

THE DREAMERS

A Film By
Orson Welles

On a BLACK SCREEN:
OW is heard as narrator.

OW

On a full moon night in 1870, a
dhow was on its way to Zanzibar...

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE DHOW UNDER SAIL -

NIGHT

A small lantern is hung up over the deck.
Three persons are grouped under it.

OW

(cont. os)

Her freight was ivory and rhino
horn. But the ship held also a
secret, human cargo--

Sa'id Ben Ahamed, the young Arab
chieftan, was about to stir and
raise great forces of which the
slumbering world did not yet dream...

SA'ID, a fierce and strongly beautiful young hero of
his people, sits on the deck cross-legged, bent forward,
his hands loosely folded and resting on the planks
before him.

Through treachery, he had been
made a prisoner in the North; he
was now on his way to take
revenge upon his enemies.

With him there was a person once
of great renown: the storyteller,
Mira Jamal.

MIRA sits, like SA'ID, with his legs crossed. His back
is to the moon, but the night is clear enough to show
that he is dressed in rags.

The third in the company was the
young Englishman, Lincoln Forsner.

LINCOLN lies flat on his stomach on the deck. He wears
an Arab shirt and Indian trousers.

They sail for a time.

Then LINCOLN changes his position: he sits up and makes
himself comfortable.

LINCOLN

The night is very still...
bewildering in its silence and its
peace. It is as if something had
happened to the soul of the world...
As if some magic... turned it
upside-down.

Pause.

Mira...

The old storyteller turns to him.

You once had many tales to tell us--
Good tales for a hot night... and
for people out on great undertakings.
Tales to make the blood run cold...

MIRA

Yes, such stories were once my
stock in trade... Ah, how the world
loved me in those days!

LINCOLN

And now?

MIRA

Alas, how can you make others afraid
when you've forgotten fear yourself?
When you have learned what things
are really like-- when you've had
talk with ghosts and had connections
with the devil, you're more afraid
of your own creditors.

(he smiles)

And that is why you see me here in
rags-- the follower of Sa'id, in
prison and in poverty.

LINCOLN turns and looks thoughtfully at the young
chieftan.

He does not yet know how to dream...

But he will learn.

SA'ID lifts his hawk's eyes at this, and smiles a little.
But he does not speak.

LINCOLN

Well, then, Mira-- since you have no tale for us tonight, I'll tell you one.

This happened far away in places which are strange to you. So you must take in what you can, and leave the rest.

It's not a bad thing in a tale that you should understand only half of it...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

2 EXT. A MOUNTAIN INN -

NIGHT

LINCOLN'S face seen in a window.

LINCOLN

(his voice continuing the story)

On a winter's night in 1863, I found myself waiting in a country inn on a high mountain pass, with storm and snow, great clouds and a wild moon outside.

3 INT. THE INN -

LINCOLN, still in his great traveling cloak, stands at the window, the storm raging at him on the other side of the glass.

LINCOLN

(his voice)

I had come that night to the last station before the steep journey to the top of the pass.

To the world I may have seemed a wealthy idler on his way from one pleasure to another. But I was only being whirled about, forward and backward, by my aching heart-- a poor fool on a wild-goose chase after a woman.

For a long time now I had been searching for her. And in many places...

I had no reason to believe she would be pleased if I should ever find her...

4 DISSOLVE:

A second window appears, transparently, over the first--

A woman-- the woman: a naked silhouette against the glowing sky. She has risen, or rather, straightened on her knees in bed...

Somewhere in the city a voice is raised-- thrillingly-- in a saeta, that rough, passionate male cry of love and adoration...

This is the Semana Santa: the hoarse, unaccompanied song is being offered up to some Madonna in procession.

THE WOMAN in the window-- gravely attentive, perfectly serene-- seems to accept the tribute for herself.

After a time, she holds out her hand.

LINCOLN'S naked silhouette tentatively enters the scene.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

It happened to me that in Spain I
fell in love...

He is holding something. We see that it is money. He gives it to her.

With a woman in a brothel.

5 A SHUTTERED WINDOW

Clearly belonging to another place--

6 INT. A HOTEL ROOM IN SEVILLE

PAN TO: LINCOLN'S REFLECTION IN A MIRROR... He is sitting up in bed.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

Next day...

When I woke up in my hotel room,
I had a great fright:

I had been drunk the night before.
My head had played a trick on me...

That woman in the brothel--

There was no such woman!

He tosses back the sheet and stumbles out of bed.

No such woman could exist-- !

I grew hot and cold all over...

- 6 He lurches to the window and throws open the heavy shutters.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

Yet drunk or sober-- all on my own--
I could not possibly have invented
such a woman...

- 7 EXT. BROTHEL - LINCOLN'S VP -
as he hurries through the city.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

I remember the little narrow street
in the old gypsy quarter where it
stood. And the many smells there
in that street...

If ever I were to smell them again,
I'd feel that I'd come home.

- 8 INT. THE BROTHEL

It's still early morning, and the patio, with its
tinkling fountain, looks deserted.

- 9 LINCOLN - HIS VP

He dashes up the stairs... comes to a door and flings it
open--

- 10 INT. BEDROOM - HIS VP

It is empty.

- 11 Then turning in the corridor in a fresh direction, he
sees her--

He moves up to her where she stands at a window in her
dressing gown.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

And there I found her again, just
as I remembered her...

They fall into each other's arms.

- 11 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES: THE PARK - THE OPEN COUNTRYSIDE...

(Action as described.)

14

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

14

We were always together after that...

I bought a small carriage for her,
and we drove about, supping at the
little inns... And often in the early
mornings we'd stop along the road and
drink a bottle of fresh, sour, red
wine, eat raisins and almonds and
look up at the many birds circling
above us...

April is a good month in that country.
The air is clear as hill water, and it
is strange that it is full of larks.
And there they sing at that time of
the year...

One afternoon we were on our way
back to the city...

During these last words--

DISSOLVE TO:

15 OLALLA DRIVING

LATE AFTERNOON

15

Whipping the horses into a gallop.
Her long dark curls are blowing out behind her...

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

I could not help but see the scar...

DISSOLVE:

16 EXT. LINCOLN'S HOTEL

LATE AFTERNOON

16

OLALLA brings their carriage to a halt, leaps down and,
with her quick, swinging stride, moves into the hotel...

A groom comes forward to take the horse to the stables;
LINCOLN is giving him some money when he catches sight
of something at the far end of the street--

17 EXT. THE STREET - HIS VP

DUSK

17

A tall figure all in black stands motionless in the
shadows.

18 INTERCUT: LINCOLN'S REACTION

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

I was struck by the appearance of a
man whom I had never seen before...

(cont)

18

LINCOLN

18

(his voice; cont)

But very often after that I would
catch sight of him--

19

SERIES OF SCENES:

19

20

A VARIETY OF NARROW STREETS AND PASSAGEWAYS (CARMONA

20

21

AND SEVILLE)

21

The houses in these streets are all a dazzling white. Against this whiteness, LINCOLN keeps seeing odd glimpses of the same dark and sinister figure: an elegant old gentleman dressed all in black, with a long cloak, and tall hat, and carrying a gold-headed cane.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

I never saw him with her, or in the house... But he was in the street whenever I went there, or came away, so that he seemed to me to circle around her, like the moon around the earth... He began to make me curiously ill at ease... I had the idea that he had some evil power over her, or was an evil spirit in her life.

I made inquiries:

I learned he was a Jew from Amsterdam... His name was Marcus Kleeck...

DISSOLVE:

22

EXT. THE PORTAL OF LINCOLN'S HOTEL -

NIGHT

LINCOLN and OLALLA arm in arm. (A week later; they are differently dressed.) He knocks, and they stand waiting for the porter to open for them... The hour is late...

Suddenly he catches sight of that same dark figure standing in a passageway.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

In the end I had to ask her about him... But I was afraid of what she might tell me...

"Querido," she said, "haven't you noticed that I have no shadow--?"

22 The hotel door is opened... She smiles at him and goes in. 22

LINCOLN, more bewildered than ever, turns back and stares at the shadowy, cloaked figure still waiting in the darkness...

23 INT. LINCOLN'S BEDROOM 23

He finds her standing at a table where flowers and fruit and cold wine are invitingly laid out. She is filling a glass for him, and, as he approaches, she puts it in his hand...

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

"About my shadow..." she said.

She moves away a few steps, and then turns back, her eyes twinkling, as she looks at him over the glass of wine.

"That was an arrangement I made once upon a time with the devil.

"I sold it to him for a little heart's ease, a little fun.

"That man you've seen is only my old shadow..."

DISSOLVE:

24 INT. LINCOLN'S BED -

EARLY DAWN

OLALLA is asleep... LINCOLN, lying next to her, gently lifts up one of those dark curls and, looking at the scar, smiles tenderly.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

I could only thank God for that one, tiny imperfection.

Without it, how could I believe that she existed?

How could I know I wasn't dreaming?

She has turned away from him, but not in anger.

But when I asked her how she came to be so badly burned, she would not answer--

24 She rises from the bed and moves gaily across the room to the big mirror. There is a gold ring on her finger, and she holds this up close to her face, smiling at its reflected sparkle.

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

Instead she began to tease me with the names of all the great lords and princes and grandees who were in love with her...

I laughed... I told her that she had no heart.

Silence... She stands motionless before the glass...
And now we hear her voice for the first time:

OLALLA

Oh yes-- I have a heart...

But it lies buried in the garden of a little white villa in Milan...

He comes up behind her. But before he can touch her, she is gone...

LINCOLN'S face, reflected in the glass, is shadowed with a little pain.

She is at the window, her back turned to him.

OLALLA

There will not be much there now...
For nobody will be weeding the garden, or tuning the piano...

But there is moonlight there, when the moon is up. And the souls of dead people...

She moves slowly out onto the balcony.

DISSOLVE:

25 EXT. A SMALL VILLAGE HIGH IN THE SIERRA - SUNDOWN
The lovers have made a trip into the mountains. They are on horseback. She is in men's clothes: the Andalous riding costume, in this epoch, still unchanged since Goya.

26 SERIES OF DISSOLVES: TWILIGHT
They ride together into the town, following the sound of guitars and castanets.

28 INT. THE COURTYARD OF AN INN - NIGHT 28

A rough, cheerful place, boiling with life...

Games are being played, food is being prepared and eaten, and there is gypsy music...

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

About this time I began to have a strange feeling... which I then mistook for happiness...

29 INT. THEIR SLEEPING QUARTERS IN THE INN - NIGHT 29

A place in the stables. They have made a bed in some clean straw not far from their horses. OLALLA is curled up under LINCOLN'S cloak. Her eyes are closed, but when he draws the cloak over her shoulders, she smiles...

He stands up... then moves out into--

30 THE COURTYARD 30

The cooking fires are smoking embers now, and most of the people here are sleeping.

LINCOLN makes his way to the gate. He opens the small door in the gate and goes out...

31 EXT. A HIGH PLACE IN THE TOWN - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

LINCOLN stops here... It is as though all of Spain were laid out under his feet...

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

The world around me seemed to be losing weight and slowly beginning to fly upwards.

It seemed to me that I might lift the very tower of the great Cathedral in Seville between my two fingers. I felt light-headed, and took it as a foreboding of an even greater happiness to come.

Now I know well enough what that means:

It is the beginning of the last farewell.

It is the cock crowing.

After a moment, we hear the scratching of a pen on paper.

DISSOLVE:

32 From the dawn sky over the Sierra to a page of LINCOLN'S letter, as he sits writing it. 32

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

The world was indeed on the wing and going upwards.

But I, who was too heavy for the flight, was to be left behind in desolation...

He signs the letter.

A FRESH ANGLE shows---

33 LINCOLN'S HOTEL ROOM IN SEVILLE - 33

The beginning of a bright morning.

LINCOLN is seated by the big window. He turns the page around and pushes it across the table to where OLALLA is finishing her breakfast chocolate. She is in negligee. He is fully dressed.

She gives him a quizzical look. Then-- assured that he does indeed, want her to read his letter-- she takes it up.

Church bells have been ringing for the early mass. Now they cease. She reads in silence...

Then she looks up from the page.

LINCOLN

My brother's ship is in Gibraltar.
He can take the letter home with him.

She puts the page back down on the table.

OLALLA

You ask him there to tell your father
that we are to be married.

This is spoken in surprise, and with the hint of a question. Her eyes have gone back to the page lying between them.

He waits for her to speak.

Instead, she rises, moving to the far end of the balcony. Still he waits, hoping she will return...

She doesn't.

33

OLALLA

(her back to him,
and breaking the
silence at last)

33

They have your horse.

AS LINCOLN rises: DISSOLVE

34

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

34

LINCOLN comes out the door. A hotel servant is holding the reins of his horse. He looks up at the balcony where OLALLA is still standing.

The letter (now in an envelope) is in his hand. He puts it in his pocket.

A red carnation drops at his feet. He picks it up... It must have come from OLALLA, but when he looks she makes no sign.

He kisses the flower and puts it in the lapel of his coat. He mounts his horse, turning so that he can take a last look--

But she is gone, the balcony is empty.

A cloud has moved over the sun. A wind is starting up. ... It blows red petals from the flowers in their boxes on the balcony. They scatter down into the shadowed street.

Worried, and a bit bewildered, LINCOLN starts away...

At the turning of the street he catches a brief glimpse of the dark figure in the tall black hat...

He rides on.

35

DISSOLVES: THE OPEN COUNTRY -

SUNSET

LINCOLN riding over the long, dusty road...

36

THE AFTERDECK OF A BRITISH SHIP OF THE LINE - TWILIGHT

The harbor of Gibraltar only dimly suggested... a fitful flare of lightning over the Spanish coast...

SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES FORSNER is LINCOLN'S younger brother-- very conscious of his own rectitude and of the dignity attached to his resplendent uniform... He has been spelling out the contents of the letter by the fading light: and now, as he looks up, LINCOLN, who has been waiting a little apart, approaches him.

JAMES

(choosing his
words with care)

Link... our father is an honest man...

36

LINCOLN

36

Yes?

JAMES

I'd say that he deserves an honest letter.

(slapping the
letter for
emphasis)

Dammit, Link, there's nothing there that tells him flat out what that woman really is.

(glancing at
random for a
phrase)

Only... that you cannot live without her.

(looking up,
with simple
gravity)

Yet... you know you must.

LINCOLN

If I tried to go away from her, this heart of mine would go running after her forever. I know that.

JAMES is impressed, in spite of himself, by the simple sincerity of this declaration...

JAMES

(patronizing but
affectionate)

Well, Link... you're a poet...

LINCOLN

That's what I used to call myself... It's only now-- from her-- I've learned the meaning of the words we use in poetry.

JAMES

Love and dove?

36

LINCOLN

36

Tears... heart... longing... stars...

Stars in particular. There may be other women who are self-luminous and shine in the dark like touchwood. ... Have you ever met them?

Of course not; and you never will.

JAMES determines not to rise to this bait. He resorts to reason, but rather heatedly:

JAMES

Link, old chap-- let's say your little bit of gypsy phosphorescence glows just as brightly as you say she does. But you don't really mean to marry her? And make her come with us to England to our father's house?

LINCOLN remains stubbornly silent.

JAMES

(cont after a moment, in a sudden burst of anger)

God's body, Link! What is all this but just another one of your affairs? You should have had your fill of those by now--

LINCOLN

(cutting him off)

Yes-- where do they begin? The drawing room-- with flatteries and banalities and a little furtive stroking of the knee. And then-- (it's supposed to be the climax)-- they end up in bed.

But Jaimie, this affair of mine began in bed. And now it's grown into a kind of courtship--

JAMES

(again breaking in)

You've admitted it yourself! This wonderful amour of yours all started in a whorehouse!

And that's where it's going to end.

CUT TO:

| | | | |
|----|---|-------|----|
| 37 | INT. THE BROTHEL IN SEVILLE - | NIGHT | 37 |
| 38 | LINCOLN brushes past the servant at the door, and rages | | 38 |
| 39 | through the patio and up the stairs... | | 39 |
| 40 | He reaches the door of what had been OLALLA's room | | 40 |
| | before she came to stay with him at his hotel... The | | |
| | door locked: he kicks it open. | | |
| 41 | A half-dressed MALE CUSTOMER comically confronts him. | | 41 |
| | A fat PROSTITUTE is cowering on the bed... | | |
| 42 | The old, bedizened PADRONA of the establishment comes | | 42 |
| 43 | scurrying down the corridor, quickly followed by a | | 43 |
| | little crowd of WHORES, and a few curious CUSTOMERS... | | |

LINCOLN

She's gone! My rooms in the hotel
are empty. What have you done with
her?-- Where is she?--

THE PADRONA

Señor-- the woman you are looking for
is dead.

LINCOLN

(a wild cry)

Dead?!

THE PADRONA

A sudden fever. It was over in a
single night--

LINCOLN

(berserk)

A fever? That's impossible-- I'll
have the truth-- !!

He has seized her by the throat and she can't speak.
Some of the men try to pull him off...

ONE OF THE WOMEN (IMMACULATA) puts a hand to LINCOLN'S
face and pulls it around so she can whisper in his ear...

What he hears produces a great change in him. He throws
off the PADRONA, and wheels to face the little crowd...
It parts to give way for him...

In the sudden silence he strides out of the scene.

CUT TO:

44 INT. A BODEGA -

LATE NIGHT 44

This is a poor place, the resort of smugglers and petty thieves. A few card players are grumbling over the last stages of an all-night game. A prostitute, entering in some furtive haste, acknowledges their greeting. This is IMMACULATA, the one who had whispered in LINCOLN'S ear. She is almost whispering now as she sits down next to him where he sits slumped over a table by the window.

IMMACULATA

I have a friend, a customs officer
-- He saw her--

LINCOLN raises his head and looks at her with glazed, red eyes.

LINCOLN

Where?

IMMACULATA

There was some talk of Santiago--

(glancing over
her shoulder)

It would be worth my life if the old
woman of the house should learn of
this...

LINCOLN

They told me she was dead...

IMMACULATA

Yes, they were well-paid for that.

He puts money on the table in front of her.

