

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS
OF BEING

Screenplay By
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Based On The Novel By
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1 INT. DOCTORS PREPARATION ROOMS FRAGUE. DAY

DOCTORS and NURSES leaving. Some, having finished operations leave in street clothes. Others, in fresh gowns and masks, are on their way to operations. A NURSE in her white operating gown is putting on her white mask. She is being watched by TOMAS, a young surgeon who has just finished an operation. They are left alone. The room is quiet.

CLOSE ON NURSE. HER EYES flit to Tomas.

TOMAS stares back at her with a sexy look. All in whispers.

TOMAS

Take off your clothes!

NURSE

Are you out of your mind?

TOMAS

Just for a moment.

NURSE

But they're waiting for me,
Doctor.

TOMAS

(softly, firmly)

Just give me a look.

NURSE

But you saw everything last night.

TOMAS

Yes, but I need to check
something!

A pause as they stare at each other.

IN ADJOINING ROOM, separated from the Preparation Room by a GLAZED GLASS PARTITION, a YOUNG DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT (wearing gold-rimmed glasses) is preparing A PATIENT and listening to them, spying. This is JIRI. Through the glass he is able to watch the SILHOUETTES of Tomas and the Nurse. He hears:

TOMAS

(from other room)

...Only for three seconds!

BACK TO TOMAS. staring at Nurse with slight smile.

NURSE hesitates, then quickly unbuttons her gown and holds it open. She is wearing nothing underneath.

1 (cont'd)

TOMAS

I knew it!

We see her nakedness ONLY FOR A BRIEF INSTANT; THEN

CUT BACK TO:

ADJOINING ROOM. JIRI is watching the silhouette for Nurse flashing Tomas. Perspiration is on his forehead as he hears Nurse count:

NURSE

One...Two...

JIRI is getting more and more excited. A door suddenly opens and A YOUNG DOCTOR, JAN, catches him in his act of voyeurism. JIRI puts a finger to his lips to silence Jan as both watch. THE PATIENT (an older man) on the table tries to lift his head to watch, but he can't quite see.

NURSE

Three!

She closes her robe.

IN PREPARATION ROOM. Nurse's face is flushed as she buttons her robe and silently brushes past Tomas. Their cheeks touching.

NURSE

Will I see you in three weeks?

TOMAS

Exactly three weeks!

ADJOINING ROOM. She exits. TOMAS goes into adjoining room and sees JAN and JIRI have been eavesdropping on him.

JAN

Tomas, I caught him spying again.

JIRI

Not spying, just learning. I want to know how you do it, you bastard. She's incredible. How can you not see her for three weeks?

TOMAS and JAN begin to have some fun with JIRI.

1 (cont'd)

TOMAS
Because it's the rule of threes,
Jiri.

JIRI
(he wants to know - a
pupil)
What rule of threes?!

TOMAS acts like he doesn't want to explain, so JAN volunteers:

JAN
It's simple, Jiri. But it must
be very carefully worked out.
Either you see a woman three times
in quick succession and then never
again, or you maintain a
relationship over the years but
make sure that the meetings are
at least three weeks apart.

JIRI
And what else?

TOMAS
Nothing else. That's the basis
of the erotic contract.

JIRI
A contract?

TOMAS
Yes. An unwritten contract that
stipulates that sentimentality
has no place in a relationship.

JIRI
But what about love?

JAN
The contract stipulates that you
exclude all love...

CHIEF SURGEON and OTHERS have entered, returning from an
operation, beginning to dress down.

JAN
(continues)
Tomas has designed his life in
such a way that no woman can ever
move in on him with a suitcase.

1 (cont'd)

PATIENT

That's very smart.

CHIEF SURGEON

Speaking of suitcase, Jan, you'd better get going immediately. They expect you up in (name of town) for that operation tomorrow.

PATIENT is wheeled out.

JAN

How come I get all the good assignments? I've heard that place is the most boring town in existence. I'll tell you a joke I heard about two women from there. They were so ugly that when...

He is bending down to lift his suitcase when suddenly he freezes. A look of pain comes over his face.

JAN

...I...can't...move... Help me.
Back...my back...

They help him to sit down in a chair. Tears come to his face. The DOCTORS try to ease his pain.

CHIEF SURGEON

This is bad luck. But we need someone really good for this operation. It can't wait.

CHIEF SURGEON looks at TOMAS.

TOMAS shakes his head, holds up his hands. He doesn't want to go. No. Not me.

CHIEF SURGEON'S eyes narrow as he stares at TOMAS. He nods... Yes.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TOMAS' CAR. DAY.

TOMAS drives through a small Czech town. He appears none too happy. HE SEES: Three peasants moving slowly.

2A EXT. SPA. DAY.

TOMAS' POV: Moving down driveway of foreboding spa. Colors are tones of gray. He passes a group of WOMEN in torn matching terrycloth bathrobes standing in line waiting for something. A cure? A bus? It's not clear -- they are just waiting. An odd, almost ominous feeling pervades the air.

3 EXT. SPA DAY.

TOMAS walks from his car carrying his luggage. He passes three strange men in rag-tag uniforms. One of them has a tuba around his shoulder.

A chill wind blows leaves past the faded ornate turn-of-the-century spa hotel as TOMAS enters.

CUT TO:

4 INT. COUNTRY TOWN OPERATING ROOM. NEXT DAY.

CLOSE ON EYES OF TOMAS peering over his mask. Beads of perspiration on his forehead, great intensity as he stares down at the patient below. HEAVY BREATHING SOUNDS. Life hangs in the balance. TOMAS glances off to an ASSISTANT. Tension rises as breathing sounds increase.

EYES OF NURSE glance back at him. She has wonderful eyes. If it weren't in such a life-or-death situation, we could call her look sexy.

Then, oddly, the distant sounds of a BAND PLAYING. Very light strains float into the operating room ("When You Are In Love, com pa pa, It's The Loveliest Night of the Year...etc.")

NURSE's EYES flit anxiously to the surgeon: Is this music bothering him?

TOMAS's EYES look calmly and reassuringly back to her --this is a man who is in control at all times.

5 EXT. SPA TOWN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. DAY.

THE SMALL TOWN BAND is dressed in uniforms with scarves, gloves and overcoats. They sit in a small turn-of-the-century band kiosk. Fifteen people are listening, wearing overcoats, bathrobes and towels. Waiters pass among them, distributing glasses of water and warm drinks. Nearby, steam rises from sulfur springs.

5 (cont'd)

The FLAUTIST blows on his hands to keep them warm without losing a beat.

6 INT. COUNTRY TOWN OPERATING ROOM. DAY.

BAND SOUNDS waft in. Breathing is steady now. The OXYGEN BAG is inflating in rhythm with tuba sound. All functions normal. TOMAS glances over to the Nurse.

CLOSE ON NURSE's HANDS. Unconsciously, she waves the scalpel like a baton to the music.

7 INT. HOSPITAL CLEAN UP ROOM. DAY.

TOMAS is washing his hands. As he rises up from the sink to comb his hair HE SEES IN THE MIRROR:

THE NURSE with the wonderful eyes taking off her mask. She reveals a face that is -- how shall we say? --homely. She looks at TOMAS with a smouldering glance.

TOMAS pretends not to notice. He puts on sunglasses, which give him a roguish look, turns away and leaves.

7A EXT. SPA HOSPITAL. DAY.

TOMAS walks from hospital. Moves toward distant music.

8 EXT. SPA TOWN. DAY.

AT THE BAND KIOSK, TOMAS stands watching the band. Leaves drift from the trees; Tomas' spirit is light after the successful operation. His eyes scan the small crowd -- musicians, the old and sick, and a few YOUNG WOMEN.

TWO YOUNG WOMEN turn. They are --how shall we say? --not exactly what Tomas is looking for.

He turns and goes inside the spa hotel.

9 INT. SPA POOL. DAY.

MEN IN POOL stand in water up to their waists surveying a floating chessboard. Two players and five observers stare down in silence.

9 (cont'd)

TOMAS crouches down at the edge of the pool to observe the game. In this boring town, maybe this is the most interesting thing. The whole indoor pool room is silent, the water without a ripple.

Suddenly, a huge SPLASH c.s. shocks the silence. The chessboard is buffeted by waves. All the men turn and stare in anger. TOMAS looks and SEES:

A FIGURE swimming the length of the pool deep under water.

TOMAS squints as his eyes follow the body.

The figure reaches the far end of the pool and with a ROAR shoots up out of the pool. It's a GIRL in a tank suit. The suit is modest, ordinary, black, slightly baggy -nothing special. But the girl is incredible -thin, yet somehow voluptuous, porcelain skinned. TOMAS stares with the seasoned eye of the connoisseur at this young girl who has just burst from the water.

Chess players grumble at her, but she pays no attention as she sweeps up her towel and rubs it across her body. Everything she does has extraordinary energy. She moves swiftly through a door into the changing room.

TOMAS, intrigued, moves near the door of the changing room and sits on a bench.

The door bursts open and the GIRL, hastily dressed, her hair still wet, rushes right past him without noticing him. She has a book under her arm.

10 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

The GIRL moves quickly down the echoing tiled corridor and through a door at the far end.

TOMAS follows. He glances into side room and SEES: WOMEN bent over tub with steam rising.

ANOTHER ROOM - Lets sticking out. A woman giving a massage. Barely seen, but strange hint of sexuality. SIGHS and SLAPPING SOUNDS.

11 INT. CAFE. DAY.

TOMAS goes through the door and finds himself in the hotel cafe. The GIRL is just putting on an apron and moving behind the bar. ANOTHER WAITRESS (large, older) from the shift before just nods to her as they pass. It's obvious the two women have little in common.

TOMAS sits at a nearby table and looks around. More spa clientele, older people drinking waters, wearing robes. He looks at the girl.

She goes to the radio and turns it on, drowning out the band music from outside. It's a BEETHOVEN QUARTET and immediately the atmosphere in the bar is changed -- what seemed drab and boring now seems suffused with a romantic, more sensual atmosphere. Then she goes to the end of the bar, opens her book, and begins to read.

TOMAS reaches in his bag, takes out a book of his own, and begins to read.

The Waitress, whose name is TEREZA, looks up, scans the room until her eyes fall on the one man who seems totally out of place there -- Tomas. And, like her, he's reading a book! He looks up at her. Their eyes meet at a particularly lyrical section of the Beethoven. He raises a finger to call her over.

He mouths his order.

She can't understand. He mouths his order again.

TEREZA

Ah, a cognac.

She takes a bottle of cognac, pours a glass, puts it on a tray and moves across the room toward Tomas. Her look is cool, very unconcerned. She places the drink on his table without a word.

TOMAS

Can you charge it to my room?

TEREZA

Yes, of course.

His key is on the table. As she bends over to see the number on the key, a smile suddenly comes to her face.

11 (cont'd)

TEREZA
Oh, that's funny.

TOMAS
What's funny?

TEREZA
Six. You're in room six.

TOMAS
So what?

TEREZA
And my shift finishes at six.

He looks at her strangely. She could be a little...off. But she's so beautiful.

TOMAS
And at six I'm going back to Prague.

She shows ever-so-slight disappointment.

And Tomas with the look of a womanizer:

TOMAS
Well...around six.

Just then, Tereza's stomach GROWLS. Confused, she puts a hand on her stomach and says to Tomas:

TEREZA
Oh, excuse me.

TOMAS
I'm a doctor. I'm used to it.

As they look at each other, the Beethoven music seems to rise up and wrap around them.

12 EXT. PARK BENCH. DUSK.

TOMAS sits on a yellow park bench, pigeons fluttering all around him. The light has changed. Bells begin to toll six.

TEREZA, holding a book, runs from the front door of the hotel cafe.

12 (cont'd)

TOMAS rises and smiles, waiting for her to come.

TEREZA gestures that she'll be right back. She runs to a nearby building and goes inside.

TOMAS sits back on the bench and watches her. His eyes FAN UP TO THE BUILDING Tereza has entered.

12A EXT. TEREZA'S MOTHER'S BUILDING. DUSK.

A FAT, HALF-NAKED WOMAN stands looking out of the first floor window.

13 INT. TEREZA'S FLAT. DUSK

TEREZA enters the flat and looks shocked. She rushes across the room, brushes past the fat, half-naked woman at the window and pulls down the shades, trying to hide herself from Tomas in the park below.

13A EXT. POV OF TOMAS ON YELLOW BENCH.

13 (cont'd)

FAT WOMAN eyes Tereza with amusement. Then she speaks to FAT WOMAN nearby:

TEREZA'S MOTHER
Tereza doesn't want people to see
her mother in the nude.

(other woman snickers)
She's trying to protect my
modesty.

(other woman laughs)

TEREZA opens her book and gives her mother some money from inside the pages. Tereza's mother counts money and stuffs it in a pocket of her half-open peignoir.

TEREZA'S MOTHER
You know, Tereza could never get
over the idea that a human body
pisses and farts...

She lets out a fart. Then another.

The other fat woman laughs.

TEREZA moves quickly across the room. She has a small corner of her own with a curtain closing it off. She passes HER YOUNGER BROTHER, about 14, who is trying to do his homework at a small table.

TEREZA's MOTHER
You in a hurry? Going out?

TEREZA
Yes!!

She angrily pulls her curtain shut.

TEREZA's MOTHER
(sarcastic, to neighbor woman)
She's so very...secretive. Always hiding things.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN
Oh, she's so beautiful.

TEREZA's MOTHER
You think so?

NEIGHBOR WOMAN
Oh, yes.

IN HER CORNER, Tereza overhears. She hangs her black bathing suit on a hook. NEAR HER MIRROR: PHOTOS she has taken: patients in Spa Town, other waitress, local peasants: (a "Joseph Kudelka sensibility"). She looks into her mirror anxiously, tense, and explores her own face while listening to her mother talk in the other part of the room. It's like a litany Tereza has heard many times:

TEREZA's MOTHER o.s.
She takes after me. They said
I was beautiful too... I was so
popular. I had nine suitors
begging me, and I didn't know
which one to choose. Then I chose
the wrong one...And I had
Tereza...

TEREZA is agitated, brushing her hair very quickly, not pleased with her own image, it's echoes of her mother. She slides out of her dress. Near her mother we notice her movements are nervous, awkward.

13 (cont'd)

TEREZA's MOTHER

(continued)

... You lose everything when you
have children... And here I am...

BACK TO MAIN ROOM. NEIGHBOR is nodding. She, too, has heard this many times. Tereza's BROTHER tries to do his homework.

TEREZA comes from behind her curtain and moves to a closet. She's wearing bra and panties, trying to hide herself from the harsh gaze of her mother as she takes a dress from the closet. Her brother sneaks a look.

It's the best dress of the few hanging there.

TEREZA's MOTHER

BEHIND THE CURTAIN, TEREZA, is hastily sliding into her dress. As she turns to the MIRROR she is surprised to see her mother's face in it. Her mother holds up some underthings.

TEREZA's MOTHER

Can you wash these for me?

TEREZA

I'll do it later.

TEREZA's MOTHER

Later? Why later?

TEREZA pushes past her mother and hurries to the door.

TEREZA's MOTHER

Where are you running to?

Without answering TEREZA slams the door. Her MOTHER moves to the window and looks out.

13B EXT. PARK BENCH. DUSK.

POV: Below, she can see TEREZA hurrying to the bench where TOMAS waits.

13 (cont'd)

NEIGHBOR WOMAN

She might have found someone.

TEREZA's MOTHER

Poor man.

14 EXT. PARK IN SPA TOWN. DUSK

TOMAS has been sitting on the YELLOW PARK BENCH feeding pigeons. Now dozens of pigeons flutter around his head.

