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**FINAL SCRIPT**

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PART I to END

MADMOISELLE FIFI

Based on the Patriotic Stories

of

Guy De Maupassant

Screen Play

by

Josef Mischel and Peter Rurio

MARCH 21, 1944

31

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MADEMOISELLE FIFI

PART I

FINAL

3/21/44

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The MAIN TITLE and CREDITS are SUPERIMPOSED over a photographic reproduction of Detaille's famous painting, "La Reve." The painting should appear before the MAIN TITLE comes on so that the long lines of weary, recumbent soldiers in the bivouac, the stacked rifles, the cased flags, contrasted with the onrushing armies in the sky, can be seen plainly.

Over the titles can be heard a medley of French patriotic airs; the "Marseillaise" blending with the "Sambre et Meuse" and the "Ca Ira." Just before the last two cards, the music changes to a drum roll and over the last card can be heard the sad strains of the French bugle call which signals retreat.

FADE IN

EXT. CHURCH - CLERESVILLE - DAY

- 1 CLOSE FULL SHOT - a German Cuirassier astride a grey horse stands guard, his carbine held on his knee. The steel of his cuirass, the white of his uniform and the dappled grey of his horse form a cold contrast to the dark walls of the church behind him. The heavy figures of a man and horse in the snow almost symbolize the brutality of occupation.

EXT. CHURCH - CLERESVILLE - DAY

- 2 MED. FULL SHOT - two private soldiers of the Fifth Uhlan Regiment, dismounted, their long lances hanging back from their shoulders, stand in the churchyard holding four bay horses. They are looking up toward the belfry.

3 CLOSE TWO SHOT - the Uhlans. The Uhlman closest to the camera has a livid, raw-looking scar across his face. Both of them gaze upward with an air of expectation.

FIRST UHLAN

What do you think it'll be -- a pistol shot or the bell?

SECOND UHLAN

The bell.

FIRST UHLAN

That old priest is stubborn.

SECOND UHLAN

Even Mlle. Fifi wouldn't shoot a priest.

FIRST UHLAN

(feeling the welt on his cheek)

He wouldn't eh?

(imitatively)

Fi fi done - fi fi done - He'd do anything.

SECOND UHLAN

(indicating)

Don't let him hear you calling him Mlle. Fifi or you'll get worse than a smack across the face with a riding whip.

FIRST UHLAN

Brr, it's cold out here.

(addressing the tower)

Go ahead -- get it over with.

INT. THE BELFRY - DAY

4 CLOSE SHOT - THE WHEEL WHICH MOVES THE BELL. THE CAMERA is SET UP to feature a chain and padlock around the rim of the wheel. OVER this CLOSE SHOT we hear voices.

PRIEST

I tell you again, Lieutenant von Eyrick, I will not ring the bell.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lt. Count von Eyrick, nicknamed by his brother officers "Mademoiselle Fifi." He is a tall, coldly-handsome uhlan officer whose viciousness and cruelty are reflected in every movement.

(CONTINUED)

MLLE. FIFI

Why?

THE CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK now sufficiently to reveal the old priest and another uhlan officer, Sub-Lt. Fritz Scheuneberg, a man cut on the same pattern as Fifi, but from coarser, harsher cloth. In him, the automatic movements of the military have become gross posturing, and the savagery of his trade is reflected in his protuberant eyes.

PRIEST

I have told you.

MLLE. FIFI

Tell me again.

PRIEST

Because it is the only gesture of protest that I, a priest, can make against the Prussian invasion of France.

MLLE. FIFI

And I repeat to you, Abbe, it serves no purpose. I want that bell rung.

FRITZ

(to Fifi)

Let's ring it -- ding-dong -- let's ring it, Fifi.

He makes a motion toward the bell with his scabbarded sabre. Fifi puts out one hand and stops him.

MLLE. FIFI

No. Wait.

(pointing to  
the priest)

He must ring it. He must ring it himself.

The priest shakes his head.

MLLE. FIFI (cont'd)

Abbe, you're the shepherd of your flock. You pride yourself on your kindness to the villagers --

PRIEST

(interrupting)

You're going to ask me how I can have upon my conscience the punishment you will inflict on the village of Cleresville because of my refusal to ring the bell.

MLLE. FIFI

Precisely.

(CONTINUED)

PRIEST

I have been thinking of that.  
I have been praying for guidance.

Mlle. FIFI

(with contempt)

Divine guidance? I suppose your prayers have been answered.

PRIEST

(nodding in  
assent)

The problem has been taken from my hands. Perhaps I am too old. The Bishop is sending a young priest to take my place. He arrives with the next coach from Rouen.

Mlle. FIFI

(smiling)

We will have no more trouble about the bell.

PRIEST

I pray to God that whoever takes my place loves France as much as I do.

FRITZ

(almost  
ecstatically)

A young priest, eh? We'll make him ring the bell. Ding-dong; ding-dong.

DISSOLVE

5 OUT.

6 EXT. PLACE DE LA PUCELLE- ROUEN - NIGHT

To the right of a 9 ft. medieval parapet is a gateway through which a deserted square can be seen. Here and there are piles of snow. In the middle of the square stands an equestrian statue of which only a general outline is distinguishable. But the sword, dramatically upraised against the night sky, is clearly visible.

In front of the parapet a German sentry stands immobile in the cold of early morning. From a post on his left comes a guard call which is repeated by the next sentry. The sentry at the parapet moves slightly as he repeats the call. From his right, the call is repeated and repeated again, then dies away in the distance.

From left, the young Abbe Chantavoine enters the scene. The young priest is dressed in a new, but badly fitted soutane and his wide-brimmed hat sits awkwardly on his head. He carries a patterned carpetbag in his hand. Shy and awkwardly he passes the sentry, walks through the gateway and continues in the direction of the statue.

7

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the CAMERA PICKS UP the Abbe Chantavoine as he comes into the square. He starts to cross the square. The statue catches his eye; he crosses to it. The statue is covered with a tarpaulin. The wind keeps whipping the tarpaulin and through the rent in the canvas can be seen a sculptured sword and hand, upraised above the beating cloth. The priest looks at it for a moment, then lays down his carpetbag, kneels there and begins to pray. His prayer is brief. He rises and goes on.

The CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO where he knelt and from his former position focuses on the base of the statue. Here there is an inscription.

INSERT (French)

Ici Mourut Jeanne, la Pucelle

Femme dans la Tendresse

Homme dans l'Action

Heros dans le Devoir

Elle Mourut pour la France

Rouen, le 30 Mai, 1431

INSERT (English)

Here Died the Maid, Jeanne

A woman in Tenderness

A man in Action

A hero in Duty

She Died for France

Rouen, May 30, 1431

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURT OF THE HOTEL NORMANDIE - NIGHT

8

LONG SHOT - the CAMERA IS SET UP on a dolly, focused through an archway. Beyond the arch stands a diligence in the dark courtyard. The lamps of the diligence are lit, but as yet no horses have been harnessed to it. Through the stable door behind the diligence comes a shaft of light. The wind blows the surface snow along the street.

Two tall figures, the Count and Countess de Breville go past the camera on the left hand. The CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND them until they reach the other side of the arch. Here M. and Mme. Carre-Lamadon are waiting. They are all bundled in coats and wraps against the cold. M. Carre-Lamadon steps out, tipping his hat.

MED. GROUP SHOT - M. Carre-Lamadon, Mme. Carre-Lamadon, the Count and Countess de Breville.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Ah, good morning, Count.  
Good morning, Madame.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Good morning, M. Carre-Lamadon.

The two women murmur greetings to each other.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

I'm taking my wife with me.

COUNT de BREVILLE

So am I. I have no intention of returning to Rouen. From Dieppe I go to Le Havre and if the Prussians approach Le Havre, I will go to England.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

We have the same plans.

From the right M. Loiseau and Mme. Loiseau come into the scene. The two gentlemen tip their hats. Mme. Loiseau passes beyond them to where the ladies are standing.

M. LOISEAU

(heartily)

A good morning for a journey, eh?

COUNT de BREVILLE

A little dark perhaps -- a great deal of snow on the road I've been told.

M. LOISEAU

All the better. It will give us a sharper appetite for our breakfast at Totes.

There seems nothing more to say and the three men stand silent, hunching themselves against the cold.

At the rear of the court, a stableman comes out leading the first horse.

10 MED. FULL SHOT - the diligence. The stableman leads the horse past the diligence and starts to back it up to the near wiffle tree.

11 OUT

12 MED. FULL SHOT of M. and Mme. Loiseau, M. and Mme. Carre-Lamadon and the Count and Countess de Breville. The three couples move toward the coach. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them.

## EXT. THE ARCHWAY - NIGHT

- 12A A tall dark figure, (Cornudet), a man bundled in overcoat and slouch hat comes in from the right and begins to go through the archway. From the other direction comes the young priest, and only a few steps behind him, also proceeds under the arch.

## INT. DILIGENCE - NIGHT

- 13 The Loiseaus, the Carre-Lamadons and the Count and Countess de Breville in the coach. The women sit on one side and the men opposite them. M. and Mme. Loiseau are seated nearest the front of the carriage. Next are M. and Mme. Carre-Lamadon and nearest the entrance are the Count and Countess de Breville. On the forward baggage rack are three little footstoves armed with live coals. Loiseau is in the act of distributing these among the ladies.

M. LOISEAU

(to Mme.  
Carre-Lamadon)

Better than a husband to keep  
your feet warm.

The three women laugh. He has lighted the three stoves and little freckles of light dot the coach as light leaks out from the pierced tin of these contrivances. The door at the rear of the diligence opens and Cornudet preceded by the priest, appear. They take their places. The priest seats himself next to the Countess. Cornudet sits down next to her consort. The darkness at their end of the coach is too deep to see their faces.

## EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

- 14 FULL SHOT - the diligence. A hostler stands at the horses' heads. The coachman slowly climbs to his seat and arranges the robe about his knees. Then, reaching for his whip, the coachman calls back.

COACHMAN

(calling)

Is everyone aboard?

From within the coach, Loiseau's ringing tones can be heard.

LOISEAU'S VOICE

We're all here.

The coachman raises his whip and at the same time a girl's voice calls out to him.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

Wait! Wait!

## EXT. THE ARCH - NIGHT

- 15 LONG SHOT. Through the arch comes a female figure, walking with hurried step. This is Elizabeth Rousset. She wears an overcoat and a little toque. She has a basket in one hand and with her other hand holds her muff against her face. She runs toward the back of the coach. The hostler, who has left the horses' heads, moves with her.
- 16 MED. FULL SHOT - the rear of the coach. The hostler holds the door open and helps Elizabeth get her basket into the coach. He closes the door behind her and then steps to one side.
- 17 MED. FULL SHOT. The driver cracks his whip. The horses strain against their collars. The coach goes forward.

## INT. COACH - NIGHT

- 18 It is very dark in the coach now that the door has been closed. At the front end the little rays of light coming from the foot stoves carried by Mesdames Carre-Lamadon, Loiseau and the Countess make little pinpricks of illumination, giving this end of the conveyance a faint light. The Carre-Lamadons, the Loiseaus and the Count and Countess can be seen. The other three passengers at the rear are mere bulks of darker darkness. M. Loiseau looks toward the rear of the coach, peers; is unable to see anything.

M. LOISEAU

Anybody I know in the back?

There is silence from the rear of the coach. Loiseau now makes a serious attempt to see the faces of the passengers in the back of the coach.

M. LOISEAU

(trying to make  
a joke of it)

These days one has to know one's fellow travelers -- days of war -- spies, traitors -- even thieves. Who's back there? Who are you?

A cool impudent voice comes from the darkness.

CORNUDET

We may ask the same of you, sir.  
Who are you?

M. CARRE-LAMADON

We're all respectable people up here. There's the Count and Countess de Breville --

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

(from the  
darkness)

Income: five hundred thousand  
francs a year. He's respectable.

M. LOISEAU

And I can introduce the others...

This gentleman...

(pointing to  
Carre-Lamadon)

...is Mr. Carre-Lamadon - a  
manufacturer of cottons --  
proprietor of three mills ---

CORNUDET

A member of the General Council,  
he fought against any reform  
that would benefit the people.  
I know him.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

You presume to be a man of politics?

CORNUDET

I have the good of France at  
heart. Can you say the same  
thing?

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Sir!

M. LOISEAU

(breaking in)

Gentlemen, we have a long  
voyage. Let's not quarrel about  
politics. We're all Frenchmen.

CORNUDET

There are many sorts of Frenchmen  
and I know your kind of Frenchman,  
Mr. Loiseau.

M. Loiseau looks surprised.

CORNUDET (cont'd)

I know you. You sell bad wine  
at a good profit. I even know  
why you are going to Le Havre --  
so you can collect monies from  
the French government and buy  
wines to sell to the Germans.

M. LOISEAU

(indignantly)

My wine is good wine. I sell  
it at a fair price. Who are  
you anyway?

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

He picks up his wife's little hand stove and moves it toward the back of the coach so that the back of the coach is faintly illuminated. He puts it under the face of the priest. The face of the priest is spotted with light.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)

Excuse me, Father.

He turns the stove so that it comes under the chin of Cornudet. Cornudet's grinning face is revealed to him.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)

You rascal! I should have known. Cornudet, the revolutionist. The talker in cafes. The man who built the barricades to defend Rouen and ran away at the first sight of a German helmet.

(almost  
jokingly)

You rascal!

CORNUDET

Well at least we all know each other. We are all running away from the Prussians.

ELIZABETH

(very quietly)

I'm not running away. I'm only going to my own village -- Cleresville.

Loiseau moves the stove so that the light freckles her countenance. For the first time her face can be seen.

18A CLOSE SHOT of Elizabeth.

18B CLOSE SHOT of the three other women. They are looking at Elizabeth with mingled expressions of curiosity and contempt.

MADAME LOISEAU

(coarsely)

All sorts of people travel these days.

19 CLOSE SHOT of Elizabeth. She fixes the three women with a steady look.

20

CLOSE SHOT of the three other women. There is a hushed silence in the coach. Even Elizabeth feels that she may have gone too far. She looks a little abashed.. Immediately, Mme. Carre-Lamadon and the Countess turn to each other.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

Did you see the Marchioness  
before you left?

Taking their lead from the women, the men in the front of the coach also decide to bar the lower elements from their life.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

(to the  
Count)

I hear the government has decided  
to put a new value on the franc.

21 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Across the coach, taking in Cornudet as he leans across Elizabeth to speak to the other men.

CORNUDET

I doubt that the government will act without the consent of the people.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

(turning sharply to him)

We were discussing finances, sir -- not political theories, which I understand are your only business.

Snubbed, Cornudet leans back in his seat. The Count ostentatiously resumes the conversation.

COUNT de BREVILLE

I have already sent six hundred thousand francs to England -- A trifle in reserve.

From the other side of the coach can be heard Mme. Carre-Lamadon's voice.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON'S VOICE

The Marchioness told me ---

22 TWO SHOT - Elizabeth and Cornudet.

CORNUDET

(in a whisper to Elizabeth)

These rich people don't like either little landresses or revolutionists.

Elizabeth almost smiles, then demurely composes her face again.

23- LONG SHOT - the coach from the rear. It passes down a  
24 long street. The lantern, hanging under the rear wheel, glimmers like a firefly through the falling snow.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - NOON

25 A VERY LONG SHOT of the coach going slowly along a snowy road.

26 MED. FULL SHOT - the coach going past an oddly shaped poplar tree. It stands with bare branches spread like a menacing hand against the sky.

INT. THE COACH - NOON

27 Loiseau is examining his watch.

LOISEAU

I don't need this to tell me  
it is past time for my luncheon.  
My stomach feels as if I had  
abandoned it.

He starts to return his watch to the chamois case in which he puts it before placing it in his pocket.

LOISEAU (cont'd)

For a small ham I would give  
a thousand francs.

MME. LOISEAU

(appalled at such  
an offer of good  
money)

Loiseau!

LOISEAU

Don't worry, my dove -- no one  
has any ham to sell.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

I cannot understand why I did  
not think to bring provisions.

No one responds. They have heard similar complaints for sometime. M. Loiseau yawns. Mme. Loiseau yawns. The Count yawns, placing his fingers before his mouth. The Countess yawns, repeating the gesture. M. Carre-Lamadon and his wife yawn and they make affected gestures to cover their yawns. Cornudet yawns, carelessly bringing his hand up only halfway to cover this involuntary movement. The priest, reading his breviary, yawns. Elizabeth looks from one of her neighbors to another, then diffidently, she reaches down behind her skirts, under the seat, touches her basket, and then as if thinking better of it, she straightens up and folds her hands under her muff.

LOISEAU

You know what we should do? We  
should do what they did on the  
little ship in the song. Do  
you know what that was?

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

LOISEAU (cont'd)

They ate the poorest of the  
passengers.