It was all on the same night you
left Olalla for Gibraltar--

(she picks up
the money)

She was gone right afterwards,
within the hour-- by the North Road.

LINCOLN

By public coach?

She gives him a shrewd look, and doesn't answer. He
tosses his whole purse at her.

44

IMMACULATA

(covering the
purse with
both hands)

You must have seen his carriage in
the town-- the big handsome one--
dark, and foreign-looking.

LINCOLN

(with sudden
intensity)

Then he's the one who took her-- the
old man in the tall hat!

IMMACULATA

He didn't take her, no Señor.
There wasn't anybody with her.
She was all alone.

TRANSITION: A SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES

(Locations as named.)

LINCOLN

(his voice)

I hurried north to Santiago... To no
avail...

I thought of Amsterdam-- of Marcus
Kleek... I found his house; and
learned that he was always traveling...

Rumors sent me chasing after him--
from Dresden to Odessa...

Just once, for a brief moment, I
thought I saw his carriage-- turning
into a dark street in Prague.

But of my own Olalla there was nowhere
any living trace...

49 EXT. VENICE - (IN FACT, CHIOGGIA)

LINCOLN

(his voice, cont)

It was in Venice that I first got
close to her...

I'd all but given up by then-- there'd
been too many fruitless journeyings.

It was the time of Carnival...

49 LINCOLN is in his ordinary dark traveling cloak, but because the customs of the carnival are not lightly to be disobeyed in this city, he wears a mask-- a simple one... He crosses the scene and enters--

49

49A INT. VENETIAN GAMING PLACE

49:

The gamblers and lookers-on are all in the carnival disguise of the old Venetian tradition: huge cloaks as black as night, and the sinister, beaky chalk-white masks...

Wandering idly up to the gaming table he throws a coin or two on one of the numbers. The Wheel of Fortune (a kind of primitive roulette) stops at his number and he wins.

A WOMAN seated just across from him appears to have lost the last of her cash on this last play, and as the others are busily placing money on the different numbers, she pulls a ring from her gloved finger. The croupier nods acceptance, and she puts the ring down on the square of her choice. LINCOLN bends forward, peering intently at the ring. The diamond is the right size... and there's no mistaking the strange form of the gold mounting: it is OLALLA'S ring!

The croupier is about to spin the wheel, but LINCOLN stops him with a gesture, then drops on his own number a whole handful of gold pieces.

LINCOLN

Will this cover it?

The croupier is pleased to agree... The wheel turns... and again, LINCOLN wins.

He seizes up the ring, starting at it avidly.

LINCOLN

(turning to the woman)

My lady--

THE WOMAN sits immobile in her beaked mask and Venetian Mantilla. (Could this be OLALLA?)... LINCOLN never takes his eyes from her.

LINCOLN

(after a silence)

Let me stake you to another hour or so of play.

He empties his purse, leaving an impressive pile of gold over THE WOMAN'S number.

49A LINCOLN walks around the table and sits down next to her. The WOMAN gathers up the money, dropping it in her own purse.

49B

Then the two gloved hands move up to the mask...

LINCOLN waits, very tense.

Suddenly, the mask is whipped away.

Beneath a frizzled and implorable red wig, two eyes, glittering with intelligence, peer out at him from behind another mask:-- a mask of simple avarice and complicated wickedness. This is none other than DONNA LUCETTA BOSCARI herself, notorious from Vienna to Palermo, expert in poisons and aphrodisiacs, procuress to the higher clergy, and as we have seen-- a hopelessly addicted gambler.

DONNA LUCETTA

(as she unmask)

My dear... if you imagine that you've made a purchase, we can at least, unwrap it for you.

Well aware that the English Milord had other expectations, she contemplates his disillusionment, her natural malice seasoned with a certain capricious affection.

DONNA LUCETTA

Unmask, Signor. Return the compliment.

He does so. She looks at him with approval.

You are new to Venice. Tell me who you are.

LINCOLN

I am a man who wants to know about this ring.

DONNA LUCETTA

And how do I address you?

LINCOLN

That's not important.

DONNA LUCETTA

Nothing in the world is more important.

LINCOLN

Montland.

49A

DONNA LUCETTA

49:

The son of old Augustus? Oh, I
knew the old Lord very well.

LINCOLN

(scarcely
containing his
impatience)

That would have been my uncle. My
own name is Forsner-- Lincoln
Forsner. And now that's settled--
what about the ring?

DONNA LUCETTA

And the reason for this interest?

(with a sudden,
rather dreadful
coquettishness)

I suspect a gallant and romantic
reason...

She sees that LINCOLN is unwilling to go into this.

Mio caro Lincoln-- Forsner-- Mortland,
dear--

I-- who am so famously kind to all
the lovers in the world (except, of
course, my own)-- in all candor, and
in the most perfect frankness, inform
you that the ring in question was a
gift to me from a great Prince of the
Church... His name? Discretion seals
my lips... but gold... my dear, may
sometimes open them.

LINCOLN

I do not care about his name.

DONNA LUCETTA

Ah, but he did... and that, carissimo,
was my good fortune.

His eminence had rather curious, and
even dangerous predilections. And
since he knew that I could lay my
hands on certain... specialists, he
was good enough to express his
gratification in the most generous
terms.

49A Here DONNA LUCETTA'S face is shadowed with an annoying recollection.

49:

DONNA LUCETTA

Not, however, on the last occasion-- which, incidentally, was the death of him.

All I got out of that business was his blessing, and a reliquary studded with small rubies in the worst possible taste.

She rises.

I exchanged it at Lombardi's for the ring which you've just won from me.

LINCOLN

Lombardi's?

DONNA LUCETTA

The goldsmith on the Via Volpe.

And now her natural malice shows-- as cheerful as it is thoroughgoing:

If you want to learn where he got it-- you must go to Rome, my dear--

And see if he remembers-- !

She vanishes, like a witch in a fairy tale, between the bat-like cloaks and skull-white masks of the Venetian carnival.

CUT TO:

50 LOMBARDI'S SHOP IN ROME

LOMBARDI himself (that respected jeweler and master craftsman) is peering through a pair of double spectacles at LINCOLN'S ring.

LOMBARDI

(after a silence)

A curious design... the diamond mounted between lion's wings... Yes, and a fine stone.

(looking up at
LINCOLN)

I do not think that it was stolen.

LINCOLN

(by now, seething
with impatience)

I didn't say it was?

LOMBARDI

(with outstretched
arms)

Excellencia-- neither did I! Yet, in these cases, there is always room for doubt. From whom did I purchase it, after all?-- a peasant, a poor waggoner from the mountains.

I have a servant-- Gino-- he can tell you from just where. They're cousins, I believe...

LOMBARDI returns his attention to the ring for another silent and intense moment... Then, drawing off one pair of spectacles, he places the ring in LINCOLN'S hand.

I must confess to you, Milord-- the story they told when it was brought to me, was so... improbable... that I believe it-- !

DISSOLVE:

51 INT. THE INN - LINCOLN AT THE WINDOW - A STORMY NIGHT

51

LINCOLN

(his voice as
narrator)

That story brought me up into those mountains...

She was there... Or had been there, I knew that much for certain. She had come to live in a small country village somewhere up beyond that pass... How many years ago?... Had I the slightest hope of finding her...?

All these things were running through my mind when the door opened and two young men came in from the cold night outside.

They enter in a great flurry of snow. The first is ARVID GULDENSTERN, cavalry officer, a dashing devil of a fellow whose splendid appearance are almost equal to his self-esteem. With him is a young American whose true name is never mentioned. LINCOLN (who, as it happens, knew him before) nicknamed him 'PILOT'-- a good, true-hearted boy, and, above everything, an ardent dreamer. He walks with a limp.

51 As they come in they are in deep conversation with the
INN PORTER.

51

PILOT

There's not a hope then, is there?

THE PORTER

No, sir-- not tonight.

PILOT

(turning to
GUILDENSTERN)

You see-- just as I told you.

GUILDENSTERN

Yes, but with fresh horses, damn it
all--

GUILDENSTERN

(cont;
to the PORTER)

You'd better show me what you have. I'll
be the judge--

PILOT

I think we ought to take his word,
Guildenstern, he knows these mountains--

Moving toward LINCOLN.

And here's a gentleman who looks to
be in our own situation--

(addressing LINCOLN
directly)

I take it, sir, you're also hoping to
get through that pass?

LINCOLN

I can't find anyone tonight who's
willing to attempt it.

PILOT

(turning to
GUILDENSTERN)

Then I win my bet--

(he breaks off, and
turns quickly back)

Is that Lincoln Fersner...? (cont)

51

PILOT (cont)
(moving closer)

52

By God, it is! Who'd ever think to find you in this forlorn, forgotten corner of the world-- I'm Freddie Hohenemser, remember?

(to GUILDENSTERN,
with a laugh)

But he used to call me 'Pilot'--

(to LINCOLN)

Didn't you? Because you had a little dog called Pilot, and you thought I looked like him.

(to GUILDENSTERN)

This was in England when I went there with my father--

Here he breaks off, realizing that he has been babbling on, and remembering his manners.

Lincoln, my old friend, permit me to present my new friend, Captain Guildenstern from Denmark--
Mr. Lincoln Forsner.

The Captain clicks his heels.

GUILDENSTERN

Your servant, sir...
And now, for all our sakes, I think I'll go look in the stables--

(to the PORTER,
as he turns back
to the door)

Come, fellow--

THE PORTER

You'll be lucky, sir, with the best horses in the world, if you can make it through the pass tomorrow.

PILOT
(with a wide grin)

I think it's pretty clear now that I've won our bet.

GUILDENSTERN
(stiffly)

There was no bet.

51

PILOT

(after a slight pause)

52

Oh?

GUILDENSTERN

(with cold severity)

We argued the point. You offered me a
wager. I did not accept.

PILOT looks at him with some astonishment.

I could never have accepted it. I
am a man of honor.

PILOT

Of course you are; but what's that
got to do with it?

GUILDENSTERN

(turns to the
PORTER, in an
angry shout)

Open that door, will you!

THE PORTER, pantomiming the hopeless view he takes of
this, opens the door and follows GUILDENSTERN out.

LINCOLN is seated by the fire. PILOT comes and sits
down next to him.

PILOT

(lowering his voice)

You and I, Lincoln, we're friends,
aren't we?

LINCOLN

Of course.

PILOT

(still more quietly)

But Guildenstern... Well, we met at
the first way station, we've been
fellow travelers for just two days.
I haven't wanted to confide in him
what in all honesty I know I must
tell you...

It is as though he had some startling mystery to disclose.
LINCOLN is unimpressed, but mildly amused.

51

LINCOLN

51

I don't care much for other people's secrets, Pilot.

PILOT

You won't care for this, Lincoln.
You might not care to be seen any longer in my company.

(abrupt change
of tone)

Is this the frontier?

LINCOLN

(with a faint smile)

The border's on the other side of the pass.

PILOT

I was afraid of that...

(a hoarse whisper)

Lincoln-- I'm a fugitive from justice.

He waits a moment for the effect of this to sink in.

I've just come from Lucerne.

This obviously, has great meaning for PILOT. Just as obviously, it means nothing at all to LINCOLN.

LINCOLN

Lucerne?

PILOT

(with grim significance)

The Third of March...

He pauses. This air of high drama is absolutely sincere.

In Lucerne, Lincoln, that was a famous day.

LINCOLN

I think I did hear of some fighting there in the streets...

PILOT

Lincoln, there were barricades... I was on the barricades.

51

LINCOLN

51

(still mildly amused)

Were you indeed?

PILOT

I was with the rebels, Lincoln.

LINCOLN, incredulous, tries not to laugh in his face.

LINCOLN

You, Pilot-- a revolutionary?!

PILOT straightens, speaking with a sort of tortured pride:

PILOT

I don't know what I am-- not anymore...
But I know this: I shot a man.

LINCOLN

(after a beat)

You shot him dead?

PILOT

The Bishop's chaplain-- the Bishop
of St. Gallen's chaplain.

He turns away, moving to the window...

For a time he stands there, staring out at the storm...

Finally, he gets his courage up, and speaks:

PILOT

(cont)

There was a woman in Lucerne--- a
milliner...

After a moment, he struggles on:

They say her bonnets are a miracle
of art and elegance: Madame Lola--
Fashionable ladies know that name
all over Europe.

He takes a hesitant step or two in LINCOLN'S direction.

They always told me that
revolutionaries are the worst
scum of society. But that's not
true, Lincoln--

51 LINCOLN tries to hide his amusement with as serious a face as he can manage.

LINCOLN

This... er, Lola of yours-- is a revolutionary?

PILOT replies with touching simplicity.

PILOT

Oh, yes, if she's still alive.

(then, with sudden intensity)

And Lincoln, I believe she is!

That's something which I must believe. As long as there's a breath left in my body, I shall go on searching for her...

LINCOLN gives him a close look, struck by the news that someone else proposes to go endlessly searching for a woman.

PILOT sinks down to the bench below the window.

PILOT

(cont,
after a moment)

I first heard about her from the old Bishop himself...

The OTHER TWO turn to him.

It was in my uncle's house, the first night of my visit... My uncle, who's in retirement in Switzerland, was in the Consular service, and he knew about her, too.

They all did, at that dinner table...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

52 LUCERNE:

INT. THE DINING ROOM IN THE VILLA OF PILOT'S UNCLE - NIGHT

A group of affluent burghers doing full justice to a large and heavy meal...

PILOT is the only guest under sixty.

52

THE BISHOP

53

... Oh, as a confectioner of the very latest thing in ladies bonnets, it would appear that this "Madame Lola," as she calls herself, is something of a genius--

AN OBESE LADY OF FASHION
(speaking with her
mouth full)

That's true, Your Grace--

PILOT'S UNCLE
(with a sneer)

Fashionable millinery is not what interests the police--

AN OFFICIAL
(in some sort
of dress uniform)

That's very true!

A kind of snarling laugh sweeps down the table.

THE BISHOP

This much is known for certain: that shop of hers is nothing less than the clandestine headquarters of the most dangerous radicals in the diocese.

AN OLD DANDY

And to think that handsome woman is their leader...

PILOT'S UNCLE

There's not a man in that whole scrubby, unwashed gang of hers who wouldn't die for her.

THE BISHOP

(grimly pleased
at the prospect)

They may have their chance to do just that...

A VERY SLOW DISSOLVE--

starting earlier, finishes on the word "shop."

53 EXT. LUCERNE STREETS - NIGHT 53
 PILOT is making his way through the old part of the town.

PILOT
 (os; narration)

After I'd been warned so strongly
 against this "Madame Lola"-- the
 first thing I did, of course, was
 to go looking for her shop...

Running figures-- soldiers and civilians-- are glimpsed
 distantly. Shouts are heard, and a rattle of musket
 fire...

Fighting had already broken out in
 the city, and I could only get
 there by a network of side streets...

54 EXT. "MADAME LOLA'S" - NIGHT 54
 PILOT approaches by a side door. Peering through the
 window, and between the elegant hats on display there,
 he can make out a surprising amount of movement and
 excitement... He ventures in--

55 INT. "MADAME LOLA'S" 55
 From doorway to garret, the whole establishment is one
 boiling mass of people.
 A man in shirtsleeves, standing on the counter, is making
 an impassioned speech... Others, with a kind of fierce
 good humor, are shouting out a revolutionary song...
 PILOT finds himself caught up in all of this. Indeed, he
 has scarcely entered when the entire crowd surges out
 into the street (through the front doorway) dragging
 him with it.

56 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE SHOP - NIGHT 56

PILOT
 (os)

I'll be damned if I know how it
 happened, but I'd hardly got my
 wits together when I found myself,
 of all places-- on a barricade!

And there she was herself--
 commanding the whole thing and
 urging us all on to battle--

LOLA stands on the barricade at its highest point
 gloriously in charge of the entire wild, torch-lit
 scene...

56

PILOT

56

(os; cont)

By God, Lincoln, she was wonderful--
loading guns like that, and handing
them out to us, as calm and neat as
if she was just trimming bonnets!

Bullets are flying... The town militia can be seen
advancing on the other side of the barricade, firing as
they come... In the distance a cannon is being trundled
into position...

LOLA puts a gun in PILOT'S hands-- and carried away by
all this excitement, he fires it-- ! ... And a great
cheer is raised.

56A SLOW MOTION:

56

The death of PILOT'S victim...

Then PILOT himself being shot in the leg. It blows him
off the top of the barricade....

As he falls (still in SLOW MOTION):

SLOW DISSOLVE
back to--

57 THE SCENE AT THE INN

5

During this PILOT'S VOICE, then PILOT himself completes
his tale.

PILOT

I was struck down, and dropped like
dead...

I woke up in a darkened room with
Madame Lola bandaging my leg. She
told me I had killed the Bishop's
curate, and the revolutionaries
looked upon me as a brother.

It can be seen that PILOT is much moved by what he has
to say.

PILOT

We talked together... all that night.
... We talked about-- me in particular.
About the great things she was sure I
was to accomplish in the world.

He is quite lost in this memory.

It seemed to me when I was with her,
that somehow I had got up very high--
outside the old world I was used to. (cont)

57

PILOT
(cont)

57

She made me feel I understood it all:--
Life, the world... and even God--

ANGLE:

GUILDENSTERN

I know that kind of woman. It's a
woman to beware of.

PILOT turns to him, startled, and rather angry.

PILOT

I was speaking to my friend.

GUILDENSTERN flashes him a conciliatory grin.

GUILDENSTERN

I'll have to ask your pardon, then.
I never try to be an eavesdropper.

(including LINCOLN)

I found some decent horses in the
stables, but the weather's getting
worse--

With an expansive gesture he indicates the PORTER who has
entered with him carrying a bottle and some glasses.

I thought some brandy might improve
things. Here--

He fills a glass and puts it into PILOT'S hand.

GUILDENSTERN

Let's drink to your lady...

THE PORTER has been filling the other two glasses. He
gives one to GUILDENSTERN and the other to LINCOLN.

And let's all be friends... shall we?

They have no choice: they drink.

GUILDENSTERN puts an arm around PILOT'S shoulder.