The band concert has finished and his womanizer's gaze follows TWO YOUNG GIRLS leaving the band concert, slowly promenading by amidst BAND MEMBERS still wearing their tubas. TEREZA appears suddenly, surprising him:

TEREZA

You know this is my bench?

TOMAS

Your bench?

TOMAS can't help smiling up at her. There's something awkward about her, and TOMAS finds this awkwardness vaguely erotic.

TEREZA

Yes, I come here every day to read. To this same bench. Isn't that funny?

TOMAS

Uh, yes. Ah, what are you reading?

TEREZA

Anna Karenina...by Tolstoi.

TOMAS

Ah, yes. That Anna Karenina.

TEREZA

Yes...

(an awkward pause)

I would have come earlier... but my mother...

TOMAS

You live with your mother?

TEREZA glances up toward the window, a horrible confession as she nods. Another awkward pause. TOMAS enjoys her embarrassment.

TOMAS
(continued)
Well, I've checked out of my
hotel, and...

TEREZA
Are you leaving?

TOMAS
Yes, it's getting late.

TOMAS gets up and begins to walk to his nearby car.

TOMAS
...I just came for an
operation...A colleague of mine
was supposed to come but he
injured himself, so they sent
me...

TEREZA
(again struck)
...By coincidence.

TOMAS
Yes...Uh...maybe I'll come back
some time...

TEREZA
Why would you come back here?
It's so boring...

TOMAS sits in his car, smiles up at her, as if to suggest he'd come back to see her. But TEREZA is very intense, yearning for agreement.

TEREZA
...Nobody here reads...Nobody here
discusses anything...You know what
I mean?

TOMAS
(seriously)
Yes. Yes, I do.

TOMAS smiles, turns on the ignition and says:

TOMAS
Well...nice to meet you...goodbye.

14 (cont'd)

She watches him pull away. Her eyes are shining. Suddenly he stops. His face appears leaning out of the window. He signals her to come to him. She runs. He takes a scrap of paper (an envelope?) from his pocket and writes his phone number on it:

TOMAS

Here. My name is Tomas. If you
ever get to Prague...

And he drives off with a wave.

TEREZA stands motionless, watching the car drive away. She looks at the paper he has given her, then up at the window.

14A EXT. TEREZA'S MOTHER'S BUILDING. DUSK.

AT THE WINDOW. The figure of her mother who has been watching moves back from the curtains into the darkness of the room.

14B EXT. SABINA'S STUDIO. DAY.

TOMAS stands in a window overlooking Prague.

15 INT. SABINA'S STUDIO. PRAGUE. DAY.

REVERSE. TOMAS is lost in deep in thought.

WOMAN'S VOICE o.s.

There's something I'd like to know
about you...

TOMAS turns. Behind him stands a beautiful woman - SABINA, 35, dressed only in a loose, floating peignoir and erotic clothes.

SABINA

(continues)

...What's the first thing you look
for in a woman?

TOMAS smiles slightly, an odd smile; not just a smile of fun; a smile of slight violence. He goes toward her and picks up a BOWLER HAT which he plays with. (Puts it on?)

TOMAS

Sit down!

SABINA stares at him almost contemptuously; then with a smile similar to Tomas' sits on a chair in front of a mirror. TOMAS moves toward her across Sabina's studio --a large loft where all her paintings have been turned to the walls except for her current sketch on an easel.

SABINA

...Are you only searching for pleasure?

TOMAS

Hmm -

TOMAS, fully dressed, stands behind her. They both look at their images in the mirror. TOMAS nods his head slightly, as if in command. As if obeying, SABINA slightly parts her thighs. He puts the BOWLER HAT on Sabina's head. It gives her sort of a comical look, vaguely masculine against her extreme femininity - humiliating, but exciting at the same time. For a moment they smile, but then the comic aspect gives way...

SABINA

Or is every woman a new land...?
Whose secrets you want to
discover...? You want to know
what she's going to say when she
makes love? ...Or how she will
smile?

(she pulls his tie,
brings his head down,
whispering into his
ear)

...How she'll whisper...?
Groan...? Scream...?

Camera is moving in tighter on their faces. TOMAS breathes on her neck as he whispers:

TOMAS

Mmm...yes, maybe...The very
smallest unimaginable
details...the tiny things that
make one woman totally unlike any
other.

15 (cont'd)

SABINA

What's my detail, Doctor?

TOMAS runs his lips very lightly over her beautiful shoulder.

TOMAS

Your...hat, Sabina...

15A INT. SABINA'S STUDIO. PRAGUE. DAY.

TOMAS suddenly stands up, grabs the big mirror and lays it on the ground.

SABINA watches with curious excitement.

TOMAS points toward the mirror with a brief gesture.

SABINA understands. She gets onto all fours, approaches the mirror lewdly. Then she crawls onto the surface of the mirror saying, (referring to something else):

SABINA

When my father died my brother
stole all the inheritance from
me. I let him do it. The only
thing I asked for was this hat.

TOMAS walks near her, looks down at her. She moves slowly on the mirror and she, too, is enjoying the game.

SABINA

The hat...comes from my
grandfather's grandfather...He
was...the mayor...of a small
town...it was a long...long
time ago...Long time ago...

And suddenly, once we see her body, her legs, her back, her reflection, she asks:

SABINA

Tomas, what are you looking at?

TOMAS

Your eyes.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. RAILWAY STATION. PRAGUE. DAY

A HUGE CROWD leaving a train, everyone moving swiftly ... except TEREZA who has arrived in Prague and is struggling with her HUGE SUITCASE.

CLOSE ON TEREZA. She looks a little lost as she gazes around. But very determined. She walks away from camera, lost in the crowd.

16A EXT. TRAIN STATION. DAY.

TEREZA scans the Big City.

16B EXT. TEREZA'S POV OF PRAGUE.

CUT BACK TO:

17 INT. SABINA'S STUDIO. DAY. (LATER)

THE BOWLER HAT being twirled around and around - widen angle to show SABINA in bed with TOMAS, both naked. She's happily twirling the hat.

TOMAS
I've got to go...

He moves slightly in the bed, as if to leave.

SABINA
Don't you ever spend a night at
a woman's place?

TOMAS
Never.

SABINA
What about when a woman's at your
place?

TOMAS
I tell her I get insomnia,
anything. Besides I have a very
narrow bed.

SABINA
Are you afraid of women, Doctor?

TOMAS hesitates, then leans up close to her, putting a hand on her naked body.

17 (cont'd)

TOMAS
Of course.

SABINA
(smiling)
I really like you, Tomas. You're
the complete opposite of kitsch.
In the kingdom of Kitsch you would
be...a monster.

And so saying, she suddenly pulls him over, and wrestling with him, ends up on top of him, straddling him, staring down. His hands grab her arms...

SABINA
No, wait...

And she reaches out to adjust the nearby mirror ever so slightly, the better to watch them make love.

18 EXT. PRAGUE STREET. DAY.

TEREZA lugs her huge suitcase down a Prague street. She looks even more lost now, exhausted, SHE LOOKS UP:

STATUES OF SAINTS stare down at her.

TEREZA plods onward.

19 INT. PRAGUE CAFE - OPEN WINDOWS TO STREET. DAY.

TEREZA is lugging her suitcase to a table in a crowded cafe. She sits exhausted. Atmosphere of "Prague Spring" - a long-haired YOUNG MAN plays a guitar. At a nearby table she overhears an intellectual argument (to be worked out).

WAITER approaches.

TEREZA
How much is a sandwich?

WAITER
Twenty-five.

TEREZA
I'll...just have coffee.

19 (cont'd)

She takes out the envelope Tomas gave her and studies his phone number.

19A INT. PRAGUE CAFE - OPEN WINDOWS TO STREET. DAY.

DISSOLVE TO DUSK - change people in b.g., cafe is almost empty.

20 TOMAS' STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

TEREZA slowly struggles up the staircase, lugging the huge suitcase with two hands.

She stops on the landing, breathing heavily, and looks for a door. CLOSE ON HER FINGER. It moves hesitantly to the buzzer of a door. Rings. DOOR OPENS. TOMAS stands there in his pajamas. He's been sleeping.

20A TOMAS' STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

STAGE. They look at each other in silence for a few seconds.

21 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TOMAS can't see the suitcase. He only sees Tereza. Both happy to see each other.

TOMAS
...Hello.

TEREZA
Hello...

TOMAS
So...you are in Prague...

TEREZA
(hesitating)
I...just arrived...I...have
friends to see...I'm here on some
business...
(confused, moving on
one foot to another)
I...I'm looking for another job.

She seems so forlorn that he feels compassion. There is something in Tereza's face that moves him - TOMAS hesitates a long moment before saying:

21 (cont'd)

TOMAS
Come on in.

TEREZA
Are you alone?

TOMAS looks at her for another long moment.

TOMAS
Yes...take off your clothes.

TEREZA looks at him surprised: then as if to answer, takes a breath and SNEEZES.

TEREZA
(wiping her nose)
Excuse me. I must have caught
a cold on the train.

TEREZA is wearing a black turtle neck sweater. TOMAS reaches out and slides his hands under the collar, gently touching her neck. TEREZA half-giggles, half-shivers.

TOMAS
What's the matter? My hands
cold?

TEREZA
I'm very ticklish.

TOMAS is now the serious doctor, used to dealing with ticklish patients as he feels their glands.

TOMAS
Ah...does it hurt here?

TEREZA shakes her head no. She can barely stand to be touched. She cringes with each expert move of his hands.

TOMAS
Here? Here?
(No...No...)
Take off your sweater.

TEREZA just stares at him. He stares back, then turns her around and lifts up the back of her sweater. Then, very slowly moves his hand over her beautiful skin, up her back.

TOMAS
Breath deeply...Hold it.
Breath...Again...Raise your
arms.

21 (cont'd)

CLOSE ON TEREZA'S FACE. She reacts to every move -- his touch is agonizing, exquisite.

VERY CLOSE ON TOMAS' HAND. It's flat on her back. He taps it hard with his other hand.

CLOSE ON TEREZA'S FACE. She's jolted, surprised. He hoists her sweater higher. Her arms are raised above her head. Her face barely peeps over her sweater. TOMAS puts his ear against her back.

TOMAS

Cough!

She coughs; then he turns her around. Her arms are still raised high...like a captive.

TOMAS moves slowly. He touches her eye and looks closely at it. Then moves her head to the side, touches her earlobe, then moves close as if to examine it. Breathing into her ear:

TOMAS

Everything looks fine...fine...

TEREZA, hands still raised, sweater up, is breathing so hard she's about to faint.

TOMAS

Open your mouth!

She opens her mouth. TOMAS moves closer. And suddenly she throws her mouth against his, her arms around his neck, her legs wrap around his waist. A STRANGE SCREAM rises from deep in her throat.

And TOMAS carries her around the room, banging against the walls, off tables, finally falling with her onto his narrow bed where she screams and screams until she almost faints.

21A LATER. SAME PLACE. NIGHT.

TEREZA is covered with sweat, shivering with a high fever. TOMAS holds her in his arms on the narrow bed.

TOMAS

So...where are you staying?

TEREZA's eyes glow. Her lips are parched. Her voice is weak:

TEREZA

I went to see a friend...but
she...wasn't there.

TOMAS

And...do you have a suitcase or
something?

TEREZA nods, then points vaguely to the door.

TOMAS gets up, wearing only his pajama tops, opens the door
and sees:

22 INT. TOMAS' HALLWAY. NIGHT.

TEREZA'S HUGE SUITCASE sits there off to one side of the door.
TOMAS looks down, then back at Tereza. He hesitates - is it
better to be with her, or remain alone? Then makes a great
decision. He steps into the hall and bends to lift the
suitcase.

Just then he notices an OLD WOMAN peering at him out of an
an half-open door, probably upset by the racket and screams
from his apartment.

OLD WOMAN NEIGHBOR

Hello, Doctor.

TOMAS nods back to her with a neighborly nod, straightens up
with the heavy suitcase and walks back into his room wearing
only his pajama tops with as much dignity as possible. The
DOOR CLOSES.

23 INT. DOCTOR'S PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

BEAUTIFUL NURSE FROM OPENING SCENE is alone in room as TOMAS
enters.

NURSE

It's three weeks today. What time
shall I expect your visit tonight?

TOMAS

Oh...I'm sorry. I can't
tonight...

NURSE ,

What?

TOMAS

What about tomorrow afternoon?

NURSE

Hmmm. I see. So what I heard
was right. Somebody has moved
into your place.

TOMAS shrugs as if to say - I wouldn't call it "moved in."

NURSE

I have my spies! Good-bye,
Doctor.

She leaves TOMAS alone.

24 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. DAY.

An alarm RINGS.

TOMAS sits up suddenly and reaches to shut off the alarm clock. As he tries to rise, he realizes that his other hand is firmly grasped by TEREZA who is sound asleep. He looks at her as if surprised to see her there. He very carefully frees his hand from hers. TEREZA stirs in her sleep, opens her eyes and looks up at him. He takes a book, puts it in her hand and her hand closes on the book. Her eyelids close, and she peacefully goes back to sleep.

He leans over her, kisses her hair and whispers:

TOMAS

Don't be afraid, you're not
going to die...

TEREZA

(feverish)

I won't go back there...I won't
see my mother...!

He puts his hand close to her as if trying to glut himself with the intimacy of her body. In a voice that is almost smothered he says:

24 (cont'd)

TOMAS

You're not going back home.
You'll stay here with me.
Don't be afraid.

She smiles slightly in her sleep.

25 EXT. TOMAS' STREET. PRAGUE. DAY. (WINTER)

Tomas lives in the old section of Prague. In front of his building, around an old fountain, a group of young people have gathered together. One plays the guitar.

A couple kisses. Others talk, smoke, read newspapers, sit on motor bikes: an impression of calm and well-being pervades. TOMAS comes out of his building and heads for his car.

He looks at the young people. TILT up front of building to TOMAS' window. TEREZA - barely seen - is watching him go.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SABINA'S STUDIO. DAY.

We're in the middle of passionate love-making. SABINA is on top of TOMAS in a dominating position, and they are progressing wildly towards a conclusion. Suddenly, SABINA looks up and sees reflected in the mirror: TOMAS having a discreet look at his wristwatch.

She pretends to relax for a moment, drops one hand to the floor where she gropes around on the floor until she finds one of Tomas' socks. She crumples the sock in her hand.

26A DISSOLVE TO: LATER. SAME PLACE.

SABINA walks out of the bathroom, wearing only a peignoir. She looks at TOMAS, dressed, who is crawling around on his hands and knees.

SABINA

So where is she going to stay?

TOMAS

Who?

He acts like he's busy looking for something.

SABINA
(suspiciously)
At your place?

TOMAS
(grunts)
...Maybe.

SABINA
Ah, so then you're going to
break your own rules?

TOMAS doesn't answer, he keeps looking for his sock under all
the furniture and behind the paintings. He doesn't answer.

SABINA
What are you looking for?

TOMAS
(searching, absorbed
in his thoughts)
You know, I feel she was put in
a basket...on a river. I found
her drifting and took her out
of the basket. I've got to
help her...I've lost a sock
Sabina.

She gets on her hands and knees near him as if to look.

SABINA
Oh, come on. She just took her
suitcase and showed up at your
doorstop...It's not here. You
must have come without your
sock.

TOMAS
How could I have come without
it? I wouldn't wear only one
sock, would I?

SABINA
You've been very absent-minded
lately. Always in a hurry.
Always looking at your watch.
(TOMAS realizes he's
been caught)
I'll lend you one of my
stockings.

SABINA sits up, opens a drawer and hands him a long white wide-net stocking, saying:

SABINA

Here.

TOMAS

(staring at stocking)

You want me to put this on?

SABINA

It's cold out...Doctor.

TOMAS sits on the bed putting on the long stocking, as SABINA observes him with an almost erotic curiosity.