Elizabeth freezes. Everyone would like to laugh, but they all control their mirth except Loiseau who roars at his own joke. The jolting, as the coach comes to a stop, brings an end to his laughter.

MME. LOISEAU

(looking out)

What again?

All the men start to rise. The man nearest the door reaches for the door handle.

EXT. WALL - NOON

28

MED. FULL SHOT. The coach is stuck in a drift before a ruined chateau. A wall hides most of the buildings. Beyond the wall, however, is a suggestion of a mansard roof torn by cannon fire, and the cold grey sky of the French winter. Near the wall are a few broken rifles, a kepi trodden into the snow and an abandoned knapsack; the shards of battle.

NOTE: For architectural detail see Detaille's painting "The Defense of Champigny."

The horses are well beyond their fetlocks in snow. The coachman lashes at them. They strain, but the coach does not move.

29

MED. SHOT. The gentlemen are sallying forth, but with an air of weariness, as if they had done this several times before. M. Loiseau, M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count push against the rear of the coach. The priest and Cornudet go forward to put their shoulders against the front wheels.

30

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the coach. The coachman turns on the box to address the other men.

COACHMAN

Let my horses have a little  
rest -- they need it.

The other men relax.

EXT. THE REAR OF THE COACH - NOON

30A

M. Loiseau opens the door and calls inside.

(CONTINUED)

30A (CONTINUED)

M. LOISEAU

You might as well come out  
and take the air, ladies.  
The horses are resting again.

The ladies start to come out. Mme. Loiseau is first,  
then the Countess, Mme. Carre-Lamadon and finally  
Elizabeth. M. Loiseau gallantly offers his hand to  
all of them except Elizabeth.

31 OMITTED.

32 MED. CLOSE SHOT . At the rear of the coach, Cornudet,  
M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count look off toward the  
chateau.

COUNT

This was once the country seat  
of my friend, the Baron de Mots.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

A pity! One of the worst  
features of war. Armies have  
no respect for property.

CORNUDET

Many a good man lost his life  
here.

M. Loiseau and the ladies come ambling up from the back  
of the coach.

M. LOISEAU

We'll get nothing to eat here.

33- OMITTED.

34

35 LONG SHOT - the coach, SHOOTING TOWARD the chateau. The  
passengers have grouped themselves. The Countess and Mme.  
Carre-Lamadon join their husbands. M. Loiseau and his  
wife walk over to them. The priest, the coachman and  
Cornudet stand near the front of the coach. This  
arrangement leaves Elizabeth alone. She stands with her  
hands in her little muff, looking at the chateau.36 CLOSE SHOT - the Carre-Lamadons, the Count and Countess  
and the Loiseaus.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

I didn't see a single wine shop  
open on the way. This war has  
ruined trade.

(CONTINUED)

M. LOISEAU

And the peasants -- you can't even buy bread from them. They've been robbed so many times by the Prussians.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(sighing)

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

37 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the coachman. He is standing examining the wheel horses. Finally, he slaps the near wheeler on the crupper and turns toward the rear of the coach.

COACHMAN

Shall we try again, gentlemen?

The ladies begin to climb back into the coach and the men again take their positions and push. Mme. Loiseau has trouble getting in. Elizabeth tries to help her but Mme. Loiseau ostentatiously disregards her offer. She finally heaves herself in; Elizabeth follows.

38 LONG FULL SHOT - the coach in front of the chateau. The driver cracks his whip, the men push and slowly the coach wheels begin to turn.

DISSOLVE

39 CLOSE SHOT - of a crow. It has alighted in the snow in the roadway and is tearing at some offal concealed in the snow. There is the sound of horses' hoof beats muffled by the snow. Slowly, and heavily, the crow flaps its wings and flies off.

39A FULL SHOT as the horses draw the coach over the spot where the crow had been and PULLS still further back to disclose the empty and desolate country-side through which it is travelling.

40 OMITTED.

EXT. THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - AFTERNOON

41 The coach is passing over an interminable plain without trees or houses; only snow and sky. The horses go slowly and the coachman sits immobile as a lump of lead, his whip drooping from his hand.

INT. THE COACH - AFTERNOON

42 M. Loiseau yawns and again everyone yawns.

M. LOISEAU  
It is hunger that makes us yawn.

43 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth as she yawns. The yawn completed, she brings her face under control and suddenly, as if she had come to a decision, she bends down and from behind her skirt takes her basket. She opens it, revealing a napkin covering up bulky objects. On top of this napkin are a China plate and a little silver cup. She takes these up and draws back the napkin.

INSERT THE BASKET - which contains:  
Two roasted chickens, some pates,  
fruits and sweetmeats.  
The necks of four bottles can be seen.

BACK TO SCENE - Elizabeth takes up a chicken leg and a biscuit. She begins to eat daintily, looking straight ahead as she does so.

43A CLOSE SHOT - Loiseau. He is gazing disconsolately across at his spouse; suddenly sniffs and lifts his nose into the air like a hound picking up a scent. slowly turns.

CAMERA PANS to include Carre-Lamadon and the Count as they, in turn, sniff the air and turn to stare as if hypnotized, down at Elizabeth's basket.

44 CLOSE SHOT - M. Loiseau. His mouth is watering and he is swallowing air. His eyes are riveted on the food.

M. LOISEAU  
Some people know how to think ahead.

45 GROUP SHOT - Elizabeth turns to him.

ELIZABETH  
If you would like some, sir, I would be very pleased. It is hard to go without food.

M. LOISEAU  
I cannot refuse. I can stand it no longer.

He reaches out and tears off the other leg of the chicken.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)  
In moments like this, it is good to find people who are obliging.

(CONTINUED)

On finishing this speech he looks defiantly around the coach as if to explain his acceptance, then very deliberately, unfolds a newspaper, spreads it over his knees, takes a knife from his pocket and jabs it into the leg of the chicken, all glistening with jelly, and begins to eat with great satisfaction.

46 GROUP SHOT - the other side of the coach. The ladies are all eyes. The smell of the food makes their mouths water. It even reaches the priest and he looks up.

47 GROUP SHOT - including the priest and Elizabeth. Elizabeth sees the priest look up.

ELIZABETH

Father, would you like some?

ABBE

Yes, please.

She passes the basket to him and he takes out a piece of chicken.

ABBE (cont'd)

Thank you very much.

He takes his chicken and begins to eat it.

CORNUDET

If commerce and the church are fed, should politics go hungry?

ELIZABETH

Would you like some?

She extends the basket to him and he takes a chicken wing and several biscuits.

48 TWO SHOT - M. Loiseau and his wife.

M. LOISEAU

(in a  
whisper)

Have some. She has plenty.

Mme. Loiseau shakes her head.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)

Go ahead. Hunger weakens one.

She shrugs her shoulders in acceptance. M. Loiseau turns to Elizabeth.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)

(with heavy  
gallantry)

Would our charming companion  
mind if I offered some to my  
wife?

With a pleasant smile, Elizabeth passes the dish to M. Loiseau. He passes it to his wife, who takes the entire carcass of the chicken in her hands. He returns the empty dish. Elizabeth takes out a bottle of wine and struggles with the cork.

CORNUDET

Please, allow me.

He takes the bottle from her and with deft movements uncorks it and passes it back to her.

ELIZABETH

I have but one cup.

M. LOISEAU

Don't let that embarrass you.  
We'll all drink at a different  
place.

She fills the cup and passes it to M. Loiseau, who passes it to his wife. She drinks.

49 GROUP SHOT - the Count and Countess and the Carre-Lamadons. They sit coldly aloof, pretending not to notice the eating that goes on about them.

M. LOISEAU'S VOICE

This is good.

He smacks his lips.

MME. LOISEAU

(in agreement;  
her mouth full  
of food)

Umm.

Mme. Carre-Lamadon, with a side-long glance, looks at the carcass of the chicken held up in Mme. Loiseau's gloved hands, then she looks back. Suddenly taking great care to be graceful, she faints, allowing her head to droop lily-like on the Countess' shoulder.

COUNTESS

Oh!

COUNT

She has fainted.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

My dear!

M. LOISEAU'S VOICE

Here, here --a few drops of  
wine.

(CONTINUED)

He passes the cup. The Countess puts the cup to the lady's lips and somehow, even in her unconscious state, she is able to take a few greedy sips.

COUNTESS

There, there.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Are you all right, my dear?

Mme. Carre-Lamadon opens her eyes weakly and says in a dying voice:

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

I feel better.

COUNTESS

Drink a little more, my dear, so that you won't feel faint again.

Mme. Carre-Lamadon takes a full swallow.

MME. LOISEAU'S VOICE

It is just hunger -- nothing more.

Elizabeth looks over at the Countess. She is embarrassed and stammers a little as she speaks.

ELIZABETH

If I dared to offer anything to these gentlemen and ladies, I would --

She breaks off suddenly and is silent, as if afraid that this offer might be repaid by a snub.

M. LOISEAU

Ah, certainly. In times like these, all the world are brothers. Come ladies - why not accept?

There is a silence and everyone looks expectantly at the gentlefolk. The Count decides the question. He turns to Elizabeth with a grand air of condescension.

COUNT

We accept with gratitude, Madame.

With a beaming smile of pleasure, Elizabeth picks up the whole basket and passes it to the end of the coach.

EXT. THE COACH - AFTERNOON

50

It is passing through wooded country and the snow lies less deeply on the roadway. The horses are moving at a fast walk.

## INT. THE COACH - LATE AFTERNOON

51 Everyone is eating and drinking. The remaining three bottles have been uncorked and are being passed from hand to hand. The entire mood of the coach has changed, and now, because they are eating Elizabeth's food, the other people in the coach have to speak with the humble little laundress. The Countess and Mme. Carre-Lamadon do so with a gracious air. Mme. Loiseau says little, eats much, and is still resentful at this lower class being.

M. LOISEAU

Only the French know how to eat.  
The Germans -- have you ever  
seen them eat?

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Even General von Kuhn -- we  
served him marron glace -- He  
compared it to strudel.  
(with contempt)  
Strudel.

MME. LOISEAU

At my house -- when they dined  
with us -- they only asked for  
sauerkraut.

COUNTESS

(attempting to  
draw Elizabeth  
into the  
discussion)  
And have you also noticed how  
the Germans eat?

ELIZABETH

I don't eat with the Germans,  
Madame.

Mme. Loiseau gives her a sour look.

CORNUDET

You're a patriot.

ELIZABETH

I suppose we are all patriots.  
It's just that I have never  
had to eat with the Prussians.  
Maybe the others were forced to  
do so.

The Count and Countess at least have the good grace to  
exchange guilty looks.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

Well, if you had nothing to do  
with the Germans, how did you  
get permission to leave Rouen?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

(with a  
little grin)They were quite glad to let  
me go.

CORNUDET

(eagerly)

They asked you to leave?

COUNTESS

What did you do?

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't eat with them. I  
wouldn't do their laundry either.  
I wouldn't do anything for them.  
Sometimes I watched them from  
the window -- the great pigs with  
their spiked helmets -- and I  
wished I were a man, so that I  
could fight them.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Certainly wishing you were a  
man wasn't enough to make the  
Prussians so glad to have you  
leave Rouen.

ELIZABETH

(with a  
reminiscent  
smile)I also threw things out of the  
window.

There is some embarrassment in the coach.

COUNT

Too many of us welcome them  
like friends.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)

They always said at the laundry  
that it was much harder for the  
rich to be patriotic.

There is a shocked silence. Some of them even  
stop eating. If Elizabeth's food were not a gag  
in their mouths, there would have been some sharp  
words. As it is, they conquer their anger. The  
Countess is the first to swallow what she is  
chewing and turns to Elizabeth.

COUNTESS

(to Elizabeth;  
graciously)

Why don't you have my foot  
stove?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

Thank you. I'd like it.

The man sitting next to Elizabeth helps her arrange the foot stove.

M. LOISEAU

(wiping his  
greasy mouth)

To me the little lady is more  
than a patriot, she is a provider.

He takes another piece of chicken. They all smile at her.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - NIGHT - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

52 It has begun to snow. THE CAMERA is set up on the roof of the diligence SHOOTING PAST the driver. The lanterns of the coach are lit and shining with a lively glimmer, showing a cloud of foam beyond. The steam of the horses and the falling snow give an impression of finity. On both sides of the way, the snow seems to roll itself along with the moving reflection of the lights. From inside the coach can be heard Elizabeth's voice. The coaching song she is singing rings out clear and sweet in the night air and the coach and its little world of steam and falling snow seems to roll along with the merry rhythm of the music.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

52A Follenvie, the innkeeper, looking out, hears horses' hooves, CAMERA PANS to:

INT. THE INN YARD - NIGHT

53 A hostler with a lantern is swinging open the great gates to the inn yard. Through this gate the coach drives a little way across the yard and comes to a halt.

INT. COACH - NIGHT

54 The coach is just stopping and its occupants display that sort of relieved let-down of tension which people do who have spent many hours on the road. M. Loiseau looks at his watch.

M. LOISEAU

I could eat a Prussian!  
Thirteen hours on the road  
and only this young lady's  
little morsel to sustain life.

(with an arch  
look and an  
up-raised hand)

Not that I'm not grateful.  
I would have been a dead man  
without your chicken.

The door of the diligence opens. Several of the passengers start to rise and then suddenly resume their seats as two sounds come from the darkness. The first is the sound of a metal scabbard striking against the cobblestones and the second is a German voice.

MLLE. FIFI'S VOICE

With the permission of the  
commanding general, eh? Let  
me see those passports.

## EXT. INN YARD - NIGHT

55 The CAMERA is set up BEHIND Mlle. Fifi. He is seen only in silhouette in a smart Uhlan's uniform without overcoat. His hand rests negligently on his trailing sabre. He presents a trim, dandified and yet menacing figure. Beyond him the driver steps forward with the lantern to illuminate the interior of the coach showing the two rows of frightened faces.

MLLE. FIFI

(with the barest  
indication of  
a bow)

Will you be good enough to descend,  
gentlemen and ladies.

The priest is the first to alight. He gets down humbly and walks past the German officer with a modest and assured manner.

MLLE. FIFI

You are the priest who is  
going to Cleresville?

ABBE

(stopping)

Yes.

MLLE. FIFI

(making a  
gesture  
for him to  
keep going)

I will have plenty of time to  
make your acquaintance.

The Count and Countess are the next to pass before the German. With great dignity, the Count helps his lady to alight. They sweep past the officer. He remains immobile. Next are M. and Mme. Loiseau. M. Loiseau pushes his larger half before him. As he passes the officer, he lifts his hat with an air more of prudence than politeness.

M. LOISEAU

Good evening, sir.

Even in silhouette it can be seen that the officer turns to look at the man but makes no reply.

M. and Mme. Carre-Lamadon are the next to descend. They pass quickly. Mme. Carre-Lamadon looks at the officer out of the corner of her eye, appraisingly, and quite willing to flirt. Elizabeth and Cornudet, although nearest the door, are the last to descend. Cornudet steps down, attempting to be brave and haughty in the presence of the enemy.

Elizabeth pauses for a moment in the doorway of the coach, then alights and passes the officer without looking at him. He follows her with his eyes.

56

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The officer and the driver.  
Again the CAMERA is on the officer's back so that he is silhouetted against the light of the lantern. The little driver has to look up to him as he speaks. The officer taps a packet of papers against the palm of his hand.

Mlle. FIFI

They are all here -- and the last one -- that was the little laundress?

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

Mlle. FIFI

The one that doesn't like Prussian soldiers?

DRIVER

I don't know about that, sir.

Mlle. FIFI

(sneering)

So you're trying to be patriotic too.

(with contempt)

Fi fi donc!

With a brisk movement of his hand, he shoves the packet of papers into the driver's hands and turns away to the left so that we again fail to see his face. He enters the inn through another door.

INT. INN - NIGHT

57

After the darkness of the preceding scenes, this room gives off a mellow glow of warmth, hot food and large comfort. The travelers are beginning to divest themselves of their outer garments. There is much stamping of feet and blowing upon hands.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(removing her coat)

I never thought to be warm again.

M. LOISEAU

I can tell the quality of the food by the smell of the kitchen. It will be a good dinner.

Mme. Follenvie, a brisk, sharp, little woman who keeps the inn with her husband, is helping the Countess with her wraps. She turns to M. Loiseau.

(CONTINUED)

MME. FOLLENVIE

There is always a good dinner here, Mr. Loiseau. It is our pride.

There is a fine air of geniality among the travelers. They are all exceedingly happy to be here. Elizabeth has removed her outer garments and hangs them over a chair; then runs to warm her hands at the stove. This brings her closer to the stairway leading to the private dining room on the second floor, so that she more or less stands between the other passengers and the stairway. Suddenly through a door to one side of the stairs the German officer appears with M. Follenvie who wears a white apron. For the first time they see the cold, contemptuous face of Lt. Count Von Eyrick of the Fifth Uhlan Regiment. He stands haughtily looking over the people who have arrived, without glancing at Elizabeth. Then he walks towards the stairs, followed by the innkeeper. At the first sight of Fifi, Elizabeth has turned her own attention to the task of warming her hands as if she did not see him.