I was maybe a bit short with you a
little while ago about the bet...
I'll ask your pardon for that, too.

57 PILOT is considerably mollified.

57

PILOT

Please...

GUILDENSTERN

No, I think I should explain-- The truth is that I'm not able to accept your wager because I've sworn an oath never in my life to make another bet.

He pauses in the expectation that he will be asked to continue.

Now that's a real story I could tell you-- !

(he cuts himself off)

But, first, I think we haven't heard the rest of yours.

PILOT

Oh, there's not much more.

He hesitates for a moment: then decides it would be churlish not to go on.

It must have been the medicine they gave me... Anyway, I woke up in a carriage. They'd put me there while I was sleeping. It belonged to an old Jewish gentleman, a friend of Madame Lola's. He told me I'd be safe if I was gone by sunrise--

With a sudden movement, LINCOLN rises to his feet.

She... she was already gone. I don't know where-- I still don't know.

LINCOLN

(bursting out suddenly)

It's quite clear to me that I'm a little out of my head-- !

The other two look at him, surprised by the unexpected vehemence of this reaction.

PILOT

How so, Lincoln?

57

LINCOLN

57

Your young woman of the barricades...
your famous bonnet-maker...

He is choking on his own words. A confusion of emotions stifles him.

PILOT

She wasn't young... She wasn't
anyone of noble birth.

(simply)

She was just a milliner from Lucerne.

(after a moment)

But if... if I cannot find her, I...
I don't know where I may ever find
myself again.

A deep, tense silence...

GUILDENSTERN feels oppressed by it; he seeks to change
the mood a little.

GUILDENSTERN

Who'll have more brandy-- ?

There is no reply. He moves to fill their glasses anyway.

LINCOLN

(quietly, to PILOT)

Was he... an old man, this Jew of
yours?

GUILDENSTERN

Mine was.

LINCOLN

(wheeling on him)

Your what-- ?

GUILDENSTERN

My rich old Jew...

(to PILOT)

I've had one in my own life, too.
Was yours in a tall hat?

PILOT

(wide-eyed)

Yes...?

57

GUILDENSTERN

And a great cloak? And did he
carry--

PILOT

(breaking in)

A gold-headed walking stick?

GUILDENSTERN stares back at him.

GUILDENSTERN

That's rather queer, I must say...

A distant sound is heard: plaintive and sustained, rising
urgently through the wailing of the wind-- the cry of a
trumpet somewhere in the storm.

Then silence.

LINCOLN

Could it be possible all three of
us-- in our three separate countries--
have all been hag-ridden by the same
sinister old Jew?

GUILDENSTERN

And if he is? What could he have to
do with our two women-- ?

This last was to PILOT: then, remembering what LINCOLN
had said earlier, he turns back to him.

... three?

LINCOLN

How far is that from lunacy?!

GUILDENSTERN

(grim)

You'd better hear my story--

Again there can be heard the far-off calling of the
trumpet.

THE INN PORTER hurries into scene. He stops at the
window, struggling into his great coat and peering
through the glass.

THE INN PORTER

That was a post-horn....

He waits, listening.

57

57

THE INN PORTER

57

(cont)

I'm sure I heard it. There's a coach out there...

He moves to the door, opens it and goes out.

A pause. GUILDENSTERN sits motionless, gazing into the fire.

GUILDENSTERN

The old Jew owned a team of Arab horses...

The other two fix their eyes on the new storyteller, waiting for him to continue.

They were such horses as a man could only dream of... By Christ, but they were beauties!

The rising wind moans at the windows, shaking the shutters.

But I'd best go back, before those horses... to the woman.

(to PILOT)

She was a far cry from your bonnet-maker. You'd never find Rosalba on a barricade--

The other two lean forward, listening.

LINCOLN

Rosalba-- ?

It can be seen that the thought of this woman has driven GUILDENSTERN into a sudden, quiet rage. He answers almost with a snarl.

GUILDENSTERN

Madame Rosalba... or, more properly:
Mademoiselle--

(through clenched teeth)

The celebrated, saintly virgin bride...

He pauses, making an effort to control his feelings... Then, with an abrupt change of tone:

57

GUILDENSTERN

(cont)

57

Does the General Zamula mean anything
to you gentlemen?

Their looks are blank.

The General is dead--

He breaks off. They hear again the faint cry of the
post-horn...

Then silence.

Well...

He gulps down the last of his brandy. There is another
long, moaning gust of wind.

If what happened to me seems wild
and fantastical-- more like a ghost
story-- believe me, it's no fault
of mine...

A SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

58 A STATUE OF THE GENERAL -

Carved in marble, outsized, fiercely erect...

GUILDENSTERN

(his voice,
continuing the
story)

Among his countrymen it seems the
General's a hero, a martyr to the
cause of the Spaniards' rightful
king...

FRESH ANGLE:

59 EXT. A PARK - JUST AFTER SUNSET (FRANCE)

A female figure kneels at the base of the pedestal. It
is an attitude of prayer, but now as she rises, it can
be seen that she has been laying a bouquet of flowers
at the statue's feet. This is ROSALBA-- exquisitely
austere, and all in white...

59

GUILDENSTERN

(his voice os;
cont)

59

The rebels killed him. And ever since,
his bride-to-be-- this same pious
spinster, Rosalba-- has consecrated
her whole life to his memory--
dressing in eternal white, and feeding,
I was told, only on lenten dishes and
tap water...

ROSALBA turns from the heroic statue of her martyred
fiancee, and moves away-- an exclamatory note of white
under the dark trees.

GUILDENSTERN, at a discreet remove, watches her progress.

He can't be certain, but there is just a possibility that
she has caught a glimpse of him.

60 EXT. A CHURCH

60

A Sunday morning on a sunny day.

A group of townspeople, the rich and titled leaders of
local society, is watching with great interest as MADAME
ROSALBA, her eyes on an open prayer book in her
white-gloved hand, moves up the steps and into church.

GUILDENSTERN, near the church door, gives his rather
splendid moustachios a thoughtful caress.

GUILDENSTERN

(his voice,
cont)

For a man like me, of course, such
a woman is a challenge...

Was she indeed, impregnable?

The old war-horse raises his head at
the sound of the trumpet.

I had to meet this paragon.

And soon enough I managed it-- right
after mass, thanks to my good friend,
the Baron Clootz...

DISSOLVE:

61 INT. THE DINING ROOM IN A HANDSOME TOWNHOUSE -

DAY

CLOOTZ, an exquisite old dandy, sits at the head of his
table, the LADY ROSALBA at his right. Dinner is about
to begin, but when it is realized that ROSALBA'S head is
bowed in prayer, the others hastily follow suit. The
prayer is not brief.

51 Today this would be called a luncheon party, but in the last century, and in the provinces particularly, the hour for dinner was still in early afternoon.

This is a very different social affair from that group of guzzling burghers in Lucerne. The BARON'S guests are strictly from the aristocracy, and this being a garrison town, there is a liberal sprinkling of smart-looking officers from GUILDENSTERN'S cavalry regiment.

Among all these elegant people, ROSALBA, in spite of the extreme severity of her white dress, is somehow the most elegant of all. Her host watches her with amused astonishment. She eats most delicately, and with downcast eyes. For all the guests she is the object of a discreet but fascinated attention.

GUILDENSTERN, at the other end of the table, stares at her as though hypnotized.

During all the above his voice continues O.S.

GUILDENSTERN

Old Clootz is one of these new millionaires, and knows how to spend his money. He's famous for the excellence of his table, and his cellar is superb.

But Lady Rosalba, all demure, drank water, and ate only lentils and dry bread!

Now somewhere-- in all this stuff-- was there a bold piece of deceit?

For all that I could tell, this sweet white swan of purity might be counting the number of her secret lovers with the beads of her rosary-- !

INTER-CUT: THE TWO

She never looked at me...

Or if she did, it wasn't more than once. And yet, by the living Christ! that woman was aware of me...

DISSOLVE TO:

62 AN ELEGANT, TREE-LINED STREET -

DAY

GUILDENSTERN'S VOICE continues through this transition.

62

GILDENSTERN

(in the scene)

62

Have you ever in your whole life
seen anything more beautiful-- ?

As it turns out, this more or less rhetorical question has referred-- not to the lady-- but to a magnificent double team of Arabian horses drawing a splendid carriage past the open windows of BARON CLOOTZ'S billiard room.

63 INT. BILLIARD ROOM

63

A small group of GILDENSTERN'S fellow cavalry officers-- gay blades and gallant swashbucklers to a man-- are at the window ogling those wonderful horses. (This is another day, and they are not-- as they were at the dinner party-- in full dress uniform.)

BARON CLOOTZ

I know how you chaps feel about it:
As you well know, I'm an old Colonel
of the Cavalry myself. It strikes
me to the heart to see such horseflesh
in the hands of a civilian-- and a
Jew.

A YOUNG OFFICER

They say he'll soon be on his way again.

BARON CLOOTZ

(rather sharply)

The Hebrew gentleman won't be leaving
with those horses. No, I'll see to
that. I'm buying at least one of
them.

A murmur of pleased surprise... CLOOTZ, delighted by this response, turns from the window to face his young guests.

BARON CLOOTZ

Yes, and what's more-- I'll put the
horse up for a prize, and one of you
shall win it.

This is greeted with a joyful roar. There isn't one of these gallant gentlemen of the cavalry who isn't positively lusting for that horse.

First, of course, I'll have to have
something from you punters-- make it
six Louis d'or apiece.

63 In this little circle, a bet of any kind is the most welcome of diversions. Excitement is electric as gold coins are eagerly counted out onto the green felt of the billiard table.

63

The YOUNGEST OFFICER-- this is probably his first time as the BARON'S guest-- can't resist a question:

THE YOUNGEST OFFICER

A lottery-- ?

BARON CLOOTZ

Rather more sporting than that, I venture, call it a wager.

(addressing the whole group)

If you'll give me your attention, gentlemen, I'll lay down the conditions--

They listen, grinning with anticipation. Each point gets a delighted reaction.

You are to drink, each one of you, three bottles of wine before the sun goes down today--

You are to ride three miles...

And bed three different women!

Now tell me if that's not a pretty bet? -- three miles, three bottles, and three women. If one of you can finish all of them, he wins the horse!

During this last the BARON, with a practiced hand, has been scooping the money into his handsome velvet purse. He now brings forth a watch-- a splendid hunter-- opens the lid and places it in a marked manner on the table.

In a quick chain reaction the hint is taken and appreciated.

The BARON moves to the door and opens it.

BARON CLOOTZ

The time is short; the race is on-- I absolve you from all courtesies. Be off with you-- !

Laughter and smiles as THE OFFICERS make their hasty departure.

63

In a moment only GUILDENSTERN remains. He is as eager for the game as any of the others, but there is an exciting complication, and he feels the need to confide it.

63

BARON CLOOTZ

Well, now, my dear old fellow--
don't tell me you aren't taking on
my wager...

GUILDENSTERN

My dear Clootz, I'm going to win it!
This, if you'll permit me-- is the
first of my three bottles.

He raises a bottle of champagne, and the BARON, with a graceful gesture, agrees he may begin on it... He does so.

BARON CLOOTZ

If I were you I'd favor this--

He indicates another wine. GUILDENSTERN sketches a bow, and the BARON, much amused, fills a glass for him. As he drinks--

And the women?

GUILDENSTERN

(wiping his
chin after he's
downed the wine)

I'll bag the first two on the wing...
As for the third--

He has caught a glimpse of himself in a looking glass. He doesn't primp, but this next is very coolly addressed to his own reflection:

Well... As it happens, that appointment
is already made.

You'd never believe me if I told you
who it is.

BARON CLOOTZ

And if I hit it on the first guess?

GUILDENSTERN

You couldn't!

63

BARON CLOOTZ

(the gambler's
gleam in his
eye)

Would you care to wager?

GUILDENSTERN

(surrendering
with ill grace)

I'm afraid I'd lose.

BARON CLOOTZ

Of course, you would. And if I were you, dear fellow, I'd approach that special, that particular package rather gingerly... They tell me she hears voices and has visions.

GUILDENSTERN

(irritated)

They even say that she's a saint.

BARON CLOOTZ

It's also possible that she's a witch.

This was lightly spoken, but we guess that it has its calculated effect on GUILDENSTERN.

You've had a rather long and arduous campaign, haven't you-- Tagging along after her all these weeks. Doing good works in that free hospital of hers, visiting her orphanage, bestowing charity on the deserving poor... Conversation, I should think, must have been rather heavy going.

GUILDENSTERN

I even talked to her about my soul... That doesn't seem to impress her very much.

(change of tone)

Do you really think that she's a witch?

BARON CLOOTZ

My dear fellow-- let's hope she is!

Pause.

GUILDENSTERN

There's a mystery to that woman.

63

63

BARON CLOOTZ

63

There's a mystery also to this wine.

He holds up his glass to the light...

In my vineyards we keep the grapes unpicked for rather longer than is usual with other wines, and they develop in this way a peculiar condition: "Purriture noble"... How would you translate that--

GUILDENSTERN

Noble rottenness?

BARON CLOOTZ

The right word, of course, would depend on your own palate. But with this Madame Rosalba there is, how shall I say, an atmosphere...

GUILDENSTERN

Yes-- By God!... But what?

BARON CLOOTZ

Exactly... Is it the true odor of sanctity-- or that noble putrefaction which gives the special flavor to this wine?

(a slow smile)

Well... by this evening, you shall have your answer.

GUILDENSTERN

By this evening I'll have her-- And I'll have that horse!

He turns and strides away.

64 OMITTED

CUT TO:

65 EXT. A LONG, STRAIGHT, DUSTY ROAD -

DAY

GUILDENSTERN

(his voice, continuing his story)

Fool that I was-- !

65 On a lathered horse he gallops up to-- 65

66 A SMALL MEDIEVAL CHATEAU 66

His voice continues:

GUILDENSTERN

(os)

I'd thought it lucky Clootz's bet
was the same day as my rendezvous...

He leaps from his horse and plunges, rather unsteadily, on foot through the castle gates.

DISSOLVE:

67 INT. THE CHATEAU - THE TOWER STAIRWAY 67

He mounts the steps in great haste, stumbling as he goes.

His voice continues:

GUILDENSTERN

(os)

I'd drunk two bottles--
Done my damned three miles--
and finished with two women-- I had
reached Rosalba... punctually-- at
six o'clock.

He finds a door and throws it open--

68 INT. THE BED CHAMBER 68

At the top of the castle tower... dead white, and filled with white flowers...

GUILDENSTERN, his clothes covered with white dust, lurches to a halt in what seems to be an empty room.

His voice continues:

GUILDENSTERN

(os)

It was hot weather...
and a thunderstorm was on the way. The
air, in that boudoir of hers up in the
tower, was thick with lillies...

There were two crystal glasses on a
table-- wine was laid out--

One glass is already filled. He seizes it and drinks...
thirstily at first-- then with an enforced respect...

The best wine that I've ever tasted:
a dry Chateau Y'quem.

A low roll of thunder.

That... was my third bottle for the
bet--

He breaks off.

The lady ROSALBA etherial-- a vision-- blindingly, almost
supernaturally white.

The rumpled, red-eyed GUILDENSTERN stands swaying in
front of her, so thickly caked with dust that he resembles
some hobgoblin roughly fashioned out of the raw earth.

He teeters, then regains his balance, straightening under
her cool regard.

It is all too evident that, following his most recent
sexual exploits, there has been some negligence in the
adjustment of his dress...

ROSALBA, all in white in that white room, is reeling and
swinging before his eyes...

In the castle courtyard an old clock has started tolling
out the hour...

ROSALBA speaks. Her tone is frigidly severe, but there's
a certain hint of irony as well.

ROSALBA

Do you think you will have time enough
for what you've come to do?

With a kind of desperate snarl-- the sound of some
wounded animal-- he throws himself upon her, ripping the
filmy, white material from her breast.

GUILDENSTERN

There will be time...!

Thunder again.

She speaks very quietly, her mouth close to his ear. It
is as though she were sharing a confidence.

ROSALBA

In a short hour you must be back
with that old lunach Clocz, who
laid the bet...

68 He freezes

She continues, almost whispering--

ROSALBA

(cont)

That is, if you hope to be the one
to claim his horse.

GUILDENSTERN

(dumbfounded)

How... how did you know?

ROSALBA

(cold as ice)

It's the sort of news that travels
quickly.

He is utterly abashed.

GUILDENSTERN

I... I can only say, Madame...

He can't go on.

ROSALBA

(simply, without a
trace of vehemence)

No... There is nothing you can say.

GUILDENSTERN has no option but to contemplate this truth
in silence.

A mirror is close by. There is something almost
ritualistic in her manner, as she turns him so he faces
his reflection.

ROSALBA

The great stone statue, the statue
of my Commandante...

She pauses... Greatly perplexed, he stares into the glass.

Have you forgotten it?

He cannot answer since none of this holds the slightest
meaning for him.

I'd thought that Don Giovanni was
the role you hoped to play-- (Don Juan
we call him in my country.) (cont)

68

ROSALBA (cont)

62

You should remember how his story ends...

GUILDENSTERN'S face looks back at him from the mirror, darkly flushed and running with sweat.

In the last act the great stone Commandante steps down from its pedestal and comes after him...

Low thunder.

There is such a statue of my General--

GUILDENSTERN'S eyes fly to hers.

You want Rosalba to betray him?

The day she does that she will disappear.

She meets his frightened gaze in the mirror with a small, melancholy smile.

Is it time then, for her to vanish?
... Perhaps...

For what's Rosalba, after all?-- A shining bubble. Break her, and what will you get out of it, Giovanni?-- only a little bit of wet.

There is no response to this appeal.

The staring eyes in the glass are so empty that it's possible to believe GUILDENSTERN has failed to recognize the moment when she asked for mercy.

But the moment has now passed.

She draws herself up to her full height, speaking in the manner of a sybil.

ROSALBA
(cont)

But then, who knows?-- Perhaps it is too late for you...

You may be hearing soon his footsteps-- his stone footsteps on the stair...

Deathly silence...

