot to sit.
- Who are you?
- A minister.
- Which one?
- Without portfolio.
- What does it mean?
- I'm called when things get hot.
So you must answer for fires.
What's your answer?
It's clear
that everyting's unclear.
- I see he's an idiot.
- A loyal idiot.
Company, attention! About face!
Left face!
- Where's your left?
- I forgot.
As you were! Lousy performance!
We deal here with the royal fire!
Splendid!
- Have you saved my library?
- Half of it, as you can see.
- What about the other half?
- Perished in the fire.

But all of your other possessions
have been saved.
Save for some trifles.
Daddy!
You can't do right a thing!
To forget the daughter of the king!
Were you asleep, Sophie?
I was, daddy.
Good morning, my darling!
Good morning, dear daddy!
The palace is burning!
Save the king's daughter!
Turn me around! Quick!
Why are you standing, dummies?
Aren't you ashamed?
Go save my daughter!
It's easier to burn in the fire
than to burn in hell
all your life.
It's easier to burn in hell.
Do you want me, the king,
to dive into that fire?
Please do, dear.
We'll hold a funeral feast for you.
- We'll bake an angel cake.
- We'll drink your wine.
Go ahead, dear.
You spongers! You scoundrels!
I'll fire all of you!
Turn me around! Move it!
I'll have you all hanged!
Who would have thought it!
- The trial by fire...
- He lived through.
- But from the water...
- He won't come out...
Unscathed.
Sophie! My beauty!
Where are you?
I'm here, daddy!
Burn, burn loud,
never go out.
Look in the sky,
Birds there fly

And the bells all chime.
Burn, burn loud,
Never go out!
Your Majesty!
The fire squad in my command
is here the fire to quench,
with water the fire to drench!
We'll do our duty,
but this fire is a beauty!
I'm pleased.
I'm greatly pleased.
To our benefactor! Ha-ha!
Give them vodka to feel tender,
and gifts me to remember,
for their perseverance
and outer appearance.
Have a smoke, men!
Hey, where are you going?
What about the wedding?
What wedding?
Wedding whom?
Me.
Her.
- Don't you know our customs?
- You saved the king's daughter.
- So you must marry her.
- You must.
You must!
And get half of the kingdom.
Half the library will do!
- I can't marry her.
- Why?
I'm already engaged.
- To whom?
- To Alyonushka.
- We've missed the bus again.
- We always do!
- This is an insult...
- To Your Highness!
This is an insult
to our Highness!
An act you should chastise!
- Chastise him!
- How should we chastise him?

- Put him into a sack.
- And then toss into the ocean.
The water is very cold!
- It will cool his head off
- And bring him to his senses.
Right you are, good nuns.
So be it!
Chief!
Splendid!
Bring him here!
Have a smoke!
- Have a smoke, boy!
- I don't smoke.
Dummy!
About face! Run!
Dear little mouse!
Where's my Vassya?
Don't be afraid.
I won't let anyone harm you.
- Where d'you think you are?
- In a house.
Not in a house. In a jailhouse!
All right, in a jailhouse,
but why d'you have to shout?
I'm not shouting, I'm angry.
One doesn't smile in a jailhouse.
I can't help it, I'm having fun.
You do it
to spite me, girl!
You're so nasty,
Your Immortality!
Vassya will teach you
to hold your tongue.
He won't.
You may look at your Vassya.
Do you see this sack?
Your fiancée is in it.
Vassya!
Don't be scared.
Just look at what's inside.
A heavy rock.
And a happy Jock.
- You devil!
- No, I'm not.

Yes, you are.

Fear not, I'm not a devil.

That's right. You are not.

- Who are you, then?

- A drowned man.

- And who are you?

- A drowned girl.

So, we're in the same boat.

I didn't drown myself though.

- Who did it?

- Good people drowned me.

Why?

For 11 years the Sea King
has threatened to sink our land
if we don't pay him a due.

So not to sink underwater,
we're being sacrificed to water.

- Who is being sacrificed?

- The beautiful girls.

One girl each year.

I happened to be the first.

I was considered
the loveliest of the girls.

How does one get back on land?

Don't even dream of it.

The only way to leave is
by permission of the Sea King.

So far he hasn't given
such permission to anyone.

- He's nasty, isn't he?

- No, he has an affliction.

- What's wrong with him?

- It's the "crowned dumps".

I'm so bored, I can't stand it...

Your Humidity,
shall we raise a storm?

And I call him a counsellor.

Some news - a storm.

There's no peace in a storm.

Suggest something
real new.

Your Humidity,
I suggest we call the beauties.

And I call her a counsellor!