The officer says a few hurried whispered words to the innkeeper. M. Follenvie nods and Von Eyrick goes up the stairs, disappearing in the gloom of the upper stairway. They all stand restlessly for a moment until the sound of his footsteps ceases. Then the innkeeper speaks.

FOLLENVIE

Is Miss Elizabeth Rousset here?

Elizabeth turns to him.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

FOLLENVIE

Lt. Count Von Eyrick wishes to speak with you immediately.

ELIZABETH

(with  
surprise)

With me?

FOLLENVIE

Yes, if you are Miss Rousset.

There is a stir among the rest of the people; a little babble of conjecture.

CORNUDET

What right has he to demand this?  
She has her pass.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

I won't go.

COUNT de BREVILLE

You are wrong, madame. Your refusal may lead to difficulties for all of us. His request means nothing -- some forgotten formality -- that's all.

Elizabeth looks to Cornudet to see what advice he will give.

CORNUDET

You'd better go and see what he wants.

ELIZABETH

All right. If you all say that I should go -- I'll go.

She starts up the stairs. M. Follenvie goes with her to show the way. They all gather at the foot of the stairs; curious and concerned.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

I wish to heaven it were someone else he wanted to see. That girl has no tact.

CORNUDET

(sarcastically)

By that you mean she is a patriot.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

(defending himself)

I only mean that she had already had trouble with the Prussians.

COUNT de BREVILLE

(trying to smooth things out a bit)

Gentlemen -- there's nothing to it -- some trifling irregularity in her passport --

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(looking up the stairs)

It's too bad the Uhlán officer is not a Frenchman. He would make a handsome hussar and all the women would rave over him.

Madame Follenvie has bustled over to where the travelers are standing.

(CONTINUED)

MME. FOLLENVIE

That Prussian -- he's inhuman.  
His comrades call him by a  
girl's name -- Mlle. Fifi --  
because he says always  
(mimicking him)  
Fi fi donc! Fi fi donc!  
But there is nothing soft about  
him. He's only happy when you  
do exactly what he says.

CORNUDET

(a little  
anxiously)

Perhaps one of us ought to go  
up --

MME. LOISEAU

That one -- she can take care of  
herself.

MME. FOLLENVIE

(motioning toward  
the table)

Sit down good people, sit down.  
The soup will be cold. These  
Prussians interfere with  
everything. I'll keep the  
little girl's food warm for her.  
Sit down -- sit down.

She bustles off. The rest follow after her to the big  
table in the center of the inn which has been set for  
dinner. Cornudet is the last to come, and even as he  
seats himself with the others, he directs his glance  
for a moment toward the stairs.

M. LOISEAU

A litre of bordeau.

Mme. Loiseau plucks at his sleeve and whispers to him.

M. LOISEAU (cont'd)

(to waiter)

I'll change that order. A  
measure of cider. I can't afford  
to buy at my own prices.

A waiter bends over the priest. The priest shakes his  
head.

(CONTINUED)

M. CARRE-LAMADON

(making a  
gesture to  
indicate the  
inclusion  
of the Count,  
Countess, his  
wife and himself)

We shall have a bottle of Vouvray.

MME. FOLLENVIE

We have the best vintage --  
1863.

M. LOISEAU

It is good. She bought it from  
me.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

(throws him  
a look)

Perhaps we'd better have Chateau  
Lafite.

CORNUDET

A glass of pale ale.

He smacks his lips in anticipation. While the wine orders are being taken, Mme. Follenvie, with the help of a big lout of a peasant girl, has been ladling hot soup into their plates. M. Follenvie has returned and has taken his place at the head of the table. He is about to shove his spoon into the bowl before him when his wife makes a gesture stopping him and pointing to the priest. This gesture does not escape the Count who turns to the priest.

COUNT de BREVILLE

It would please us if you said  
grace, Father.

As if for him it was the most natural thing in the world, the priest says a short Latin grace.

BENEDICE, DOMINE, NOS ET HAEC TUA DONA,  
QUAE DE TUA LARGITATE SUMUS SUMPTURI.  
PER CHRISTUM DOMINUM NOSTRUM. AMEN.

The rest respond with amens. Hardly has the echo of their amens gone from the room when Elizabeth appears at the top of the staircase. She comes down the stairs.

The Count rises in order to see her better, looking over the head of the innkeeper.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT de BREVILLE

(with some  
concern)

What was it?

Elizabeth crosses to where Mme. Follenvie is pointing  
to a place for her. Quickly she seats herself.

ELIZABETH

It concerns no one but me. It  
was nothing.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT de BREVILLE

See. Just as I told you all -- some irregularity -- these Prussians worship order in trifles.

M<sup>ME</sup>. FOLLENVIE

These Prussians! I have two sons in the Army. Isn't that enough tragedy in one life? No. We have to have the Prussians. Each one of them eats and drinks for ten. We lose money on them.

M. FOLLENVIE

You'd better keep quiet.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

We'll have a good dinner -- a good sleep -- and away at eight o'clock.

COUNT de BREVILLE

I'll order the coach to be ready for that hour.

Elizabeth looks from one to another as they speak so confidently of the morrow. She seems about to speak, then thinks better of it. Cornudet looks over at her, lifts his glass of beer and gazes through its amber depths at the candle light. He brings the glass slowly to his lips and drinks, seeming to lose himself in thought.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTYARD - MORNING

58 In the middle of the courtyard stands the diligence. The roof is loaded with snow. On the pole, which has been cock-billed into the air, as a rooster crowing lustily. The CURTAINS PULL BACK to reveal the Count and M. Carre-Lamadon, all bundled and ready for the journey, issuing from the doorway of the inn. The sight of the abandoned coach brings them to pause. It is at this moment that the driver comes out of the stable, yawning, rubbing his eyes, hawking and spitting to prepare himself for the fresh air and the beginning of a new day.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Weren't you ordered to be ready at eight o'clock?

DRIVER

I had another order since then.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Another?

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

The Prussian officer. He said  
not to harness at all.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Why?

DRIVER

I know nothing about it. Go  
and ask Follenvie. They tell  
me not to harness and I don't  
harness. That's all.

The two men are very much agitated and perplexed. They  
turn to each other.

COUNT de BREVILLE

There is nothing to do but see  
the inn-keeper.

He turns back into the inn. M. Carre-Lamadon follows.  
In the doorway they meet the other travelers, all ready  
for the journey. They all turn back.

INT. THE INN - MORNING

59 Mme. Follenvie is bustling about, sharp and full of  
energy, calling out orders to the big wench that helps  
her.

MME. FOLLENVIE

Clear the dishes, clear the dishes.  
It will be dinner time before you  
are done with breakfast.

The girl, not a bit perturbed, continues to leisurely  
take the dishes from the table. It is at this moment  
that the Count walks up to her.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Mme. Follenvie, where is your  
husband?

M. CARRE-LAMADON

We must see him at once.

MME. FOLLENVIE

He's coming down. I can hear  
him.

From the upper floor comes the sound of a racking cough,  
snuffling and the clearing of an enormous throat. The  
Count and M. Carre-Lamadon start for the stairs. As  
they reach the foot of the steps, the innkeeper,  
blowing his nose into a great handkerchief, comes into  
view.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT de BREVILLE

What's this about the coach?

M. CARRE-LAMADON

It's outrageous!

M. FOLLENVIE

I'm sorry, but the Lieutenant said, "Follenvie, see to it that the carriage is not harnessed tomorrow." That's all I know about it.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

But why?

M. FOLLENVIE

(shrugging)

I don't know.

COUNT de BREVILLE

But he has no right to stop us.

M. FOLLENVIE

He's in charge here. I have to do what he says.

60 OUT

61 CLOSE SHOT - the foot of the stairway. Cornudet comes up to join the Count and M. Carre-Lamadon who are still talking with the innkeeper.

COUNT de BREVILLE

I'll send the officer my card.

He fishes into his pocket.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Let me add my name. My official titles may persuade him to see us.

M. FOLLENVIE

This Fifi has his own ideas.

The Count passes his card over to M. Carre-Lamadon who crosses to a little table and begins to write.

61A GROUP SHOT - Mesdames Carre-Lamadon, Loiseau, the Countess and Elizabeth. They stand together near the door, very excited.

COUNTESS de BREVILLE

What sort of an order is this?

Elizabeth is silent. She understands.

61B CLOSE SHOT - the men. M. Carre-Lamadon returns and hands the card to the innkeeper.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Be sure that you tell him I wish to see him immediately.

M. FOLLENVIE

(starting off)

It will do no good.

62 GROUP SHOT - the ladies.

COUNTESS de BREVILLE

(to Elizabeth)

What sort of man is he?

ELIZABETH

A German.

MME. LOISEAU

Does he look greedy -- as if he might want money?

ELIZABETH

One can't tell that from looking at a man.

MME. LOISEAU

Haven't you looked at enough of them?

Elizabeth shrugs.

COUNTESS de BREVILLE

Does he seem like an honorable man?

ELIZABETH

I can't tell that by looking at a man either.

MME. LOISEAU

Well, it's better to be safe.

She nods sagely and begins to remove a ring from her finger. Opening her reticule, she places it in the bottom. The Countess and Mme. Carre-Lamadon suddenly look off toward the stairs.

63 MED. LONG SHOT - the stairs. M. Follenvie has appeared on the stairs and is leaning his stomach on the stairs as he talks to M. Carre-Lamadon, the Count and Cornudet.

M. FOLLENVIE

The officer will see you now.

64 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Count, Cornudet and M. Carre-Lamadon at the foot of the stairs. M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count look at each other. The Count looks over at Cornudet and makes a gracious gesture to him as if to have him ascend first.

CORNUDET

Not I. You'll have to see him alone.

He turns and walks off. The other two men look after him, look at each other, then with the slightest of shrugs, turn and begin ascending the stairs to the private dining room.

INT. THE LANDING OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM - MORNING

65 M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count come up onto the landing. M. Follenvie waits for them at the door to usher them in.

M. FOLLENVIE

This way, gentlemen.

They go through the door.

66 MED. FULL SHOT - the private dining room. It is a small room with a little grate against one wall. A round horse hair upholstered ottoman is in front of this grate, a little bleak-looking hard-backed sofa in one corner, a small linen-covered table in the center attended by two chairs and the walls are covered with steel engravings after Watteau and Fragonnard and those other painters who delight in painting idyllic love. The wallpaper is Toile de Jouy, L'Auberge pattern. The table is covered with a breakfast service.

The CAMERA is set up to shoot between the Count and M. Carre-Lamadon. Framed between them, standing negligently at the fireplace is Lt. Count von Eyrick. Only his nether members are in uniform; he wears a dressing gown with a black stock at his throat, but under the hem of the dressing gown can be seen the polished boots and the tightly-fitted breeches of the Uhlan. When he moves, it is to the accompaniment of a silver tinkle from his spurs. Very calmly he surveys the two gentlemen, then without a word, he steps to the table, draws back a chair and seats himself. He removes the cover from the dish before him, revealing a fish.

MLLE. FIFI

(setting the  
cover to  
one side)

Ah-h!

(CONTINUED)

Then, and only then does he look up.

MLLE. FIFI (cont'd)

(coldly)

What is it you wish?

Without waiting for an answer he takes his knife and fork and with expert movements of these utensils, splits the fish and raises the backbone on the end of his fork. The whole operation has a cold precise quality almost as if indicating that he would filet a helpless enemy with equal efficiency.

COUNT de BREVILLE

(with  
dignity)

We desire to go on our way, sir.

MLLE. FIFI

(his attention  
on the fish)

No.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

May we ask the reason for this refusal?

MLLE. FIFI

Yes.

The two men stand silent for a moment while Fifi continues the dissection of the fish. He splits the backbone and its accompanying ribs. Finally, the Count finds it possible to ask.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Why, sir -- why have we not been allowed to continue?

Mlle. Fifi holds up the skeleton of the fish and almost looking through the bony structure gives his answer.

MLLE. FIFI

Because I do not wish it.

COUNT de BREVILLE

But I would like to point out to you that your General gave us permission to go to Dieppe.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

We know of nothing we have done to warrant your halting us in this way, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Mlle. FIFI

(putting the  
skeleton of  
the fish down  
on the metal  
cover of the  
dish with an  
air of finality)

I do not wish it. That is all.

You can go.

The Count looks at him with dignity, M. Carre-Lamadon somewhat non-plussed, but both make slight bows and retire from the room. As the door closes behind them Mlle. Fifi smiles and begins to eat.

INT. DINING ROOM - INN - DAY

67 The CAMERA is set up SHOOTING THROUGH the stairway as M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count descend. They are both puzzled and angry.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

What sort of caprice is this?

COUNT de BREVILLE

I have no idea, unless he wants to hold us for ransom -- or maybe he has orders from Rouen.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Do you think that's possible -- for ransom, I mean? I've quite a good deal of money with me.

COUNT de BREVILLE

I too.

They have reached the foot of the stairs and here M. Loiseau is waiting for them.

M. LOISEAU

Well, how did it go?

68 DOLLY SHOT - as Loiseau falls into step with the Count, he answers him.

COUNT de BREVILLE

He refuses to let us go on.

M. LOISEAU

But why?

The Count makes a helpless gesture with his hands.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Ransom -- maybe -- we don't know.

(CONTINUED)

They have come up to the table. Here sit the three ladies at one end. Mme. Loiseau has taken out some knitting and is working on it. Near them is Elizabeth. She seems slightly troubled and watches Mme. Loiseau's knitting hands with more intentness than seems natural; almost as if trying to keep herself apart from the conversation. At the other end of the table, Cornudet sits with glass and pipe, alternately surveying the amber beer, sipping it and puffing on a porcelain pipe. The priest is seated beside him with his breviary open, reading. Mme. Loiseau catches the word "ransom."

MME. LOISEAU

(to the  
Countess)

See, what did I tell you! It was not so foolish to hide my rings.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

Nonsense! The man is an officer -- a man of honor.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Honor, Madame, I'm afraid, is a thing of the past. Nowadays anyone can be an officer.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

But what are we going to do? Is this man going to keep us here forever? Or do we pay -- or what?

Elizabeth looks. There is a strange expression on her face.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE INN - NOON

69 Mme. Follenvie comes in from the kitchen bearing before her a great, high tureen of soup. The CAMERA PANS WITH her to the neatly laid table. The guests stand around the table in groups, just ready to sit down. She has hardly set the tureen down when her husband comes wheezing and panting up to the table. He stands across the table from Elizabeth and addresses her.

M. FOLLENVIE

The Prussian officer has ordered me to ask Miss Elizabeth Rousset if she has changed her mind.

70

CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth shakes her head stubbornly.

M. FOLLENVIE

I shall tell him no, then?

Elizabeth nods. They are all looking at her. Wheezing and puffing, M. Follenvie goes out in the direction of the private dining room. The rest gather around Elizabeth, excited by curiosity.

COUNT de BREVILLE

Have you insulted him in some way?

M. LOISEAU

Ah, these girls! What have you done to him?

CORNUDET

What is this about changing your mind?

ELIZABETH

It is nothing.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Come now. It is nothing! Is it nothing that we have to stay on here in this dreary inn wasting our time -- suffering all this inconvenience and delay -- it is nothing!

ELIZABETH

(blurting  
it out)

He wants me to dine with him.

M. LOISEAU

(with  
explosive  
relief)

Well then --

M. CARRE-LAMADON

Why not --

ELIZABETH

(with  
dignity)

He's a Prussian. He's our enemy. I don't eat with our enemies.

CORNUDET

Bravo!

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

But why should he ask you to dine with him?

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

(answering  
for Elizabeth)

That is just the point. He knows that the rest of you have dined and supped and some have even breakfasted with these Prussians, but Miss Rousset has been a real patriot. He wants to humble her.

COUNT de BREVILLE

(to Elizabeth)

My dear, you must not accept this invitation.

M. LOISEAU

The Count is right. It is an insult to the womanhood of France. The man is behaving like a barbarian.

MME. FOLLENVIE

Good people, the soup will get cold.

As they start to take their places at the table, M. Carre-Lamadon says in a low voice, almost as if to himself.

M. CARRE-LAMADON

But how long will this go on?  
How long can he keep us here?

COUNT de BREVILLE

He will tire of it.

By now they have all taken their places. M. Loiseau lifts a wine glass to Elizabeth.

M. LOISEAU

To the littlest of our passengers!