TOMAS

You think I'm doing something silly? Maybe. But how can I know? If I had two lives, in one life I could invite her to stay at my place, and in the second life, I could kick her out. Then I could compare and see which had been the best thing to do. But we only live once. Life's so light, it's... like an outline you can't ever fill in or correct or make any better...Frightening. Listen, Sabina...she's looking for something to do here in Prague, and I...

SABINA

Who are you talking about?

TOMAS

Tereza. She's not qualified for anything...But she takes beautiful pictures. Can... you...Could you...?

TOMAS stops straightening his stocking. SABINA is looking at him with an ironic smile. TOMAS knows he's said too much. He's like a spoiled boy, who wants help in working out his life. Only, maybe, he's asked the wrong person.

SABINA

You want me to help her?

26A (cont'd)

TOMAS shrugs, as if to say "naw, forget it."

SABINA

You mean you want me to help
you.

TOMAS shrugs again. SABINA stands over him. He looks up.

SABINA

(continues)

I'll do anything you say...
isn't that what you want? Two
women?

TOMAS

No...not really...no...I...

SABINA

Yes! Why not? I'd like to
meet this...

(she hesitates)

...Tereza. We should meet.
Maybe I'll like her.

TOMAS now realizes how dangerous this meeting could be. He's trying to make an exit. SABINA smiles a particularly knowing smile. She leads him to the door.

TOMAS

Thanks anyway, but maybe let's
forget about it...well,
goodbye.

SABINA

...It depends how you feel
about her.

She closes the door on Tomas: then SABINA takes the sock out of her pocket and tosses it absently to one side.

27 INT. SWIMMING POOL. PRAGUE. DAY.

TEREZA floats on her back in the water. Her vitality seems drained. Along the edge of the pool women are doing kneebends, limbering up. Strange ECHOING SOUNDS fill the room.

TEREZA sinks slowly under water. HER POV - women doing kneebends.

28 EXT. SHOPPING ARCADE. PRAGUE. DAY.

TOMAS stands wearing his sunglasses watching the passing women with his seasoned gaze. He looks to his left and HE SEES:

TEREZA slowly trudging through the crowd. She's carrying a camera. She's downcast, depressed. (IN b.g. MOVIE THEATER: Posters of FILMS FROM PRAGUE SPRING).

She greets him with a tepid kiss.

NEARBY. SABINA observes this all through the corner of an arcade shop window, watching them like a spy.

TOMAS suddenly sees her coming and smiles meekly, not knowing what to expect.

SABINA breaks into a huge smile, makes a grand entrance.'

SABINA

Ah, Tomas, how are you? Always
a pleasure to see you!

She kisses him. She shakes hands firmly with TEREZA.

SABINA

(continued)

I'm Sabina, and you're Tereza,
of course. The photographer.
He says you're wonderful...

TEREZA's shyness creates an awkward silence. TOMAS squirms.
But SABINA suddenly sees something past Tomas:

SABINA

Oh, look Tomas. A new one!
This one is wonderful!

She rushes over to a nearby window with Russian political posters. Two Russians behind posters in shop, barely seen.

TEREZA

What is it?

TEREZA is confused as they admire the poster of "A HAPPY
FAMILY MILKING COWS."

SABINA

They've added a grandmother.
That's very good. What a nice,
big, happy smile. Nice teeth!

TOMAS

It's a masterpiece! And over here. What a clean factory! etc.

SABINA

Even if the Russians leave us alone we ought to preserve this.

TOMAS

A big Museum of Stupidities should be built.

SABINA

The Museum of Kitsch. Look at this -- this world without evil, without death, without sex...without shit. It's supposed to make people cry together out of joy...ach.

TOMAS

Communist kitsch.

SABINA

I prefer Communism as it really was, with all its terror and executions, to this compulsory paradise. If I had to live among such smiling idiots, I would commit suicide on the third day.

TEREZA

(laughing)

So would I.

TOMAS

Shall we have a drink somewhere?

SABINA

Yes, come to my place.

(SABINA goes between them; takes both of their arms, and they move off)

I like her, Tomas...

(then, aside to TOMAS)

...you dirty monster you.

28 (cont'd)

TEREZA notices SABINA whispering something to TOMAS.

29 INT. SABINA'S STUDIO. DAY.

TEREZA loves the space, the freedom of Sabina's loft...

TOMAS

Can we have some tea?

SABINA

Yes. Why don't you fix it?

And TEREZA is interested in how Sabina deals with Tomas.

As TOMAS crosses the room leaving the two of them alone, he sees his sock!

He quickly puts it in his pocket, glancing back to see if anyone has seen.

SABINA has noticed, amused. Then she turns and sees TEREZA staring at her bed on the platform in the middle of the room with the mirrors around it. Cushy pillows, soft colors, a love nest. SABINA guesses what she might be thinking and tries to put TEREZA at ease:

SABINA

It's very messy around here. I always try not to get too attached to a place...to objects...or to people. Come over here. I want to show you some books.

TEREZA reluctantly pulls away from the bed with a last look. SABINA puts books onto a table. In silence they begin to look together at BOOKS OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

FROM THE KITCHEN. TOMAS peeks in at them and SEES:

THE TWO WOMEN close together, bending over and looking at books.

TOMAS has a small smile, as if a dream is approaching reality.

THE BOOKS, turning the pages -- classic black and white studies -- Kertesz, Cunningham, then Classic Nudes. TEREZA looks up slightly, taken aback by the nudity.

SABINA

Man Ray. I like this one very much. And Lee Miller...she's so beautiful...They were trying to do something different. Searching for...a new beauty...

TEREZA

Yes...yes...something higher...

SABINA looks down and sees the beautiful innocent back of Tereza's neck as she looks down at the nudes.

TEREZA senses she's being watched. She turns and looks back at SABINA before smiling slightly.

SABINA smiles back.

Just then TOMAS sets a tray down noisily.

TOMAS

Here's the tea I made!

Both women look at him, then back at each other, smiling at this loud male interruption.

30 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TEREZA moans loudly in her sleep, she's crying. TOMAS shakes her awake. TEREZA pushes him away.

TEREZA

I had a dream. I was at her place. Sabina's. In her studio. And you were making love to her...In that big bed of hers. And you made me stand by a wall...And not move at all. You made me watch. And...I had such pain from seeing you that I started to pierce needles under my fingernails to stop the pain in my heart.

TOMAS embraces her, kissing her fingertips.

TEREZA

(continued)

It hurt so much...

(then after a pause)

Why did you do it to me?

TOMAS

Tereza, don't you know I love you? I'd do anything I could to keep you from suffering.

TEREZA

Then, why do you love other women?

TOMAS thinks for a moment; then, trying to get out of it:

TOMAS

It has nothing to do with love. Nothing. It's like going to a football game. I love football. But you're not jealous of football.

TEREZA

That's something else. You touch their bodies with your body. You caress them. You're tender with them.

TOMAS

(smiling)

No. You never saw me.

TEREZA

It's impossible to touch another body without being tender.

TOMAS

It is possible!

TEREZA

Would you let me try?

TOMAS:
With another man?

TEREZA
Of course.

TOMAS
No, Tereza. No, I couldn't
stand it.

TEREZA
You see!

TOMAS
I know. It's not logical and
it's not fair. But that's the
way it is.
(a pause)
And I love you completely. You
must know that. I love you
absolutely...And now sleep...

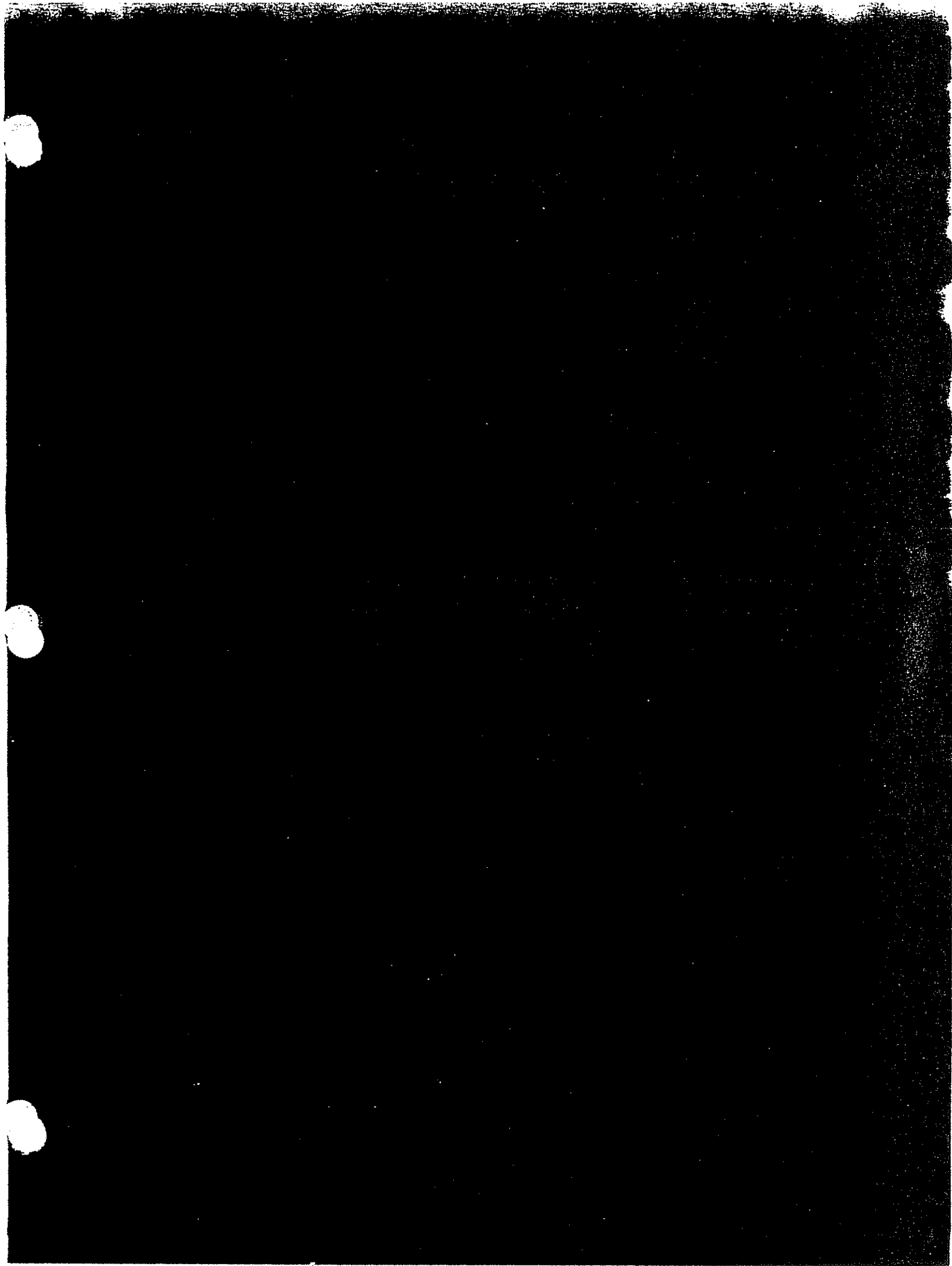
TEREZA
I can't sleep. I can't fall
asleep.

TOMAS pulls hers slowly, gently back onto the bed, into
his arms, the tenderest of lovers. He begins to WHISPER
TO HER; a steady incantation of nonsense (some words
would be sung).

TOMAS
Yes, you can. You can fall
asleep. You'll sleep like a
baby bird...like a puppy...like
a ship...like a small something
that means nothing, like a
floating feather, like an
umbrella...

TEREZA smiles and we can see she is getting sleepy in
his arms.

TOMAS
(continued)
...like a small squirrel, like
a broom among brooms in a broom
closet, like a tiny parrot,
like a whistle, like a little
song...



TOMAS

Not exactly. Look over there.
(the Russian officers,
Czech officials)
Some people never change. Some
people are always scoundrels.

CHIEF SURGEON

How can you tell? I've always
asked myself -- does it show on
a man's face? Can we judge by
the face of the man if he is a
scoundrel or not?

SABINA

Let's look at them and see.

THEY ALL stare across the room at the Russians.

PAN SHOT. EXAMINING FACES OF RUSSIAN AND CZECH OFFICIALS. One
after the other would seem to be a scoundrel. Some look up and
see our group watching them, then look away quickly. One or two
continue to stare back. One Russian takes a photo of them.

TOMAS AND OTHERS v.o.

Scoundrel...scoundrel...yes...
yes...no question...

SABINA pulls TOMAS over for a live demonstration.

SABINA

But what would you say about
Tomas?

TOMAS has a scoundrelish look on his face.

ALL OF THEM
Scoundrel. No question about it.

SABINA
But why?
(covering part of his
face)
Is it the mouth? The sly eyes?

TEREZA
No, it's carefully hidden in the
brain!

TOMAS
I hate to tell you this, but as
far as I know, all brains are
about the same.

SABINA
So, what makes the difference?

TOMAS
Maybe only one millionth part.
Maybe there is no difference.
These men don't even know if
they're scoundrels or not.

ACROSS THE ROOM, one CZECH ASS KISSER whispers something to band
members. BAND begins to play a slow, doleful RUSSIAN SONG with
sacred tempo. As ASS KISSER returns to table like he's given
them a gift, and Russians nod approvingly, sit straight with
teary pride.

YOUNG PEOPLE around room are bored, restless uncomfortable,
listening to this solemn crap.

CHIEF SURGEON
Are you serious? More than one
hundred thousand people were
imprisoned, tortured, executed
in their regime.

JIRI
And now these men cry out that
they didn't know anything, that
they were misled or manipulated.
That they are innocent.

TOMAS
Might be true.

JIRI
Oh, please! They had to know what
they were doing. Otherwise it's
unthinkable.

TOMAS
Jiri, it doesn't matter if they
knew or not. I've been thinking
about Oedipus. King Oedipus.

SABINA
Ah, good King Oedipus? Is
sleeping with your mother the same
sort of crime?

Right about here we notice the band has begun to transform the
Russian tune, adding elements of jazz, playing free and wild
variations. Young people perk up -laughter. Spirits rise.
People begin to dance wildly.

Czech officials look surprised. Russians seem offended, glare at
them. ASS KISSER rushes over to band to try to get them to stop
desecrating the sacred tune. But band members keep playing,
gesturing they can't hear or understand him.

Russians begin to leave. ASS KISSER looks at band with vengeful
eyes.

TOMAS
Yes. When Oedipus realized that
he had unknowingly killed his
father and married his mother,
and that because of his crimes
plagues were ravaging his city,
he plucked out his own eyes and
left. He was innocent, but he
still felt he had to punish
himself.

JIRI
(trying to keep things
light)
Do you dance?

TOMAS
No, why? Are you asking me?

JIRI

No. I'm asking Tereza.

JIRI puts out his arm, and TEREZA, happy to dance, moves with him onto the dance floor.

TOMAS watches, but continues with SABINA:

TOMAS

Anyway... our leaders felt they were innocent, too. And sincere. Like Oedipus. But when the atrocities from the Stalinist period became known, they cried: "We didn't know! We weren't aware of what was going on! Our conscience is clear!" But the difference is -- they stayed in power.

SABINA

And they should have plucked their eyes out...?

TOMAS

All I'm saying is morality's changed since Oedipus.

CHIEF SURGEON

Listen, why don't you write it down. It'll be published for sure. All our political situation is in it.

TOMAS

I don't really care about politics.

SABINA

What do you care about?

TOMAS doesn't answer. He's riveted on TEREZA and JIRI dancing. TEREZA'S a wonderful dancer, so light, unbearably so, and so happy to be having fun with his young assistant.