Her eyes, moving to the tower stairway, lead his eyes in the same direction...

68 Suddenly-- a wild gust of wind. The shutters are blown open with a crash.

68

A mighty bolt of lightning strikes.

After a moment, GUILDENSTERN'S VOICE is heard off screen, as the storyteller:

GUILDENSTERN'S VOICE

(os)

That's when I saw it--

The scene is frozen in ROSALBA'S tower as his voice continues, and is joined by the voices of the others in the inn.

GUILDENSTERN'S VOICE

(os)

That's when I saw the scar-- The brand on her--

PILOT'S VOICE

(os;
breaking in
very sharply)

Scar-- ?

LINCOLN'S VOICE

(os)

What scar-- ?

GUILDENSTERN'S VOICE

(os)

It ran down from her ear: a small white snake--

CUT TO:

69 THE INN

PILOT

For the love of Christ, what are you saying?!

The scene is as we left it.

PILOT has risen to his feet...

A pause.

GUILDENSTERN:

The brand of a witch.

69 Once again we hear the far-off cry of a post-horn,
signalling urgently above the wind.

PILOT
(half to himself,
in a hoarse whisper)

A white snake...

LINCOLN, too, has risen-- his face white as death.

LINCOLN
I'm dreaming-- !

GUILDENSTERN
The wind was dragging back her hair.
The lightning showed it to me plain--

PILOT
(breaking in)
But in Lucerne--

LINCOLN
By now I'm certain that I'm dreaming...
Here they become aware of movement in the road outside.

PILOT
My Lola-- she had such a scar...
The sounds-- muffled by the snow-- of a coach and horses
drawing up.

LINCOLN
The next thing that will happen is
the thing that happens in my dream--
He turns, facing the door...

LINCOLN
The door will open...
It will be Olalla...
She will come walking through that
door... swiftly, as she comes always
in my dreams--

A pause.
The door opens... halfway.

69

THE INN PORTER'S VOICE

69

Come in, come in, Knadige Frau-- all
is in readiness.

THE PORTER has opened the door, but he is on the other
side of it, and out of sight.

A brief, tense silence... Then the door opens wide.

A WOMAN enters.

She stops just inside the door. A hooded black cloak
hides her face and figure.

Her MAID comes in behind her, the INN PORTER following.

THE INN PORTER

Your rooms, Knadige Frau, are waiting
for you there--

(he indicates the
direction)

But first, while we collect your
luggage, there's the fire...

(to the MAID)

Come.

Exit the PORTER and the MAID.

Steps lead up to a raised area by the entrance. The
WOMAN, standing there in her great traveling cloak,
commands the room in silence.

The THREE YOUNG MEN are motionless, staring up at her...

The wind has dropped. The only sound is the low ticking
of a clock...

The WOMAN starts to move.

For a moment it seems that she is coming toward the fire--
approaching the THREE who stand there watching her...

Instead, she passes them, quickly and quietly, on her
way into the corridor and to her room.

In another moment she is gone.

Of the three, LINCOLN is the first to spring into life.
He plunges down the passageway... Then stops, and turns
helplessly back to the others.

GUILDENSTERN

(meeting his eye)

Well-- ?

69 LINCOLN cannot speak.

69

PILOT

No-- it cannot be...!

GUILDENSTERN

Of course, it can't, but just suppose
it is-- !

Pause.

PILOT

If we could ask...

LINCOLN

Who do we ask?-- What do we ask?

Is that the woman revolutionist?-- The
milliner? Is that the mystic, some
Carlist General's eternal bride?

Or is she-- as I think she is-- a
Spanish whore?

Here GUILDENSTERN rounds on THE PORTER who is just
entering the scene.

GUILDENSTERN

Who is that woman?

THE PORTER

She is the woman, sir, in number
nine...

GUILDENSTERN grabs him by the throat.

Room number nine--

GUILDENSTERN

(starting to
strangle him)

Who is she-- ?!

THE PORTER

God help me, sir, she is Frau
Heerbrand, wife of the Councilor of
Altdorf...

LINCOLN starts away.

69

THE PORTER

69

(cont)

In Altdorf, gentlemen, Frau Heerbrand is respected-- highly respected, and known as a fine card player...

70 SERIES OF SCENES: HALLWAYS IN THE BACK PART OF THE INN 70
71 LINCOLN has entered a crazy criss-cross of passageways 71
72 a labrynthine puzzle of dim and narrow corridors that 72
73 seem to go on twisting and turning forever. He is 73
searching for room number nine...

The dark figure of a woman suddenly breaks out of the shadows-- running down the hallway like a startled bird.

Then, just as suddenly, she disappears. LINCOLN has recognized her: it was the LADY'S MAID.

Confused noises seem to be coming from outside the inn...

LINCOLN hurries to a window, wipes away some of the frost, and peers out--

74 But he sees nothing... only a vague suggestion of men 7
and horses moving through the snow in the dark night... 7

75 LINCOLN continues his search... 7

76 At last he finds the room... But hesitates before he 7
knocks... 7

What will he see-- ? What will he say-- ?

Suddenly, he notices that the door is not quite closed...
With some trepidation, he peers through the crack--

77 The room is empty.

He enters it, and looks around...

(LINCOLN, once again, finds himself in a deserted room.)

Muted noise from outside in the snow... LINCOLN crosses to the bedroom window--

78 A GROOM or OSTLER is moving near the house with a
lantern... By this dim and fitful light a dark silhouette
(all too familiar to LINCOLN) is outlined on the window... 7

The tall hat is unmistakable!

79 LINCOLN scrapes furiously at the coating of frost.
This brings his face close to the window pane, and he
finds himself looking directly into the eyes of MARCUS
KLEEK on the other side of the glass.

80 Then the swinging lantern lurches away, the window goes
dark and LINCOLN can see nothing... Breathing heavily,
he waits... Is KLEEK out there still, and looking in at
him?

81 Then, making a sudden, furious decision, he dashes from
 82 the room--
 83 through the maze of passageways--
 84 and out the door--

81
 82
 83
 84

(STUDIO)

85 EXT. THE INN -

The blizzard is at its worst, and LINCOLN is at first completely disoriented by the bitter wind and driving snow...

Finally, he manages to pick his way along the wall to

86

86 THE INN STABLE

Two OSTLERS are closing the big wooden gate. LINCOLN approaches them, shouting wildly.

LINCOLN

Where is he? Where's he gone to?

Numb with cold, the two OSTLERS peer through the whirling snow at this mad Englishman.

I know he's here! I saw him-- I saw him through the window!

They don't know what to answer. Now LINCOLN himself struggles to make some sense of what has happened.

There must have been a second carriage...

FIRST OSTLER

Another carriage? Yes, sir-- it came soon after the first.

LINCOLN

Look there-- !

He points.

HIS VP:

(STUDIO)

87 THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE INN -

LINCOLN can just make out the dim shape of a carriage fighting its way through the blinding snowfall, up the steep road.

LINCOLN'S VOICE

He's leaving...

OSTLER'S VOICE

Oh, no, sir--

87 BACK TO SCENE:

LINCOLN

No?-- I must be really going mad!
... What am I seeing there with
my two eyes?

HIS VP:

88 The carriage has disappeared into the darkness and the
storm.

BACK TO SCENE:

LINCOLN

(stunned)

It vanished... like a ghost.

(pulling himself
together)

But, no-- I saw it!

PILOT

(coming into scene)

Saw what, Lincoln?

LINCOLN wheels to face him.

LINCOLN

How long have you been out here?

PILOT

I just came.

LINCOLN

I wonder... if you would have
recognized that carriage?

(after a beat)

Pilot! I saw the man himself. I
saw him through the glass in his
tall hat-- I'll swear to it.

PORTER

(coming forward
into scene)

Sir--

LINCOLN

And then he must have left, for
some mad reason...

89

THE PORTER

Sir, I've just shown him to his room.

LINCOLN wheels to face him.

LINCOLN

An old man with a stick?

THE PORTER

Yes, sir.

LINCOLN

What does he call himself?

PORTER

He didn't give his name.

LINCOLN

(raging)

Then ask him!-- Is his name Marcus Kleeck? Is he from Amsterdam-- ?

PILOT

And from Lucerne...?

THE PORTER

The old gentleman has locked his door, and told us that he's not to be disturbed.

For a moment LINCOLN glares at him, then dashes out of scene.

90 INT. THE INN

LINCOLN bursts through the door, and with PILOT close at his heels, runs into the passageway.

GUILDENSTERN, looming up out of the shadows, brings them to a halt.

GUILDENSTERN

She's gone.

PILOT

What?!

GUILDENSTERN

(suddenly
shouting)

The woman's gone, I tell you!

They turn to the PORTER as he comes into scene.

THE PORTER

That was her coach just now,
gentlemen. She ordered it out again
almost the moment she arrived. I
don't know why-- but something must
have happened here...

LINCOLN

(his eyes
narrowing)

What do you mean?

THE PORTER

(with a helpless
shrug)

Well, sir-- to make her change her
plans--

GUILDENSTERN

And just what are the lady's plans?

THE PORTER

The monastery; she told her driver--

GUILDENSTERN

By God! It's just where I was bound
for--

LINCOLN

What monastery? Where's she going
now-- ?

GUILDENSTERN

The pass... it's by the pass--

THE PORTER

Beyond the pass.

LINCOLN

But that's not possible. No man
could travel up that road tonight.
You knew that, and you let her go?

90

THE PORTER

90

Sir, to disobey Frau Heerbrand--
that truly is not possible.

She is no ordinary woman.

GUILDENSTERN

So it would seem!

PILOT has turned away and is peering out the window.

PILOT

What terror... what danger could
have driven her out there, alone,
in the dead of night, amongst
wild mountains?

THE PORTER

The coachman was afraid to go.
She paid him a great sum of money.
It was a matter of life and death
to her.

LINCOLN

Get me another coach-- another
driver. I'll pay him twice as much--

GUILDENSTERN

I'll add to that. I'm coming, too.

PILOT

And I.

LINCOLN

(turning to the
other two)

Yes, there's nothing to do now
but follow her...

DISSOLVE:

91 EXT. THE ROAD LEADING TO THE PASS - NIGHT 91
LINCOLN'S coach fighting its way through the blizzard...
going upwards all the time...

92 INT. THE COACH 92
LINCOLN, PILOT and GUILDENSTERN bundled to their ears
in cloaks and shawls and scarves...

PILOT

(trying to look out
the coach window)

And it's beyond the pass-- !

(to GUILDENSTERN)

Was it you that told me that?

GUILDENSTERN

It's no more than a week ago that I
first learned about the place...
Have I shown you--

(he breaks off)

Where is the damned thing?

PILOT

Here--

He brings something out of his great coat pocket, showing
it to LINCOLN seated next to him.

It's a prayer book.

GUILDENSTERN

It was hers.

LINCOLN stares at him.

Afterwards-- when that business in
the tower was over-- I found it
somehow in my hand.

LINCOLN

And you've kept it all this time?

GUILDENSTERN

(a bit abashed
by the question)

Half a year... perhaps a trifle
longer. Not as a souvenir, damn it--
the thing's valuable...

The coach bumps and lurches on. After a moment, he
continues.

I did try next day to return it,
but she'd left. Vanished-- bag and
baggage. That small chateau she'd
rented was already empty... (cont)

92

GUILDENSTERN (CONT)

92

Then last week a book dealer, buying up some of my old father's library, caught sight of it, and said it's worth a fortune.

PILOT has been turning the pages. In the uncertain light he tries to show them to LINCOLN.

PILOT

The illuminations...

GUILDENSTERN

They're in a special style, it seems, that could only come from one certain place--

LINCOLN

The monastery...

GUILDENSTERN

I had anyway to get back to my regiment again, so I thought: why not? I'd come this long way round and see if I could find a clue--

Suddenly the coach gives a particularly violent bump, keels half over to its side and stops altogether.

The COACHMAN tears open the door to a great gust of wind and snow.

THE COACHMAN

(shouting over
the storm)

We'll go no further tonight,
gentlemen--

They start to expostulate, but he cuts them off.

We're stuck fast in a drift.

93

EXT. THE ROAD

93

The storm is too loud and fierce for any further discussion. They tumble out, and the wind almost knocks them down.

Doubling over like old men, they take up their pursuit on foot...

94 They are all but blinded by the falling snow, but at a place where the road turns steeply, they cannot fail to see the large, square object looming up in front of them: THE WOMAN'S carriage leaning crazily on its side in a deep drift. 94

LINCOLN jerks the door open-- 95

There is a piercing shriek. It is the WOMAN'S MAID crouching in terror on the carriage floor.

THE MAID

(she can hardly speak)

She has... gone on...

96 The three men leave her there, and start away again... 96

After a time, the ghostly calling of a post-horn comes rising over the wind...

GUILDENSTERN stops and turns.

GUILDENSTERN

It's damn hard to believe-- but I do think there's another coach... somewhere behind us...

97 SERIES OF SCENES: 97

98 LINCOLN is moving much quicker than the others...
99 Soon his fellow travelers are like dim shadows on the snowy road...

Torn by the wind, he struggles on...

He comes to a place where the road grows even steeper. Suddenly, through the mist of the loose, whirling snow driven along the ground like smoke from a cannon, LINCOLN catches sight of a dark shadow, not a hundred yards away.

100 It is THE WOMAN. 100

LINCOLN quickens his pace... She seems to disappear... then to appear again... He's gaining rapidly on her.

101 ANGLE: 101

Two doleful figures on the road: GUILDENSTERN, dead tired from the climb, is forced to help the limping PILOT. They have taken off the lantern which was still burning on THE WOMAN'S coach. PILOT holds it aloft, trying to pierce the darkness and the whirling snow ahead...

102 ANGLE:

102

LINCOLN reaches THE WOMAN... Her long cloak sweeps backwards... blows against his face...

In a moment they are under the wild winter moon in a tight embrace.

LINCOLN

I don't know what to do-- make love to you or kill you.

103 ANGLE:

103

PILOT and GUILDENSTERN still fighting their way up...

They can make out LINCOLN and THE WOMAN standing together... They see THE WOMAN collapsing in a faint, and LINCOLN taking her up in his arms and carrying her.

PILOT and GUILDENSTERN increase their pace...

104 ANGLE:

104

Looking for shelter, LINCOLN finds a place under a great projecting rock, almost a cave. Here, where there is some relief from the ferocity of the wind, he does his best to make THE WOMAN comfortable... She opens her eyes. He watches her with a kind of desperate wonderment. She has regained her balance a little, and seems quite calm-- but somehow totally remote. She turns her face to him.

A pause... filled only by the wailing of the wind.

LINCOLN

You look at me as if I were a stranger--

He bends forward, staring deeply into that empty face.

As if we had never met...

She does not answer. There is not a hint of recognition.

ANGLE:

GUILDENSTERN comes stamping into the cave. His first sight of THE WOMAN brings him to a sudden halt.

GUILDENSTERN

(a loud grunt of astonishment and triumph)

So-- !

104 PILOT, his eyes shining with joyful recognition, limps quickly forward.

104

PILOT

Dear, dear Madame Lola--

He breaks off as she turns to him, a vague smile on her lips. He gazes at her with pitiful intensity, slowly reading the perfect blankness behind that smile.

GUILDENSTERN

(with an angry
leer)

Lola? Call her what you will, this is my Rosalba and none other-- my sainted bride of the stone statue!

PILOT

(in a small voice,
like a child's)

I beg you... don't deceive me--

She turns her eyes away from him and looks up at the moon... PILOT can see that he's been talking to himself. The knowledge shatters him. He drops on his knees before her in the snow.

At this, THE WOMAN rises quickly to her feet.

LINCOLN moves, just as quickly, in front of her, almost whispering, with great intensity:

LINCOLN

Tell me the truth-- !

She opens her mouth as if to cry out.

The truth, Olalia--

She turns and starts away. Again, LINCOLN blocks her path.

What is it you're so frightened of?

GUILDENSTERN, shielding his eyes from the driving snow, is at the cave's mouth, peering into the darkness.

GUILDENSTERN

It's almost here-- that other carriage. I thought I'd been imagining it...

104

LINCOLN

(still to THE WOMAN,
still half whispering)

104

The old man, is it?

GUILDENSTERN

It's the Jew-- I'm sure of it!
Right on our heels--

LINCOLN forces her to meet his eye.

LINCOLN

Are you afraid that he'll catch up
with you at last?

She seems to shake her head at this-- a small,
involuntary gesture.

Or is it someone else?

PILOT

(a low anguished
murmur)

Lucerne...

His head is bowed, as if he wished to bury it in the
snow at THE WOMAN'S feet.

Those great things you told me of--
all that I should accomplish in the
world... I've forgotten most of it--

LINCOLN'S eyes flick from PILOT to GUILDENSTERN.

LINCOLN

(incredulous)

Is it them?

Pause... Her upturned face is white as a bone.

Or... is it me-- ?

He waits, horrified by his own question.

In the silence, she gives him a long, dark, radiant
look...

PILOT

(his head still bowed
at THE WOMAN'S feet)

But you must save me... save me...

104

The look in the WOMAN'S eyes seems full of meaning. LINCOLN struggles to fathom it, and, failing, falls into a sudden, towering rage.

104

LINCOLN

(shouting)

Why so confident, Madame?

Silence. Even the wind had ceased.

GUILDENSTERN

(a low angry
mutter)

Let's have an end to this... to all
this mystery--

He snatches up the lantern, holding it high, the light falling on the WOMAN'S face.

LINCOLN

(very sharply)

You seem so certain that I'm on
your side--

GUILDENSTERN

Just one thing will make me certain--
a small brown mole, low, on Rosalba's
back--

PILOT

My Lola had a scar--

GUILDENSTERN

They all had a scar! The mole will
do me for a start--

He sounds really dangerous. He is about to tear the clothing off the WOMAN'S back.

She shrinks away. LINCOLN again steps in front of her.

LINCOLN

Give me the truth... The truth, and
then I'll fight the world for you--

Once and for all-- tell me who you are?!

The two stand staring into each other's frightened faces...