The rest join him.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

71A

A sergeant of Uhlans, armed only with the sabre, and a private with a carbine on his shoulder, march smartly across the courtyard to the gate. Here an Uhlan on sentry duty pauses in his rounds and faces smartly in the direction of the sergeant and his detail. He ports his carbine. The relieving sentry faces him and brings his carbine to the position of port arms. The sergeant takes his stand at one side, facing the two sentries. The formalities are gone through and the sergeant turns to the far corner of the yard. Here for the first time we see Mlle. Fifi. The sergeant salutes him.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT

The sentries are posted, sir.

Fifi acknowledges the salute and starts toward the door of the inn. The sergeant falls in behind him.

INT. INN - NIGHT

72

LONG SHOT THROUGH the staircase. It is just before dinner and they have all assembled in the common room of the inn. M. Carre-Lamadon and the Count are talking in one corner. Mme. Loiseau, her husband, the innkeeper and his wife are all playing cards at a side table. The Countess and Mme. Carre-Lamadon are standing by the stove warming themselves and talking. Near the door the priest, Cornudet and Elizabeth are seated and talking together. The inn is warm and cozy and though the people are somewhat deadened with boredom, at the same time they are content. They wait for their dinner without eagerness or expectation, their appetites dulled by enforced inactivity.

73

CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth, the young Abbe and Cornudet.

CORNUDET

(to the priest)

At that rate, my friend, you  
will never become a Cardinal.  
That red hat will never be yours.

ABBE

But I want to be a village priest ---

CORNUDET

(with assurance)

It will be a dull life.

ABBE

Life in the little villages isn't  
dull for the priest. It's nice.  
The priest is respected. The  
children love him, and he teaches  
them.

ELIZABETH

That's how it was in my village.  
All of us loved Father Morin.

ABBE

Father Morin? I'm going to  
take his place.

ELIZABETH

(delighted)

At Cleresville? Then you will  
be my priest. I will go to you  
for confession -- and we are  
already friends.

(CONTINUED)

The Abbe smiles.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

All the same, I will miss  
Father Morin. Why, even in  
Rouen I heard the story of how  
he refused to ring the bell.

CORNUDET

What bell?

ELIZABETH

The church bell. After the  
Prussians came to our village  
he wouldn't ring it -- not  
for funerals, not for weddings,  
not even for evening prayers,  
not for anything. Our bell is  
silent. They can't force him  
to ring it.

It is at this moment that the door from the courtyard opens and Mlle. Fifi enters. He is in full campaign kit, his Uhlan helmet set atilt upon his head, a heavy overcoat thrown over his shoulders, the sleeves dangling empty at his sides, his sabre carried under his arm. Behind him comes a sergeant of Uhlans in coarser uniform without overcoat and dragging a heavy issue sabre across the floor. Seeing Elizabeth, he barely pauses, looks at her and then goes on. The sergeant follows him. At the center of the inn, he stops and beckons to M. Follenvie. Follenvie rises promptly and crosses humbly to him. Fifi speaks to him in a low voice, then turns and faces toward Elizabeth. The sergeant, with fussy militarism, changes his own position so as to stay behind his superior officer. Follenvie turns also to face Elizabeth.

M. FOLLENVIE

(formally)

The Lieutenant desires to know---

Cornudet starts to his feet. One can see that he is about to speak heatedly. Elizabeth extends her hand and pushes him back into the chair, then rises with dignity and faces the Lieutenant across the room.

ELIZABETH

(interrupting  
Follenvie)

I have not changed my mind. I  
will not change my mind.

Mlle. Fifi looks at her and brings his hand to his helmet in a slight, almost mocking salute. He turns, and accompanied by his heavy sergeant, goes up the stairs. They all watch him.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. THE COURT YARD - NIGHT

- 74 A German sentry passes back and forth before the snow-laden, deserted coach. He is singing a sentimental German army song to enliven the dull hours of his watch.

INT. THE INN - NIGHT

- 75 The main room of the inn is deserted. There is no light except the little gleam escaping from the stove. The room rumbles to the sound of snoring.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - INN - NIGHT

- 76 LONG SHOT - the corridor. It is deserted. At the far end of it moonlight comes through the dormer window. The snoring is louder.

INT. INN BEDROOM OF M. AND MME. FOLLENVIE - NIGHT

- 77 Follenvie is in bed. He lies on his back. It is from his mouth that rumbling, creaking snores resound.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

- 78 SHOOTING INTO the bedroom of the priest. The priest stands by the window looking out. From somewhere nearby comes the sound of a bell. He shakes his head, leaves the window and goes into the middle of the room.

INT. INN BEDROOM OF THE COUNT AND COUNTESS - NIGHT

- 79 The Countess is brushing her long hair at the mirror. The Count stands by the window smoking a cigar, his lean shanks showing beneath his nightshirt, but elegant withall.

INT. INN BEDROOM OF M. AND MME. CARRE-LAMADON - NIGHT

- 80 They are in twin beds. M. Carre-Lamadon is sleeping. Mme. Carre-Lamadon is reading a paper-backed novel by the light of a candle. Her husband gives a little snore. She looks over at him with disgust.

INT. INN BEDROOM OF M. AND MME. LOISEAU - NIGHT

- 81 Mme. Loiseau is in bed and asleep. M. Loiseau is at the keyhole looking out into what he calls, "the mysteries of the corridor." Light footsteps can be heard going by.

## INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - INN - NIGHT

82

Cornudet in his dressing gown and slippers walks down the corridor to the dormer window. From outside the singing of the German sentry can be heard. For a moment Cornudet stands undecided, then he crosses to a door from under which a faint ray of light can be seen. After a little pause, he knocks. Elizabeth's voice can be heard.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

Who is it?

CORNUDET

Jean Cornudet.

ELIZABETH

Just a minute.

Cornudet stands impatiently. Presently, the door opens and Elizabeth comes out, dressed in a negligee. She closes the door softly behind her, and looks questioningly at him.

CORNUDET

I want to speak with you.

ELIZABETH

Why? We've been all day together.

CORNUDET

I don't know. I haven't defended France. I haven't upheld her honor. But somehow this afternoon when you were speaking with Abbe Chantavoine -- I felt that I was very close to France -- France and her people.

ELIZABETH

(looking at  
him with a  
smile)

Of course. We're French.

CORNUDET

I wish we were all as French as you, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(gaily)

It is so easy. One has only to be born here.

CORNUDET

There's more to it than that. One has to grow up as you grew up -- honest, and sweet.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

(still trying to  
make light of  
this very serious  
conversation)

You sound like my father talking  
about our Normandie apples.

CORNUDET

(a little hurt)

You're making fun of me.

She looks at him very straightforwardly.

ELIZABETH

No, I'm not making fun of you.

She moves a little toward him.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

I like you.

Cornudet puts out his hand, taking hold of her elbows,  
and draws her toward him. He bends down to kiss her.  
She moves her head away and puts her hand up to ward  
off his mouth. He gives up the attempt.

CORNUDET

You are a silly girl. What  
harm could there be?

ELIZABETH

No. No. There are times when  
such things are out of place.  
Here it would be a shame.

Cornudet looks at her, puzzled.

CORNUDET

Why?

ELIZABETH

Why? Don't you see why?

She waves her hand to indicate the sound of the  
singing in the courtyard.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

There are Prussians here.

She looks over to the door across the hall.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

In the very next room, perhaps.

Cornudet is silent and looks at her intently, ashamed.  
She turns away from him and goes to her door. Then,  
suddenly, as if afraid of leaving him so coldly, she  
turns and takes his hand and presses it. He stands  
watching as she goes in and closes the door behind her,  
then, he turns and goes down the hall.

INT. LOISEAU ROOM - NIGHT

83 There is only a candle lit. Mme. Loiseau is asleep in bed. M. Loiseau, in a nightshirt, is peering out into the hallway through the slightly open door. He grins and shakes his head as if to say, "Well, he got nowhere."

Suddenly Mme. Loiseau awakens and sits up in bed.

MME. LOISEAU  
Loiseau, what are you doing?

LOISEAU  
(covering  
up)  
Nothing, nothing my dear --  
just catching a breath of  
fresh air.

MME. LOISEAU  
Fresh air? At your age?  
Get back to bed at once.

M. Loiseau closes the door, crosses to the bed and blows out the candle.

84 CLOSE SHOT - M. Follenvie. He lies half-supported by a mountainous pile of pillows, a nightcap on his head, and from his mouth issues a powerful snoring, monotonous and regular; a heavy prolonged sound like a great kettle under pressure.

INT. THE EMPTY TAVERN ROOM - NIGHT

85 Follenvie's snoring can be heard.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE INN COURTYARD - DAY

86 The CAMERA is FOCUSED ON a corner of the courtyard. This corner is empty except for a bar of winter sunlight. Over the shot of this empty corner comes the sound of snoring. The CAMERA PANS RIGHT to where a fat sow lies on her side sunning herself, breathing past the ring in her nose with porcine difficulty. If she wore a beard she would look exactly like M. Follenvie. Mixed with the sound of the sow's snoring comes the excited gabbling of geese. The CAMERA STILL MOVING TO the right picks up a flock of white geese, who crane their necks and seem to be excitedly discussing some matter of great importance.

(CONTINUED)

Over this shot can be heard the voice of Elizabeth in mocking imitation of an orator.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE  
Fellow citizens of the Republic,  
I implore you.

The CAMERA STILL PANNING picks her up. She is balanced on an overturned wooden bucket and balanced so precariously that Cornudet has to hold one of her hands to steady her on this rickety lecture platform, as she addresses the geese.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)  
-- elect me to this office so  
that I can provide you with  
truffles every day, champagne  
at every meal and sweep the  
Prussians out of France with  
a wave of my hand.

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

(smiling)

You know I don't sound like that.

ELIZABETH

(teasing him)

You did when I heard you. Only you didn't make as much sense.

CORNUDET

But all that talking is over now. I'm going to fight them.

Elizabeth looks at him.

CORNUDET (cont'd)

But first I've got to get to La Havre. I don't know how long this officer intends to keep us here.

ELIZABETH

He'll get tired of it.

Elizabeth jumps down from the bucket and the geese scatter.

87

ANOTHER ANGLE of the courtyard. The Carre-Lamadons, the Count and Countess and the Loiseaus. The men walking together and the women walking together, are taking their constitutional by walking around the coach. The three men stop in front of the coach. The Count lights a cigar.

88

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the three men.

CARRE-LAMADON

If he keeps us here much longer, all my plans will be ruined.

(CONTINUED)

LOISEAU

What difference does it make to that girl? Why can't she have dinner with him. I am losing money every minute.

COUNT de BREVILLE

It's a matter of patriotic idealism.

(he pauses)

But something's got to be done. This is very inconvenient.

They are all silent. Loiseau shakes his head.

89 MED. SHOT - the three ladies. They have stopped at the doorway of the inn.

MME. LOISEAU

To think that a little snippet could hold us all here in this hole.

COUNTESS de BREVILLE

Sh-h, look ---

They all turn in the direction of her gaze.

90 LONG SHOT - the gateway of the inn yard. Through this gateway comes the tall, wasplike figure of Mlle. Fifi.

91 FULL SHOT - the inn yard. Mlle Fifi passes Cornudet and Elizabeth with a quick glance, then walks disdainfully past the men near the diligence and as the three ladies move out of the way to give him access to the doorway, he bows slightly in passing.

92 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Mesdames Carre-Lamadon and Loiseau and the Countess.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(looking into  
the doorway  
through which  
Fifi has gone)

I've seen a good many officers. No matter what one may say about this Prussian, he's a handsome one.

Again the ladies have to move aside from the doorway as Follenvie comes out. He moves his great bulk past them and walks a few steps into the courtyard.

93 MED. LONG SHOT - Follenvie, Cornudet and Elizabeth  
with the others in the b.g.

FOLLENVIE

(in a  
disgusted  
tone of  
voice)

Again I am instructed to ask  
if the young lady has changed  
her mind.

Elizabeth shakes her head. Follenvie shrugs, then  
turns and goes into the inn.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE INN MAIN ROOM - NOON

94 The whole party has grouped itself around the stove,  
some sitting and some standing, eating from plates in  
their hands or on their laps. Cornudet is walking  
over to join the others.

CARRE-LAMADON

Couldn't we make an agreement  
with this officer? Couldn't  
we discuss with him the matter  
of leaving Elizabeth Rousset  
here while we go on?

At this moment Cornudet comes up.

CORNUDET

You can't desert a fellow  
countrywoman that way.

LOISEAU

We can't stay here forever!

COUNT de BREVILLE

Let's decide upon something.  
There must be some way.  
(to Cornudet)

Even you must admit that.

MME. LOISEAU

Perhaps you're green, my friend.

Cornudet looks at her in astonishment, wrinkling his  
brow questioningly.

M. LOISEAU

My wife refers to the mysteries  
of the corridor -- you are green.

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

What in the devil's name, sir.  
-- What are you talking about?

M. LOISEAU

The fresh air --

CORNUDET

But what has that got to do  
with it?

M. LOISEAU

Mr. Follenvie's snoring --

Cornudet looks at him as if he had suddenly become  
idiotic.

MME. LOISEAU

It was keeping my husband awake.  
He tried to get some fresh air.

M. LOISEAU

So I know you're green -- I  
saw the little girl refuse you.

MME. LOISEAU

(mimicking  
Elizabeth)

Because the Prussian officer  
is in the next room.

Everyone is smiling. A few chuckle. Cornudet is  
embarrassed. He shrugs.

MME. CARRE-LA'ADON

Don't tell me that you're  
jealous, Mr. Cornudet!

CORNUDET

Look, I have no personal objections  
to her dining with the German,  
but --

M. LOISEAU

(interrupting)

Then why should you object at all?

COUNT

Let's discuss it quietly -- wisely --

CORNUDET

Naturally, I'm willing to  
discuss anything for the general  
good.

The Count motions Cornudet to sit beside him. Cornudet  
sits down and the rest move closer to them.

COUNT

We must make the young lady see  
that it is important for us to  
proceed.

EXT. THE INN YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

95 The coachman is seated on the wagon tongue smoking his pipe. Elizabeth and the priest come through the gateway and cross the courtyard. Elizabeth is very merry and is laughing as she walks.

ELIZABETH

And when the holy water touched his face, did you see how he cried? He got all red, like a little pig.

They pass on through the doorway of the inn.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE INN - LATE AFTERNOON

96 The lamps have been lit. Three couples sit at tables playing cards. Cornudet sits at a corner table with a glass of ale before him. His pipe is in his mouth. He is looking into the amber depths of his glass in a thoughtful mood. Elizabeth enters and goes immediately to him as she starts to take off her coat. The Abbe hangs his cloak and hat on the rack.

ELIZABETH

You should have been with us. The Abbe took me to a baptism. It was nice. The parents were such jolly people.

The Count and Countess come walking over to her.

COUNT de BREVILLE

My dear girl, we have been talking very seriously and we have come to certain conclusions.

COUNTESS de BREVILLE

We have decided to speak to you.

Elizabeth looks at them questioningly.

COUNT de BREVILLE

You realize, of course, that sometimes the need justifies the means. The need of this company --

(indicating  
the rest)

is to get on to Dieppe as quickly as we can. Much depends upon it.

ELIZABETH

(bluntly)  
And you want me to change my mind -- to dine with that Prussian.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT de BREVILLE  
Not to change your mind -- no!  
We want you to keep your thoughts  
inviolable -- your ideals intact --

COUNTESS de BREVILLE  
It's a mere matter of empty form.

ELIZABETH  
(getting to  
the heart of  
the matter)  
But you do want me to dine  
with the Prussian.

M. and Mme. Carre-Lamadon have come up to the circle.

CARRE-LAMADON  
If you put it that way -- yes.  
You are detaining us with your  
notions of honor.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON  
As a matter of fact, it should  
be very entertaining for you to  
dine with an officer -- a count --

Elizabeth looks from one face to the other as they  
speak. Behind them she can see M. and Mme. Loiseau  
advancing to the attack.

ELIZABETH  
But only yesterday you were all  
agreed -- why even you said --  
(pointing to  
the Count)  
"The honor of our country  
depends upon your refusal."  
I don't want to eat with him.

MME. LOISEAU  
Just think -- this officer can  
boast of this dinner when he  
returns home. A pretty girl  
is hard to find in his country.

Elizabeth disregards this.

CARRE-LAMADON  
You know the Count and I are  
persons of importance.

Elizabeth nods.

CARRE-LAMADON (cont'd)  
Do you think we are making this  
journey for nothing?

Elizabeth shakes her head.

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49a

CARRE-LAMADON (cont'd)

When we ask you to make this  
little sacrifice, it is perhaps to  
help us make a greater sacrifice  
for France.

(hinting at  
great things)

We can't tell you everything.

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth looks at him. She is trying to assay the truth of what he has said. The Count takes quick advantage of her doubt.