33 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT

TOMAS and TEREZA are coming back from the nightclub. TEREZA TURNS ON THE LIGHT and takes a last look at her photos in the magazine before putting it in a drawer.

cont'd

33 (cont'd)

She looks very much at home here - she's rearranged the furniture.

She starts undressing, and smiles at Tomas surprised. TOMAS is sitting on a couch staring at her.

TEREZA

Is something bothering you?

TOMAS

Yes.

TEREZA is extremely sensitive to his emotions: something's wrong.

TOMAS

When I saw you dancing with another man, I said to myself "He could be her lover."

TEREZA looks relieved.

TEREZA

Of course, I suppose if I wasn't with you I might be with him.

TOMAS

And that bothers me.

All of a sudden TEREZA starts dancing a kind of jig. Kicking up her knees, bouncing on the floor and singing:

TEREZA

(singing)

He's jealous! He's jealous! He's jealous!

TOMAS

I'm not jealous! I'm not...

After spinning around wildly three times, she falls on him, knocking him over. Lying on top of him, holding him down, breathing hard very close to his face, she whispers:

TEREZA

You are, you are. Will you marry me?

TOMAS

No.

cont'd

33 (cont'd)

TEREZA jumps him, tickles him, gropes him to tease him to say...:

TEREZA
Yes, yes, yes.

TOMAS
(laughing
uncontrollably)
...y...y...yes!...

34 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. PRAGUE. DAY.

A STOUT MAN (with a bandaged head) walks briskly down the corridor.

He carries a small suitcase. He stops, turns around, and SEES:

THE GLASS FRONT DOOR OF THE HOSPITAL. A FIG with a red tie is peering in the door.

THE MAN waves the pig away from the door.

THE FIG obeys, moving back out of sight.

THE MAN turns and begins to walk. But after two or three steps, he turns back and SEES:

THE FIG peeking around the corner, watching him.

CLOSE SHOT. THE MAN's FACE is angry. He waves the pig away again.

CLOSE SHOT. THE FIG just stares back at him.

CUT TO:

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. TOMAS' OFFICE. DAY.

TOMAS, CHIEF SURGEON and JIRI in meeting.

CHIEF SURGEON
They called from Geneva. They're
still offering you a job.

TOMAS
Why should I go to Geneva?
Everything's fine here.

CHIEF SURGEON

I hope you're right.

(lowering his voice)

You think the Russians won't interfere? Think about what happened in Hungary.

JIRI

They couldn't. The world wouldn't allow it. Besides, we have Socialism with a human face --who could be against it?

Just then, a KNOCK on the door. THE STOUT MAN from the corridor enters, followed by the FIG.

TOMAS

Ah, my patient is here.

CHIEF SURGEON

Which one? Figs aren't allowed here...

MAN WITH FIG

I told him to wait in the truck, but ...

CHIEF SURGEON

But we'll make an exception.

CHIEF SURGEON and JIRI exit, stepping cautiously around the FIG.

MAN WITH FIG

Hello, Doctor. You're not angry with me because I've brought Mephisto! Look! Doctor, a gift for you!

He opens his suitcase and pulls out a HUGE SAUSAGE, hiding it so the pig won't be offended.

TOMAS puts sausage in his desk drawer.

TOMAS

Wonderful. Thank you. So. We operated a month ago.

(looking at X-ray)

Any pains?

MAN WITH FIG

Doctor, you saved my life. How can I repay you?

TOMAS

When do you have to go back to your village?

MAN WITH FIG

Whenever I want.

TOMAS

Look, I'm getting married this afternoon. I want to keep it... private. Would you be my witness?

MAN WITH FIG

I'll have to buy Mephisto a black tie. He's been wanting one for a long time.

36 INT. ROOM IN CITY HALL. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT - PIANO being played. MUSIC OF WEDDING MARCH, (or Czech love song). PAN UP TO MAYOR or JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, TOMAS, TEREZA, MAN WITH FIG, OLD WOMAN ACROSS THE HALL. And BEARDED MAN playing the organ.

MAYOR

Our socialist state has done much for you. Now it is up to you to pay back what you have gained. You must bring up model citizens...The future belongs to your children.

The MAYOR is reading his speech. He fixes his eyes on the paper and only looks up from time to time at the faces of TOMAS and TEREZA.

TOMAS and TEREZA stare at him. TEREZA seems deeply moved. TOMAS' eyes stray; HE SEES:

MEPHISTO THE FIG moving quietly behind the MAYOR. Mephisto is wearing a black tie and a collar. He begins to eat the flowers.

TOMAS smiles. TEREZA looks at Tomas and notices what he's looking at. Behind them the MAN WITH THE FIG is trying to attract MEPHISTO's attention to get him to stop.

MAYOR

...There is a wonderful future
for socialism before all of us...

MEPHISTO is eating the spread, munching on the food that has been
laid out for the ceremony.

MAN WITH FIG tries frantically to wave him away.

MAYOR raises his eyes again and sees: TOMAS and TEREZA are
losing concentration.

MAYOR squints at them. He suspects something.

MAYOR

(suddenly he loses his
temper)

I refuse to go on. In this
country nothing is sacred any
more. If you can't be serious
you don't deserve to be married
...

TOMAS

We're serious. We are...

TOMAS and TEREZA try to look serious. Then there's a LOUD BELCH
from MEPHISTO somewhere under a table. They begin to shake,
trying to hold the laughter back.

MAYOR

I make you laugh? You're laughing
at me?

Enraged, he leaves the platform. MAN WITH FIG runs toward him:

MAN WITH FIG

No! Comrade! Sir! They're not
laughing at you. It's because
of Mephisto. They're laughing
at him.

MEPHISTO has finished his snack and now hits the organ as if he's
trying to play.

BEARDED MAN is repulsed.

MAN WITH FIG calms MAYOR down, convincing him they were not
laughing at him:

MAN WITH FIG
...Out, Mephisto, out of this
sacred company.

MAYOR
Yes. No pigs allowed. I can't
continue with a pig.

MAN WITH FIG
Comrade...Sir...Your Honor...
this is not a pig, but
a spoiled child! You were
right about saying things about
upbringing! Imagine if all
children acted like Mephisto...
Mephisto...please.

MAN WITH FIG pushes MAYOR back onto the platform.

MAYOR picks up his paper and begins again:

MAYOR
... the sense of marriage is
children and their upbringing.
The socialist state asks you...

MAYOR looks over his paper and sees TOMAS and TEREZA trying to
hold back their laughter.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SMALL CAFE. NIGHT.

The most modest celebration possible. A few people drinking at
other tables. MAN WITH FIG plays the violin -- a Czech love
song. MEPHISTO sways and twirls to the music, AN OLD MAN sings
along, one hand raised high.

A STRANGE YOUNG WOMAN (gypsy? deformed? hermaphroditic?) enters
the cafe with a basket of puppies. She arrives at the table
where TOMAS and TEREZA sit next to OLD NEIGHBOR WOMAN.

TEREZA
Let's take one, Tomas. It'll make
us happy.

TOMAS
Why not. You choose.

OLD NEIGHBOR WOMAN
Make the right choice.

TEREZA
Why?

OLD NEIGHBOR WOMAN
Because it will be the only one
to survive. The others will be
killed.

TEREZA looks at the basket, scanning carefully. She chooses the ugliest. THE STRANGE YOUNG WOMAN walks away with remaining doomed puppies.

TEREZA
Did you ever read Plato's
Symposium?

TOMAS
(surprised)
Yes, I think so. Did you?

TEREZA
I think I read every book we had
in our public library...You
remember that story -- man and
woman were created as one person?

TOMAS
Yes. The Hermaphrodite.

TEREZA
And then the Gods split them in
two. Why did they do that?

TOMAS
I don't know. But I remember,
yes, and now all the halves
wander the world over endlessly
seeking one another. It's as if
Love is...seeking the other half
of oneself.

MAN WITH THE FIG has stopped playing for a moment to listen:

MAN WITH FIG
One thing is sure. I've never
found my other half.

TEREZA
And what about us?

This is TEREZA's idea of Love, of Completeness. But TOMAS answers her with a strange melancholy:

TOMAS
We never could have made one body.

TEREZA has a vague sense of being hurt. She looks closely at her new puppy:

TEREZA
...Never?

TOMAS
No. Maybe there's that woman,
the other half of myself, who
wanders the world over seeking
me...

MAN WITH THE FIG returns to his playing, strolling around followed by Mephisto and the Old Singing Man.

TOMAS
(continued)
...But even if she found me one
day...I'd prefer you, Tereza.
One day you rose out of the water;
you came flowing down a river in
a basket to me. To the shore of
my bed. I could never leave you.

38 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON PHONOGRAPH. TEREZA has put on a record of Beethoven's quartet. PAN UP to see them lying in bed with the small puppy.

TEREZA
Do you recognize it?

TOMAS listens, but he's not sure.

TEREZA

It was on the radio the very moment I saw you for the first time. I've been looking for this record. It's a gift to you. To us. Beethoven's quartet. You ordered a cognac. You said you were staying in room six.

TOMAS

And you said your shift finished at six.

TEREZA

And you said you had to leave for Prague at six.

(she imitates his
womanizer's look)

Around six...

TOMAS holds up the little puppy.

TOMAS

And now -- our first child! We'll call him Tolstoi. When I saw you for the first time you were reading Tolstoi.

TEREZA

It can't be Tolstoi. It's a girl. How about Anna Karenina?

TOMAS

She doesn't look at all like Anna Karenina. Look at that face. It's a man's face. To me she looks much more like Anna's husband, old Mr. Karenin. Let's call her Karenin.

TEREZA

But won't giving her a man's name disturb her sexuality?

TOMAS

We'll find out...

TOMAS sets KARENIN on the bed and begins to make love to TEREZA as the small puppy watches.

39 (NOTE: ESTABLISH PASSAGE OF TIME HERE - TO BE WORDED
- TOMAS PLAYS WITH PUFFY)

40 INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE. DAY.

TOMAS is seated in front of EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of the leading literary magazine. The EDITOR-IN-CHIEF is youngish, short, stocky, with blond hair.

He finishes reading the article that Tomas has handwritten, then looks up and says:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
I like it very much. King
Oedipus...It's a very good idea.
We'll publish it next month. Eva!
Will you type this please?

EVA is a blond, beautiful secretary; and TOMAS and she exchange glances.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Now we can publish a piece like
this. It's fantastic. Think
about it -- complete
rehabilitation of the people who
were prosecuted! Complete freedom
of speech, of the press!
Emancipation from the Russians!
That's all we wanted!

TOMAS
And you think the Russians will
let us emancipate?

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
(laughing)
But what can they do? Nothing,
Doctor! Nothing! Nothing!
Nothing!

40A ADJOINING ROOM AT MAGAZINE OFFICE

Very small newspaper-office type room, cluttered, filled with pictures, tacked up articles, etc. As TOMAS crosses through the room, the secretary is typing his article. He wants to leave - but something stops him.

40A (cont'd)

He looks over at the SECRETARY. She looks back at him shyly. Or is it shyly?

Slowly, TOMAS is drawn to her. He walks to her, smiling his womanizer's smile. We don't hear what he begins to WHISPER to her.

41 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TEREZA is sitting in semi-darkness with KARENIN, now grown. She hears the door open. TOMAS tries to be casual, at ease as he enters. He starts undressing in silence. Suddenly TEREZA says:

TEREZA
Take me to them.

TOMAS
To whom?

TEREZA
(softly)
To the other women...

And then she says passionately, imploring, as if trying to understand what it is that this man wants. Does he want her to be more sexual, more erotic? Is that what the others are like?

TEREZA
Take me to them when you make love to them. I'll undress them for you. I...I'd like to, really. I'll give them a bath...and I'll bring them to you...I'll do anything you like... Other women's bodies will be our playthings.

TOMAS
What...are you talking about?

TEREZA
I know you see other women..I know it, you can't hide it from me.

TOMAS shrugs as if to deny it. He is almost undressed. Then HE HEARS A STRANGE, LOW, RUMBLING SOUND coming from outside. From the skies. But TEREZA doesn't seem to hear.

She gets up suddenly, walks around the room, twisting a sheet in her hands, trying to talk calmly, but highly agitated. Somehow she knows she may be saying the wrong thing, ruining her relationship. But she can't help it.

TEREZA

Everyday I try to tell myself:
"Well, it's nothing...It's not
important...he's just playing
around...He can't resist it..But
he loves me...I know he loves
me...I'm sure about that..." But
I can't stand it! I tried
hard...I just can't! ...Take me
to them! Don't leave me alone!

TOMAS

(a doctor, trying to
reason)

Tereza, please go to sleep. Calm
down. Stop talking - you need
some sleep now.

TEREZA

I don't want to sleep! I'm
scared!

TOMAS

What scares you?

Again she sits on the bed. She lowers her voice. Again TOMAS
HEARS the RUMBLING SOUND - it keeps passing over them. TOMAS is
more concerned about the persistent noise o.s. He starts to
dress again. Something's wrong outside. Glasses rattle. TEREZA
ignores it. Nothing is important as her obsessions:

TEREZA

I dreamt of that swimming
pool...Naked women were walking
around. They all looked the
same...They had to sing and do
knee bends together...You made
them do it...They all loved it
and you loved it too...And you
made me march like all the other
women. Yes, me...But...I wanted

41 (cont'd)

TEREZA (cont'd)
my body to be unique and you
treated me...just like...just like
the others...You were sending me
back to the world I want to escape
...I was just like another woman.
Any other woman...

TOMAS
Oh, no, Tereza. You know that's
not true.

TEREZA
I lost everything! Every night
that comes scares me. I know you
are tired of me! I know that, I can
see it in your eyes. Don't say no.
I'm waiting for the moment you tell me
"This isn't the place for you. You'd
better go away. Go!"

TEREZA gets up, stands in front of him naked and says:

TEREZA
I would rather go on my own.
Yes...

Silence. A pause. TOMAS looks up at her without saying a word.

TEREZA
...I'm going to pack and leave!
Now!

Still lying in bed, TOMAS tries to appeal to her, to say
"Tereza," but gives up. THE RUMBLING o.s. again. Windows shake.

42 INT. LANDING - STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

Door opens and THE HUGE SUITCASE is pushed out. TEREZA, hastily
dressed, follows, struggling with it. KARENIN is with her.

43 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TOMAS is slowly, painfully moving out of bed, resigned to go
after her. SUDDENLY THE PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

TOMAS
Hello?...Yes?...WHAT??

44 INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

TEREZA opens the door leading to the street. Suddenly, A SCREAM from the street...

TEREZA peeks out cautiously onto the street. A STRANGE, HEAVY RATTLING SOUND. SHE SEES: A BRIGHT SPOT OF LIGHT moving along the building across the street, getting larger and larger.

RATTLING NOISE GROWS LOUDER. She leans out further -then SHE SEES: A HUGE TANK, backlit - black and threatening rolling around the corner, its cannon raised, its searchlight blazing. TWO MORE SCREAMS. RUNNING FIGURES move rapidly down the street, shadows made huge by the lights from the tank.

TEREZA steps back and suddenly feels a HAND on her shoulder. Startled, she turns into...TOMAS.

TEREZA
(terrified)
What is it?

TOMAS
The Russians.

He pulls her close to him.

45 EXT. STREETS OF PRAGUE. JUST BEFORE DAWN.

VARIOUS CLOSE SHOTS: TALL, DARK STATUES seem to listen to the RUMBLING TANK SOUNDS growing louder.

On the Charles Bridge, statues look to the sky.

A few lights appear in windows. Then more...and more...

VARIOUS WIDE SHOTS. THE WHOLE CITY, vulnerable in pre-dawn light, shaken by sound.

A COLUMN OF TANKS appears and moves into the City of Prague.