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, she breaks into a run--

104 There is no time to stop her. For one second she seems to lift herself up with the wind, her great cloak flying about her as though she's taken wing... and then she disappears from sight. 104

LINCOLN is the first to start after her.

105 EXT. A STEEP CLIFF IN THE SNOW - (REAL LOCATION) 105
LINCOLN, moving very fast, can't stop himself. He slips over the edge and, followed by a comet-tail of powdery snow, he slides down and down until an outcropping of rock finally breaks his fall.

There he lies motionless.

106 The WOMAN'S body lies much further below, spread-eagled, like a dead bird in the snow... 106

VERY SLOW DISSOLVE:

106 INT. THE MONASTERY - (FRANCE) 107
In a dark corner, on a pile of straw, LINCOLN lies unconscious, with a bandaged head...

He wakes to the slow, funeral tolling of a bell...

He rises with a painful effort, and then looks helplessly about...

He finds himself in a huge, cavernous place, unimaginably old... hinting at mystery, like the orgre's castle in some ancient fairytale...

108 LINCOLN starts to wander, aimlessly, from one great 108
109 chamber to another 109

110 Hooded friars can be glimpsed every so often, at the 110
111 end of distant corridors, moving silently in and out 111
among the shadows...

A sound of spurred boots hurrying over the stone floor;
PILOT rushes breathlessly into the scene.

LINCOLN
(before PILOT
can speak)

Where is she-- ?!

PILOT
(very gravely, after
a moment's pause)

They haven't told me that.

LINCOLN stares at him.

111 PILOT is deathly pale and, in some way, curiously 111
diminished-looking. Clearly he has suffered some great
shock.

112 After a blank silence, LINCOLN turns away, continuing 112
113 his hopeless search... 113

PILOT stays doggedly at his side.

PILOT

I see the monks have bandaged you.
How are you feeling?

LINCOLN

Depressed, Pilot-- disappointed. I've
been made a fool of.

LINCOLN walks on in silence.

114 PILOT 114

She was the one who bandaged me...
She did it very skillfully...

(a beat)

In Lucerne, I mean, after the barricade...

(another beat)

I think that everything she did, she
did most skillfully.

LINCOLN replies with great bitterness.

LINCOLN

I'm sure of it.

PILOT

(still keeping at
his side)

They hid me in a wine cellar...

The soldiers came and found us there,
but she kept me in her arms with my
face covered.

We were to pretend we'd had no part
whatever in the uprising-- that we
were together there as lovers...

I had the whole long night with her
alone, and Lincoln-- no real love
affair could ever give me so much
happiness...

But it was just a comedy, of course.

115

LINCOLN

115

Of course.

They walk on in silence.

PILOT

She wasn't young... she wasn't
anyone of noble birth. She was
just a milliner from Lucerne.

And yet... I don't know what to
think or what to feel about anything,
now I know I'll never talk with her
again.

This brings LINCOLN to a sudden halt.

LINCOLN

Never?

He has scarcely dared to speak the word... He searches
PILOT'S face... A heavy silence.

PILOT

These monks are famous doctors.
But it seems there's nothing they
could do...

Silence again.

They came with ropes after you fell,
and dragged you up-- both of you...

LINCOLN

(half to himself)

And brought us here...

(thinking furiously)

That must have been in some new coach
or carriage...

PILOT

Well, yes...

LINCOLN

(sharply)

Perhaps you recognized it, Pilot.
Could it have been the one that took
you from Lucerne?

115

PILOT

(nervous and
sheepish)

115

Yes, Lincoln.

It was that carriage.

LINCOLN is in a sudden exaltation of rage... PILOT is terrified, and all the more so, because this terrible anger is so deadly quiet.

LINCOLN

(as though
sniffing the
air)

He's here, then-- ?

He's here in this place now?

PILOT

Yes, Lincoln.

(then, with an
abrupt change of
tone)

What are you going to do-- ?

LINCOLN has started off into the darkness... Then he stops, and turns.

LINCOLN

If all things in the world are
equally damnable-- Then the time
has come to make a stand and fight!

I'm going to drive fate into a
corner. I'm going to kill him.

He goes.

After a stunned moment, PILOT hurries after him.

116

INT. A HUGE, EMPTY CHAMBER

116

In some earlier and more prosperous time perhaps, this was the grand refectory of the establishment. It has a bleak and unused look.

LINCOLN, PILOT at his heels, stumbles through the portal...

THE WOMAN (OLALLA-LOLA-ROSALBA) is lying on a stretcher here. It is difficult to tell whether or not she is still breathing.

LINCOLN sees her, motionless and deadly pale... He sinks to his knees beside her.

116

LINCOLN

116

Are all things in the world the same
to you?

I would have fought the world for
you-- if only you'd been truthful...

The OLD GENTLEMAN has stepped out of the shadows.

MARCUS KLEEK

The truth, young gentleman?

LINCOLN raises his head and looks at his old enemy.

MARCUS KLEEK

(cont)

Now that you've cornered her and
killed her, you want the truth?

LINCOLN discovers that all his ferocity has drained
suddenly away...

MARCUS KLEEK

(cont)

I have known this woman at a time
when she was known to all the world
by her real name.

Before that I have known her.

I saw her first on a small theatre
stage in Venice, and she was then
sixteen years old.

I bought a villa for her near Milan.
And when she wasn't traveling, she
stayed there, and had many friends
around her.

And sometimes we were alone together.
... And then we used to laugh much
at the world.

And we would walk together in the
garden, arm in arm.

I alone, of all people, knew her.

GUILDENSTERN stirs in the shadows. (Until now, LINCOLN
has not been aware of his presence.)

GUILDENSTERN

You?-- you were her lover?

116 The OLD MAN meets his eye. Dismisses the word with
contempt.

116

MARCUS KLEEK

Lovers!... I have seen her lovers...
running about, yapping around her,
flattering and fighting...

No, young gentlemen-- I was her friend.

With great pride.

At the gate of paradise when the
keeper of the gate shall ask me who
I am, I shall give no name and no
position in the world. But I shall
answer him:

"I was the friend of Pellegrina Leoni."

PILOT

Pellegrina-- ? No-- !

He stares at old KLEEK for a long moment, breathing
heavily.

That... isn't possible!

117

LINCOLN

117

(on his knees at
her side, holding
her hand to his
face)

You're still... so cold...

PILOT

Doesn't the whole world know her
story? Why, my father was in
Italy-- he was there that night
at the opera. She was the singer--

KLEEK

Yes. She was the greatest singer in
the world.

LINCOLN is completely oblivious to this last... He has
been placing the ring on her finger.

LINCOLN

(whispering in
her ear)

Listen, Clalia--- it's only here
that it's so cold... (cont.)

117

LINCOLN (cont)

117

Tomorrow when we're safely down out
of the pass, we'll meet the spring
in Italy.

There it is spring now, and in Rome,
I think, the swallows will be back...

Silence.

PILOT

(to KLEEK, very
quietly)

Pellegrina's dead.

KLEEK

Yes, young gentleman. I saw her
grave filled. I raised a monument
upon it. Pellegrina's dead.

PILOT tries to take this in... He feels that he has
somehow strayed into a world of ghosts... of the
uncanny...

At this, LINCOLN'S attention is suddenly focussed on his
old adversary. He rises to his feet. Before he can
speak, MARCUS KLEEK cuts him off:

MARCUS KLEEK

Pellegrina Leoni, the Prima Donna
Assoluta, had in her life two great
devouring passions. And what was
the first of these? It was for
Pellegrina...

She was a devil to the other women
in the opera. It was a terrible and
jealous love--

LINCOLN

And this other-- who was he?

MARCUS KLEEK

Her other passion?

It was not for me, young gentleman.

(turning his gaze
on LINCOLN)

I was, for the first half of my life,
just such an unhappy young man as you
are... I was rich, and traveled much.

(cont)

I kept my own corps de ballet to perform before me and my friends, or before me alone. I had thirty young girls who used to dance before me naked. And I was bored to death, young gentleman. I might well have died of boredom, had I not happened to hear, on a small theatre stage in Venice, the voice of Pellegrina Leoni.

He stops for a moment, as though listening...

Then I understood the meaning of heaven and earth, of the stars, of life and death and eternity...

A subtle thrill of sound is vibrating in the air...

Is a voice singing?

Is MARCUS KLEEK the only one who hears it...?

She took you out in a rose garden filled with nightingales... then lifted you with her, higher than the moon...

(then, with a change of tone)

The other passion of her life?... That was for her audience. Not for the proud princes and magnates and the lovely ladies all in jewels-- but for the poorest in her audience: the galleries.

When times were hard she gave them all her money, and sold her clothes for them. She loved them beyond anything.

That in the opera she should melt their hearts, that she should scatter her soul over them like stars... that was her true happiness.

The ghostly music-- the echo of a song continues.

That is the truth, young gentleman. After the night of the disaster-- there has been no other truth that matters.

PILOT

You were with her on that night?

117

MARCUS KLEEK
(after a brief
silence)

117

Yes. She was not frightened... She
had a brave heart, you know...

But I-- I was afraid...

DISSOLVE:

118 DOUBLE IMAGE: A SERIES OF SCENES

118

KLEEK remains dimly on the screen with superimpositions
of the scenes he is describing...

INT. THEATRE

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

119

Just at the moment she had made her
entrance, a flaming piece of canvas
fell in front of her...

119

120 INTERCUT: THE STAGE
THE THEATRE BOX

120

Pellegrina just went steadily on.
But then the scene behind her burst
into fire, and the whole theatre
rose up in panic.

She looked for me, where I was
sitting in my box... Yes, at that
moment of despair she looked at me.

It was as if she meant to say:

"Here we are to die together, you
and I, Marcus."

Thick smoke was spewing out, and she
was hidden from my eyes...

121 EXT. STREET

121

I got out somehow to the street...
And it was there that the news
reached us: Pellegrina, her
clothes all aflame, was saved.

The people, when they heard that
she was saved, fell on their knees...

The last of the second images fades away.

122 THE SCENE IN THE MONASTERY is in the clear.

122

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

I called the doctors of Milan around her. The burn which she had suffered quickly healed.

Pause.

But it was found that she had lost her voice.

Pellegrina Leoni would never sing one note again.

HALF DISSOLVE: again a DOUBLE IMAGE

123 Over MARCUS KLEEK, as he speaks, the CAMERA moves slowly 123
124 among strange, twisted shapes: 124

THE RUINS OF THE BURNT-OUT OPERA HOUSE - (MINIATURE) 125

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

She grieved... she grieved for her great name, but all her tears were for her galleries... for those poor people who'd give up a meal or a pair of shoes-- the wages of hard labor-- to crowd high up in the hot gallery to hear Pellegrina sing... How were they to live on in the dark of night, when their one star had fallen, and there was no Madonna in the skies to smile on them?

THE RUINS FADE AWAY... HALF DISSOLVE:

126 A DUSTY ROOM in which the motionless figure of MARCUS 126
KLEEK and PELLEGRINA can scarcely be made out...
Also KLEEK as the storyteller can still be seen.

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

Time, in our villa in Milan, used to fly lightly-- like a May breeze, like a summer shower.

But now... a day was like a year... a night, ten years...

Pause.

126

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

126

She asked for poison-- a strong
poison. And I gave it to her.

There is a low, muffled gasp from PILOT, and GUILDENSTERN,
stirred to some vague indignation, moves a step or two in
the direction of KLEEK.

The OLD MAN speaks sharply, bringing him to a halt.

Lions, trapped and shut up in cages,
grieve from shame more than from
hunger. But you'll excuse me if I
speak of things too wonderful for
you young gentlemen to understand--

He eyes the young man very coldly.

For where do your women keep their
honor in these modern times? Do
they know the word even, when they
hear it?

LINCOLN
(after a moment)

Why did she not take the poison?

MARCUS KLEEK

She did, young gentlemen; but it had
no effect.

Or so she told me... She may really
have believed she'd taken all of it.

The truth...?

He shrugs.

LINCOLN

The truth was that she could not
die.

Silence.

Then the voice of PELLEGRINA:

PELLEGRINA

You must make a grave for her.

As KLEEK turns it is as though he turned to the woman
on the stretcher.

126 But it is not PELLEGRINA here in the monastery who 126
speaks. It is PELLEGRINA as her old friend remembers
her, in her villa near Milan.

127 INT. THE VILLA - DAWN 127

PELLEGRINA

(in a hoarse
half-whisper)

And you must have a monument upon it,
so the world will know that
Pellegrina's dead.

Will you do this thing for me?

MARCUS KLEEK

Yes, I will do it.

PELLEGRINA

(peering through
the shutters)

Soon it will be hot again... down
there, on the road.

128 The garden here slopes down to the road where the dim 128
figures of men and women can be seen on their way out
to the fields.

Look, there's a woman going to her
work in the fields. Maria is her
name, perhaps, and because her
husband has been good to her, this
morning she is happy...

Or perhaps she is unhappy, because
he worries her with jealousy...

There's another-- going to market
on her donkey, and she's annoyed
because the donkey's old and slow...

Oh, Marcus-- I will be that woman!

And if I come to think too much
about what happens to her-- why, I
shall go away, and then I shall be
someone else... a woman who makes
lace, or teaches children, or a lady
traveling to Jerusalem to pray at
the Holy Sepulcher. There are so
many women I can be...

But never again will I have my heart
and my whole life bound up with one
person. I can't be asked to do that
anymore.

From now on I shall be many persons.

129 EXT. VILLA GARDEN -

LATE NIGHT 129

PELLEGRINA is at the gate, ready for her departure.

MARCUS KLEEK

Shall we not meet again?

Her look gives him his answer.

PELLEGRINA

I should like you to be easy, and
your heart to be light again...
Marcus, I am sure that all the
people in the world ought to be,
each of them, more than one person.
Then they'd all of them be easy at
heart... They'd have a little fun.

MARCUS KLEEK

(after a moment)

Let me follow you and be near you.
If you need a friend to help you,
you can send for me.

PELLEGRINA

Yes, be near me, Marcus...

But you must never speak to me. I
could not bear to hear your voice
without remembering the voice of
Pellegrina, and her great triumphs...
and this garden now...

She leaves the garden and starts off down the dark road...

DISSOLVE:

130 INT. THE MONASTERY

130

KLEEK'S eyes are fixed on PELLEGRINA.

MARCUS KLEEK

(after a silence)

She used to call herself my lioness...
That was because Marcus is my name,
and we'd first met in Venice.

And that was what she was-- my winged
lioness...

Lovers...?

The OLD MAN meets LINCOLN'S eye with a look which is a
mixture of proud contempt and the most profound
compassion.

130

MARCUS KLEEK
(cont)

130

There have been... so many of you.

Pause.

And yet, out of you all, there was
just one she may have truly loved...
And he is standing there behind you.

LINCOLN wheels about. Behind him, in deep shadow, there
stands the silent figure of a hooded monk.

For a long moment nothing moves.

MARCUS KLEEK
(to LINCOLN, with
a certain sharp
authority)

Sit down, sir...

LINCOLN sinks back down to his knees beside PELLEGRINA'S
couch.

Leave me to tell this story at my
pleasure.

Listen well, for there will be no
such tale again...

The hooded monk makes not the slightest movement...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

131 A SAVAGE MOUNTAIN VISTA -- under a spacious sky.

131

MARCUS KLEEK
(his voice cont as
the storyteller)

One early morning, not very long ago,
a cart could be seen slowly toiling
up the rocky path to a small
mountain village...

The cart had brought chestnuts and
wool down to the plains.

Now it was carrying a passenger.

We can just make out the passenger-- a woman-- a tiny
figure in a vast mountain landscape.

CLOSER ANGLE:

132 The creaking wagon comes to a halt inside the town gate.
... there is a sound of bells trembling in the air...

132

132

MARCUS KLEEK

(cont as narrator)

132

Searching her purse, the wanderer
found she had no money... She had
never in her life given much thought
to money...

We have begun to recognize the wanderer.

She had a ring on her left hand with
a big diamond on it. She took it
off and gave it to the wagoner.

He takes it in considerable wonderment. He leaves... A
chilly wind starts up, skittering along between the
narrow houses...

You want the truth?

You have all seen it-- Pellegrina
could not die.

In one way or another she had too much
life in her...

133

SERIES OF SCENES:

133

134

PELLEGRINA walking through the narrow streets of the
village.

134

135

135

136

136

MARCUS KLEEK

(cont as narrator)

Just now she began to feel that she
was hungry. And she thought:

"I shall have to beg bread from the
people of this town."

She realized that for some minutes
she had been following on someone's
heels-- an old scarecrow of a man in
a tattered cloak... He had stopped
now at a baker's shop.

137

He waits by the counter until the ruddy baker's wife
catches sight of him. She reaches for a loaf of bread,
and, as if in accordance with an old habit, places it
on his outstretched hand.

137

Pellegrina was the daughter of a
Spanish baker, and so she knew that
old, stale bread was sold cheaply,
or given away in charity.

137 The old man lurches out of the shop on a crutch. It's clear that he's been crippled by some long-ago disaster. He looks a little crazed; he's certainly half drunk. 137

h38 As he starts up the street PELLEGRINA calls softly: 138

PELLEGRINA

Niccolo...

The strange voice brings NICCOLO to a halt. He turns. Wild blue eyes stare out of a black face. The blackness is a layer of soot.

NICCOLO

(suspiciously)

You know my name-- ?

PELLEGRINA

(approaching him)

I heard the woman there inside the shop. I didn't enter, since I have no money--

Even here, in this lonely village where she is begging for her bread, PELLEGRINA'S old habit of charming everyone she meets has got the better of her... But the old man just leans on his crutch and stares.

NICCOLO

What is your name?

PELLEGRINA

(after a tiny pause)

Since yesterday I've eaten nothing... Will you, of your charity, give me a piece of bread?

NICCOLO

Where do you come from?

PELLEGRINA

Oh, Niccolo-- from very far away.

She smiles pleasantly under his hard gaze. Yet to herself, she wonders, a little sadly, if this stiff old human spirit is indeed beyond the reach of her charm.

136

NICCOLO

138

I have heard of many kinds of people
-- moonstruck, mad, unhappy people--
running and running from one place
to another for no reason in the
world...