COUNT de BREVILLE

We are your friends. What we ask of you is very little -- merely to renounce your scruples for the short period of a dinner -- so that we can go on about our business -- and our business is vital.

Elizabeth is puzzled. The suddenness of this concerted attack upon her, the seeming justice of what they have to say, confuse her. She turns to the Abbe who has come up to the group.

ELIZABETH

Father, what do you think?

ABBE

(uncertainly)

I have just come from the seminary. I know very little of the world.

She turns from him quickly and looks to Cornudet. He looks up from his inspection of the beer glass.

ELIZABETH

Are they right?

Cornudet nods, then turns his glance back to the beer.

97 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth, puzzled, still trying to make up her mind, but greatly influenced by Cornudet's approval. On her face --

DISSOLVE

INT. THE INN - THE FOOT OF THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

98 With the exception of the Abbe, the whole party is gathered there. Their attention is quite obviously on what goes on upstairs.

LOISEAU

Sh-h, wait --

They all listen. From upstairs comes the sound of Elizabeth's voice singing a gay Norman song. Loiseau's face breaks out in a smile.

(CONTINUED)

LOISEAU (cont'd)  
 Everything goes well. You  
 know how it is with the little  
 birds in the Spring -- first  
 they sing -- then they make a  
 little nest -- it goes well.--

COUNT de BREVILLE  
 Now, we can get away in the  
 morning.

LOISEAU  
 (triumphantly)  
 Great! If there is any  
 champagne to be found here,  
 I'll pay for it.  
 (turns)  
 M. Follenvie -- champagne!

Follenvie smiles and starts off toward the kitchen.

INT. THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

99 The CAMERA is FOCUSED ON one of the patterns of the  
 wallpaper. The picture can be seen clearly, an officer  
 bending over the table, a young girl seated, her face  
 up-turned, and over this depicted scene comes the sound  
 of Elizabeth's singing.

The CAMERA MOVES ABRUPTLY LEFT to take in the next  
 picture which is an exact duplicate of the first. The  
 singing continues.

The CAMERA MOVES again to take in Mlle. Fifi standing  
 in almost the same attitude as the officer on the  
 wallpaper.

Again the CAMERA MOVES and this time it centers on  
 Elizabeth as she sits in somewhat the attitude of the  
 girl on the wallpaper. She is singing.

100 CLOSEUP - Elizabeth. A tear is going down her cheek as  
 she sings. She starts to break her song.

MLLE FIFI'S VOICE  
 Go on, sing! Go on.

She swallows and begins to sing again.

101 TWO SHOT - Fifi and Elizabeth.

MLLE. FIFI  
 That's better. Sing! Be merry.  
 Show me the spirit of France.

Elizabeth's voice steadies.

MLLE. FIFI (cont'd)  
 Good! Good!

102 They are all seated at the table with the exception of the priest who is not in evidence and Cornudet, who is already glumly drinking ale, alone, at a corner table.

103 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the Loiseaus. Mme. Loiseau leans toward her husband.

MME. LOISEAU  
Loiseau -- look, -- you said  
you'd pay for all he found.

Loiseau looks off.

104 MED. FULL SHOT - the table. Follenvie is coming up with four quart bottles of champagne.

105 ANOTHER ANGLE - showing the Loiseaus.

LOISEAU  
(after a  
grimace  
of pain)  
It's worth it.  
(to Follenvie)  
Here, let me open it. I'm a  
master hand.

He takes a bottle and starts working at the cork. It pops. There is the usual exclamation of delight that goes with this sound.

LOISEAU (cont'd)  
And have they champagne  
upstairs?

FOLLENVIE  
Not so good as this, but good  
enough.

MME. FOLLENVIE  
Too good for a Prussian.

Loiseau is busy pouring the champagne into the glasses near him. Suddenly he looks up and calls out.

LOISEAU  
Silence!

They are all silent and listen, locking up.

LOISEAU (cont'd)  
She has stopped singing. Now  
-- you see how well I know my  
little dinners --

(CONTINUED)

MME. LOISEAU

He was young once.

Loiseau pretends to hear some noise from upstairs.

LOISEAU

Sh-h.

They all listen.

LOISEAU (cont'd)

(again as if  
he had heard  
something on  
the second  
floor)

Ah -- all right -- all goes  
well --

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

106 Mlle. Fifi has seated himself at the table. He has a glass of champagne before him, half empty. Elizabeth's glass is full. Fifi is smoking a cigar. A waiter is removing some dishes from the table. When he leaves the room, Fifi speaks.

Mlle. FIFI

You are not an inexperienced young lady fresh from the village. You know something about this fateful moment when the waiter leaves one alone.

Elizabeth shrugs.

Mlle. FIFI (cont'd)

Come here.

Quite resigned, Elizabeth leans toward him, offering her mouth. He kisses her.

107 CLOSE SHOT - Fifi as he blows cigar smoke into the girl's mouth. She rises, sputtering and coughing.

Mlle. FIFI

That's a Prussian caress.

She drinks to stop her coughing.

ELIZABETH

I like that no better than anything else about the Prussians.

Mlle. FIFI

But that is not all. Come here.

Elizabeth hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

MLLE. FIFI (cont'd)  
(beckoning to  
her as she  
still hesitates)  
Wouldn't your fellow travelers be  
disappointed if there were no  
horses in the diligence tomorrow  
morning?

Elizabeth makes an effort and moves closer to him.

Fifi puts his arm around her waist as she stands beside  
him. He is sprawled in his chair, with his booted legs  
outstretched.

MLLE. FIFI (cont'd)  
And now what? Now you are  
ready for anything, eh?  
Isn't that so?

ELIZABETH  
(quietly)  
Yes.

MLLE. FIFI  
You've determined on a  
sacrifice, eh?

ELIZABETH  
It is only for my friends -- so  
that they can go on to Dieppe.

MLLE. FIFI  
But I don't want you. I only  
want to show you that when we  
say to you, "do this" you must  
"do this," and when we say to  
you "do that," you must "do that."  
And that all the time we despise  
you and your patriotism.

ELIZABETH  
You can only despise me because  
I came here. Not because I am  
a French woman.

MLLE. FIFI  
What I think of you matters  
very little. What I want  
you to think of yourself  
matters a great deal. You can  
go now.

She doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

Mlle. FIFI (cont'd)

I said you can go. Think  
about yourself -- you can  
think of the patriotism that  
led you to this room.

She starts to leave.

Mlle. FIFI (cont'd)

Ready for any sacrifice -- the  
love of country -- of France.

Elizabeth has reached the door. At the door she turns  
and looks at him.

ELIZABETH

My friends can go in the  
morning?

Mlle. FIFI

You can all go.

She closes the door behind her.

INT. THE INN UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

108 Elizabeth comes out of the private dining room and goes  
down the hallway and stops by the window.

109 CLOSE SHOT - the silhouette of Elizabeth by the window.  
Behind her is the night sky. In the courtyard, the  
sentry is singing, "Morgenrot, Morgenrot." From nearby  
comes the sound of church bells. She turns and goes  
into her room.

INT. INN ROOM - NIGHT

109A The whole party is at the table. Cornudet still sits  
in the corner and there are now several empty glasses  
before him. He is smoking his pipe. Loiseau is filling  
the glasses of all his companions, walking around the  
table with the champagne bottle. Everyone is very merry.  
The Countess is laughing at something that Carre-Lamadon  
had said. Mme. Carre-Lamadon is flirting with the Count.  
Loiseau lifts his own glass.

(CONTINUED)

LOISEAU

(as if the  
movement had  
reminded him  
of what goes  
on upstairs)

Wait!

(he listens)

Perfect silence---

(smacking his  
lips)

Perfect bliss -- wonderful.

(he raises  
his glass  
still higher)

I drink to our deliverance.

They all drink, laughing.

MME. LOISEAU

Imagine that girl --  
keeping us here two  
days with her fine airs.--  
and now ..

(a wave of her  
hand)

Loiseau starts around the table to fill Mme. Carre-  
Lamadon's glass. The Count is whispering in her ear  
and she is laughing, a high-pitched laughter that some  
ladies reserve especially for jokes of a certain kind.  
Going around the table, Loiseau passes close to Cornudet.  
He gives him a playful push.

LOISEAU

You're not very funny this  
evening, Citizen.

Cornudet looks at him, then at the rest, and with  
disgust rises and goes out of the front door of the inn.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE INN - MORNING

110 The door is open and a great broad band of sunlight lies  
athwart the stairway. Elizabeth, all dressed for the  
journey, comes down the stairway. Behind her is the  
maid servant of the inn, who carries her luggage.  
Elizabeth is very gay, happy to be off. As she runs  
gaily across the room, the maid following her, speaks.

MAID

What about food? Don't you  
want to take something with  
you? It's a long way to  
Cleresville.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

(going through  
the doorway)No. No thank you. I don't  
want to keep the others waiting.

EXT. THE COURTYARD OF THE INN - MORNING

111 The Carre-Lamadons and Mme. Loiseau have already gone into the coach and Loiseau is heavily mounting the rear steps as Elizabeth comes out of the inn. The Count and Countess are waiting to enter.

ELIZABETH

Good morning.

They turn and most grudgingly acknowledge the greeting. Then they turn their backs to her and get into the coach. Elizabeth doesn't notice the churlishness of their greeting and follows them into the coach.

INT. THE DILIGENCE - MORNING

112 SHOOTING TOWARD the doorway as Elizabeth enters. Loiseau is just seating himself.

ELIZABETH

(cheerily)

Good morning.

Mme. Carre-Lamadon goes right on talking to the Countess. Mme. Loiseau glances over to Elizabeth with an obvious grimace of distaste. M. Carre-Lamadon continues to pare his nails with a pen knife.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(to the Countess)

He is coming with us, I understand  
-- at least as far as his post --  
somewhere near Cleresville.

Elizabeth looks from one face to the other, puzzled, and beginning to be hurt as the full realization of what these people think begins to dawn on her. Her surprise gives way to shame and she visibly hunches herself back into the corner where she has taken her seat. Cornudet comes into the coach. He takes his place opposite Elizabeth.

CORNUDET

Good morning, Elizabeth.

She looks at him, remembers his nod of approval of the night before and she does not even nod in greeting. He leans forward as if he were going to ask her what the trouble is, but the priest entering, crosses between him and Elizabeth. When the priest has seated himself and exchanged greetings with the rest, Cornudet finds that Elizabeth has turned her head to look out of the rear

(CONTINUED)

window of the coach. She appears to have found something fascinating out there and keeps her eyes fastened on this imaginary point of interest. He looks at her and finally makes another attempt.

CORNUDET

Elizabeth --

She turns toward him but before he can speak again, Mlle. Fifi's helmet intrudes itself between him and Elizabeth. The Uhlan enters the coach and makes his way to where Mme. Carre-Lamadon has made a place for him between herself and the Countess.

FIFI

(generally)

Good morning.

They all say "good morning;" the Count nodding distantly the Countess smiling, Mme. Carre-Lamadon effusively, Loiseau fawningly, Carre-Lamadon briskly, and Mme. Loiseau with a stingy smile. Only Cornudet, the priest and Elizabeth do not reply. Fifi notices this. He looks at them and then turning to his nearest neighbors, says:

FIFI (cont'd)

The snow is melting and I am told the roads are clear after Cleresville. You will have no further trouble.

CARRE-LAMADON

Good.

LOISEAU

I'm glad to hear it after all the delay.

EXT. THE COACH - MORNING

113 The coachman, already on the coach, jabs the maid with the tip of his whip and she shoves it aside.

MAID

Oh, you --

Grinning, he slaps the reins on the horses' haunches. The horses begin to move and the diligence passes out of the gate of the courtyard.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - NOON

114 The coach is passing through snowy country at a fast pace. The coachman is singing and his bass voice carols out the words of the song Elizabeth had sung on the road to Totes.

INT. THE COACH - NOON

115

The Countess and Mme. Carre-Lamadon are chatting with Fifi.

FIFI

Then you must know my good friend, Mme. D'Etrelles.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

She's one of my best friends.

FIFI

A charming woman.

COUNTESS

Delightful.

Carre-Lamadon and the Count are discussing finances in a low tone of voice. Only the key words can be heard.

COUNT de BREVILLE

The coupons are due in March --

CARRE-LAMADON

Then I can sell at a premium --

COUNT de BREVILLE

The limits have been raised --

CARRE-LAMADON

At the expiration date there will be wonderful profits -- wonderful.

Loiseau, who is playing cards with his wife, suddenly puts them away in his back pocket.

LOISEAU

I'm hungry.

Mme. Loiseau immediately opens a cardboard box and takes out some cold meat and bread. The Countess looks over at them.

COUNTESS

Supposing we eat too.

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

(to the  
Countess)

By all means.

(to Fifi)

It will be like a little picnic.

(CONTINUED)

She and the Countess take down a hamper from the front rack and open it to display a variety of luxuries; cheese, game, bottles of wine and jars of jelly.

115A CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth reacts to the ostentatious manner in which she is being completely disregarded during the distribution of food.

115B CLOSE SHOT - Cornudet. He looks at Elizabeth, then at Mme. Carre-Lamadon who brings out a gorgeous roast chicken from the basket. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out three hard boiled eggs. He looks at Mme. Carre-Lamadon's chicken and then at the eggs in his hand. He passes one egg to the priest, who thanks him, then carefully shells another and offers the shelled egg to Elizabeth. She shakes her head.

CORNUDET

Come -- it's a long way to your village.

ELIZABETH

(her voice  
almost  
choked  
with tears)

I'm not hungry.

Cornudet shrugs and begins to eat the egg. The priest looks at both of them, puzzled, not aware of the currents between them. By this time the people at the other end of the coach are eating with good appetite. Fifi digs his strong teeth into the tender flesh of the second joint of a fowl. He glances at Elizabeth.

116 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth. She is seated alone, hungry, resentful and full of anger at these people who had eaten her food and who now offer her nothing. Her face is almost ugly as she tries to control her tears. Finally, she can control them no longer and two big tears roll down her cheeks.

117 SHOT of Fifi. He is looking at Elizabeth with a piece of chicken held up to his mouth. He grins in triumph.

118 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the forward end of the coach. The Countess touches her husband's knee to call attention to Elizabeth. He looks and shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "What would you have me do? It is not my fault." Mme. Loiseau catches the look between the Count and Countess and whispers hoarsely to the Countess.

MME. LOISEAU

She weeps for shame.

119- OUT.  
120

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. THE CROSSROAD ON THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - NOON

121 LONG SHOT. An Uhlan stands holding two horses. The sound of the diligence can be heard and he looks off to the left.

INT. THE DILIGENCE - NOON

122 Fifi has wrapped his overcoat about him and is adjusting his sabre. He rises and starts toward the rear of the diligence. In front of the priest he pauses.

FIFI

Abbe Chantavoine --

ABBE

Yes?

122A ANOTHER ANGLE - showing Fifi.

FIFI

Abbe, in a few moments we come to where I leave you for Chateau D'Urville. Before I go, there is something I should discuss with you.

ABBE

Yes?

FIFI

You have heard about the bell of Cleresville?

ABBE

(guilelessly)

Miss Rousset told me about it.

FIFI

(throws her  
a glance)

Miss Rousset ---?

Elizabeth looks up without bothering to wipe the tears from her face, first at the officer and then at the priest.

FIFI (cont'd)

(to priest)

The silence of that bell reminds the people of the war. This disturbs good order. I want it rung.

ABBE

I'm not yet the abbe at Cleresville. When I am, I will make my decision.

Cornudet gives the priest a quick nod of approbation. Elizabeth looks at him with gratitude, tears still in her eyes. The diligence jolts to a stop.

EXT. THE CROSSROADS ON THE ROAD TO DIEPPE - NOON

123 LONG SHOT - Fifi descends from the coach, crosses to where his orderly stands, mounts and rides off. The orderly also mounts and follows him.

123A CLOSE SHOT - (STEREO) - Fifi mounts his horse.

124 REVERSE SHOT - the coach resumes its journey.

DISSOLVE OUT

(END OF PART I)

Changes  
"MADEMOISELLE FIFT"

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. A STREET IN CLERESVILLE - AFTERNOON

125 There is a rumbling of coach wheels in the near distance. Out of the doorway of a blanchisserie, a young girl pokes her head, looks up the street and then ducks back again. Almost immediately afterward, an older woman comes out of the same doorway, putting on a shawl and begins to hurry down the street. She has gone only a few paces when the diligence goes past her. She waves and breaks into a run. The coach rounds a corner.

THE TOWN SQUARE - CLERESVILLE - AFTERNOON

126 This is only a place where three streets come together. At one end is a tiny inn, so poor that it merely advertises by a bush over the doorway. A flight of stone steps with an iron hand rail leads to this doorway. Several loafers wait here. Near them stands the old priest, Father Morin. The coach comes around a corner and draws up in front of the inn. Before one of the loiterers can open the rear door, the woman with the shawl comes running around the corner. She is waiting with outstretched arms when the door of the coach is opened and Elizabeth descends.