46 EXT. STREETS OF PRAGUE. DAY.

-SUDDENLY THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH FACES SCREAMING, CRYING:

FACES
WHY? WHY? WHY??

A TANK pushes through the crowd that barely parts for it. BARE HANDS press against the huge, black rolling machine.

A WOMAN strikes the tank with a broomstick.

A TANK crashes against a bus (stock).

ANOTHER TANK crushes a tree (stock).

BLACK SMOKE RISES at end of street. A huge fire. People run wildly (stock).

Riding on top of the tanks are young soldiers: Russians, Mongolians, blank-faced. CROWD throws stones at them.

SOLDIERS try to protect themselves, as if they don't understand what is happening.

PEOPLE begin beating on metal gratings lowered in front of shops, using fists, pots (stock).

FAN UP TO WINDOWS -- more people whistle. DIN FILLS THE STREETS.

IN TEREZA's CAMERA VIEWFINDER -- WE SEE tanks rolling through crowds (stage). FAN UP TO TEREZA's FACE -- she is intense, wild-eyed. We haven't seen this quivering excitement in her before.

TOMAS watches in crowd nearby. Behind him IN WINDOWS (store or bus?) is reflected the footage of the enormous invasion.

TEREZA and TOMAS move through the crowd. She photographs everything -- "preserving the face of violence for the distant future."

A GYPSY PLAYING A VIOLIN is slumped against a building. Crowd steps around him. He is playing a light, melodic song -- the Czech anthem. TEREZA photographs him. THE SONG rises up, awkward, scratchy, beautiful. VOICES BEGIN TO HUM IT, SING IT SOFTLY, THEN LOUDLY:

YOUNG CZECHS ON MOTORBIKES ride wildly in and out between tanks holding aloft national banners. The SONG rises above the DIN, ABOVE THE HEAVINESS OF THE TANKS.

MEN CLIMB and remove street signs. OTHERS black out signs, standing on each other's shoulders.

-A YOUNG MAN SPITS ON A TANK. OTHERS WEEP. (stock)

INVADING SOLDIERS ON TANKS seem more and more confused, trying to look straight ahead. Their eyes stray to watch: beautiful young women in mini-skirts waving at them, posing provocatively, kissing random passers-by to torment the young, sexually famished soldiers. The invaders look totally puzzled.

TEREZA photographs a SERIES OF YOUNG WOMEN and INVADERS.

AN OLD WOMAN holds photos of Dubcek and Svoboda, imploring the Russians...

A CAR moves along the column of tanks. INSIDE CAR - A MOVIE CAMERAMAN, photographing all.

RUSSIANS stop the car, pull out cameraman and driver and break camera, pushing the cameraman away (The real beginning of violence). TEREZA runs to the cameraman, and opening her camera, takes out her film.

TEREZA

What country are you from? Take this! Take these pictures out of the country! Show them to the world!

TOMAS watches her - she is extremely radiant, beautiful - and he watches her more than he watches the tanks. He tries to reach her but a tank moves between them, soldiers push him back, and they are separated.

47 EXT. QUIETER STREET. DAY.

TEREZA and TOMAS run onto a street. They encounter SABINA carrying a bag, a suitcase and some paintings.

SABINA

Help me!

TEREZA

Are you running away?

SABINA

Of course.

TEREZA

Now?! How can you leave? There's so much going on. So much to do! Don't you see...?

SABINA

Yes, I see it. That's why I'm leaving.

TEREZA runs toward the main street. TANKS and CROWDS are ahead of her. TOMAS is alone with SABINA.

TOMAS
Where are you going?

SABINA
To Switzerland. Want to come?

TOMAS
(looks at her, but
thinks of Tereza)
It's strange...but I've never seen
her so happy.

SABINA
(understanding all)
See you. Goodbye, monster.

She kisses TOMAS'S cheek and drives away.

48 EXT. ANOTHER CROWDED PRAGUE STREET. DAY.

TOMAS runs onto the MAIN STREET. HE SEES: TRUCKLOADS OF YOUNG CZECHS, banners aloft, rousing the crowds, challenging the tanks (stock). And on one of the trucks -- TEREZA, riding with the others.

CLOSE ON TOMAS. Her image is reflected in his sunglasses.

(Stock) People pierce a hole in the gastank of a tank. A young Czech boy drops a burning paper into the gastank. Tank bursts into flames. Russians jump from tank and try to beat out fire with coats.

ANOTHER TANK bursts into flames. BLACK SMOKE RISES (stock). ANOTHER ANGLE THROUGH SMOKE -- TEREZA in the crowd, photographing.

TOMAS WATCHES HER, separated by black smoke and tanks.

CROWD is screaming out of joy. People hold hands, form a circle, dance and sing around the tank through the black smoke. It's a drunken carnival of hate!

Russian soldiers holding their weapons are together in the middle of the circle. They just watch, not knowing what to do, perplexed.

TEREZA snaps one picture after another.

Suddenly VERY LOUD DETONATIONS are heard.

Another Russian tank has begun to fire at the facades of the buildings. Huge pieces of stone and glass tumble to the ground. The whole crowd lies down on the pavement. TEREZA still stands photographing.

TOMAS sees her. He runs to her, pulls her down. TEREZA lying there is so exultant that she struggles, freeing herself from TOMAS. She keeps taking pictures lying down.

The tank stops firing. A STRANGE SILENCE hangs over the street. The people of Prague lying on the ground of their own city slowly look up.

A YOUNG GIRL rises and walks slowly toward the tank, its gun still smoking, turning right at her. She stands before the tank, places her hands on her hips. CLOSE ON GIRL'S FACE: Tears roll down her cheeks.

49 EXT. PRAGUE. NIGHT.

Stock footage from night. People hurling objects at trucks and tanks.

Fires rage at night.

LIGHTS FLASH ACROSS FACES OF TEREZA, TOMAS (and stock footage) giving weird, eerie effect.

(Another song rises: Joj! Joj! Joj!)

50 EXT. STREET OF PRAGUE. ANOTHER DAY.

All the buildings are surrounded and there are tanks everywhere.

Russian soldiers are trying to paint over the slogans; among these slogans are: "IVAN GO HOME, Moscow 1,500 km," "1938-1968," etc.

A group of young men sneak behind a tank and paint a swastika on it. WE HEAR: Russian voices screaming. The young people run away. GUNS SHOTS. One of them falls.

TEREZA, among other people, is attracted by the gun shots. All run in one direction.

TEREZA SEES: People lifting the body of a young man onto their shoulders. She takes pictures:

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TEREZA SEES: People lifting the body of a young man onto their shoulders. She takes pictures:

-BODIES LYING IN A DOORWAY (stock).

A Young Girl dips a Czech flag in the blood on the ground. She brandishes the blood-splattered flag and waves it in the air.

She runs after the young people carrying the body. A mass of people forms, surrounding a tank. The cannon of the tank turns ominously following them.

-A RUSSIAN TANK COMMANDER HAS HIS GUN OUT.

TEREZA MOVES CLOSER, bravely trying to photograph him.

-TANK COMMANDER TURNS AND POINTS HIS GUN AT HER.

-TEREZA LIFTS HER CAMERA, POINTS IT AT THE GUN, AND SHOOTS.

51 INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

TEREZA is being interrogated by a RUSSIAN INTERROGATOR (all Interrogators here are Russian) surrounded by several Russian soldiers. It's a small room jammed full of people. Most of the people are young and several are wounded. TEREZA is pulled through the crowd and pushed down to sit before a table. Her camera is violently ripped from her hands. (In the background other young people are being forcibly pulled to other rooms: commotion, lots of activity. Also some Czech officials in suits from Nightclub scene, including CZECH ASS KISSER).

INTERROGATOR

Have you gone mad? Don't you realize that we love you? That we've always loved you? That we came to protect you?

TEREZA

To protect us from what?

INTERROGATOR

Did you give your pictures to foreigners?

TEREZA

(with a kind of proud feeling)

Yes. Yes, I did.

INTERROGATOR

Did you know that you could be shot for that?

51 (cont'd)

TEREZA doesn't answer. She doesn't show any fear. On the contrary, her eyes are shining and she is breathing rapidly. She is coming close to a certain feeling of heroism. But the policeman, very busy, then dismisses her with a wave of his hand.

Then a YOUNG MAN next to her points to a corner table:

YOUNG MAN

(in a whisper)

Look. They are identifying people from photographs. They'll have ours soon!

CLOSE SHOT. Czech men and Russian officers examining transparencies against a light box and published photos with a magnifying glass.

Dazed, TEREZA is taken away by policemen, and shoved outside.

52 EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

TEREZA goes out of police station alone. She seems at a loss, not knowing what to do. She leans against a wall and slumps into a crouching position. She looks haggard.

The LEGS OF A MILITARY PATROL march past her, almost obscuring her. The footsteps of the soldiers pound into the ground.

53 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TOMAS stands motionless at the window looking down at the street. ON THE RADIO: DUBCEK'S SPEECH, filled with stammering, hesitations.

53A EXT. TOMAS' STREET. NIGHT.

HE SEES: A RUSSIAN TANK has stopped at the corner of the street. Its engine is off. It's a dark, silent mass. Several soldiers sit on top of the tank.

They smoke. In the night we see only the little shining points of their cigarettes.

53B INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TEREZA and KARENIN sit on the bed. TEREZA seems depressed.

TOMAS .

So Dubcek has returned from Moscow. He sounds drugged. He's signed the capitulation.

TEREZA

He's weak. He's weak. Can you still get that job in Switzerland?

TOMAS

But I thought you didn't want to leave the country?

TEREZA

Everything's finished here. It's all over. Nights will come...and I won't be able to sleep again. I want to leave.

54 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS. DAY.

MOVING POV THROUGH car window. Russian tanks everywhere. TOMAS and TEREZA watch in silence as they drive away.

55 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

Tomas' car speeds along a Czech country road.

56 INT. CAR. DAY.

TOMAS, TEREZA and KARENIN are inside.

Suddenly going around a curve, THEY SEE: A COLUMN OF TANKS moving toward them: Russians, Germans.

TEREZA

Hurry, Tomas. Hurry!

KARENIN barks. The column of tanks and armored vehicles seems endless.

57 EXT. THE BORDER. DAY.

A long line of cars waiting to cross to the West. Cars are piled high with luggage, earthly belongings. Women on foot carry baggage on their heads. Men, children lugging boxes across the border.

PAST THE BORDER GUARDS. They show their passports.

CZECH BORDER GUARD
Good luck!

TOMAS
You too!

(NOTE: NO TANKS AT THE BORDER FOR THIS SCENE).

58 EXT. A ROAD IN WEST GERMANY. DAY.

Safe in West Germany territory, TOMAS stops the car on a small hill and they stand to look back at the distant border post and the rolling hills of Czechoslovakia. A castle on the hills. Silence.

TOMAS puts his hand on TEREZA's shoulder and pulls her close to him.

58A (TO BE WRITTEN: TOMAS, TEREZA AND KARENIN drive into a strange country, their car piled high. Like refugees)

59 INT. GENEVA. A LARGE PRIVATE APARTMENT. MID-MORNING.

An apartment in Geneva where about forty people are gathered together. A CZECH MAN WITH GRAY HAIR speaks.

CZECH MAN WITH GRAY
HAIR

The invasion of our country constitutes a clear act of aggression against an independant country. In such a case, armed resistance is totally justified. Yes, our Czech people had the right and the duty to fight against the aggressor. People who don't have the courage to fight with arms in their hands do not deserve freedom.

At that moment SABINA says in measured tones:

SABINA

(calmly, not angry)

So why did you emigrate? Go back and fight! It's very easy for you here to tell other people to fight!

CZECH MAN WITH GRAY
HAIR

One day everybody will be asked: What did you do against the communist regime? What did you do - you

(pointing)

- for example! Paint pictures? .

SABINA

Don't point at me. We come from a country where everyone accuses, denounces, and points! And here, you continue doing this! Always the same gesture. You know what? This finger is longer than the others!

Embarrassed silence. The MAN looks at his pointing forefinger and lowers it. He doesn't say a word. He looks more confused than irritated. Suddenly SABINA decides to leave.

At the back of the room, SABINA passes A TALL MAN leaning against a wall.

60 EXT. STREETS IN GENEVA. DAY.

SABINA hurries out of the building, the TALL MAN catches up with her (TRACKING SHOT).

MAN

Excuse me...

(she keeps walking)

...Excuse me.

(she keeps walking)

...I wanted to ask you something.

She stops, eyes him suspiciously.

SABINA

Well, what do you want to ask?

MAN

Why did you do that back there?

SABINA

Why do you want to know? Who are you?

MAN

My name is Franz. I came here to listen.

(sees she's suspicious)

No, no, I'm not from the police. I'm a professor at the University.

SABINA

Well, I have nothing in common with these people. The only things that hold them together are their defeats and the reproaches they address to one another.

FRANZ

But it's hard to be in exile. People feel abandoned. They feel a lack of understanding. They feel at a loss. They feel lonely.

FRANZ looks at her with deep sympathy. For the first time, she really looks at him closely: WE SEE he's tall, very handsome, about 35-40, well-dressed.

FRANZ

(continued)

...But your country is occupied. Are you indifferent to that?

SABINA

I can't stand pointing fingers. And I can't stand raised fists.

FRANZ

So what do you want to do?

SABINA

I want...

She stops, feeling it's useless to say what she really wants to say. She eyes him closely: she smiles for the first time. FRANZ beams - captivated, bowled over, wanting to admire her.

SABINA

(continued)

...I want to go to lunch! I'm hungry.

61 INT. RESTAURANT. GENEVA. DAY.

This restaurant is unlike any we have seen in Prague. Filled with businessmen from Japan, Germany, America, doing business and having lunch at the same time.

A richly decorated restaurant - chandeliers, heavy curtains, dessert trays rolling through, plastic flowers on the tables. on the tables. Rich kitsch. Atmosphere is extremely quiet - only whispers. Waiters move stiffly and in silence. Haute Swiss bourgeoisie. Some soppy MUSAK is piped into the room.

FOUR WAITERS in ritual bend over in unison and lift off FOUR SILVER PLATE COVERS from in front of THREE JAPANESE and ONE SWISS BUSINESSMAN. Steam rises in front of them and dissolves. JAPANESE look at their plates; then at each other. They say something in Japanese - "I think this is yours" - and they begin to exchange plates. NEARBY SABINA and FRANZ sit by a window.

SABINA is discretely watching this while listening to FRANZ:

FRANZ

(looking at her with admiration)

When I was a student in Paris,
I liked the demonstrations, the
marches, the crowds, the shouting.
I liked to be part of it. The
world looked like a Grand March
to me - ever onward to a better
world.

SABINA

Me too. I marched every year.

FRANZ

Really?

SABINA

Yes. But I was forced to march. Everybody was. The May Day Parade - all the girls dressed the same, everybody smiling, everybody throwing flowers. Ach,

(she throws her hand
up)

I could never keep in step. The girls behind me would purposely step on my heels. So, I pretended to be sick and stayed home.

He looks at her with a certain surprise.

FRANZ

What happened to your country is a tragedy.

SABINA

You think so?

FRANZ

(surprised)

Of course. There was hope. And they killed it.

SABINA

You're not going to become boring, are you?

FRANZ

But we can't just say: "That's the way it is. Let it be." We have got to do something. Next week we'll organize a demonstration in front of the Soviet Embassy. Will you join us?

SABINA

(smiling)

To continue the Grand March? No. I just can't. I don't want to.

FRANZ

But this time...

SABINA

I know. This time it's for a perfectly just cause. But I can't

SABINA (cont'd)
raise my fists for any cause.
(to the WAITER)
Waiter, can you stop that noise?

WAITER
Noise?

SABINA
Yes. What you call music.

WAITER
I'll have to ask the manager.