PELLEGRINA

(still smiling
at him)

And you think I'm one of those?

NICCOLO

(after a moment)

Here is your bread.

With a sudden, clumsy gesture he hands her the whole
little loaf. She breaks off a piece and gives the rest
back to him.

Nearby there is a stone ledge, like a rough bench. She
sits down there.

PELLEGRINA

Come join me, Niccolo. We'll have
our meal together.

But he doesn't move. She bites off some bread and sits
chewing it.

PELLEGRINA

I left a man... just lately... an
unlucky man. And he will still be
running and running toward a goal
that he will never reach.

I am not one of those who travels
toward a goal.

Come...

She indicates the place beside her on the little bench...
PELLEGRINA has never, finally, been refused... He limps
over and sits down next to her.

NICCOLO

I have a little wine...

He brings out a grimy-looking bottle in the bottom half
of which there is a little murky stuff. She takes the
bottle gravely, and drinks.

138

PELLEGRINA

139

I thank you for it.

In the years to come, and somewhere on the other side of the world, LINCOLN (from whom she has just now recently escaped)-- remembering PELLEGRINA-- will say of her:

'She was good company...'

This was never more true than here in this gray little village street where she sits, companionably, with old NICCOLO, sharing his stale bread.

NICCOLO

There is nothing more I have to give you.

PELLEGRINA

Oh, but I think there is, Niccolo. There is something you can give me which I sadly lack.

NICCOLO

What is that, lady?

PELLEGRINA

Memories.

He stares at her. She hands back the bottle.

Drink your wine, Niccolo...

You see, I have no memories at all. I'm not permitted to remember things.

NICCOLO

(darkly, staring
at the bottle)

It's not always good to remember them...

PELLEGRINA

But you were once a child--

NICCOLO

Yes.

138

PELLEGRINA

138

Look back at that and tell me you
can't find an hour when you were
happy... How was it with your
mother?

After a silence, as from the bottom of a deep draw-well,
and by the aid of a heavy chain, the old man heaves up a
heavy sigh of recollection.

NICCOLO

She used to sing to us.

For a very long moment PELLEGRINA does not move.

When we were children, and she'd put
us all to bed... my mother used to
sing to us.

He rises and moves to where a modest public faucet
trickles out a steady stream of water into a horse
trough... Here he scrubs his sooty face, and wipes it
off with an old rag from his pocket.

I burn a little charcoal. That's my
living.

Now that he's finished, he sees that she has turned to
him. Her expression is one of perfect serenity. But
she is pale... She is deathly pale.

PELLEGRINA

You must forgive me, Niccolo... I
cannot sing for you.

Such a change has come over her that he wonders if she's
taken ill.

NICCOLO

Lady...

PELLEGRINA

Yes, Niccolo?

NICCOLO

Where will you sleep tonight?

A short silence.

138

PELLEGRINA

(her compassion
equal to his)

138

And you-- ?

NICCOLO

I have a place to go, but I never
sleep the whole night through. I
wake up many times...

PELLEGRINA

And what do you do then?

NICCOLO

I go outside...
I go outside to see if it's a South
wind or a North wind... an East wind
or a West wind.

PELLEGRINA

And will you now answer a question
which is, every day, a burden to me?

NICCOLO

If I can.

PELLEGRINA

Where shall I go, Niccolo?

The old man, feeling the extra wine he's drunk, tries
hard to think this matter over.

NICCOLO

You won't be used to walking in the
mountains, lady.

PELLEGRINA

But I am here, Niccolo...

Where shall I go?--

To the left, or to the right?

NICCOLO

You will be wishing soon to sit down
in a house. And any house you may
walk into-- people will be asking
who you are. And you-- you will not
tell them who you are.

138 She makes no reply... To her relief, she sees that he expected none.

NICCOLO
(cont)

I know of just one house where nobody will ask you who you are.

PELLEGRINA
Can you tell me where it stands-- ?
To the right, or to the left?

NICCOLO
Come.

He rises-- waits for her to join him-- and they walk up the street together side by side.

There has been a storm in the night, and the cobbled streets are glistening wet. Where there are no cobblestones, there is mud. PELLEGRINA lifts her wide skirts to avoid it.

Bells are again ringing in the rainy air...

They are coming into a widening street in front of which there stands the village church. Seeing this, PELLEGRINA is pleased.

PELLEGRINA
Is that the house-- ? The house
of God?

NICCOLO
Yes. People say that He is waiting
there.
Lady...

PELLEGRINA
Yes, Niccolo?

NICCOLO
Why have you come here to these
mountains?

PELLEGRINA
It's the way I always travel.
You sailors call it 'running before
the wind...'

136 NICCOLO jerks to a sudden halt.

138

NICCOLO

(deeply shaken)

There is no one in these mountains who
has ever heard that I was once a
sailor.

He teeters drunkenly on his crutch, then quickly
steadies himself.

You cannot know such things!...
Unless... you're an angel--

She can't help herself: a provocative twinkle leaps into
her eye:

PELLEGRINA

Or a witch?

She is surprised to see that this has shocked him to the
very marrow of his twisted bones.

NICCOLO

Don't speak like that! If the
people here knew such a thing--

PELLEGRINA

(cutting him off)

Put your heart at ease, my little
Niccolo--

I was an angel once...

(moving closer)

And also-- you have sailor's eyes.

NICCOLO

I have not seen the sea in sixty years.

PELLEGRINA

(with a laugh)

Surely you can see it from these
mountains?

NICCOLO

(evasively)

Oh, yes... If I walk up high enough...
I'll see it.

136

PELLEGRINA

(with a certain
tenderness)

135

This is a hard world, Niccolo--

The chants and music of the mass can be heard from inside of the church. Now there comes the shrill braying of a boys' choir, striking up the Kyrie. At this a shadow of annoyance flits across PELLEGRINA'S face.

But I can tell you this-- God loves
a jest.

She has shocked him once again.

NICCOLO

A jest?!

PELLEGRINA

Oh, yes. And a da capo is a
favorite jest of his.

NICCOLO

(terrified)

You must not speak like this-- !

PELLEGRINA

(lightly)

But I've said nothing bad.

Inside the church the shrill voices of the children seem to be growing louder.

NICCOLO

If the people in the town should
hear you--

PELLEGRINA

(she breaks in
with a kind of
cheerful impatience)

If the people of this town know
anything of music, they know that a
da capo just means taking the same
thing over, once again.

So here you are-- stranded on a
mountain top. Well, didn't God do
that to Noah? And now it seems he's
done the same thing one more time,
with one more sailor...

138 Old NICCOLO is too drunk, and too stunned by all that he 138
has heard, to find a coherent answer to this last. He
turns away from her, his gaze focussing on the church.

NICCOLO

God... do you think it's true that
He's in there... and waiting?

(after a beat)

You could tell me that-- if you
were once an angel.

PELLEGRINA

Well, He was once a man, you know.

NICCOLO

(a numb smile)

So they say...

PELLEGRINA

It must have been wonderfully pleasant
to talk with Him. He said:

'Be ye therefore perfect.'

And I tell you, Niccolo-- there is not
an artist-- not a singer in the world
who is not longing to hear those words
spoken.

Suddenly, even as she speaks, something has strongly
drawn all her attention toward the church:

a voice... .

NICCOLO

The people of this village-- if they
heard you, they'd throw stones at you.

But his words have barely entered her consciousness, and
she replies vaguely, without expression. It is as though
she had forgotten his existence.

PELLEGRINA

Why should I be afraid of men, when
I've already said these things to God
Himself?

NICCOLO

Ah, lady-- one may take liberties
with God which one may not take with
men.

138 A hasty, limping lurch takes him around the corner and away... 138

As for PELLEGRINA, she is transfigured.

MARCUS KLEEK

(resuming the
narration)

Something from the church had reached her ears-- something she had thought had been forever silenced... a voice she never dreamed that she would hear again...

Enchanted, she moves slowly toward the church...

And enters...

139 INT. THE CHURCH 139

She stands drinking in the sound.

She sees the singer--

It is one of the choir-- a young boy.

The single clear voice has taken up the opening notes of the Magnificat.

ANGLE

MARCUS KLEEK

(cont)

All alone, abandoned by the other voices and leaving them behind, the voice rose to the ceiling of the church...

And Pellegrina's soul went straight upwards with that voice...

It was her voice...

It was the voice of Pellegrina Leon-- !

As she took in the ring and timbre of the singing, she was filled with an immense joy.

The voice continues...

Again, after a time, she laughed... It was, she knew, unseemly to laugh in church, and when she took her handkerchief from her face, she found that it was drenched with tears.

139 When the young singer has finished his solo, she looks up and gazes around her... 139

The church is almost empty, but a little girl is standing nearby... PELLEGRINA'S face is so radiant with happiness that the child's face-- like a reflection in a mirror-- breaks into a smile.

PELLEGRINA

Who was it that just sang?

LITTLE GIRL

Emanuele.

At this moment the row of choir boys passes them, moving out of the church.

PELLEGRINA

Emanuele...

It was less than a whisper, she barely breathes the name, but one of the boys comes to a halt as though she had called out to him.

He is very beautiful...

He turns, and their eyes meet-- the woman's and the boy's... a long look... By such a look great lovers recognize each other...

After a time the shouts and laughter of the other choir boys running home to their dinner: fade away into the distance.

A tense quiet settles over the little square...

Then the boy, EMANUELE, turns and goes.

THE LITTLE GIRL

(after a moment,
to PELLEGRINA)

He is my brother... my foster
brother.

A silence... When she speaks, PELLEGRINA'S eyes are still fixed on the turning in the street where she last saw him.

PELLEGRINA

What is your name?

THE LITTLE GIRL

Isabella.

139

PELLEGRINA

139

Don't wait for me, Isabella... I
shall be resting here for a
little while.

But then, as ISABELLA starts to move, she reaches out
her hand and stops her.

PELLEGRINA

But stay--

She is almost timid about putting this next question.
She has made a great decision.

Do you know a house here in this
town where I might find a lodging?

DISSOLVE:

140

INT. EUDOXIA'S PALAZZO - "THE PIANO NOBILE"

140

MARCUS KLEEK
(narrating)

Pellegrina took lodging with an
old spinster named Eudoxia...

EUDOXIA herself is a grim, dusty, mean-eyed old woman.

EUDOXIA
(opening the
door)

This is the warmest room.

It looks bare and uninviting.

EUDOXIA
(cont)

It was a study once... I could put
a bed into that alcove.

During this PELLEGRINA has crossed to the window and
thrown it open.

PELLEGRINA

I think the rain has stopped.

EUDOXIA is surprised to see her lodger leaning out the
window and waving.

140A EXT. THE STREET BELOW (PELLEGRINA'S VP) 140.
 ISABELLA waves back, then scampers happily away.

141 BACK TO SCENE: 141
 EUDOXIA, consumed with curiosity, has joined PELLEGRINA at the window.

PELLEGRINA

You know her brother?

EUDOXIA

She has a foster brother-- Emanuele.

PELLEGRINA

Yes, I believe that is his name.
 (turning back
 into the room)

What's behind those doors?

EUDOXIA

In the time of the Old Count, my
 grandfather, that was the principal
 salon.

PELLEGRINA, during this, has been moving briskly to the double doors, and now she opens them.

EUDOXIA

It would be much too large for you,
 Signora...

PELLEGRINA

Oreste.

EUDOXIA

Pardon?

PELLEGRINA

My name, Contessa, is Oreste. You
 will have heard of my late husband.

EUDOXIA is pleased by the use of the title, but confesses her ignorance with a very small Italian shrug.

The singing master. Maestro Oreste
 taught great singers from all the
 opera houses in Europe.

141 She pauses, making sure that she has managed to impress 141
the old woman...

PELLEGRINA

(cont)

Now... about the boy.

EUDOXIA

The boy?

PELLEGRINA

(impatiently)

Emanuele.

EUDOXIA

A brand, Signora-- plucked from the
fire--

PELLEGRINA

(rather sharply)

Fire? What fire?

EUDOXIA

A figure of speech, Signora Oreste.
In actual fact, it was a mountain
slide.

PELLEGRINA

Oh?... on the road I passed a great
scar on the rocks--

EUDOXIA

(rather enjoying
the drama of it)

The father and mother-- both
perished in a single night.

PELLEGRINA makes no comment. After a moment, EUDOXIA
continues with a change of tone.

I don't know your plan, Signora, how
long you care to stay.

PELLEGRINA

Plan? I haven't made a plan...

Pause.

That is, until I went to church
this morning. (cont)

141

PELLEGRINA (cont)

141

(thoughtfully,
half to herself)

But now I think that I must send for
money.

EUDOXIA has mixed emotions. She is relieved to hear
that her eccentric lodger will be solvent, but is
confused and irritated by her strange air of command.

EUDOXIA

And you have your luggage-- ?

"Where" is the unspoken part of this last question.
PELLEGRINA laughs.

PELLEGRINA

I don't have any. But never mind,
I will arrange for some. Do sit
down, Contessa, and tell me more
about Emanuele.

PELLEGRINA makes herself comfortable on a dusty old
couch. EUDOXIA remains stubbornly on her feet.

EUDOXIA

You can still make out the place
where it happened... across the
valley, when the sun is in the
east.

PELLEGRINA

Yes, I've seen it-- as I think I've
told you.

EUDOXIA

The whole farmstead was covered.
It was thought that nothing lived.
But the babe was found unhurt,
yelling for food in the midst of
the ruins.

(with great
complacency)

You might call it a miracle.

PELLEGRINA

Yes, and the child's voice-- that
is an even greater miracle.

141 A short silence.

141

EUDOXIA

We have had miracles before.

PELLEGRINA

(after a moment)

Yes?

EUDOXIA

We had a priest here who worked miracles--

PELLEGRINA

But Emanuele--

EUDOXIA

He is to be a priest himself.

PELLEGRINA stares at the old woman, taking this in.

PELLEGRINA

(her voice hushed
with incredulity)

With such a voice as that-- ?

EUDOXIA moves back to the door.

A priest-- !

Turning, EUDOXIA stares back at her with something implacable in her look.

EUDOXIA

You'll be fatigued after your hard journey, but will you have a little supper? Perhaps an egg?

PELLEGRINA

(trying to stifle
the true strength
of her feelings)

It's surely possible, as time goes by, that the boy may not choose to be a priest--

The battle is joined.

141

EUDOXIA

(quietly stating
a certainty)

141

The choice is already made,
Signora.

The two antagonists meet each other's eyes. Clearly,
they are embarked upon a deathly struggle.

Suddenly, PELLEGRINA smiles.

PELLEGRINA

About that egg--

This knocks the old spinster slightly off balance.

EUDOXIA

Yes, Signora?

PELLEGRINA speaks with the air of one kindly prompting
an old person's memory.

PELLEGRINA

You offered me an egg... Thank you,
Contessa, but I'd rather have a
pear and some of your good country
cheese.

EUDOXIA

There are no pears in the village.

PELLEGRINA

Is there a piano?

PELLEGRINA has suddenly treated the old woman to her
brightest and most charming smile... Nonplussed,
EUDOXIA takes a moment to find a reply.

EUDOXIA

A piano...?

I have never heard of a piano in
this province.

PELLEGRINA

That's quite all right.

(flashing another
of her famous smiles)

I'll send for one.

DISSOLVE:

142 INT. PELLEGRINA'S ROOM - DAY

142

An arthritic, squinting old PRIEST, as ugly as sin, has just received from PELLEGRINA what is obviously a generous sum of money. He is trying to thank her, and she is holding the door open to encourage his departure.

THE OLD PRIEST

My poor will bless you, Signora--
and my sick will bless you--

A VOICE

(calling from
outside the
window)

Signora-- Signora Oreste-- !

THE OLD PRIEST

(as PELLEGRINA urges
him out the door)

God will bless you--

THE VOICE

(it is EUDOXIA)

Signora, it has arrived-- !

PELLEGRINA goes to the window.

HER VP:

143 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EUDOXIA'S HOUSE -

DAY 143

EUDOXIA

Your piano!

144 INTERCUT: PELLEGRINA AT HER WINDOW

144

PELLEGRINA

So I see.

145 A small crowd, mostly children, has followed the piano to EUDOXIA'S door. It is a magnificent instrument, and has been transported in the same wagon which first brought PELLEGRINA to the town.

145

EUDOXIA

It's very large.

PELLEGRINA

(a trifle briskly)

It will also be a very good piano.
I have a friend who will have seen
to that.

145

EUDOXIA

145

But who could squeeze that huge
thing up into your bedroom?

PELLEGRINA

(brisker still)

We won't know till you try--

She leaves the window.

EUDOXIA, in the street, turns to THE OLD PRIEST, as he
totters out of the house.

EUDOXIA

Of course, it would fit very nicely
in the drawing room... She'll have
to pay me well for that.

THE OLD PRIEST

The woman's rich...

(with bitter regret)

I should have asked for twice as much.

Mumbling to himself, he teeters unsteadily up to the
narrow street and away...

A note is struck on the piano... Then a chord...

EUDOXIA, turning, sees that it's EMANUELE who has his
hand on the keyboard.

EUDOXIA

Go home, child, this is no place
for you.

PELLEGRINA comes out the door and into the street, just
in time to catch a last glimpse of EMANUELE running away.

PELLEGRINA

I would have liked to speak to
him... The priest, too. There are
some things I hoped that he could
tell me.

EUDOXIA

You'll do better to ask me, Signora.
Father Bartalomeo has grown very old,
he's often not too clear in his head.

It's clear that PELLEGRINA'S thoughts are with EMANUELE.
She speaks absently.

145

PELLEGRINA

145

I thought you told me he worked miracles.

EUDOXIA

Quite another priest, Signora. That good, holy man of miracles is dead these many years. We all expected that he would be made a saint. We even sent a delegation all the way to Rome--

(she sighs)

But that was long ago, and nothing came of it.

(then with
quiet pride)

But soon... in just a few short years-- we'll have Emanuele for our priest.

She's perfectly sincere, but old EUDOXIA is by no means unaware that she is provoking PELLEGRINA.