ELIZABETH

(embracing her)

Aunt Marie!

Again they embrace. The Aunt takes Elizabeth's basket from her. Elizabeth carries her bandbox. They are about to start off when suddenly Elizabeth sees Father Morin. She turns quickly to him.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(making a  
little curtsy)

Father Morin!

FATHER MORIN

The little Elizabeth come home  
-- just when I'm about to leave!

Abbe Chantavoine comes out of the coach and looks around with a bewildered air. Father Morin sees him.

FATHER MORIN (cont'd)

Ah, there is my successor -- a  
fine young priest.

Father Morin blesses Elizabeth hurriedly and turns toward Abbe Chantavoine with outstretched hands. The coach starts off. Elizabeth and her Aunt turn and go around the corner, talking excitedly to each other.

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64

EXT. A STREET IN CLERESVILLE - AFTERNOON

127 The coach passes.

INT. THE COACH - AFTERNOON

128

MME. LOISEAU  
Well, it's good to be rid of  
her -- that creature --

(CONTINUED)

MME. CARRE-LAMADON

It is only because the Lieutenant respected us that he chose her for his little dinner party.

LOISEAU

All the same, we'd still be stuck in the inn at Totes if she hadn't been a good sort.

COUNT

(murmuring)

A means to an end -- a means to an end --

Cornudet sits silent watching them. Suddenly, he hammers with his fist against the roof of the coach.

CORNUDET

Stop! Driver, stop!

The coach jolts to a halt. Without a word, Cornudet gets his overcoat, throws it about his shoulders, moves forward between the others to the luggage rack and picks up his carpet bag.

COUNT

What is this, Cornudet? Are you getting off here?

CORNUDET

Yes.

CARRE-LAMADON

But why?

LOISEAU

What do you want to do at Cleresville?

Cornudet looks at them.

CORNUDET

What do I want to do? I want to go to that little girl, Elizabeth, and kneel at her feet and beg her forgiveness.

MME. LOISEAU

Her forgiveness?

CORNUDET

Yes, for betraying her as you betrayed her -- and you. All of us who humbled her patriotism for our own selfish ends.

(CONTINUED)

Carre-Lamadon shrugs. Cornudet has gotten to the rear of the coach. He throws the door open and jumps out.

129 MED. FULL SHOT - the rear of the coach. Cornudet stands in the street. He holds the door of the coach in his hands.

CORNUDET

France is well rid of you.

He slams the door and the coach drives on. He stands for a moment watching it, then turns and walks toward the camera.

INT. BELFRY - DAY

129A The CAMERA IS CLOSELY FOCUSED ON two hands holding a chain and an open padlock. This is the chain that secures the bell-ringing apparatus. Over the CLOSE SHOT of these two strong hands comes the voice of the young priest.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

Why?

The CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK in such a way as to reveal the old priest first and then as it GOES STEADILY FURTHER BACK Abbe Chantavoine can be seen holding the padlock.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE (cont'd)

Why should I not ring the bell  
if the Germans want it?

FATHER MORIN

Because if the bell is rung --  
if life goes on in the way it  
has always gone on -- the people  
will accept conquest as the  
ordinary course of life. When  
this happens -- France will die.

The two priests look at each other. The young priest fumbles with the chain. There is considerable silence.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

I told you about the people on  
the coach -- what happened at  
the inn -- how they humiliated  
and scorned the one person who  
had any real concern about her  
country's honor.

FATHER MORIN

They were people who were fleeing.

(CONTINUED)

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

They are the only French people  
I've seen since I left the  
seminary. You tell me these  
Prussians -- are growing more  
violent in their desire to ring  
the bell -- why should I risk  
my life for people like these?  
Why?

The old priest is thoughtful for a moment.

FATHER MORIN

Because they are not France.  
France is that girl you told  
me about. It is for her that  
I ask you not to ring the bell.  
So long as one heart holds hope  
and courage we are not beaten.

The young priest looks at him and then quietly slips  
the padlock onto the chain and clamps it shut.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. NARROW STREET IN CLERESVILLE - DAY

130 MED, LONG SHOT - HIGH SETUP. CAMERA PICKS UP a patrol  
of Uhlans rounding corner and riding into camera at a  
jog-trot. As they come to MED. CLOSE SHOT,  
Sub-Lieutenant Fritz Scheuneberg can be recognized at  
the head of the column, then a sergeant, without lance,  
a half-dozen troopers; and a bugler.

CAMERA PANS SWIFTLY as they pass, HOLDS ON patrol until  
it rounds another corner.

131- OUT.  
134

INT. LAUNDRY - CLERESVILLE - DAY

135 GENERAL SHOT - MEDIUM HIGH SETUP. This is an irregular,  
medium-sized workroom. There are low benches bearing a  
number of large wooden washtubs, center; three or four  
old-fashioned ironing boards, a big stone pump sink, a  
wide range with several copper boilers full of steaming  
water, etc. Three girls in aprons over tucked-up work  
clothes, are occupied at tubs and ironing boards;  
Elizabeth and her aunt are near the range.

136

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth and her aunt.  
Elizabeth is working with a tiny iron on some lace  
spread over a curved ironing board. Her aunt stands  
near her. Elizabeth is singing.

She breaks off at a sudden, increasing SOUND of  
trotting horses, turns; CAMERA PULLS BACK to include  
Eva and Blondina as they drop their work and run to  
one of the low windows.

137

MED. SHOT. The tail end of the patrol is clattering past; one of the last troopers is smiling off, lifts his lance slightly in salute. As they ride out, CAMERA PANS SWIFTLY, MOVES FORWARD to exterior side of laundry, the low window. The girls are framed in window, smiling; one of them waves. Elizabeth can be seen behind them.

INT. WORKROOM - LAUNDRY - DAY

138

MED. CLOSE SHOT. The girls are turning away from window, giggling; CAMERA PANS with Elizabeth as she crosses back to her aunt.

ELIZABETH

(in honest  
wonder)

They smile at the Prussians -  
they wave...

(a slight but  
enormously  
expressive  
shrug)

What are they thinking?

AUNT

(off-handedly)

They are thinking this is a  
dull little town - and that  
youth is fleeting.

(turns to smile  
faintly at  
Elizabeth)

They are very young, Elizabeth.  
And you must remember some of  
these troops have been quartered  
here for six months. It's only  
natural.

Elizabeth takes an iron from the range, grimly wets her finger and tests it, almost furiously snatches a lace collar from a small dampened and rolled-up pile of them at one end of the board.

ELIZABETH

Here in Cleresville I thought  
things were different. I  
heard about Father Morin's bell --

AUNT

(without turning -  
busy at boiler)

Ah, the bell - that is something  
else. We are all very proud  
of that...

(turns)

Elizabeth looks at her. Slowly it dawns on her that the bell is an isolated example of patriotism and not the general rule at Cleresville.

## EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CLERESVILLE - DAY

- 139 Cornudet comes out of the inn and stands at the head of the steps, looking out at the activity in the town square. It is a bright, fine day and most of the snow has melted, leaving white patches on the ground. A peasant cart is passing. A woman drives a couple of ewes past. Cornudet looks about him with delight, then starts down the steps. As he does so, a troop of Uhlans comes in from the left. A curt order is given and the Uhlans pull their horses to a halt, begin to dismount. From the other side of the inn, two foot soldiers appear, dragging a big table. Cornudet looks at them, then turns and goes around the corner.

## EXT. A STREET IN CLERESVILLE - DAY

- 139A Cornudet walks along, looks around, sees the laundry and crosses the street toward it.

## EXT. THE LAUNDRY - CLERESVILLE - DAY

- 140 Cornudet stands at the door. He peers inside and then enters.
- 141 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth. She is ironing and her whole attention is engrossed by the delicate work she is doing on the lace. She hums wordlessly to herself; an almost tuneless humming, which, as the CAMERA REMAINS on her, takes on the melody of "Morgenrot Morgenrot." A shadow falls across her ironing board and she looks up.
- 142 TWO SHOT - Favoring Cornudet. For a moment, they stand wordlessly looking at each other. Elizabeth doesn't smile in greeting. She merely looks at him. His appearance recalls her shame and unhappiness on the road.

CORNUDET

When I left the coach, I said  
I was coming here to ask your  
forgiveness -- now that I stand  
before you I don't know what to  
say --

ELIZABETH

There's nothing to say. You've  
already shown me what kind of a  
man you are.

CORNUDET

The kind of a man I was,  
Elizabeth --

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

(interrupting)

People like you don't change.  
I listened to you -- I believed  
you -- I thought you were a good  
man -- but you only talk.

CORNUDET

On the coach, watching you cry --  
I saw myself as cowardly,  
treacherous and selfish -- all  
the things I hate. I've come  
here to change.

ELIZABETH

Why come here?

CORNUDET

Because of you -- because of the  
bell --

ELIZABETH

The bell doesn't mean anything.  
The people make friends with the  
Prussians. They eat and drink  
with them. And now, with that  
young priest in charge, even the  
bell will ring.

Cornudet thinks this over.

CORNUDET

Then they need your help,  
Elizabeth. The priest needs  
your help -- I need it --

ELIZABETH

As you helped me when I looked  
to you for help in the inn? I  
can give you that sort of help.  
Get out of here. Run away with  
the others to Dieppe, LeHavre,  
England -- That's my help to  
you --

She turns, almost throwing the cold iron back onto the  
range. She picks up a new iron and splatters water  
against it to test its heat, then begins to iron  
savagely. He watches her for a moment, then turns and  
goes out.

143 FULL SHOT - The laundry. The girls watch Cornudet go  
across the laundry and out the door. A few of them  
giggle.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE LAUNDRY - CLERESVILLE -  
DAY

144 Cornudet comes out of the laundry and turns left. The  
CAMERA PANS TO show his progress to the corner.

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE - CLERESVILLE - DAY

145 Cornudet rounds the corner and stops. He sees before him:

EXT. STREET - CLERESVILLE - DAY

146 MED. SHOT - The informal weekly examination of strangers picked up by the daily patrol, people whose papers might be irregular or who are suspected of minor misdemeanors against the military administration, etc. This takes place in the open, at a corner where two streets converge. A table has been placed near the steps leading up to the inn and several German officers are seated at or near it. Fifi is one of these. Fritz is mounted in the middle ground. (See de Neuville engraving for grouping.)

A man, evidently an itinerant pedlar, is being thoroughly searched by two soldiers; they finish just as Cornudet is brought in.

CAPTAIN VON KELWEINSTEIN

(to pedlar)

See to it that your identity card is renewed each month in the future. You may go.

Cornudet is brought up before the table. Fifi recognizes him but he changes neither his position nor a muscle in his face.

CAPTAIN VON KELWEINSTEIN

Your name?

CORNUDET

(points his head at Fifi)

The lieutenant knows my name.

FIFI

(without changing his position; speaks to the Captain)

You'd better look at his papers.

Captain looks from one to the other, then wordlessly stretches his hand out towards Cornudet. He takes out a small sheaf of papers, traveling permit, identification card, etc. and hands them over. The officers examine the various papers. Fifi is smoking a thin black cigar. He stares at Cornudet through half-closed, appraising eyes.

FIFI

What's your business here?

The Captain evidently finds the papers in order. But before returning them, he waits for an answer to Fifi's question.

Cornudet looks at the Captain, then Fifi, then slowly turns away and looks up and off.

- 147 MATTE SHOT - The belfry and spire of the little church of Cleresville.
- 148 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the group of officers and Cornudet - ANOTHER ANGLE. Cornudet turns back and sees that Fifi and the other officers have turned to follow his gaze.

CORNUDET

Perhaps I am an apostle of silence.

CAPTAIN

What do you mean?

FIFI

He means the bell.

(to Cornudet)

You've come to help the young priest who has taken Abbe Morin's place?

Cornudet doesn't answer, but looks straight at him and his attitude implies that Fifi is right.

FIFI (cont'd)

(with contemptuous self-assurance)

You might as well have gone on to Dieppe.

LT. VON GOSSLING

Bells! Fifi has found another partner for his favorite game.

Fritz from his horse addresses the Captain, Fifi and the others.

FRITZ

(hotly)

What kind of a game is it where we never win?

(to the Captain)

I say let's ring it, sir - and get it over with.

FIFI

(notices a smile on Cornudet's face, but he speaks to Fritz. There is a cold sharpness in his voice which is evidently directed at Cornudet)

We win, my friend, when our opponents ring the bell...

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

(quietly but with  
an air of one who  
has just won an  
argument)

You are not at war with the  
Church, gentlemen. The Abbe  
Chantavoine knows his legal  
position.

None of the officers can find a counter-argument. To  
break the short but embarrassing silence, the captain  
shoves Cornudet's papers across the table with his  
riding whip.

CAPTAIN

You may go.

Cornudet tucks the papers into his pocket. He lingers  
a moment and exchanges a glance with Fifi. Fritz is  
glaring down at Cornudet, suddenly jerks one foot out  
of the stirrup, plants it on his shoulder and shoves.

FRITZ

The Captain said to go.

EXT. STREET - CLERESVILLE - DAY

149 Fritz on his horse shoving Cornudet with his boot along  
the street.

FRITZ

(between  
his teeth)

On my next patrol I'll come ring  
that bell with my own hands.

He gives Cornudet a final shove and turns back his horse  
to rejoin the group at the corner.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE PARISH HOUSE - DAY

150 It is a small room, warmed by a little stove. On the  
wall near the stove hangs an old-fashioned fowling piece,  
a patented pouch for shot and powder and a game bag.  
The young priest is seated at a table. Cornudet stands  
near the stove.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

Father Morin gave the bell to me  
as a trust and this trust I will  
keep.

CORNUDET

I know you will do your duty,  
but when they examined me there  
was one officer who threatened  
to use force.

(CONTINUED)

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

Father Morin warned me about  
him -- a young man with a mad  
look in his eyes.

Cornudet nods.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE (cont'd)

If he rings the bell, his force  
will not prove me wrong.

CORNUDET

But can you go to every peasant  
in the district and tell them  
that you didn't ring the bell?  
Will they believe you --- you  
who are new here?

The Abbe looks thoughtful; considers this.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

I am a priest --- I cannot fight  
him. If you attempt to fight  
him -- you will be killed --  
they are too many for you.

CORNUDET

(after a  
little pause)

That day on which they kill me  
they will not ring the bell.  
And the next day there will be  
another man to take my place ---  
and when they kill him another  
man will take his place --- and  
so on --- until it becomes  
impossible for the enemy.

(pauses)

That is what Father Morin wanted.

The Abbe nods thoughtfully.

CORNUDET (cont'd)

(cheerfully)

I'll take the first watch. In  
a way I'm an old soldier.

(grinning)

I ran away from the Germans with  
the rest of the militia at Rouen.  
This time I'll surprise myself  
and make a stand.

He crosses to the wall and as he takes down the gun he  
speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET (cont'd)

Let's examine our artillery.

ABBE CHANTAVOINE

Father Morin told me he used it to shoot hares in the cabbage patch. Will it kill a man?

CORNUDET

We'll see.

He turns the old shot-gun over in his hands.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CHATEAU D'URVILLE - DAY

151 CLOSE SHOT - a bare bough in front of a window. The window is wet and rain drops are falling from the wet bough.

The CAMERA GOES PAST the bough to reveal the interior of the main room, the shadowy hall beyond it, and the stairs disappearing in the gloom of the upper story.

152 CLOSEUP - against the window is Captain Baron von Kelweinstein. He is looking out past the camera, drumming idly on the window pane.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE CHATEAU

153 REVERSE SHOT - The Captain can be seen with his back to the room looking out. In front of the fireplace is the Major with his feet cocked up on the fender. He is reading a newspaper. Suddenly, he puts it down and grinds out the stub of his cigar on the little inlaid coffee table beside him. He rises yawning.

CAPTAIN

(with disgust)

When it is not snowing in this accursed country it is raining and when it is not raining the water leaks in from beneath.

MAJOR

Normandie -- they call it the watering pot of France.

CAPTAIN

(with sarcasm)

I believe you -- a pot -- a hole ---

(CONTINUED)

MAJOR

What are the lieutenants doing?

CAPTAIN

What they always do. Mlle. Fifi is constructing a mine.

He makes a movement with his head to indicate the other room.

INT. THE CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

154 It is a lovely room with elegant, delicate furniture, beautiful paintings and books in rich bindings, but here the marks of vandalism are more apparent than in the main room. Cigar stubs litter the floor, scurrilous German phrases have been chalked over the faces of priceless paintings. There is dirt and disorder everywhere, but despite it all the original beauty of the room triumphs. There is a small Louis XV table inlaid with mother-of-pearl with ormolu trimmings. Around it are grouped three lieutenants; Otto, Fritz and Fifi. They are bending over.