He leaves.

SABINA
You see. He has to ask the
manager...Everywhere music's
turning into noise. And look at
these plastic flowers. They even
put them in water? And look out
there - those buildings...the
uglification of the world. The
only place we can find beauty is
if its persecutors have overlooked
it. It's a planetary
process...And I can't stand it.

The MANAGER approaches.

MANAGER
Is anything wrong?

SABINA
Wrong? No. Everything is fine.

FRANZ
It's just that noise. Could you
stop it?

SABINA
...It sounds like dirty water.

MANAGER
(with some irony)
I'm sorry, sir. The other
customers do like this...noise.

SABINA
(mutters)
How can they eat food and listen
to shit?



61 (cont'd)

FRANZ gets up and gives the MANAGER some money, trying to avoid a scene, but siding with Sabina.

FRANZ

In that case...we'll look for a
...place with better taste.

They walk out. SABINA feels some admiration for Franz.

62 EXT. GENEVA STREET. DAY.

FRANZ

I hope you didn't mind leaving
that place?

SABINA

Just the opposite. I like to
leave places. I like to leave.
Thanks. You've been great.

They look at each other, smiling.

SABINA

(continued)

So...I hope you're not having a
bad time.

FRANZ

Not at all. But I have a train
to catch in an hour. I'm giving
a lecture in Torino tomorrow.

SABINA

You travel by train?

FRANZ

Always.

SABINA

I love trains...They're so...
erotic...

She smiles warmly up at him. Then he takes her arm and they go off.



62A INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. DAY

FRANZ is lifting a heavy suitcase up to the luggage rack.

SABINA v.o.
It's good to know you're
so strong.

SABINA is there with him on the train to Torino. They are alone except for A SLEEPING MAN at the end of one bench. Franz sits opposite her.

FRANZ
I never use my strength with a
woman.

SABINA
Why?

FRANZ
Because love means renouncing
strength.

SABINA
...Maybe.

FRANZ
By the way, my wife owns an art
gallery. Maybe she could help
you.

SABINA
Oh...you're married....

FRANZ
(suddenly guilty)
Yes...

SABINA
(smiling)
That's nice.

She looks out the window. The train moves THROUGH THE ALPS OR ITALY. Distant farmers. Lone figures. (To be worked out).

Franz's knee is between Sabina's.

Sabina looks away again: DAY DISSOLVES TO EVENING.

FRANZ
Don't you believe in anything?

SABINA

You mean tonight?

Beams from the setting sun wash over them in strobing golden light.

FRANZ

All the revolutions get
perverted, rotten...one after
the other. But I'm still doing
my best to be faithful to the
ideals of my youth.

SABINA

Don't think you're going to
seduce me by talking about your
faithfulness.

FRANZ is more and more surprised by her.

FRANZ

...Seduce you?...

SABINA

Because I love traitors -
people who get out of the
ranks...

(she leans over the
table and looks closely
into his eyes)

...I know nothing more exciting
than to go into the unknown.

FRANZ

...I wasn't trying to seduce
you.

SABINA

(slight smile)

Oh...I thought you were.

His knee is further between hers. Her dress is higher.

SLEEPING MAN in corner slyly puts on his glasses (Feeling he may
be about to see something).

SABINA and FRANZ just stare intensely at one another, smiling.

63 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM IN GENEVA. DAY.

TOMAS being introduced to Swiss hospital staff, about ten people. The DIRECTOR of HOSPITAL takes him along a line of doctors. They all gush with sympathy.

DOCTORS

Welcome. It's such a tragedy,
so unexpected!
...Terribly...Those Russians...how
could they?...We feel deep
sympathy...What a time we live
in...

DIRECTOR

Are you happy with the place we
found for you?

TOMAS

Oh, yes, it's wonderful.

DIRECTOR

And the car?

TOMAS

The car is fine...

DIRECTOR

We're very happy about that. If
There's anything you need.

TOMAS

Oh, no. Thank you.

A beautiful woman is next in line.

WOMAN

Really. I mean it, if there is
anything you need.

This Beautiful Woman suddenly revives Tomas' dormant character.
With his womanizer's smile:

TOMAS

Well...who knows...?

64 INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE. GENEVA. DAY.

Unlike magazine office in Prague, this is very high tech, fashionable. CLOSE SHOT. HANDS OF MAN going through PHOTOGRAPHS taken by TEREZA during the first days of invasion. Hands belong to an EDITOR of the magazine.

EDITOR

It's good work. But it's too late. The Russians in Prague...we've seen these everywhere. The events are too remote now, over with.

TEREZA stands up, and exclaims:

TEREZA

But there nothing is over with! Everybody still demands that the Russians leave. There are strikes all over the country. And protests. The whole country is saying aloud what it feels. But here nobody seems to care anymore.

The EDITOR shrugs, not knowing what to answer. Fortunately, he's saved by a WOMAN, A SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER, coming in the door. SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER holds out portfolio of photos:

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

Here's the story about the nudists in France.

EDITOR takes photos and gives Woman Tereza's photos.

EDITOR

Thank you...Here, have a look. Superb photographs of Prague. It's a pity we're just getting them now.

Telephone RINGS. EDITOR picks up and listens; while still looking at the two women.

WOMEN stand side by side looking down at each other's photographs on the table.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

Here, have a look at mine. Of course they have nothing to do with yours.

WE SEE PICTURES - Tereza's "Streets of Prague with Tanks" and Swiss Photographer's "An Ugly Naked Family."

TEREZA

Not at all. They are the same.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER and EDITOR exchange looks as if they don't understand what Tereza meant:

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

She must be shocked by the subject matter.

(to TEREZA)

I bet you wouldn't go onto a nude beach.

TEREZA

No, I wouldn't.

EDITOR

(covering phone)

It's easy to guess where you're from. It's unbelievable how puritanical the communist countries are.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

There's nothing wrong with the human body.

(with maternal affection)

It's normal. And everything normal is beautiful.

The SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER, an energetic and helpful woman who really appreciates Tereza's work, points to PHOTOS OF YOUNG CZECH GIRLS PROVOKING SOLDIERS and TEARFUL YOUNG GIRL CONFRONTING TANK.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

You've got a terrific sense of the female body...

(looking at pictures of girls by tanks)

...these provocative poses...You'd be a top-notch fashion photographer. You ought to find yourself a model to work with, make a portfolio for the agencies...But

(more)

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

(Cont'd)

for now I can introduce you to
the editor of our garden section.
They always need shots of cactuses
and roses and things.

TEREZA

Cactuses? No...

(suddenly drained)

...My husband is a doctor. I
don't need to take pictures.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

But how could you give up
photography after all the
beautiful work you've done?

TEREZA

You're too kind really, but I'd
rather be a waitress...or stay
at home.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

But will you be fulfilled sitting
at home?

TEREZA

More fulfilled than by taking
pictures of cactuses.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

Even if you take pictures of
cactuses you're leading your own
life. If you live only for your
husband you have no life of your
own.

TEREZA

(annoyed)

My husband is my life, not
cactuses.

SWISS PHOTOGRAPHER

(also annoyed)

You mean you think of yourself
as happy!

TEREZA

(more annoyed)

Of course I'm happy!

65 INT. SABINA'S LOFT. GENEVA. DAY.

Door opens and SABINA stands there, looking surprised for a moment; taken almost as if she is about to cry. She jumps forward into the arms of the man standing in the doorway. They kiss warmly. It's TOMAS!

HE CARRIES HER into her studio (to be described later) their faces pressed cheek-to-cheek, twirling around in each other's arms; then, finally:

SABINA

Oh, it's good to see you. How are you...?

TOMAS

Fine...I'm fine.

SABINA

Did Tereza come with you?

TOMAS

Of course.

SABINA

(thrown slightly off)

Ah, good...How is she?

TOMAS

She's so-so...She's okay. She's looking for a job. What about you?

SABINA

Well, I met another man...

(TOMAS stops twirling,

a pause)

He's the best man I ever met.

TOMAS puts her down, now he's thrown slightly off.

SABINA

(continued)

...He's bright, handsome, good, and he's crazy about me.

TOMAS

Good.

SABINA
And he's married.

TOMAS
Good. So...

SABINA
There's only one thing...
(a pause, with some
concern)
He doesn't like my hat...

TOMAS picks up her BOWLER HAT, which is next to a photo of old notables in an old Bohemian town c. 1880 (In the photo - all old men wear the same bowler hat). TOMAS' expression changes and he says with a kind of nostalgia:

TOMAS
Your hat makes me want to cry.
I remember Prague...all the things
we've done...and I think of your
father and grandfather and his
father who lived in a quiet
century, a time without airplanes
and cars...and tanks.

He looks at her, snapping out of his reverie.

TOMAS
(continued)
So...everything's fine...Are you
going to stay with this man?

SABINA
Why not?

TOMAS isn't sure SABINA wants him to stay.

TOMAS
Well, I just came to say hello.
I'll see you soon
(he goes to door)
I'll call you...

He opens the door to leave, but turns back. SABINA has her back to him. She has put on the BOWLER HAT. she looks back over her shoulder, her eye staring sexily at him through her hair.

TOMAS is transfixed by her look, a look that he knows very well.

The door closes. TOMAS moves quickly into the room rushing her.

65 (cont'd)

The BOWLER HAT falls to the floor, rolls around the room; and slowly, making smaller and smaller circles, comes to a stop.

66 INT. TOMAS' GENEVA APARTMENT. DAY.

TOMAS and TEREZA are home with KARENIN, now a full-grown dog. TOMAS tugs on a croissant in the dog's mouth, playing a game. TEREZA sits by a table and a bit discouraged looks closely at a SMALL CACTUS in a pot:

TEREZA
(nervous,
claustrophobic)

What am I going to do? Take pictures of naked women? Naked women, naked women - why does everybody want to see pictures of naked women all of sudden? Are they that interesting?

TOMAS shrugs slightly, stops playing with the dog and kisses TEREZA:

TOMAS
See you tonight.

TEREZA
Are you working this afternoon?

TOMAS
Yes, I'll be back late. Will you be alright?

TEREZA
Yes...I suppose so...

TOMAS looks at her, concerned. Her strength is ebbing again. He hesitates, then he leaves.

She watches him go out with a certain suspicion. When the door closes, she aims the camera at a small cactus in front of her and focuses. The DOG looks at her. Suddenly, the telephone RINGS. She picks up the phone and looks surprised.

TEREZA
Hello? Yes. It's you...!
(she seems to light up)
Yes...! How are you?

67 INT. SABINA'S LANDING. DAY.

TEREZA carrying her cameras gets out of an elevator and rings a doorbell. Almost immediately, SABINA opens the door, smiles and says:

SABINA
Tereza! Come on in.

68 INT. GENEVA. SABINA'S LOFT. DAY.

On an easel is a canvas with large, broken pieces of glass. Erotic themes are drawn over the glass and canvas. Shards of glass are all around the room. A shape of a woman cut out of glass stands to one side. Glass, fragments of glass everywhere. In the background we see the place is nicely furnished: bed, flowers, etc.

TEREZA
Oh, it's nice here, Sabina. It's roomy, warm, beautiful light, but where are your paintings?

SABINA
I sold them all! The Swiss are very sympathetic to a poor Czech artist. Thanks to the Russians, I'm a rich woman.

TEREZA
What are you doing now? This glass...

SABINA
I'm trying something else. To attract narcissists. The West is full of little narcissists.

TEREZA
I know. Thanks for agreeing to help me. If you don't feel like...

TEREZA takes out one of her cameras - she has come to photograph SABINA as model.

SABINA
...Posing? Of course not. Where do you want me? Here...in the light?

TEREZA hesitates. She's undecided.

TEREZA
I don't know...

SABINA goes to another place, with a certain clumsiness.

SABINA
Is it better here?

TEREZA raises her camera, but then lowers it.

TEREZA
No...I don't know...

They look at each other - it's not working.

SABINA
Shall I put my hat on?

She puts on the BOWLER HAT.

TEREZA
Yes, if you want. But...

SABINA senses TEREZA wants something she can't say.

SABINA
...What?

TEREZA can't bring herself to say it.

TEREZA
Well, if you take off...(your clothes)?

SABINA
Ah, you want to photograph me in the nude?

TEREZA
Yes.

SABINA
For that...we'd better have a drink first.

She takes a bottle of wine and fills up two glasses. She hands a glass to TEREZA and they clink glasses, toasting. They drink slowly without taking their eyes off each other. Then, they lower their glasses. Pause. It still isn't quite right - SABINA quickly fills up the glasses again.

SABINA

How is Tomas?

TEREZA

Fine...Haven't you seen him?

SABINA

No.

They toast again. Look at each other; then nod, both feeling they are ready. SABINA slips quickly out of her clothes. (possibly smock...or bulky sweater with nothing underneath; leg warmers, etc.). She leaves on only one piece of clothing - HER BOWLER HAT. (SOUNDS: Tinkling of bracelets being removed; zippers, hair combed; bare feet padding on floor).

TEREZA pulls a curtain closed. SABINA rolls down her stockings.

TEREZA can't really look at her. She is getting weak and tongue-tied. She uses her camera both as a mechanical eye through which to observe Tomas' lover and a veil by which to conceal her face from her.

IN SILENCE, we only hear CLICKS from TEREZA'S camera. SABINA poses in different places in the studio - in bright light from window, on bed, reflected in the glass in the erotic art of Sabina, in shards of glass against the wall.

TEREZA is a shy voyeur.

At first - awkwardness, embarrassment - TEREZA almost unable to look, shooting too quickly, blindly. Shivering.

Then she becomes more professional. She touches SABINA, moves her leg. TEREZA nervously searches the room looking for a good angle. SABINA approves, seeing another artist at work.

And finally, SABINA strikes funny poses, mocking a nude posing session. TEREZA LAUGHS. SABINA LAUGHS - only sound is light laughter.

SABINA'S poses become more and more seductive - a series of shots - as if she were seducing some unseen man...or Tereza herself. (SABINA Peeks out from behind the cut-out of woman-of-glass. TEREZA sees herself reflected in glass, etc.).

As TEREZA finishes a roll, she starts to reload. She is flushed, approaching ecstasy.

SABINA
(still laughing)
Now it's my turn.

TEREZA
What?

SABINA puts on a robe.

SABINA
-It's my turn to take your
picture...Take off you clothes!
(said exactly like
Tomas)

A FROZEN MOMENT, STILLNESS. Almost a challenge from SABINA. Hearing these words in the growing erotic atmosphere, still light with laughter, TEREZA feels dizzy, lightheaded, gripped by a special madness, feeling the erotic bond they share with Tomas, feeling a desire to obey, to do a stranger's bidding... especially the bidding of a woman, not not a man.

SABINA takes the camera from her, disarming her. TEREZA is completely at her mercy. She is intoxicated by this beautiful submission. Transfixed, she undresses.

SABINA admires the splendid body of Tereza, feeling the strange enchantment: her lover's wife standing compliant and shy before her.

CLOSE ON THEIR FACES, looking at each other. TEREZA hesitates:

TEREZA
Don't...I...can't...

A PAUSE; then SABINA clicks the camera.

SABINA
Now move!

TEREZA obeys and moves: SABINA clicks. As SABINA photographs, her chemise opens. She doesn't care.

SABINA changes the lighting. Shadows play on TEREZA. Intimacy, photographic foreplay...SILENCE - except for breathing, moving and commands...

SABINA

Now turn!...(click_.) Stop!
(click)...Come back!
(click)...Bend!...Do kneebends!

Suddenly TEREZA stops - "kneebends"? - Has Tomas told Sabina her dreams, her nightmares? Has he betrayed her this deeply?

SABINA stops, lowers the camera, and says sternly:

SABINA

Do kneebends!