PELLEGRINA

Is that the child's decision-- or his parents?

EUDOXIA

Parents? What have they got to do with it? They were killed, both of them, on the same night-- as I've told you.

PELLEGRINA

But he has relatives--

EUDOXIA

He is not of this village, Signora. But all the same, our good Mayor Posati, in his great compassion, took him in...

(change of tone)

About the piano--

PELLEGRINA

(cutting her off)

This Posati is a highly pious man, I have no doubt.

145

EUDOXIA

145

Indeed.

PELLEGRINA

And this pious and compassionate
Posati is as determined as the rest
of you to see Emanuele made a priest?

Here EUDOXIA delivers, with some intensity, the accepted
dogma of the village.

EUDOXIA

There are many of us here who
feel that on the night of the
disaster the child was spared by
Divine Providence so that at last,
our village may still come to have
a saint of our very own.

At this, several of the idle onlookers gathered around
the wagon make the sign of the cross.

But as to your piano--

PELLEGRINA

(hiding her true
feelings with a
pleasant smile)

Yes, Contessa.

EUDOXIA

(crossly-- she
knows about those
feelings)

The men will never get it up my
stairway, not without unscrewing
all its legs--

PELLEGRINA

(sweetly)

Unscrew them by all means, Contessa.

She turns away and goes striding down the street--

Old EUDOXIA, whose own feelings are by now a rich
enough mixture, stands with folded arms, watching her
go...

146

SERIES OF SCENES: PELLEGRINA moving purposefully through
the narrow streets...

147

148

A light rain has begun to fall...

146

147

148

149 EXT. AN OPEN PLACE

149

Behind the church, perhaps: not to be dignified by the name of a park, but used as such-- particularly by the village children...

The rain has chased them all away.

Except EMANUELE.

He stands there waiting for her...

Seeing him, she stops.

The two confront each other-- neither one paying the slightest attention to the rain.

PELLEGRINA

I have a secret for you.

EMANUELE

I have a secret, too.

She smiles at him.

PELLEGRINA

We'll exchange secrets, then. But mine will have to wait awhile, I think...

EMANUELE

Why have you come here to this town?

PELLEGRINA

I have come here to this town because there was no reason in the world why I should come.

It is the way I travel.

She holds out her hand.

Come here to me...

After a moment he slowly approaches her.

Have you heard the legend of the Phoenix?

EMANUELE

No...

Pause.

I do not think it is a Christian legend.

149

PELLEGRINA

149

She was a bird.

EMANUELE

What kind of bird?

PELLEGRINA

There is never more than one of her at any time. She is consumed by fire. That is her death; and her one egg is hatched in flames--one only, for there must never be more than one Phoenix in the world.

She cannot keep her hands from his thick hair (wet now from the continuous drizzle of the rain). She twists it caressingly between her fingers.

When is your birthday?

He disengages himself and backs away.

EMANUELE

My birthday?

PELLEGRINA

I had a fancy that it might have been at the same hour as the fire...

EMANUELE

The fire?...

You mean the fire in the opera house?

PELLEGRINA is absolutely stunned.

PELLEGRINA

(scarcely able
to speak)

What can you know of that?

EMANUELE

(after a long
moment)

I told you... that is my secret.

Silence.
Pause.

I know-- who you are.

149 She stares at him, unable to speak.

149

EMANUELE

(cont)

You are not Signora Oreste from
Naples.

You are Pellegrina Leoni.

PELLEGRINA closes her eyes...

A long silence.

Then we hear the NARRATOR:

MARCUS KLEEK (O.S.)

For thirteen years those were the
words which she had dreaded more
than death.

'Have I-- ' she wondered, 'for
thirteen years been travelling--
not in a flight-- but in a beeline,
toward a goal?'

She opens her eyes and finds the boy has gone.

She stands where he has left her-- motionless, in the
rain...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

150 INT. EUDOXIA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

150

The Big Room (the old Count's "principal salon") has not
been returned to all its ancient glory, but it is no
longer the mere dusty storeroom it had been when
PELLEGRINA first arrived. Junk has been cleared away,
and stored neatly into corners. The good furniture has
been set out as invitingly as PELLEGRINA'S considerable
ingenuity has been able to manage.

MARCUS KLEEK

(as narrator)

So... she was to take up her voice
of olden days, and make it perfect
as it once had been...

She sat waiting for the boy...

She, whose nature held so little
modesty, was timid now...

A small sound reaches her ears: the quiet squeaking of a
door hinge...

150

PELLEGRINA

150

Emanuele...?

The door opens just enough to let him enter... He meets her eye for a long moment... Then closes the door, taking some care about it.

Come closer.

He approaches slowly...

When he is close enough to touch, her hand goes to his throat... He starts a little, but she is very gentle...

A good, strong column...

Pause.

Take off your jacket.

He looks at her, and decides to obey.

And now your shirt.

This freezes him for a moment. But there is something in PELLEGRINA'S smile which (as always) makes it finally impossible to refuse her.

CUT TO:

151 THE HALL OUTSIDE

151

EUDOXIA has her ear pressed against the door.

PELLEGRINA'S VOICE

You must remember you're a musical instrument, and there are things which we must know about it...

Is the chest deep enough? The mouth wide enough? Its palate high?... Are the lips soft enough, and sensitive...?

CUT BACK TO SCENE:

152 THE BIG ROOM

152

EMANUELE is submitting himself to this examination without the loss of any of his own peculiar dignity.

PELLEGRINA is almost like a doctor as she goes about her task. And yet her hands, moving over the boy's body and his mouth, seem to be signalling a certain complicity.

152

PELLEGRINA

152

It's like an ozier basket...

She has taken his two hands in her own, pressing one high in his back, and holding the other just above his diaphragm.

I can feel my own lungs drawing
breath in your body...

CUT BACK TO:

153 EUDOXIA listening at the door.

153

PELLEGRINA'S VOICE

Now the tongue... Neither too long,
nor too short...

(a sudden change
of tone)

What is it-- ?

A pause... Then EMANUELE opens the door.

EUDOXIA, in great confusion, beats a hasty retreat.

BACK TO SCENE:

154 THE BIG ROCK

154

EMANUELE closes the door, then turns to look at
PELLEGRINA.

PELLEGRINA

(she is a trifle
breathless)

You have a better ear than mine!

Pause.

I can tell you that you are, in all
things, without blemish...

(after a beat)

Is the old woman gone?

EMANUELE

Yes.

PELLEGRINA

Then come back to me.

154 He does so.

154

PELLEGRINA

(cont)

Now then-- if she is safely down
the stairs-- there is a question
I must ask you.

EMANUELE

About the fire?...

Pause.

People believed that you had died.

PELLEGRINA

Until just now I used to think so,
too.

EMANUELE

Luigi told me that you cannot die.

Pause.

He told me how to recognize you--
'By the way she walks,' he told me,
'By her long hands; and by her
kindliness to all low and poor
people...'
'If you should ever see her,' he
said, 'think of me.'

PELLEGRINA

Luigi?

EMANUELE

He was my mother's brother... He
was your servant in your villa in
Milan.

She fills her chest with air... raises her chin a little.

PELLEGRINA

Luigi...

(a sudden
joyous laugh)

I have just realized something...
When I'm with you, my little son,
the old ban on remembrance is
lifted. (cont)

154

PELLEGRINA (cont)

154

I've just realized how Luigi used to laugh... When I'd come home at night from the Opera House, he'd put my flowers in water. I can see his face now-- laughing over a big heap of roses...

(a change
of tone)

But this must be our secret-- a secret between the three of us.

EMANUELE

Luigi's dead.

Pause.

He spoke of you to no one else. He said you were the greatest singer in the world.

Her eyes are shining.

PELLEGRINA

Come here to the piano, and let's see if it is true.

She strikes a chord like a command. He moves to the piano and the first lesson begins...

155 EXT. THE VILLAGE

155

A SERIES OF SHORT SCENES:

Neighbors coming to their windows...

People stopping in the streets to listen.

The voice goes ringing out...

DISSOLVE:

156 INT. PELLEGRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

156

A cold shaft of moonlight shows her lying in her bed, her eyes wide open.

MARCUS KLEEX

(as Narrator)

The lessons filled her days, and planning for them filled her nights.

She knew now that Pellegrina's audience-- her gilt boxes and her beloved galleries-- would soon bear witness to a miracle: (cont)

156

MARCUS KLEEK (cont)

156

The voice of Pellegrina Leoni would
be heard again.

There is a sudden sound of clapping!

It is a ghost of a sound and, as PELLEGRINA looks up, as though to acknowledge the applause, it blends and disappears into the sound of beating wings.

Something has disturbed the doves which have been sleeping under PELLEGRINA'S window-- a cat.

It looks down at her and their eyes meet.

MARCUS KLEEK

(narration)

Her thoughts fixed on the body, she
sensed once more her power over a
young male being, and her heart
cried out in triumph:

'I have got my talons in him. He
will not escape!'

The cat jumps down from the window onto PELLEGRINA'S bed.
She takes it in her arms.

PELLEGRINA

Three years...

A silence... She keeps the cat close to her, slowly
stroking and caressing it.

In three years you and I will be
one, and you will be my lover,
Emanuele...

DISSOLVE:

157 INT. THE SMALLER ROOM IN PELLEGRINA'S APARTMENT - EVENING 157

At the end of another day's hard work, EMANUELE can be
heard in the next room, noodling idly on the piano.
PELLEGRINA lights a lamp and sits down at her work
table. Here she keeps her sewing basket. Bright
ribbons and swatches of rich-looking materials are
spread out, and in the midst of this is a magnificent
doll.

PELLEGRINA

Come here and tell me what you think.

EMANUELE comes to the door.

157

PELLEGRINA

(cont)

157

This...

She raises the doll. The movement is reverential.
Like the elevation of the Host.

This is Pellegrina.

He approaches the table and for a silent moment, they
both gaze at the doll.

And what she's wearing is a replica
of what she wore on the night of
her first triumph. Have I told you
about that?

EMANUELE

Yes. The people took the horses
from her carriage.

PELLEGRINA

It happened many times, in many
cities. That first night they
pulled the carriage all through the
streets of Paris.

She has put the doll down on the table between them.
He looks up at her.

Outside this room, no one has ever
heard me speak of Pellegrina...

Not even Isabella.

What could she make of all our visions
for your future in the world? For
her, the world is this small mountain
village.

(searching his
face for a reply)

Or does she fear the day when I
will carry you away with me?

A silence... This is the first time PELLEGRINA has
openly, in direct words, informed the boy that she
does indeed, have such a plan for him.

Then suddenly she smiles, as though a new idea had
just come to her.

Well... why shouldn't she come with
us? (cont)

157

PELLEGRINA

(cont, shrewdly,
calculating her
effect)

157

You'll tell me that she has no
taste for royal courts and opera
theatres... Well--

(turning to the
doll)

Here's a little splendor and elegance
for her to get started on.

Her hands caress the doll's costume, and the rich, vivid
materials scattered over the table.

Pellegrina, you know, was clever
with her needle. When she was
poor and just beginning, she made
her own costumes for the stage--

A light knock on the door.

EMANUELE

It's Isabella.

He rises and moves to the door.

I'll leave you now.

He opens the door. ISABELLA slips in quietly. The two
young people exchange a silent look, and EMANUELE
after a small, formal bow to PELLEGRINA, goes out
leaving the girl alone with her.

PELLEGRINA

(at her most
charming)

My dear, we were just speaking
of you. Come here and let me
show you something.

But ISABELLA stays where she is, in front of the door.
A pause.

This is the first time, isn't it,
that you've come to visit me alone?

ISABELLA

Yes, Lady, I have come to say
good-bye to you.

157

PELLEGRINA

157

Good-bye?... But Isabella, where
in the world will you be going?

The child is very grave. She smoothes the folds in
her dress before she speaks.

ISABELLA

To Greccio.

PELLEGRINA

(smiling to
herself)

Ah, yes, Greccio. I know where that
is. I can see it from my bedroom
window.

ISABELLA

I have an aunt in Greccio who is
a nun, and the nuns of Greccio run
a school for young girls. And when
I'm big enough, in five years, I
shall become a nun, too.

PELLEGRINA

A nun? Whatever makes you want to
be a nun.

ISABELLA

I shall be a nun so I can pray all
day for someone.

PELLEGRINA

Yes?... For whom?

ISABELLA

Emanuele.

PELLEGRINA

How wise you are!

Now that's one thing I haven't
thought of-- that someone must be
praying for him.

(she stands the
coil up on its
feet)

Look... I've made a coil to go with
you to Greccio.

157 The little girl's eyes widen at the sight of the magnificent doll. She leaves it untouched on the table, but she draws a long, adoring sigh.

157

ISABELLA

I don't think I'll be allowed to have a doll in Greccio-- not a doll like her--

PELLEGRINA

Ah, but this-- this is no ordinary doll. This is the blessed Saint Cecilia, who is the patroness of music... Much love of mine will go with her, now that I know that you'll be praying for Emanuele.

The child doesn't move. She looks from the doll to PELLEGRINA'S face.

ISABELLA

It's not just for him that I'll be praying.

PELLEGRINA

Who else then?

ISABELLA

I've heard you tell Emanuele about the great things waiting for him out in the world, and I've thought to myself, Lady, that you have known all of that glory, and have come up here to find your soul again.

That's why, in Greccio, when I pray for Emanuele, I shall pray for your soul, too.

PELLEGRINA puts her arms around the child.

PELLEGRINA

Yes, it's true; and pray for my soul, Isabella.

Her face still averted, ISABELLA hurries out the door... PELLEGRINA is left holding the doll... After a moment, she sees from her window the small figure emerging from the house and running off...

158 INT. THE BIG ROOM -

ANOTHER DAY 159

A leaden, miserable winter's day... finds PELLEGRINA most subdued this morning... She has a length of flannel fastened around her throat, and she's wearing a warm, woolen shawl.

PELLEGRINA

(as he comes in)

Shut the door after you, tightly;
I don't want a draft.

Keep that muffler on, and stay away
from me, unless you want to catch
my cold...

He gives her a warm smile.

EMANUELE

I wouldn't mind.

PELLEGRINA

That's bravely said, but keep your
distance all the same. And let's
have some scales.

(stopping him as
he starts to move)

No need to go to the piano. I'm
in no condition to accompany you.

He stands still, keeping silent for a while, preparing himself.

Then he begins to sing.

PELLEGRINA listens... then takes a steaming kettle from the little stove in front of which she's been attempting to warm herself. She fills two cups with the steaming infusion.

Singing, the boy has been moving closer to her.

PELLEGRINA sips the hot drink, her eyes always on her pupil. An inclination of her head is an invitation he understands, and now, as he finishes his scale, he reaches out his hand for the other cup.

It's hot! He pulls his hand away, and the vocalizing is cut off with an anguished cry.

He puts his fingers to his mouth-- or tries to. PELLEGRINA stops him, holding his wrist.

PELLEGRINA

Let me see.

156 She brings his hand up to her face, holding up the
fingertips and smiling at them.

158

PELLEGRINA

(cont)

Well, my brave heart-- there doesn't
seem to be much of an injury. But
what a fuss you made about it!

She'd hoped that this teasing would make him laugh...
He doesn't.

She begins playing with the fingers.

Dear little brother, if you're
going to be a singer-- a great
singer-- you must bear in mind that
only hard metals will give out a ring.

She takes a needle from her sewing basket, her other
hand still holding his.

I'm going to test you now. I'm
going to take three of your
fingertips and draw a drop of
blood from each of them.

She laughs silently at the doleful look he gives her.
With a curious air of loving malice, she pricks three
fingers, one after the other. They both stare at the
three drops of blood.

Then she raises the first finger to her mouth--
He pulls his hand violently away-- !

He stares at her in horror, his face deathly white...

In another moment he has rushed out of the room. She
starts forward, but he slams the door.

She stands for a time thinking about the child's
behavior, more amused than distressed...

On a table near the big window there is a large open box,
elegantly trimmed with gold paper. (A present from her
old friend in Rome.) Nestled in cotton, each in its
own neat little compartment, are some very splendid-
looking pears. She picks out one of them, and turns to
the window...

159 EXT. THE STREET BELOW HER WINDOW

159

EMANUELE freezes at the sight of her.

PELLEGRINA, standing close to the glass, raises a pear
to her mouth and, still looking at the boy, digs her
teeth into the fruit.

159 He takes a few steps backward, then wheels and runs away as though he were running for his life. 159

DISSOLVE:

160 INT. PELLEGRINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 160

A lonely clang or two from the church belfry...

Then the silence of the dead hours in this little mountain village...

PELLEGRINA lies in her bed, wide awake.

She has sensed something... Her ears are sharp: perhaps she's heard it: there's an intruder in the house...

Now there's no doubt of it-- he's on the stairs...

She sits up in her bed, listening. Then puts her feet down on the floor as if to rise.

There is someone in the next room. She hears his breathing.

PELLEGRINA

Is that you?

No reply.

Come in here.

She waits.

Then the boy's voice is heard:

EMANUELE

Where did you get your gold ring?

Silence.

PELLEGRINA

If we're going to talk I want to see you.

After a long moment, he appears.

He stands just outside her bedroom door. There is something twisted and awry about him.

The two stare at each other.

PELLEGRINA

It's very late, Emanuele.

EMANUELE

Where did you get it?

160

PELLEGRINA

160

What gold ring are you speaking of?

EMANUELE

You know the one.

Silence.

PELLEGRINA

Emanuele-- come here and sit by me.

EMANUELE

No.

PELLEGRINA

I have a secret for you.

Silence again.

It's a great secret-- It's my own great secret.

She waits. But there is no response.

I've been waiting for some time to tell it to you...

She waits again.

You want a ring? I have got many rings.

EMANUELE

You gave it to Camillo.

PELLEGRINA

I do not know Camillo...

But now that I think of it, I have never given you a present. Would you like a ring?... Or a gold watch? Or would you like some silver buttons for your coat?

EMANUELE

I want no ring. And no gold watch, or silver buttons.

(pause)

Camillo was the wagon driver, the one who brought you here. He thought the ring was just a trinket when you gave it to him-- a toy to play with.