Another fresh idea.
C'mon, call them anyway.
Fair girls,
come curtsy to our king.
Are they going to walk like that?
- What's wrong with it?
- They did that yesterday.
They did and they didn't, sire.
Yesterday, it was right to left,
today, left to right.
This formation
is my innovation.
This so-called innovation
gives me some trepidation.
- How can we thee console?
- Maybe, a song for your soul?
All right, shoot!
Girls!
Kalinka, kalinka, kalinka, my love,
In the garden grew malinka,
malinka, my love!
I heard it a thousand times.
Don't they know anything else?
Certainly they do.
Come on, girls!
Malinka, malinka, malinka, my love...
That's the same song, isn't it?
No, kalinka and malinka
are different berries.
The berries may be different,
but the song is the same.
- I want something new!
- There is something new.
- What is it?
- A brand-new drowned man.
Bring him in now!
Come on, beauties,
dress me quickly
and make me look handsome!
Newly drowned Vassya!
Come in, do not fear.
Hello there!
I salute you,
Your Humidity!

Hello.

When were you drowned?

- Just today.

- Thank you for that.

- That's just great!

- At your service, sire!

Welcome, drowned Vassya!

- Go on, entertain me.

- How should I entertain you?

The way you do it on land,
you do it now.

- Can you sing?

- Sure thing!

Well, go ahead!

Kalinka, kalinka...

- Hold it! When were you drowned?

- Today.

And you sing as if it were
ages back.

Don't you know
more recent songs?

I do.

Sing, then.

- Malinka, malinka, malinka...

- Stop it!

So they can't write a new song
up there on land?

Then I'll make up one myself!

Not an earthly song,
but a watery song.

Here, I've got it!

Sardinka, sardinka, sardinka,
my love!

oh my, its catchy!

Help, I'm drowning!

Sardinka, sardinka, sardinka,
my love!

In the garden grew malinka,
malinka, my love!

- What's this?

- A book.

- What for?

- To read it.

- What does it mean?

- I can show you.

Go ahead, show.

Sit down, all!

once upon a time,

in a certain country,

there lived

a mighty great man,

the terror of the criminals,

by name of Sherlock Holmes.

Whenever thieves stole something,

a cow from a peasant,

or a fish from a fisherman,

he always found it.

Smart guy!

- What if they stole a pearl?

- He sure'd found it.

Go on reading.

And the thieves decided

to put the man to an awful death.

They lured

this good man into a cave,

tied his hands and feet and

put'm on a barrel of gun powder.

- And what happened?

- I won't read for free.

You'll get your reward,

just go on reading.

- What will be the reward?

- Whatever you want!

You may have a bag of pearls,

or even a whale.

Tell me, how many maidens

you have as prisoners?

- How many?

- Ten.

- Ten.

- Your Humidity...

And one more.

You may choose anyone.

I've already chosen one.

I'm engaged.

We're also engaged

at home, on land.

Let us go free.

I want you to let them all go,
or I shall not read to you.

- All of them?

- All of them!

Oh goodbye, farewell,
fair girl.

To have no more dreams is
your toll.

You will never see sun again,
You'll not run barefoot in rain.

The good Sea King,
our sincere greetings to you.

At the agreement we arrived,
and the contract we signed
that from the evils of the sea
our land will be free.

Accept our sacrifice,
Praskovya, girl sweet and nice.
Kalinka, kalinka, kalinka, my love,
In the garden grew malinka,
malinka, my love!

Has the Sea King let you go?
It was Vassya who rescued us.

- What Vassya?

- You'll find out soon.

Drowned Vassya.

- Read.

- No, I won't.

But I let all the beauties
go free.

- What about me?

- Who will read to me, then?

- You can read yourself.

- I don't know how.

- I'll teach you.

- You silly.

- How are you going to teach me?

- The way I was taught.

What a joke! It's certainly
much harder to teach a king.

I've managed to teach a goat.

To teach you is no big deal.

Well, if even a goat...

Let's try.

But I doubt it very much.

- This is "Be".

- Be.

- And this is "Me".

- Me.

And the chieftain...

shot at Sherlock Holmes.

Don't be afraid.

Read on.

Got stuck!

His gun got stuck!

- D'you know Sadko, the hero?

- Sadko?

I'm giving you Sadko's jacket!

- Your Humidity...

- Don't argue with me!

One doesn't argue with a king.

He's a real Sadko. Typical!

Let's sit down for the road.

Vassya, will you please

get drowned again some day.

- What for?

- We could read and chat.

Goodbye, the drowned Vassya!

I hate to let you go!

I'm going to have

those "crowned dumps" again.

Your Humidity, take care,

lighten up!

Goodbye, Vassya!

- Three, two, one!

- Go!

He didn't burn in the flames.

He got away from the water!

- Dimwits! D'you know your duty?

- We do!

Go do your evil!

- Your Gracious Majesty!

- Your Grandiose Majesty!

Your Elegant Majesty!

There is a chosen one!

- For your...

- Loveliest.

Eureka!

- So handsome!
- Don't croak!
Don't let him get away!
- Who is the king around here?
- You are the king.
Where are you going?
Don't get scared, Vassya.
- That's not a battle call.
- That's a respectful roll call.
Who rescued our daughters
from the Sea King?
Question mark
and exclamation mark.
The man of great deeds,
the man who succeeds.
So, by our Majesty's wish,
Vassya will I name
the strongest,
the wisest,
the modestly humblest!
- What d'you want?
- The handsomest.
- Stupid girl!
- Stupid but lovely.
Just like her father.
And the handsomest!
So be it!
Period.
- Excellent, my king!
- I really tried, my queen!
He is ready.
They are not so vile,
my varlets servile.
He is ready to be wed.
Thank you!
You've done it well!
He's now on a hookie,
our Vassya, silly rookie!
There's no other way
but to marry, right this day!
C'mon, Kaschei, dance!
Don't stand in a trance!
Aren't they crass,
those pipes of brass!