TEREZA obeys. Suddenly, behind her, the door opens - FRANZ is letting himself in with a key, carrying a traveling bag.

For an instant, FRANZ sees this naked woman, thinks he might be in the wrong place, and backs out of the door.

FRANZ

Oh, I'm sorry.

TEREZA, horrified, swiftly picks up some clothes and holds them over her breasts to mask her nudity. She seems suddenly awkward, wilted.

SABINA

No, come in, Franz. Come in.

FRANZ peeks back around the door.

SABINA

This is Tereza, a friend from
Prague, who is modeling for me.
Tereza, this is Franz.

FROM FRANZ'S POV, WE SEE TEREZA, backing up walking almost hunched over, trying to cover herself, not realizing that the mirrors behind her reveal her nakedness totally. Seeing the mirrors behind her, she becomes even more flustered. She tries to slide clothes around to cover herself. Then, she just makes a mad dash to the bathroom.

FRANZ looks around, seeing SABINA in her peignoir, the wine glasses, the possible lesbian involvement, and is once again thrown off by SABINA:

FRANZ
What's going on here?...You're not ready?

SABINA
I'm not coming.

FRANZ
But...why?

SABINA
Franz, I don't feel like going to Amsterdam.

FRANZ doesn't know what to say. SABINA speaks in a whisper.

SABINA
(continued)
Tell me, Franz, why do you always have to take me to another city? Why don't you ever want to make love to me in Geneva?

FRANZ
Because I couldn't go home and go to bed with my wife.

SABINA
You mean you couldn't go from one bed to another bed the same day?

FRANZ
That's right.

SABINA
Why?

FRANZ
Because I feel it would be humiliating to my wife, to me...and to you. It might seem ridiculous...but that's the way it is.

SABINA looks at him, almost admiring him. He seems calm, strong, and sure of himself. HE TURNS TO LEAVE and is almost out of the door when:

SABINA
Wait! I'll be ready in five minutes. I'm coming.

SABINA rushes to the bathroom, opens the door. TEREZA, fully dressed, is sitting hunched over the edge of the bathtub, still mortified.

69 INT. SABINA'S BATHROOM. DAY.

SABINA is surprised by TEREZA'S desperate expression.

SABINA
What's wrong with you?

TEREZA
I'm weak...I am terribly weak...

SABINA
No...what are you talking about?

TEREZA
You...are strong. Tomas is strong. I am weak. Tomas was meant for somebody else. I was meant for somebody else.

SABINA, overcome by real compassion, embraces TEREZA, calming her down...Then, she rises, realizing she must go.

SABINA
Don't cry, Tereza. We'll be out of here in a minute. Just close the door behind you. Strange.
(with real sadness)
You and Franz...You two would make the perfect couple.

70 INT. FRANZ'S APARTMENT. GENEVA. DAY.
(Could be WINTER).

FRANZ is sitting stiffly on a sofa next to his WIFE, flawlessly bourgeois: a Stephane Audran. They are having some tea. The apartment is filled with furniture, collected art, books, rich colors.

FRANZ'S WIFE
(without any apparent
emotion)
You were right to tell me.

FRANZ
(glad she's so
understanding)
Yes. I have always preferred to
speak to you openly.

FRANZ'S WIFE
Yes...And, tell me...how long has
this been going on with this
woman?

FRANZ
A few months.

She puts down her teacup, still totally composed.

FRANZ'S WIFE
May I ask you a questions? Why
don't you go and live with her?

FRANZ
Now? But...

FRANZ'S WIFE
Of course. Today. You just have
to take what you need. You can
come and pick up the rest when
you want.

A pause; then she stands up abruptly:

FRANZ'S WIFE
Come on, I'll help you.

She goes to the other room. FRANZ hesitates; then follows.

FRANZ'S BEDROOM. his WIFE has already opened the closet
and has pulled out a suitcase.

FRANZ'S WIFE

(continued)

No, wait. Take this one, it's bigger.

She returns one and takes another.

FRANZ'S WIFE

(continued)

...You can even take two. Yes, that's better.

She goes to bed and opens suitcase. Now, rapidly, she goes to the dresser and takes out Franz's socks, underwear, shirts, etc., and begins to pack them in his suitcase very neatly.

FRANZ

Here...let me.

FRANZ'S WIFE

No, it's faster this way.

FRANZ

But...What shall I do with all my papers, all my books?

FRANZ'S WIFE

You can pick them up whenever you want. Keep your key.

She's packing jackets, trousers, shoes, moving faster, but still controlled despite her hidden rising tension.

FRANZ'S WIFE

(continued)

You need your tuxedo?...Your tennis gear?

FRANZ

No...no.

FRANZ'S WIFE

(at drawer)

I'll put two or three sweaters in. Why don't you pack your toiletries? By the way, are you taking the car?

FRANZ

...No...

FRANZ'S WIFE

Good. I'll call a taxi when you're ready.

FRANZ

Shouldn't we think it over? Isn't all this sort of...rushing it?

She drops a sweater into his bag.

FRANZ'S WIFE

No, I don't think so.

71 EXT. HOTEL IN GENEVA. DAY.

TOMAS walks quickly across a street and enters a hotel.

72 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. GENEVA. DAY.

WE SEE TOMAS ask Hotel Concierge something. Then, he goes to elevators.

73 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

TOMAS moves down corridor of hotel, stops in front of a door and knocks. Door opens slowly, mysteriously. No one is there. As door continues to open, TOMAS SEES: the inside of the hotel room - baggage on the floor, and as door continues to open - A MIRROR. And IN THE MIRROR HE SEE - BEHIND THE DOOR - SABINA, her hand provocatively on her hip, wearing her BOWLER HAT.

CUT BACK DIRECTLY TO:

74 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. DAY.

TEREZA is sitting alone, going through prints of her photo session with Sabina. PHOTOS OF SABINA NAKED - TEREZA'S HANDS SHUFFLE SLOWLY THROUGH. IN SERIES WE SEE; PATTERN OF SABINA'S SEDUCTION (now in progress): inviting looks, coy smiles, laughter, ecstasy, erotic poses - all nude, TEREZA drops the pictures as if she weren't strong enough to hold them. The strength has gone out of her again. She pulls KARENIN over, holds her tightly, and whispers something.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SABINA'S ATELIER. DAY.

FRANZ comes out of elevator carrying his BAGS, FLOWERS, BAGUETTE, CHAMPAGNE. He puts things down, takes out his key, and opens door slowly, as if to surprise Sabina.

76 INT. SABINA'S ATELIER. DAY.

The loft is empty! Only small pieces of glass lie glittering on the floor waiting to be swept up. Unable to believe what he sees, he walks falteringly into the room.

SABINA has left him! He stands in a beam of filtered sunlight. Behind him, his bags are seen through the open door.

CLOSE ON FRANZ, standing alone in the empty room. A TEAR forms in his eye, slowly trickles down.

77 INT. SABINA'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON BOWLER HAT. It's breathing heavily. It covers SABINA'S face apres l'amour.

SABINA

He kept telling me: I'd like to live in a glass house. Without any secrets, with nothing to hide.

TOMAS

How awful.

SABINA

Yes. He couldn't understand. He said he wanted "to sweep clean his life, to live in Truth, to be Empty, Free, Light.."

TOMAS

Ah...

SABINA

Finally, he said he would tell his wife.

TOMAS

Mistake.

SABINA

And I would have as a rival a woman who didn't interest me at all. So, I left...

TOMAS

Of course.

SABINA

(sighing, it sounds
almost as if she's
crying)

Maybe I should have stayed...
Stop running...Stop leaving...
He was such a good man...But I
couldn't stay. I just couldn't.

TOMAS lies next to her in bed.

TOMAS

What are you going to do now?

She slides the hat back, and her vitality seems to be
returning...

SABINA

I don't know. Go to Paris, maybe.
Or to America.
(excited)
Yes, America.
(pause)
You want to come?

TOMAS

(hesitating, considering
it)

Sabina...you know...?

Another silence. SABINA is still smiling, but tears are welling
up in her eyes. Lowering her voice:

SABINA

Yes...I know...Maybe I'm seeing
you for the last time?

TOMAS

Maybe.

SABINA reaches out and touches him lightly, the tips of her
fingers touch his naked arm as if she is touching a flower. They
don't move.

78 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. DAY.

TOMAS enters. No one is there. He whistles for Karenin. No dog. Worried, he looks around, notices a letter on the table, picks it up and starts reading.

TEREZA'S LETTER read over following scenes:

TEREZA'S v.o.

Tomas, I know I'm supposed to help you...but I can't. Instead of being your support, I'm your weight. Life is very heavy to me. And it is so light to you. I can't bear this lightness, this freedom. I'm not strong enough. In Prague, I only needed you for love. In Switzerland I was dependent on you for everything. What would happen if you abandoned me? I am weak. I'm going back to the country of the weak. Good bye. I'm sorry, but I've taken Karenin...

79 INT. TRAIN AT BORDER STATION. DAY.

TEREZA holds KARENIN tightly to her breast, sitting in the corner of a compartment. Train stops at a small border station. Through the window, we can see the platform, armed Czech soldiers some with dogs, some passengers waiting behind a chain-link fence. A tank. Atmosphere is gray, oppressive, colors seem to have been drained away.

TWO MEN WITH UNIFORMS enter her compartment. One holds out his hand. TEREZA gives him her passport. He has a quick look at her papers:

PASSPORT CONTROL
OFFICER

Are you sure?

TEREZA nods. The Officer keeps her passport like it's a perfectly normal thing to do.

PASSPORT CONTROL
OFFICER

And your camera.

Tereza's camera has been sticking out of her bag. She hands it over: it's not worth a struggle. Maybe it's caused pain.

KARENIN sleeps. Outside it's raining slightly.

80 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. GENEVA. DAY.

TOMAS puts down the letter. For a moment, he stands motionless. Then he lets out a DEEP SIGH.

81 EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA. WINTER. DAY.

Snow everywhere. (Possibly - the lightness of quiet snow falling).

TOMAS walks briskly through streets and over a bridge. He seems relieved, alone for the first time, breathing the heady smell of freedom. A feeling of adventure - the future is again a secret.

SOME BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, well-dressed, in fur coats, walk past statues of the Reformers. One of them smiles up at him. TOMAS looks back at them as they pass with an approving glance.

81A TOMAS is with the swans. Long necks reach out grabbing his shoul-
ders. He dances lightly away.

81B INDOOR RESTAURANT crowded with people, TOMAS sits in a cozy place. Laughter from a nearby table - young couples having a good time. Switzerland is so free of cares...

TOMAS keeps smiling. Gestures to WAITRESS. WAITRESS has been reading a book. She moves toward him; she has a very sexy walk. TOMAS smiles with ironic bachelor's smile.

IMPROVISED SCENE: TOMAS talking to WAITRESS. Both laughing sexily. CLOSE ON TOMAS. He feels the total Lightness of Being. (Poss. in distant b.g. - Young Hippie Singer from early Prague Spring. Now begging for money).

81C ANOTHER QUIET STREET. He passes a DOG and for a moment it resembles Karenin. The smile is gone from his face. A BIG TRUCK RUMBLES BY, its' SOUND VERY HEAVY, tank-like. TOMAS just stands there on a Geneva street...alone.

81D ANOTHER STREET. TOMAS sees Sabina's hotel. He stops, looks up at windows, maybe feeling the temptation to go back to her. MOVE IN CLOSE ON TOMAS. Lightness is leaving him.

THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN'S QUARTET RISES.

CUT TO:

100

100

100

100

82 EXT. A ROAD IN WEST GERMANY. DAY.

TOMAS' CAR speeds down a little road in West Germany heading East.

83 EXT. BORDER POST. CZECHOSLOVAKIA. DAY.

Car is stopped at SAME BORDER POST they had escaped through. TOMAS holds his passport through the window. A HAND TAKES IT. In rear view mirror Tomas can see his trunk being searched.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - A FENCE has been built along the border. TANKS stand ominously lurking. The GATE goes up.

TOMAS reaches out the window for his passport.

The HAND INDICATES the passport won't be returned (a FINGER waves "no"). Then THE HAND waves TOMAS through.

TOMAS' car moves slowly into the gray Czech countryside. HE SEES:

A TERRIFYING SOLDIER in a black uniform of the armored forces standing at the crossroads directing traffic as if all roads in the country belonged to him alone.

84 EXT. PRAGUE STREET. TWILIGHT.

POV FROM INSIDE TOMAS' CAR. Buildings with closed windows, closed shops, boarded up. TWO SOLITARY FIGURES, faces blank and staring. At the end of the street: A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

85 INT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. PRAGUE. NIGHT.

It's dark outside, TEREZA is alone curled up on the bed with Karenin. She has her eyes open. Her suitcase is half unpacked - TEREZA is lonely and depressed. Suddenly the doorbell rings. TEREZA seems listless, doesn't really respond, but KARENIN leaps up and rushes to the door, whining and wagging her tail. TEREZA climbs out of bed, crosses the room, pulls open the door and sees TOMAS standing there with his suitcase, standing there exactly as Tereza had when she first arrived.

They move together like lovers who have never kissed before.

TOMAS
Are you alright?



Figure 1. The proposed model of the relationship between the variables.

Figure 1 consists of three schematic diagrams labeled (a), (b), and (c). Diagram (a) shows a participant (P) in a box labeled 'Pretest'. Diagram (b) shows a participant (P) in a box labeled 'Main experiment'. Diagram (c) shows a participant (P) in a box labeled 'Posttest'.



TEREZA

Yes.

TOMAS

And Karenin?

TEREZA

Fine, too.

TOMAS

What will you do here?

TEREZA

I'll find something...

TEREZA stands motionless for a second, then throws her arms around him with an enormous GROAN of relief.

LATER. SAME PLACE. TWO NAKED BODIES EMBRACE.

TEREZA reaches a climax, SCREAMING violently, as before. TOMAS holds her very tight, happy to be back with her familiar ear-piercing screams.

LATER SAME NIGHT. TOMAS' APARTMENT.

They are lying together in darkness. TEREZA and KARENIN both asleep peacefully, but TOMAS has his eyes open. He is LISTENING to the HEAVY SOUND OF AIRPLANES passing over in the night. A feeling of despair has returned to him.

86 INT. OFFICE IN HOSPITAL. DAY.

TOMAS and the CHIEF SURGEON enter a private office. TOMAS is not dressed as a surgeon. The CHIEF SURGEON locks the door behind them. Instinctively lowering his voice. PORTRAITS OF BREZNEV AND LENIN have replaced SVOBODA.

CHIEF SURGEON

...anyway, you're back. That will be a mark in your favor. Me, I have no problem at all taking you back. You are the best. You can have the same position. That way your wife won't have to look for a job. But, there is one small condition.

TOMAS

What's that?

CHIEF SURGEON

I really don't like to do this...I shouldn't have to...Do you remember the article you wrote about King Oedipus?...

(in a very low voice)

About the Communist leaders who should have plucked out their eyes?

TOMAS

(surprised, suspicious)

Oh, yes. I'd almost forgotten.

CHIEF SURGEON opens a drawer, takes out an envelope and hands it to TOMAS.

CHIEF SURGEON

Well, they haven't. They have prepared a little letter, a sort of retraction. You just say that you got it wrong, that you really hadn't understood...you sign, that's all.

TOMAS takes the envelope without opening it.

CHIEF SURGEON

Don't misunderstand. They aren't asking for a public declaration. They are just...prudent bureaucrats. They've given me their word that they won't publish anything.

TOMAS says nothing, just stares at his boss.

CHIEF SURGEON

(continued)

I need you. I hope I can keep you. I'll do anything I can to help.

TOMAS

Can I think it over for forty-eight hours?

CHIEF SURGEON
(gentle)
Take a week.