160

PELLEGRINA

160

So it was.

EMANUELE

Camillo's brother is the servant in a place in Rome-- Lombardi's- where they deal in gold and jewels. Camillo sold the ring to them for so much money that he's bought a large farm with it, and is still rich with what's left over.

Looking at him, PELLEGRINA sees that he has suddenly lost all his beauty.

She rises. He turns away from her and stumbles off into the darkness.

After a moment, she follows him into--

161

THE BIG ROOM

161

She can just make out where he is standing in the shadows.

EMANUELE

There's nobody up here-- even if they had such things-- would give them away as you do.

Pause.

EMANUELE

(cont)

Where do you get your gold?

For some reason, this, for Emanuele is a terrible question, and he waits, expecting a terrible answer.

PELLEGRINA

I have a friend. He gives me all I want.

EMANUELE

I never see him.

PELLEGRINA

Nor do I... Those pears there on the table-- he sent them to me. Would you like a pear? They're very good.

161

EMANUELE

161

(his back to her)

I want nothing from him.

PELLEGRINA

And you don't want my secret?...

If there's nothing else that I can give you, I think that you'll want this:

Do you know, my little Emanuele, whose voice it is now that you're singing with?

My little star, it is the voice of Pellegrina. The true voice.

And until now, Pellegrina didn't know herself how beautiful it was... How beautiful it is.

She cannot tell whether he's been listening to this, or whether he hasn't heard a word she's spoken.

She turns away... looks out the window...

It's almost dawn.

She draws a deep sigh.

But I'm afraid it's going to be another awful winter's day...

Still-- I console myself that somewhere, among all those ugly people, Isabella is praying for me.

EMANUELE

Isabelle is no longer here.

PELLEGRINA

Oh? Has she gone already?

EMANUELE

And you... I wonder why you stay.

Silence.

PELLEGRINA

(in a small voice)

What do you mean?

He keeps his back to her, sulking.

161

EMANUELE

161

I know you do not like it here...
We are such ugly people in this
town...

PELLEGRINA

(gently)

Has that offended you? Why? God
knows that you aren't one of them.

(sharply)

You weren't born here, were you?

(another quick
change of tone)

Oh, my dear child and brother...
these are not your people. Look--

She takes him by the shoulders and turns him so that
he's forced to face the mirror.

In this town they've been
inter-marrying for centuries,
their heads are growing narrower.
Haven't you noticed how many of
them squint?...

A squinting race, ill-favored and
ill-bred. There is no joy in them.
This is a town without laughter--

EMANUELE

(gravely, staring
into the glass)

This is a town without a saint.

Silence.

PELLEGRINA

(after a moment,
very coldly)

And would you like to be that saint,
Emanuele?

EMANUELE

(repeating it
word for word)

I have been taught that sanctity
is a gift from heaven.

She finds him, at this moment, almost intolerably
sanctimonious, and is strongly tempted to box his ears.
But she remembers that she is fighting for his soul.

161

PELLEGRINA

161

And if a gift more rare and
precious has already been
bestowed on you?

She waits for his reply. He remains stubbornly silent.

Do you know the kind of saint
these people here are greedy for?
He'll have bloody palms and dirty
fingernails. He's scourged with
fleas, and-- you can be sure of it
-- he'll have a squint.

Oh, my little son, my brother--
heaven is already crowded with
saints. There is a great
congestion of halos up there
among the stars. But you--

(proudly)

You have been called into a more
exclusive company.

In a gesture which is pure theatre, and yet passionately
felt, PELLEGRINA throws open the window.

Look at this world of ours--
this universe with its dewdrops
and its galaxies. Look at the
dolphin and the dragonfly. Oh,
my dear Emanuele, look at the
hummingbird and the giraffe...
a leaf... an egg... and tell me
if creation itself is not,
supremely, a work of art?

Who then are the Lord's own
children? Are they not artists
-- after His own example?

Do they pray in heaven, do you
think, or do they sing?

She waits--

Certain in her heart that she must finally have moved
him to her will, she waits for his response...

She sees that he is gazing around the room, letting
his eyes rest on one thing after another.

For some reason, this frightens her a little.

PELLEGRINA

What are you looking for?

161

EMANUELE

161

I was looking at this room... at all the things here. At the green lamp and the piano. I was thinking of them all.

Pause.

PELLEGRINA

What were you thinking of them?

He speaks after a moment, very simply:

EMANUELE

I was thinking that here I have been happy.

After another moment-- a long moment-- he turns, and moves slowly out the door.

She doesn't move.

She stands there in the shadowy room, staring at the open door...

SLOW DISSOLVE:

162

INT. THE BIG ROOM -

NEXT MORNING

162

PELLEGRINA, carefully dressed, sits in her usual chair at the window.

Her face is like stone.

She waits...

DISSOLVE:

163

INT. THE BIG ROOM -

EVENING

163

PELLEGRINA, as before...

Still waiting...

DISSOLVE:

164

INT. THE STAIRWAY -

DAY

164

Old EUDOXIA laboring up to PELLEGRINA'S door...

She puts her ear to it and listens...

and hears nothing.

165

INT. THE BIG ROOM

165

PELLEGRINA, still at her window, hears a furtive knocking. She does not respond.

165 A pause... Then the door is slowly opened.

165

EUDOXIA

It's me.

PELLEGRINA

Yes.

EUDOXIA

You might have thought it was the boy...

Another pause.

It's three days now...

No reply.

I've wondered if Signor Rosati knows he hasn't been coming for his lessons.

I went to ask this morning. He wasn't there.

He's been much away on his own lately... That's all that they could tell me--

166 PELLEGRINA rises, puts a shawl around her shoulders, and without a word, goes out the door.

166

167 EXT. A SMALL SQUARE

167

Some boys are playing with a ball. They stop as PELLEGRINA comes into the scene.

EMANUELE is not among them.

168 SERIES OF SCENES: VARIOUS STREETS IN THE TOWN

168

169

169

170 A storm is threatening.

170

A cold, gusting wind follows PELLEGRINA on her search...

Suddenly, at the outskirts of town, she comes upon him. He stands immovable, his back turned, gazing into the distance.

Then, just as she's about to call out his name, he walks away... At first slowly, then quickening his step.

She follows, just as quickly.

170 He swerves off into a steep little path which ends,
high up, in a flight of rough stone steps.

170

Lightning flares across the valley. Thunder is heard...
The scarf around the boy's neck is a burning red spot
in the cold, gray picture... The comb has fallen from
PELLEGRINA's head, her long black hair is loosened and
floats after her...

She has almost caught up with him, but here on the
steps her heavy skirts are in the way, and she is forced
to stop.

PELLEGRINA

Emanuele! Stay-- !

He had already sensed her approach. Now, at the sound
of her voice, he starts to run.

She follows.

He comes quickly to the point where he can go no
farther.

A blast of wind shakes the olive trees on the slopes
below. A crash of thunder... Then suddenly, everything
is still.

He stops... Then turns to face her.

Both are out of breath... The absurdity of their
situation is too much for her, and PELLEGRINA laughs.

PELLEGRINA

Is it really true you're running
away from me?

Some violent emotion has him in its grip... She knows
she must be careful now... she must lure the bird back
to her...

Dearest child, come here with me--

He doesn't stir.

It has begun to rain.

PELLEGRINA

(cont
her husky voice
insinuating...
enticing)

I have some beautiful new songs
for you--

170

EMANUELE

170

No!... No, no-- no!!

And it's going to be 'no' every
time, I tell you, whatever you
try to make me do!

She stands there in the rain, not speaking, looking up
at him, trying to take in his face...

It is no longer the face of the beautiful boy she has
been teaching.

This face seems to have been all flattened out somehow.
The eyes, half-disappearing in the flatness, seem to
be squinting down at her. It is the face of a little
old woman.

EMANUELE

I know you...
You're a witch, a vampire!
You want to drink my blood--

He stops, as if terrified by the sound of his own words.
Then he shouts:

You sucked my blood!
And you want all the blood that's
in me. That's how witches live
forever. Luigi told me--

PELLEGRINA

Luigi?-- Luigi, my old servant in
Milan? He told you I'm a witch?

EMANUELE

He told me that you cannot die.

He stands dead still.

The rain has stopped.

I thought once that if I ever
left you I would die.

Now I know that I would die if I
went back with you.

She stands listening to this long wail of farewell, of
doom... spoken by the voice of Pellegrina Leoni.

The boy opens his eyes. There is nowhere he can run.
He's a wild animal at bay... He fumbles on the ground,
picks up a stone and presses it to his breast.

If you don't stay where you are,
I'll throw this stone at you.

In the blind hope that, somehow, the struggle may be turned into an embrace, she lifts her skirt in front of her and, as in a dance, takes a light step upwards.

As she moves, he hurls the stone.

He might have killed her, but in the terrible tumult of his mind his hand is unsteady, and the stone only brushes her head. It is a glancing blow, but strong enough so that she staggers and falls to her knees. There is blood on her forehead.

A second stone whirls past her.

And now suddenly, she's furious.

PELLEGRINA

You clod! You stumpy peasant boy!
Throwing stones, are you?-- at me?

There are a thousand men-- great
lords and princes, a Pope, an
Emperor-- if I but lift my voice...

She breaks off, taking a great gasp of air... She cannot lift her voice...

But she has not been angry for thirteen empty years. Now, in a second, she is thrown back twice that length of time.

Yes, I am a witch! A great witch--
a vampire with bat's wings! But
what are you?

You're worried for that precious
soul of yours? Go sit on it--!
like a young miss on her maidenhead!
With all your squinting friends
around you! You're poisoned by it,
your soul is a bad tooth-- go have
it out!

She would go on-- she would be happy to go on. But she stops short. Her ear has caught... the sound of her own voice. What should have been the roar of a lioness was the mere hissing of a gander.

She steadies herself, then turns and starts down... Her foot touches the stone that had been thrown at her: She takes it up and rubs it into the scratch on her forehead. Then, turning once more, she flings it up lightly, so that it falls at the boy's feet.

170

PELLEGRINA

170

Keep it, you! Pellegrina's blood
is on it.

She leaves him now, and starts to walk back down the path.

On the way, she fumbles at her hair and wipes the blood off her face with it.

171 A CROSSROADS

171

On a corner, there stands a low stone trough for watering donkeys and cattle. She sits down on its edge. The storm has blown away. There is a distant sound of bells...

PELLEGRINA (O.S.)

Oh, my dear child, dear Brother and
Lover-- Be not unhappy and fear not.
It is over between you and me.

You may live to give your town a
priest-saint of its own. You will
sing, too. Only, dear heart-- you
will have to work hard to unlearn
what you have learned from me.

You will have to take care, when
you are singing the Gospels, not
to introduce portamento effects...

And the voice of Pellegrina Leoni
will not be heard again.

She rises.

A quick, chill wind comes running along.

But now...

There is one question to be answered:

Shall I go to the right or to the
left?

Somewhere beyond these mountains baring their granite
teeth against a troubled sky-- there waits for
PELLEGRINA the great world of cities and men.

We leave her at the crossroads.

172

HER VP:

A vast landscape from on high, a blank immensity... and for punctuation: one human figure, like a tiny question mark.

172

During this:

A VERY SLOW DISSOLVE:

173

INT. THE MONASTERY

173

MARCUS KLEEK'S voice is heard during this transition... Then we see him:

He still sits in his old place beside the stretcher, and behind PELLEGRINA'S head (he is most careful about this: if she should wake, he must be faithful to his old promise, and she must not see him).

As we return now to the Monastery, there is-- before anything else-- a subtle emphasis on the hooded, enigmatic figure of the young MONK... (we do not see his face).

MARCUS KLEEK

Why then-- after these weary years
-- did she come back again into
these mountains?

His eyes rest broodingly for a moment on the hooded figure in the shadows.

If she knew about him-- that he did not, after all, grow up to be a priest, and that instead, he'd joined this monastery-- then she would know that just as she can never sing again-- Emanuele, according to his vows, can never speak....

Pause.

Was he, indeed, the one lover she could not banish from her memory?

After a moment:

And I myself...

(he sighs)

Since that night she went away...
I have never spoken to her since.

173 PELLEGRINA stirs on her couch... her eyelids quiver...
KLEEK moves to hide himself, but the next second she
looks up, and her gaze falls straight upon him.
She looks at him attentively, neither smiling nor
frowning.

PELLEGRINA

Good evening, Marcus.

Pause.

It was good of you to come. I'm
glad you're here. I don't know
why, but tonight I am a little
nervous.

The OLD MAN instantly understands where they are
supposed to be: They are in PELLEGRINA's dressing room
in the opera house.

MARCUS KLEEK

You have no reason to be. It has
gone very well up to now.

She scrutinizes his face.

PELLEGRINA

Do you really mean that? You do
not criticize? Nothing could have
been improved?

MARCUS KLEEK

I do not criticize. You have done
well, and I am well content with
the whole thing.

PELLEGRINA

Who are these gentlemen?

MARCUS KLEEK

These are three foreign young
gentlemen who have traveled a long
way to have the honor of being
introduced to you.

Her eyes move from one face to another.

PELLEGRINA

Introduce me then. But I'm afraid
you must be quick about it... (cont.)

173

PELLEGRINA (cont)

173

I do not think that the intermission
can last much longer.

MARCUS KLEEK

My noble young sirs--

I am pleased to have obtained for
you an unforgettable moment in your
lives.

I introduce to you herewith--
Donna Pellegrina Leoni, the greatest
singer in the world.

PELLEGRINA

I am very glad to see you here.

They kiss her hand, all three.

Nay, but I really am a little
nervous tonight...

What scene is it, Marcus?

MARCUS KLEEK

My little star, be not nervous at
all; it is sure to go well with
you tonight. It is the second
act of Don Giovanni. Your
recitative: 'Crudele? Ah no,
mio bene...'

She draws a deep sigh and repeats:

PELLEGRINA

'Crudele? Ah no, mio bene!
Troppo mi spiace allontanarti
un ben che lungamente la nostr'
alma desia...'

As she speaks these words of the old opera a rain of
tears springs from her eyes.

Of a sudden, old MARCUS KLEEK takes up his heavy walking
stick, and (making the old signal of the theatre) strikes
three short strokes on the stone floor.

MARCUS KLEEK

(in a clear voice)

Donna Pellegrina Leoni--
on scene for the second act!

173 And PELLEGRINA responds to this like a soldier to the call, or a war horse to the blast of a trumpet... She collects herself, and then grows quiet in a gallant, deadly calm.

173

A strange sound comes from her breast, like the distant roar of a great animal.

From the chapel come the low voices of the monks chanting a prayer...

Then they are singing, and a single voice is raised above the others...

EMANUELE sings now as a man, but if anything, the man's voice is more thrilling than the boy's...

It rises to the rafters, uplifting every heart; it is the voice of music itself.

There are still flames in PELLEGRINA'S face... But in an instant they sink fast, and an ashen gray covers it instead.

Her body falls back.

After a long moment, MARCUS KLEEK presses his hat down on his head.

MARCUS KLEEK

Iigadal rejiiskadisch schemel robo.

The candles are still burning, but daylight is already showing, high up, in the narrow windows.

THE THREE YOUNG MEN, in silence, have taken departure.

The two remain:

PELLEGRINA on her couch, and MARCUS KLEEK at her side, his chin resting on his stick...

And the voice continues singing...

A slow transition:

HALF FADE, HALF DISSOLVE:

174 EXT. THE ARABIAN DHOW - NIGHT

174

The heavy waters sing and murmur along the prow...

After a moment, LINCOLN speaks:

LINCOLN

I have often asked myself-- what would have happened if she'd lived?

What would she have done? (cont)

She might have become a dancer in Mombassa...

She might have gone with us into the highlands on an expedition for ivory or slaves, and made up her mind to stay awhile... and been honored by some war-like natives as a witch.

Pause.

In the end I've thought she might have decided to become a pretty little jackal... running about and playing with her shadow... Having a little ease of heart, a little fun...

On a moonlight night like this I've thought that I could hear her voice... up in the hills...

MIRA

It is true then-- you have learned to dream.

LINCOLN

I have been blown about by many winds; but yes, Mira-- by the Grace of God-- I dream.

MIRA

By God's Grace, indeed.

LINCOLN

I have been trying lately to make friends with him. And I think to love God truly you must love a joke.

MIRA opens his toothless old mouth and laughs soundlessly in appreciation.

MIRA

Ah, Lincoln-- may you live forever. For what is life, when you come to think of it, but a minutely set, ingenious machine for turning the red wine or Shiraz into urine.

174 He thinks this over for a moment.

174

MIRA

(cont)

We may even ask ourselves which is the more intense pleasure-- to drink wine, or to make water.

LINCOLN

Those are not his questions.

He has turned to look at the young SA'ID BEN AHMED.

MIRA

Sa'id...? He asks no questions.

Instead, he throws his prayers at God, and with such energy as that with which elephants copulate.

"I shall show no mercy," he tells God, "and I shall ask for none."

He is mistaken. He will be showing mercy in Mombassa, I think, before he's done with all of us.

LINCOLN

And you, Mira, you'll make a story of it in the end.

MIRA

It is another story, Lincoln. It is not your story.

LINCOLN

No, but my heart is light. I'm pleased with this warm night, and the full moon...

I'm here to see... what's going to happen. As before I've seen things happen in other places in the world.

They sail on for a little while in silence.

Yes, there will be other stories-- even stories about her...

She was good company, you know...

She might have been here with us tonight... (cont)

174

LINCOLN (cont)

174

The truth is, there was too much
life in her. She used to say
herself she could not die...

A murmur in the air, like the vibrating of a string.
SA'ID rises to his feet.

SA'ID

Those are the breakers. We shall
be in Mombassa at dawn.

He moves up into the prow, and stands there staring
ahead...

LINCOLN

He isn't praying now.

MIRA

No, he thinks.

LINCOLN

There are only two things it is
ever seemly for an intelligent
person to be thinking.

MIRA

Yes?

LINCOLN

One is: "What did God mean by
creating the world?"

MIRA

And the other?

LINCOLN

"What do I do next...?"

FADE OUT.