155 CLOSE SHOT of the table. The three lieutenants are engrossed in a delicate operation. Fifi is pouring black powder in a tea kettle of Sevres ware. A fuse extends from the spout of the kettle.

OTTO

(warningly)

Not so much, Fifi. You'll blow the whole place apart.

FRITZ

More. Put more in. We want a big mine. Boom! Boom!

FIFI

I merely wish to show my appreciation of French art. Just enough -- just enough to destroy the furniture and leave us the room.

He puts the lid onto the tea kettle. Fritz hands him a lighted match. He lights the fuse and blows out the match, saying:

FIFI (cont'd)

Fi fi done. Fi fi done.

They start to leave the room.

156 LONG SHOT - The library as seen from the main room. The officers come out and pull shut the sliding doors. They stand waiting. The Major and the Captain come up and join them. They all stand there expectantly, their faces full of childish curiosity. Their curiosity is rewarded. There is a big boom in the next room. Eagerly Fifi throws open the door and with delight they go in to view the results of his vandalism.

INT. THE LIBRARY OF THE CHATEAU - DAY

157 SHOOTING PAST the officers at the entrance. The lovely room is a shambles. Wisps of smoke blow back and forth through it. Everything is shattered; books have fallen from the bookcases, the statuary is smashed, the furniture crippled and the rug smolders. They all exclaim, "phew" and try to brush away the heavy fumes of the explosive. It is too much for them and they retreat into the main room.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE CHATEAU - DAY

158 Wisps of smoke follow the officers. They retreat to the far end and the Captain throws open the window at which he had formerly stood. The rain beats in. They stand there in the cold, looking morosely out of the window.

CAPTAIN

This can't go on -- this boredom -- We must think of something to do.

OTTO

What Captain?

CAPTAIN

What? We must get up some entertainment.

(then as an  
after-thought)

That is, if the Major will let us.

MAJOR

What sort of entertainment, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Oh, I can arrange everything, Major.

MAJOR

Come now, tell me, what sort of entertainment?

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

(improvising)

A party -- a dinner party.  
We'll have ladies -- music --  
wine. We can pretend we're  
at the Kranzler Cafe, Unter  
der Linden. -- A really merry  
evening.

MAJOR

You must be mad.

FIFI

(pleadingly)

Let the Captain have his way,  
Major. It's terribly dull  
here.

MAJOR

Ladies -- where is he going  
to get ladies?

CAPTAIN

(pressing his  
advantage)

I'll send Devoir to Cleresville.  
Devoir could find women on  
the moon.

MAJOR

Women -- peasant girls. --

FIFI

Fi fi donc. We'll make them  
ladies for one night.

MAJOR

How?

FIFI

Upstairs there's a whole closet  
full of the Baroness' evening  
gowns. She must have left in a  
hurry.

CAPTAIN

We could send Devoir with them --  
have the girls dress up --

OTTO

It's so dull here.

MAJOR

Very well. Have your party.

CAPTAIN

(eagerly)

You, Otto -- get the dresses.

(CONTINUED)

FRITZ

I'll get Devoir.

The Lieutenant and Sub-Lieutenant Fritz go off at a trot.

MAJOR

(to Captain)

But remember, everything must be decorous -- orderly -- This is against regulations.

CAPTAIN

Certainly, sir. Certainly.

FIFI

(kidding him a little)

We have the regimental honor to uphold.

The sarcasm passes the Major by. Fritz returns and with him is a sharp-looking corporal of Uhlans -- a German gold-brick with an eye to the main chance and a way with officers.

CAPTAIN

Devoir, we don't call you "duty" for nothing, do we? You know your duty.

DEVOIR

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN

Your duty this time is to find for us five beautiful girls.

Otto comes pelting down the stairs. His arms are full of silken dresses. He throws them on the floor in a great billowing heap.

OTTO

There they are.

CAPTAIN

Have them array themselves in these lovely garments.

He pushes the dresses with his foot.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Then bring them back here to the most elegant party ever given by the Fifth Regiment of Uhlans.

DEVOIR

It is my duty to my regiment, sir.

(CONTINUED)

FIFI

Tell me, Devoir. Tell me your secret. How are you going to get these girls to come here -- girls who consider us their enemy?

DEVOIR

There are ways, sir.

FIFI

All right. Very well, Devoir. I won't intrude upon your professional secrets.

Devoir salutes and starts to pick up the dresses.

CAPTAIN

(to Devoir)

Have them back here in time for dinner -- four beauties --

FRITZ

Four?

CAPTAIN

Yes. You're going to be on patrol duty.

FRITZ

Make it five, Devoir. I'll be back.

Devoir has picked up the dresses and takes them out of the room.

MAJOR

Now your luncheon, gentlemen, and then to our duties. This evening you can have your pleasure.

CAPTAIN

Let's have a drink first.

He crosses the room and gets a bottle of brandy. The others pick up glasses from a nearby table. He pours them each a drink.

FIFI

To our party!

They drink. Fritz drinks his glass of brandy and immediately refills his glass. He drinks again.

FRITZ

There is just one thing more to make Cleresville a paradise for me.

(CONTINUED)

He pours a third drink.

FRITZ (cont'd)  
Ding-dong -- ding-dong.

FIFI  
Just wait.

Fritz drinks and then answers.

FRITZ  
I get tired of waiting.

MAJOR  
(sternly)  
It's against orders to ring  
the bell.

FRITZ  
Yes, sir.

FIFI  
(to console  
him for this  
rebuke)  
What a great party we're going  
to have. What a wonderful  
party -- women -- wine and song.

Suddenly he looks up and sees the lovely sculptured  
head of the bust over the fireplace looking down at  
him. He rivets his eyes on it and fumbles for the  
revolver in his holster, draws it out.

FIFI (cont'd)  
(addressing  
the statue)  
We are going to have great fun.  
But you shall not see it.

He lifts his revolver and fires twice. The statue  
shudders; shattered.

DISSOLVE OUT

(END OF PART II)

## INT. THE LAUNDRY - DAY

159 CLOSE FULL SHOT FROM A HIGH ANGLE of Devoir surrounded by Pamela, Helene, Amanda and Eva. The girls are giggling as he distributes the dresses which he holds under his left arm. He passes out a gown to Pamela who holds it up before her and looks down enraptured.

DEVOIR

(as he gives  
it to her)

This is for you. Do you know  
what my officers said of you?

Pamela looks stupidly at him.

PAMELA

Of me? They don't know me.

DEVOIR

Ah, but they have seen you!

Pamela tries vainly to comprehend, but Devoir has already started passing the next dress to Helene. She takes it, holds it up and looks at him. She is a sharp, knowing girl.

DEVOIR (cont'd)

You've made no mistake. The  
Major is a widower and very  
lonely -- very lonely --

He winks and passes a dress to Amanda. His arms are freer now and he can hold it up before her.

DEVOIR (cont'd)

This will show your ravishing  
shoulders -- your lovely arms --  
ah!

Eva takes a dress from under his arm and examines it.

EVA

(eagerly)  
Will there be good things to  
eat?

DEVOIR

Such food -- truffles -- breast  
of pheasant -- champagne by the  
bucket --

EVA

(greedily)  
And for dessert?

(CONTINUED)

DEVOIR

Crepe Suzettes, flaming with  
brandy.

Suddenly Elizabeth bustles in. She is very angry.

ELIZABETH

(to the girls)

Get back to work.

(with sarcasm)

It isn't time for your fine  
party yet.

HELENE

Why are you interfering, Elizabeth?  
He hasn't asked you.

Helene starts back to her work. Devoir counts mentally.  
He has four girls. He needs a fifth. He turns to  
Elizabeth.

DEVOIR

Oh, but I want you to come, too.

HELENE

(calling  
back)

Not her, Corporal, she hates Germans.

ELIZABETH

(turning  
upon Devoir,  
furious)

I do -- I hate the sight of you,  
I hate the smell of you -- I hate  
the sound of you.

Devoir is taken aback. Behind Elizabeth the door to  
the living quarters opens and Aunt Marie comes into  
the laundry. Amanda is holding up her dress, admiring  
it. Seeing Aunt Marie, she feels called upon to make  
an explanation.

AMANDA

We are all going to a party at  
the chateau -- with the officers.

AUNT MARIE

It's good for young people to  
be gay.

She sees Elizabeth facing the Corporal.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT MARIE (cont'd)  
And you, Elizabeth -- are you  
going too?

Elizabeth looks at her in disgust and picks up a shirt to bring to her ironing board. Devoir puts out his arm to stop her. He takes up one sleeve of the shirt.

DEVOIR  
(to Aunt Marie)  
Whose shirt is this?

Aunt Marie comes over, quickly examines it.

AUNT MARIE  
Captain von Kelwenstein's.

Devoir turns to a table and picks up a ruffled night shirt.

DEVOIR  
And this?

AUNT MARIE  
The Major's.

DEVOIR  
Before we came I suppose the  
people who owned the chateau  
were your most important customers.

AUNT MARIE  
The Count sent all his personal  
laundry -- and Madame would entrust  
no one else with her lace.

DEVOIR  
Suppose the officers were to send  
their laundry to Totes?

ELIZABETH  
Go ahead! Take your laundry to  
Totes -- we still have the Mayor,  
the Priest and the Lawyer for our  
customers.

DEVOIR  
I suppose that's enough business  
for you and your Aunt, but what  
about these others?

(CONTINUED)

AUNT MARIE

I'd have to let them go.

The girls look concerned; Helene particularly.  
Devoir grins.

HELENE

(to Elizabeth)

For a little thing like this  
party -- you'd let me lose my  
job --

AUNT MARIE

Wait -- no one has said anything  
about losing your job.

Devoir shrugs and grins. His determination is apparent.

HELENE

(to Elizabeth)

My husband is a prisoner -- my  
mother is too old to work --

ELIZABETH

(to Devoir)

You really mean if I don't come  
you'll take the laundry to Totes.

Devoir nods.

HELENE

(to Elizabeth)

Please, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(to Devoir)

I could have expected something  
like this from a Prussian.

HELENE

You'll go?

ELIZABETH

Wait!

(to Devoir)

Is Lieutenant von Eyrick at the  
Chateau?

Devoir thinks quickly.

DEVOIR

So you know our Mlle. Fifi, oh?  
Well, you needn't worry. He's  
gone to Totes.

Elizabeth nods. Helene gives her a quick, gratified  
hug.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET IN CLERESVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

162

The Uhlan patrol, with Fritz riding ahead, comes down the street. Fritz, quite drunk, is rolling in his saddle, singing "Drei Lilien."

The patrol comes to a crossroad. Fritz pulls his horse's head to the left. The patrol begins to turn to the right.

FRITZ

(shouting)

Patrol, halt!

This unaccustomed order on an accustomed route upsets the whole patrol. They come to a ragged halt. The unter-offizier and the bugler force their horses around so that they face the Lieutenant.

FRITZ (cont'd)

(pointing)

This way.

UNTER OFFIZIER

We never go to the church during the afternoon patrol, sir.

FRITZ

We're going there now.

He digs his spurs into his horse and goes down the street to the left. Following a shouted order from the unter offizier, the rest follow.

EXT. STREET IN CLERESVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

163

Cornudet huddled in his great coat, lounges against one of the pillars. From afar he hears the drunken singing and the rattle of horses' hoofs. He reaches back of the wall and brings out the old double-barreled fowling piece which we have seen in the previous scene with the priest. He examines the priming.

EXT. STREET IN CLERESVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON.

164

The patrol is just beginning to round a corner, Fritz at the head.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO CHURCH - CLERESVILLE - LATE  
AFTERNOON

165

Cornudet kneels in the middle of the street, the fowling piece at his shoulder, aimed at the Uhlan patrol as it rounds the corner.

(For set up, see "Un Brave" by E. Boutigny)

166 CLOSE FULL SHOT - Fritz at the head of the patrol.  
He fumbles at his holster.

Cornudet fires. FROM CORNUDET'S ANGLE several of the horses in the patrol rear. The Uhlans reach for their carbines, start dragging them out of their boots. One of the Uhlans sets spurs to his horse, lowers his lance and charges. In the confines of the narrow street, the horse and rider thunder down at Cornudet. The lance is aimed directly at him, the pennon wickering in the wind. The horse is almost on top of Cornudet, the lance only a few feet from his chest when he fires the second barrel. For a moment the explosion blots out the charging horse.

167 ANOTHER ANGLE - The horse is in the act of falling. The lance clatters at Cornudet's feet. He is rising; completes his rise and goes off to the right.

EXT. NARROW PASSAGE BETWEEN TWO HOUSES - CLERESVILLE -  
LATE AFTERNOON

168 Cornudet slips between the two houses and throws away the gun, breaking into a run as he does so.

169 MED. FULL SHOT - In the spot where Cornudet had been, the fallen horse lies dead. The rider is making futile attempts to rise. Other Uhlans ride up. Some are dismounted in order to give chase to Cornudet.

EXT. ALLEY - CLERESVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

170 Cornudet runs down the alley, ducks into a little passage and is lost from view.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE CHATEAU D'URVILLE - NIGHT

171 A military wagon with a covered top, drawn by two horses pulls up in front of the chateau. The sentry steps out of his striped sentry box carrying a lantern and lifts it high to illuminate the scene.

At the back of the wagon, Devoir assists the girls to alight. With much laughter and squealing, one after the other, they get out of the wagon and run across the wet pavement to the open door of the chateau.

INT. THE CHATEAU FOYER - NIGHT

172 One after the other, the girls come running into the foyer. As each girl comes in, she strips off the shawl which has been covering her head and reveals herself dressed in a magnificent ball gown, her hair elaborately done and paste jewels flashing. Each steps in the foyer and looks off. Elizabeth is the last to come in. Behind her, Devoir, grinning, closes the chateau door.

## INT. THE HALL OF THE CHATEAU - NIGHT

173 This is from the girls' ANGLE. The Major, in full dress uniform, flanked by the Captain and followed by the Lieutenant, is advancing toward them across the polished floor. The Major is dignified, the Captain grins and the Lieutenant looks like a hungry dog approaching a dish of bones.

CAPTAIN  
 (raising his hands  
 in welcome)  
 What a packet of beauty!  
 Welcome, ladies!

He comes toward them smiling, takes hold of the hands of Pamela and Blondina.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)  
 Come in, come in.

A little shyly, over-awed by the grandeurs of this desecrated palace. The girls mount the two steps to the hallway. The lieutenant makes a beeline for Helene.

LIEUTENANT  
 This one is mine.

He puts his arm around her waist. She coyly tries to disengage it.

CAPTAIN  
 Wait. Wait. I know how to  
 handle these matters.

The Lieutenant lets go of Helene.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)  
 Everything must be done in  
 order -- with politeness ---  
 (to the  
 girls)  
 Here, girls, line up. The  
 tallest here.

He places Helene with her back to the stairway.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)  
 The next here.

He puts Pamela in her place.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)  
 And now you.

He gestures to Amanda and she takes the third place.

(CONTINUED)

173 (CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

And you.

Elizabeth stands next in line.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

And here is the place for the  
littlest one of all.

Eva takes her place. He turns to Pamela.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

What is your name?

PAMELA

Pamela.

CAPTAIN

Number one, called Pamela is  
adjudged to the Major.

The Major gallantly offers his arm to Pamela. She takes it shyly, still over-awed by the brilliant uniform, the gaudy lights and the ravished grandeur of the chateau.

The Captain kisses Helene on the cheek and sets her to one side.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

You're mine.

The Lieutenant moves quickly forward then grabs Amanda.

LIEUTENANT

Mine.

CAPTAIN

(to Elizabeth)

As for you, young lady, your height has betrayed you. You get only a Sub-Lieutenant for your vis-a-vis.

He points over her head and Elizabeth turns to look.

## INT. THE STAIRWAY IN THE CHATEAU - NIGHT

174 On the stairway, negligently lounging, is Fifi. He has been a spectator of the whole scene. Now he grins.

FIFI

No need to introduce us, Captain.  
This young lady and I have dined  
together before. She knows me.

Back to scene.

CAPTAIN

Good. Good. Nothing like old  
friends for a merry evening.

(to the  
littlest  
girl)

And you -- be patient. You are  
the smallest and your Lieutenant  
has not yet returned from patrol  
duty.

MAJOR

Shall we have dinner?

With Pamela's arm formally at his elbow, he proceeds to lead the way. The Captain is about to give his arm to Helene, when a thought strikes him. He cups his hand to his mouth and shouts.

CAPTAIN

Music!

## INT. CHATEAU DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

175 The debris of the mine has been cleared away. Seated on kitchen chairs are three Uhlan musicians. At the piano sits a fourth. They begin to play a heavy-handed polka.