Fame and notoriety,
sweet poison-ivety!

- What's this?

- Wise Chamber.

- Meaning?

- The place where wise men think.

Check it, the wisest of all,
if they think right.

Why not?

Hail to the wisest!

Explain it to me,
you venerated wise men,
what are you pondering upon?

We're debating
this piece of wood!

What's the problem?

The issue is where this stick
begins and where it ends.

Let's presume it begins at left
and ends at right.

- Right.

- No, it's not right!

Suppose I turn
this stick around.

Now the end is the beginning,
and the beginning is the end.

- Right.

- Right.

And each time we make
this stick experiment
we get the same result.

There's no end to this stick.
So, scientifically, it means
that the stick is infinite.

Heresy!

Ancient philosophers say
that a stick is double-edged.

So, we've got two ends!

But no beginning.

Therefore, the stick
is something infinite!

Stop them. I wish to speak.

Silence, wise men!

The Wisest desires to speak!

How long have you been arguing?

- Thirty years,

- Three years and three days.

Exactly.

Too long.

Let's make a knot approach...

This stick grew in the forest.

It's root was in the ground,
and the head reached to the sun.

So, it starts here
and ends there.

- A genius!

- Extraordinary!

- Miraculous!

- Hail the wisest of all!

In the spring a birch tree preened,
Put on a habit of the green.

Looking in the lake's reflection,
Wondered at its own perfection.

In the fall the birch is sad,
Drooping low its proud head,
Shedding leaves, like gold tears,
on a cold wave of the mere.

Don't you worry, little mouse,
Whitey will find Vassya.
Everything'll be fine, silly.

Vassya!

See how faithful your Vassya is?

So, Alyona, you'd better
marry me, the immortal one!

I will never marry you!

Glory to our wisest!

Glory to our humblest!

- Your liver!

- I meant it for you, dear.

Glory to our nicest!

Glory to our handsomest!

Kiss the bride!

Kiss the bride!

Vassya!

- Alyonushka!

- Who is Alyonushka?

- My bride.

- And what am I, then?

- I'm sorry, Princess.

Let's go!

What is it? Catch him!

Grab him! Surround him!

- A stick is double-edged!

- It's infinite!

For insulting

my royal daughter

the perpetrator

is to be dismembered,

impaled and then hanged!

Daddy has a bad liver!

When I was a young dandy,

I played the field a-plenty, see?

Whitey.

- How much have you imbibed, dear?

- I tried hard, my dear.

Too hard, my dear.

Lilies of the valley,

In May I dilly- dally...

Dear, dear forest guest,

want a flower, our best?

I need no flower,

I need Kaschei.

Not so loud.

- Where can I find Kaschei?

- I ask questions here.

Mommy will be asking questions,

you answer, and not very loud.

- Have you gone through fire?

- I have.

- Water?

- I may say I've splashed through.

- It means you have.

- Don't butt in.

- And the brass pipes?

- I barely managed.

Awesome!

Are you looking for Alyona now?

Yes, for my Alyonushka.

It's hard to find her, my lad.

Kaschei isn't easily to be had.

A magic egg his life can erase,

the egg is in a precious case.

The case's under an oak, alas,
all covered with moss and grass.

If you get the egg...

- You got it?

- I got it.

Good boy!

As soon as you cross
the edge of the enchanted woods,
the spirits will start hissing,
but don't be scared.

Go onwards,
but walk backwards.

As you come across the oak tree,
take six steps to the left.

That's where Kaschei' death
is hidden.

But don't dare look back.

- Why not?

- You'll turn to a stone!

Thank you, Babas,
thank you, Yagas.

Don't mention it.

I'm doing it for my daughter.

A tooth for a tooth. Here it is.

The other one she wore out
because of Kaschei, the traitor.

Don't snivel. And you, go.

If you look back, you'll be
petrified.

Mommy!

Oh, my child,
my darling, weird child.

My loyal valets,
my hypocritical valets.

Hold it!

Keep your hands off!

- Vassya, be humane!

- Humane?

Give me the egg.

I'll make you rich!

- Believe me.

- I'll never believe you!

- Dropped dead, His Immortality.

- Joined all the immortals.

Who shall we serve now?

Him, Vassya!

Oh, Boonie!

Alyonushka!

Vassya!

Let's get out

of this accursed lair.

- Glory to the strongest!

- Glory to the wisest!

Glory to the handsomest!

Let's go!

Whitey!

Alyonushka!

Vassya! Alyonushka!

- Why did you do that?

- It was an accident.

- An accident?

- Yes.

When Alyona and Vassya got united,

all were to the wedding invited:

singers, dancers, fire fighters,

with the only exclusion of pipers.

The guests did dine,

the guests did wine.

Even the goat was in her glory.

That's the end of our story.