## INT. CHATEAU HALL - NIGHT

176 The Captain nods his approval of the tune, grabs Helene around the waist and dances her off in the wake of the Major.

The Lieutenant encircles Amanda's waist with one arm, places a kiss against her cheek, sighs, looks up the stairs, thinks better of it, and follows the others.

Mlle. Fifi comes down the stairs to join Elizabeth.

MLLE. FIFI

(mockingly  
offering his arm)

Perhaps we can recapture the charm  
of our last evening together.

(CONTINUED)

176 (CONTINUED)

Elizabeth glares at him. They start off and Eva shyly follows them.

INT. CHATEAU LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

177 Before the lovely fireplace a huge table has been set, covered with crystal, silver and delicate napery, warm and aglow with the light of many wax candles. The beautiful china and glass merely serve to accentuate the robbers-den feeling of the chateau under alien domination. They seat themselves. The Major unfolds his napkin, looks around and beams on the girls.

MAJOR

This was a delightful idea of yours, Captain. Delightful!

INT. THE LAUNDRY - NIGHT

178 It is dark, but, at the far end and through an open door, the light of the living room can be seen. A discreet tapping sounds on the door. It continues and presently from the lighted room comes Aunt Marie. She crosses the dark room and pauses at the door. The knocking is repeated.

AUNT MARIE

Who's there?

CORNUDET'S VOICE

Cornudet.

AUNT MARIE

Who?

CORNUDET

A friend of Elizabeth's. I want to see Elizabeth Rousset.

The Aunt undoes the fastening of the door and admits Cornudet. They stand in the darkness.

AUNT MARIE

She's not here.

(suspiciously)

Are you the man who came to stay at the house of the priest?

CORNUDET

Yes.

AUNT MARIE

You can't come in here. You've got to leave. The Uhlans have been up and down this street a dozen times looking for you. You're the one who shot at them?

(CONTINUED)

CORNUDET

Where is Elizabeth?

AUNT MARIE

At the chateau.

CORNUDET

The chateau? Can I see her there?

AUNT MARIE

You can't go there. The officers are giving a party.

CORNUDET

The officers -- the Germans?

AUNT MARIE

Yes.

CORNUDET

(protesting)

But Elizabeth --?

AUNT MARIE

Why shouldn't she go? What do you want her to do -- be the only one who fights the Germans?

CORNUDET

(thoughtfully)

I wanted her to know she wasn't the only one. I still want her to know. I still feel she needs that knowledge. Where is the chateau?

AUNT MARIE

There are patrols on every road.

CORNUDET

Tell me where it is.

Aunt Marie points off and begins to speak.

## INT. THE CHATEAU LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

179 Dinner is progressing. Several champagne bottles are rolling on the table. With the exception of Elizabeth, all the girls are excited and exhilarated by their first experience with champagne. The men are drunk to varied degrees. The Major's drunkenness has made him more solemn. The Lieutenant's drinking has made him amorous. He has taken his girl on his lap and is kissing her. She giggles and makes pretense of opposing him. The orchestra in the other room has embarked upon the Barcarole and are sawing away at it in the best military fashion. The Captain and his Helene sing to this awful music, interrupting themselves with laughter, pouring champagne on each other as they try to drink from each other's glass. Eva sits in a lonely stupor at one end of the table, her hair beginning to come down. She is very drunk and keeps saying over and over again:

EVA

Where is my officer? Where is  
my officer?

Her words have almost the same monotony as the Barcarole.

Moving stiffly and stolidly behind the backs of the guests are the white-coated Uhlans waiters; their faces impassive. Fifi and Elizabeth sit at one end of the table. The drink has excited him. A glass stands before her untouched.

FIFI

(to Elizabeth)  
Come closer to me.

Elizabeth gives him a direct look.

FIFI (cont'd)

Come here.

ELIZABETH

No. I don't have to. There's  
no one waiting downstairs  
tonight -- no one waiting to  
go on their way to Dieppe.

FIFI

So you remember that.

They look at each other. With a sudden movement he grabs her arm and pulls her quickly to him. She fights away from him. He throws his other arm around her and draws her hard against his chest and forces his lips against hers. He holds her this way. The Captain looks over at them.

CAPTAIN

Look! The lovers!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone laughs. Fifi releases Elizabeth. A little trickle of blood runs from her lip down to her chin. She wipes it with her napkin. At the other end of the table the Major rises with drunken dignity, lifts his glass and in solemn tones makes a toast.

MAJOR

To our ladies!

They all drink, hooting and yelling. Elizabeth looks on with disgust. The Captain rises. He flourishes his glass of champagne, spilling some of it.

CAPTAIN

To our victories over hearts.

With this toast he gives a languishing look at the drunken Blondina.

The Lieutenant staggers to his feet.

LIEUTENANT

To our victories over France!

Elizabeth shudders, then unable to restrain herself any longer she speaks.

ELIZABETH

There are Frenchmen in whose presence you would not dare to say that.

The Lieutenant pays no attention to her, but Fifi pulls her down onto his lap. He laughs.

FIFI

(laughing)

I have never met them. When we show ourselves they run away.

ELIZABETH

(in a harsh  
whisper)

You're lying!

For a moment he looks at her with hatred; then speaks.

FIFI

Tell me about the heroes, my dear. Tell me about them. Who are they? The people on the coach -- the brave Cornudet -- perhaps the heroic French army? Think -- Would we be here now if that army had been brave?

(CONTINUED)

Elizabeth struggles from his lap and goes to her own chair. She sits down. Fifi rises and holds up his glass.

FIFI

France and the French -- the woods, the fields -- the houses of France belong to us.

LIEUTENANT

(drunkenly)

Long live Prussia!

For the first time the girls do not join in their toast. Even in their drunkenness they realize the nature of the toasts now being made. Fifi refills his glass and very carefully balances it on Elizabeth's head. She sits stock still.

FIFI

(in a low voice  
for her alone)

All the women of France belong to us.

Elizabeth jumps to her feet so quickly that the wine spills over her dress. She pays no attention but turns to him, her voice choked with rage.

ELIZABETH

That is a lie.

FIFI

If that is a lie, what are you doing here?

(pointing to the  
other girls)

What are they doing here?

ELIZABETH

I'm not a good French woman, or I wouldn't be here.

(glares at  
the others)

I'm only the kind of a woman the Prussians would want.

Almost before she finishes, Fifi raises his hand and slaps her full across the face. Just as he is about to slap her again, she seizes a small dessert knife on the table and stabs him above the breast bone. Something he was going to say stops in his throat, and he sits there with his mouth half open and a terrible look in his eyes. There is a shout of rage and horror from the other officers. All leap up simultaneously. The Lieutenant makes a wild scramble to get at Elizabeth, but she throws her chair between his legs and he falls down at full length across it. In the confusion Elizabeth runs to the window and slips out in the dark night.

## EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

179A Elizabeth dodges out of the window, stands for a moment, hesitant, then runs off into the darkness.

## INT. CHATEAU DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

179B Two of the soldier waiters support Fifi.

MAJOR

(calling to  
them)

Is he all right?

FIRST SOLDIER

He's dead, sir.

CAPTAIN

(drawing his  
sword,  
brandishing  
it furiously)

Kill them all. Kill them all.

The girls screech and dodge. The Lieutenant sees a broken piece of chair and joins in the cry of "kill them all." It is with difficulty that several of the private soldiers form a protective semi-cordon about the girls, while the Major tries to restore order.

MAJOR

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

The Captain and Lieutenant stop brandishing their weapons.

MAJOR (cont'd)

(formally)

Lt. von Grossling, order out  
soldiers to find that girl.

The Lieutenant drops the piece of wood, salutes and turns on his heel. Even as he starts across the room to the hall, bugles begin blowing outside.

DISSOLVE

## EXT. A STREET IN CLERESVILLE - NIGHT

180 The patrol is returning from Cleresville. The men are tired and the horses walk at a foot pace. One of the men is dismounted, carrying his saddle over his shoulder. As they come to CLOSE, Fritz holds up his hand, they stop, look OFF.

181- CLOSE SHOT, ANGLING UP at Fritz and sergeant, looking  
182 OFF. OVERSCENE, the thin blare of a distant bugle. Fritz glances at the sergeant with a puzzled frown. Suddenly there is the sound of a shot far off at their

(CONTINUED)

left; they turn swiftly to look in that direction. Another shot sounds almost directly ahead. Fritz digs in his spurs; the sergeant shouts a guttural order; CAMERA PANS as the troop trots past and out into darkness, CONTINUES to MED. CLOSE SHOT on a doorway. Cornudet comes silently, stealthily out of it, watching the patrol, OFF, starts out in the same direction.

- 183 MED. SHOT. A shadow detaches itself from a wall, darts swiftly to the next shadow, then, after a moment, comes to CLOSE. It is Elizabeth, looking fearfully OFF, CAMERA RIGHT. SOUND of a shot in distance. She starts out, CAMERA LEFT.
- 184 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Elizabeth, at CLOSE, looks back; SOUND of another shot distantly, then hoarse, indistinguishable shouts, nearer at hand, she runs OUT of CAMERA.
- 185 MED. SHOT. CAMERA IS MOVING SLOWLY FORWARD towards the jagged, uneven stonework of a small ruined wall. Elizabeth enters swiftly, looking OFF, CAMERA RIGHT. As she reaches wall, there is SOUND of galloping horses, she cowers back against the wall; as CAMERA CONTINUES to CLOSE, an arm reaches swiftly out of the darkness of a corner, a hand claps over her mouth and she is snatched into the shadow, just as two uhlan's gallop past from LEFT.
- 186 CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE - Elizabeth and Cornudet. She would speak, but he keeps his hand over her mouth, shakes his head: there is sudden crashing in some undergrowth OFF, CAMERA PANS to INCLUDE two soldiers on foot, at MEDIUM SHOT. One of them carries a torch; as he lifts it, Elizabeth and Cornudet press deeper into the shadow. The soldiers exit.
- 187 MED. SHOT - HIGH SET-UP; Elizabeth and Cornudet enter UNDER CAMERA, hurry diagonally across the street and disappear into the darkness.
- EXT. STREET - CLERESVILLE - NIGHT
- 188 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SET-UP in narrow alleyway. Elizabeth and Cornudet furtively pass mouth of alley and CAMERA MOVES SWIFTLY FORWARD and PANS to keep them IN as they hurry down the street, their shadows lengthening before them, turn a corner.

EXT. THE UPPER END OF THE STREET - CLERESVILLE - NIGHT

189 Four infantry soldiers in spiked helmets, one of them carrying a lantern, begin slowly to come down the street. The man with the lantern lifts it to peer into doorway.

190 MED. FULL SHOT - Cornudet and Elizabeth sneaking along the church wall.

191 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth and Cornudet come to a small postern gate set back into the wall. Cornudet looks down the street and what he sees makes him draw Elizabeth into the shadows of this little doorway.

EXT. THE LOWER END OF THE STREET - CLERESVILLE - NIGHT

192 A group of Uhlans, some mounted, some leading their horses, a few carrying torches, are coming slowly up the street.

193 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth and Cornudet in the doorway. Cornudet reaches back of him and tries the door which fails to give. He looks left and right.

EXT. THE LOWER END OF THE STREET - CLERESVILLE - NIGHT

194 The Uhlans are coming closer, inspecting each door.

EXT. UPPER END OF THE STREET - NIGHT

195 Foot soldiers are also advancing. In just a moment the lights of both parties will converge on the recess in the wall.

196 CLOSE SHOT - Elizabeth and Cornudet. He looks at her. Already the light is beginning to gleam on the ornaments of her ball gown. Cornudet places her behind him and tries to cover her with his overcoat so that her face is just behind his right shoulder.

CORNUDET

The gate is locked.

(He laughs, a low laugh  
and a bitter one.)

I'm only a "talker", Elizabeth  
I've failed you again.

(CONTINUED)

196 (CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH

You haven't failed me ---  
 (she looks at him tenderly  
 then speaks, almost as if  
 she were puzzled at her  
 own feelings.)

I'm not afraid -- why -- I  
 am happy.

The sound of trampling hoofs, the footfalls, the  
 guttural murmur of soldiers' voices and the clank of  
 weapons grows louder.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Maybe this is the happiest  
 moment I've known -- it is--  
 I'm sure it is --

Cornudet, smiling, reaches around, puts his arm about  
 her shoulders and presses her to him. Silently they  
 look at each other. Their look is interrupted. There  
 is a slight metallic noise, a rustle of metal behind  
 them. A startled look comes into both of their faces,  
 then very silently the postern gate opens behind them  
 and an extended hand beckons them in. They slide back  
 into the shadows behind the gate. The gate closes.

Two of the foot soldiers pass the gate. One of them  
 lifts his lantern to display the empty space. They  
 pass on.

INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE - NIGHT

197 Abbe Chantavoine, Elizabeth and Cornudet crouch close  
 to the wall listening. The sound of soldiers'  
 footsteps diminish. The abbe beckons to them and they  
 tiptoe after him.

FADE OUT

INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE CHATEAU - DAY

198 In front of the fireplace on a trestle stands a coffin. On this coffin is a little pillow on which medals have been pinned. Across it lies a sabre. Near the coffin stand the Major, the Lieutenant, the Captain and Fritz. Abbe Chantavoine faces them.

MAJOR

(sternly to  
the abbe)

And when the funeral cortege  
leaves the chateau I want you  
to toll the bell for the  
departed as is customary.

ABBE

Gladly -- as is customary.

The Major looks around at the Captain in astonishment.

ABBE (cont'd)

And now may I go?

The Major nods. The priest turns and starts from the room. The Major turns to the Captain.

MAJOR

Evidently, this young one doesn't  
intend to make a fight of it.

CAPTAIN

The old one has more courage.

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE PARISH HOUSE - CLERESVILLE - DAY

199 Abbe Chantavoine is wrapping one of his own heavy black overcoats around Elizabeth.

ABBE

Now that the funeral procession  
is coming here -- you had better  
hide. I know a place where they  
will never search for you. It's  
cold and lonely, but you'll be  
safe -- both of you.

CORNUDET

Not I, Father.

They both look at him in amazement.

CONTINUED

CORNUDET (cont'd)

My time for hiding is past.  
As soon as the soldiers have  
gone I'm going to make a run for  
it..There are franc-tireurs --  
guerilla fighters -- in the  
neighborhood of Totes. I will  
join them.

Elizabeth puts out her hand. She places it on his arm,  
and looks at him with love and admiration.

CORNUDET (cont'd)

(to Elizabeth)

And when this is over -- when  
the Germans are back across their  
own frontiers I'll return to you.

(to the priest)

Keep her safe for me, Father.

The priest nods. Elizabeth has finished adjusting the  
collar of the overcoat around her throat. The abbe  
takes her arm and starts for the door. At the door she  
pauses. She and Cornudet exchange looks and she smiles  
at him before going through the door. He is left  
standing watching the door close.

200 Omitted. (See Sc.198)

EXT. CHATEAU D'URVILLE - DAY

201 MED. SHOT. The funeral cortege is coming at slow  
march out of the gate. First come led horses pulling  
a caisson bearing the flag-draped coffin and Mlle.  
Fifi's sabre and medals on a cushion. Following this,  
a uhlan on foot, the Lieutenant's orderly leads his  
saddled horse; then the Major, on foot, and behind  
him, the Captain, Lieutenant and Fritz, abreast. The  
officers and men bear only side-arms in their left  
hand. There is a little space, then the first two  
ranks of the men of the eskadron. The bell of Cleresville  
can be heard very distantly.

DISSOLVE

(THROUGH DISSOLVE, the bell grows louder.)

202 CLOSE SHOT. A woman washing clothes in a door-yard.  
She lifts her head, looks OFF and listens to the bell  
with a furtive smile.

203 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Two men coming from dark interior  
into the doorway of a bistrot. They look up and OFF,  
and listen. One's face is very stern and set; the  
other glances at him knowingly, looks back up at the  
bell, sucks in his cheeks and smiles.

204 CLOSE SHOT - Aunt Marie. The bell is very loud. She lifts a pile of freshly ironed laundry onto a shelf, turns INTO CAMERA and wipes the back of her hand across her forehead. She listens; and she suddenly chuckles to herself.

205 MED. SHOT - A man hurrying down street INTO CAMERA. He stops, looks up and listens, takes off his hat, glances furtively about and grins broadly.

INT. BELFRY - DAY

206 GEN. SHOT. The Abbe is ringing the bell for all he is worth; Elizabeth is standing at one of the slant-shuttered windows, looking down.

207 MED. LONG SHOT ANGLING DOWN from belfry at the funeral cortege coming around a corner.

Through the bare, black wet branches of the trees, the head of the funeral procession comes into view.

The CAMERA is set up TO SHOOT PAST Elizabeth as she looks down and it is on her, as she watches Fifi's coffin pass that the picture

FADES OUT

THE END