87 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR AND CLOAK ROOM. DAY.

TOMAS walks along the hospital corridor - which now has an eerie, quiet, gray, ghostly quality - toward the exit, he passes another colleague and the NURSE who had made love to him in an earlier scene. As they pass, they smile at him as if glad to see him back. NOTE: Might be SOVIET SOLDIERS in hospital.

He arrives at a place in the corridor where the coats are hanging. (Weather outside is cold). As he puts on his overcoat, JIRI comes up and shakes his hand.

JIRI
Tomas, it's good to see you back.
How are you?

TOMAS
Hello, Jiri. I'm fine, and you?

JIRI puts on his overcoat.

JIRI
Are you going to sign their thing?

TOMAS
What thing?

JIRI
Why, your retraction.

JIRI has no malice in voice, but there is a smile of a certain smug moral superiority. TOMAS is surprised.

TOMAS
Tell me, what do you know about
my retraction? Have you read it?

JIRI
No, but you know how things work.

TOMAS
But...Who told you I had agreed
to go along with it?

87 (cont'd)

JIRI shrugs, smiles, pats him on the shoulder and walks away. TOMAS watches him and HE SEES: OTHER STAFF MEMBERS smiling at him. TOMAS looks worried.

88 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS. DAY.

Rain. TOMAS and TEREZA walk together under an umbrella. People move quickly all with umbrellas. Young people bump into them, now mean and spiteful, not yielding. Strange silence. The streets are gray, the people gray -again, the GHOSTLY ASPECT OF REALITY.

TOMAS

At the hospital, everybody smiles at me, everybody pats my back.

TEREZA

Why?

TOMAS

Well, I suppose a lot of them have signed these letters. They are kept on file, and they know they can be published at any moment. So. They keep quiet. They can't say anything anymore. They accept everything. Cowardice slowly becomes a rule of life. Yes, I have the feeling that everyone would be very happy to see me sign.

TEREZA

Everyone but me.

They walk past one of the Prague saints, a statue glistening in the rain.

89 INT. OFFICE OF CHIEF SURGEON. DAY.

TOMAS enters and closes the door. The CHIEF SURGEON is at his desk. TOMAS holds out the envelope and shakes his head.

CHIEF SURGEON

I thought you'd say no. It doesn't surprise me.

TOMAS

So, what's going to happen?

CHIEF SURGEON

You'll work in a clinic somewhere in the outskirts of Prague as a general practitioner. You'll see fifty people a day, and you'll prescribe aspirin.

CHIEF SURGEON stands and grasps TOMAS' hand in his two hands and adds:

CHIEF SURGEON

And maybe it's not finished yet...Excuse me.

CHIEF SURGEON leaves and TOMAS sits alone, rubbing his hand.

90 INT. A WAITING ROOM IN A CLINIC. DAY.

About THIRTY PEOPLE are jammed into the waiting room of the small clinic for poor people. People seem sick, diseased: coughs, many bandages. THREE KIDS crying.

A door opens, an aging, exhausted NURSE says with a sigh:

NURSE

Next?

A WOMAN WITH A CANE stands up. But a STOUT MAN of about fifty in raincoat, brushes by her, flashing to her and the Nurse an official credential.

STOUT MAN/CIVILIAN POLICEMAN

Excuse me.

NURSE lets this man enter and follows him. WOMAN WITH CANE wants to return to her seat, but sees it has been taken by another woman who stares straight ahead, uncaring.

91 INT. TOMAS' OFFICE IN CLINIC. DAY.

TOMAS sits behind a cluttered desk in a small, gray, shabby room. Tubes, bandages, urine samples, papers have not been cleared away. Behind him is a dirty, opaque window.

The POLICEMAN nods his head to the NURSE and she goes back to the waiting room.

TOMAS has been spending his time filling out papers; he looks up:

TOMAS

So, what's wrong with you?

The MAN sits in front of TOMAS and says:

POLICEMAN

Nothing is wrong with me, Doctor.
I represent the Ministry of the
Interior.

(he hands him a card
and smiles)

Everybody at the Ministry regrets
seeing you here. We know you are
one of our best brain
specialists...And - just between
us - maybe I shouldn't say it,

(confidential smile)

- we don't all agree with the
drastic tactics that are removing
our top specialists from their
posts. One can only be sorry
about all this.

TOMAS seems thrown off guard by this man's sincerity, defenseless
in the face of flattery.

POLICEMAN

(continued)

You had a very good position in
Geneva, and you came back to our
country. We very much appreciate
your having returned. But your
place is at the operating table!

TOMAS

I couldn't agree more.

POLICEMAN

Everybody agrees! Then, tell me,
Doctor, do you really think that
Communists should pluck out their
own eyes? You who have healed
so many people?

TOMAS

That's not what I meant...

POLICEMAN

But...that's how everyone understood it. And we can only regret it. How can you let people think that you, a doctor, want to deprive human beings of their right to see? Did someone give you the idea to write this article?

TOMAS

No. Nobody.

POLICEMAN

The people who published it, did you know them?

TOMAS

No.

POLICEMAN

You never spoke to them?

TOMAS

Once. They asked me to come by.

POLICEMAN

Why?

TOMAS

To discuss the article.

POLICEMAN

And who was it you talked to?

TOMAS

One of the editors.

POLICEMAN

What was his name?

At this point, TOMAS realizes he is under interrogation.

TOMAS

I don't remember. I've no idea.

POLICEMAN

What did he look like?

TOMAS

I don't know.

TOMAS would like the interrogation to come to an end.

POLICEMAN

Tell me the truth, Doctor.

TOMAS gives a vague description, totally different from the Editor we had seen earlier:

TOMAS

(as if remembering)

He was tall...with long black hair.

MAN seems to be thinking of a specific man - he thinks quickly.

POLICEMAN

A little stooped?

TOMAS

Maybe.

POLICEMAN

And how did he react? What did he say exactly?

TOMAS

He asked me for some changes...small ones.

POLICEMAN

So you might have been manipulated, Doctor. Used. Whether you meant to or not, your article has contributed to the anti-communist hysteria. There's a law against public incitement to violence. It's high time we settled things once and for all. Nobody requires a doctor to understand politics.

(with faint smile)

Of course we can't allow a politically suspicious man to operate on brains.

He opens his briefcase, takes out an open envelope that he holds to TOMAS:

POLICEMAN

(continued)

We have here another declaration I would advise you to sign.

TOMAS takes the letter out and goes through it, reading some phrases in a low voice:

TOMAS*

...This temporary error...due to bad influences from so-called intellectuals...doesn't in any way put in doubt my faithfulness to the Communist Party or my admiration for the Soviet Union...

He stops reading aloud, puts the letter on the table, and stares down at it, finishing in silence.

The POLICEMAN looks carefully at TOMAS seeing the panic in TOMAS' eyes.

POLICEMAN

Of course, Doctor, it's only a proposition, a first draft. If there's something you want to change...after all, it's your statement!

As TOMAS keeps silent, the POLICEMAN adds, trying to be convincing:

POLICEMAN

(continued)

...Just a paper to keep in their files. It's nothing. Just in case someone reproaches them for letting you work here...

Slowly, with his fingertips, TOMAS pushes the letter away.

91A EXT. PRAGUE STREET. DAY.

SCREEN IS FILLED WITH FOAMY SUDS. - A squeegee cuts through the suds revealing TOMAS. BEHIND HIM IS A PRAGUE SKYLINE. He's outside washing the windows.

92 EXT. PRAGUE STREET. DAY. SPRING.

FOUR WINDOW WASHERS CARRYING LADDERS come around a street corner. Waving to each other, they go off in separate directions. We stay on one - he wears the clothes of a WINDOW WASHER, carries the ladder on his shoulder along with buckets, rags, poles, etc. It is TOMAS.



A truck has stopped on the street and two workers are unloading some steel girders, carrying a very heavy steel beam on their shoulders. As they cross in front of TOMAS, he hears a voice:

VOICE

Hello, Doctor.

A man pokes his head over the girder on his shoulder. TOMAS stops and looks at him for a moment. He can't see the man's face clearly over the beam. The man wears glasses.

WORKER

(in a low voice)

You don't recognize me? The Editor...the Review...I'm the one who published your piece...about Oedipus...

EDITOR stretches his neck and TOMAS looks over the ladder on his own shoulder.

TOMAS

Ah...Oh, yes. How are you?

EDITOR

I'm fine, fine.

With a grim smile, heavily weighted down by the beam on his shoulders, he adds:

EDITOR

...You know Professor Hondrek?

At the back end of the heavy beam the SMALL, OLDER PROFESSOR peeks over.

PROFESSOR AND TOMAS

(polite exchange)

How do you do?

EDITOR

How are things going for you?
I heard that piece brought you some troubles.

TOMAS

Oh, it's alright.

EDITOR

Oh, by the way, thank you for
not giving my name...

TOMAS is surprised as he looks at the struggling EDITOR.

EDITOR

(continued)

...It could have been worse.

The steel beam is nudged from behind. The EDITOR turns and sees
the PROFESSOR suffering under the weight.

PROFESSOR

Please...go...

EDITOR

Well, take care.

He moves ahead. As the PROFESSOR passes TOMAS the two just
exchange nods.

93 EXT. OFFICE WINDOW. DAY. BLOW UP OF PRAGUE.

TOMAS is at work splashing soap on the window of a small ground
floor office. (Show technique - his surgeon's precision - almost
sensual moves with squeegee removing soap).

The FACE OF A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN appears staring out at him,
smiling slightly.

TOMAS smiles back - his old good feeling rising up again. He rubs
the window with a cloth...sexily.

INSIDE. The woman nods to ANOTHER WOMAN at a nearby desk. They
seem to recognize TOMAS.

TOMAS steps back to look at his work and he bumps into a couple
passing by. It is JIRI and THE NURSE from opening scene. They
find themselves unavoidably facing each other.

JIRI

Well...Hello, Tomas.

(awkwardly)

How are you?

TOMAS

(very matter-of-factly)

I'm fine, fine. What's new at
the hospital?

JIRI *

Nothing. Everything's normal.
Same as always.

TOMAS

And who's doing my job?

JIRI

(trying to be modest)
I'm doing my best.

TOMAS

And how's the boss?

JIRI

You mean you don't see him
anymore?

TOMAS

No.

Seeing JIRI is embarrassed, he keeps on working.

TOMAS

I got another job, you know.

JIRI

(deeply embarrassed)
Yes...

TOMAS

Jiri...don't look so embarrassed.
There's nothing to get upset
about. If I don't see anybody
anymore...that's perfectly normal.

One of the YOUNG WOMEN from inside approaches TOMAS with a
bottle and a glass.

YOUNG WOMAN

Would you like a glass of wine?

TOMAS

Oh, yes, that's nice.

He takes the glass and she fills it, watched by Jiri and the
Nurse.

YOUNG WOMAN

It must be hard to wash windows
when you're not used to it.

TOMAS
Hard? No...

YOUNG WOMAN
(pointing inside to
other woman)
My friend knows you, Doctor.

TOMAS toasts the woman inside and sits on the shop window sill.
Nurse just watches with narrow eyes: Tomas got what he deserved.

YOUNG WOMAN
(to JIRI)
Isn't it awful what they did to
him?

JIRI, who can't say no, just blurts out...

JIRI
Uh...yeah...

TOMAS, sitting on window sill, smiles at the irony and toasts
JIRI.

YOUNG WOMAN
(to JIRI)
Oh, excuse me. Would you like
some wine, too?

JIRI
No, I'm late.
(to TOMAS)
I'll let you work. I'll call you.---

JIRI and NURSE move away quickly. As the YOUNG WOMAN turns to go
inside, TOMAS eases the bottle of wine away from her.

JIRI
(farther away)
And how's Tereza?

TOMAS
She's got a job, too.

JIRI
Give her my love.

TOMAS

I will.

TOMAS sits alone enjoying the sunshine, pouring and savoring another glass of wine, turning to toast the two women inside.

94 INT. HOTEL BAR. PRAGUE. NIGHT.

A very cheap hotel bar in a poor neighborhood. The door of the Women's restroom is open. We hear a flushing sound.

AN OLD MAN with white hair comes from restroom carrying a mop and pail. He walks across the bar and passes a BALD HEADED MAN who says with a certain irony:

BALD MAN

Good evening, Excellency.

OLD MAN passes TEREZA, working as waitress here. It's late -only six or seven customers remain. TEREZA moves to CASHIER at end of bar.

TEREZA

Why do they call him Excellency?

CASHIER lowers his voice to answer:

CASHIER

He was an ambassador in Vienna...before.

TEREZA looks at the OLD MAN off in corner mopping the floor:

A YOUNG BOY of about sixteen rapidly enters the bar, perches himself on a stool, stares at TEREZA and demands:

TEENAGER

Give me a cognac.

TEREZA points to a sign: "Sale of Alcoholic Beverages to Minors Strictly Prohibited."

TEREZA

Are you eighteen?

TEENAGER

Yes.

TEREZA

May I see your identification
card?

He gestures her to come close. She leans forward and he blows
his breath into her face. TEREZA steps back with a grimace.

TEREZA

Where have you been drinking?

TEENAGER

In the bar across the street.

TEREZA

Why don't you go back there?

TEENAGER

Because you have beautiful legs!

TEREZA

So you can see through wood!

TEENAGER

I've watched you in the street.

TEREZA opens a soft drink and puts it down in front of the young
boy. He tries to seize her hand, but she pulls back quickly. He
takes a sip, makes a face, drops some coins on the counter.

TEENAGER

You may be prohibited from serving
me alcohol, but...there's no law
that says I have no right to be
drunk.

As TEREZA tries to take the coins to the register, he grabs her
hand, trying to keep her there.

TEENAGER

Stay here! I want to look at you.
I love you!

TEREZA shrugs, pulls away, goes to cash register. TEENAGER
empties his glass and slips out of the bar without a word.

A BALD MAN who had been sitting at one of the tables:

BALD MAN

Madame, you know that you have
no right to serve alcohol to
minors.

The OLD MAN stops mopping and listens.

TEREZA

But that was lemonade!

BALD MAN

And you think I didn't see what
you dropped into his lemonade?

TEREZA

What are you talking about?

BALD MAN

Give me another vodka. I've been
keeping an eye on you for some
time now.

A TALL HANDSOME MAN who has been observing the scene from the end
of the bar:

HANDSOME MAN

Then why not be grateful that
you're looking at a beautiful
woman and keep your mouth shut?

BALD MAN

(standing)

You stay out of this! What
business is it of yours?

TALL, HANDSOME MAN walks over to the BALD MAN stands over him,
intimidating him:

HANDSOME MAN

And what business is it of yours,
my friend?

BALD MAN

Well...

BALD MAN is about to say something, but gives up and goes out.

HANDSOME MAN goes to counter, faces TEREZA:

TEREZA

Thanks.

HANDSOME MAN

Don't mention it.

TEREZA

That bald man comes here all the time. He's terribly unpleasant.

HANDSOME MAN

Forget him...Promise me you won't think about him anymore.

He leans forward, looking into her eyes: a flirtation.

TEREZA

I promise.

HANDSOME MAN

I like hearing you make me promises...What's a beautiful girl like you doing here in such a lousy neighborhood?

TEREZA

What are you doing here?

HANDSOME MAN

I live near here..I'm an engineer.

I just stopped here by chance.

(he lowers his voice)

What about coming up to my place
sometime?

TEREZA stares at him as if struck by the idea, stunned, without saying no.

95 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. PRAGUE. DAY.

LONG SHOT. A MAN stands on a very tall ladder washing the first floor windows of a turn-of-the-century building. (POSS. Huge, baroque sculptures around windows).

CLOSER ON TOMAS washing. He's very deft at his job. AS HE WIPES AWAY SOAP - RELECTIONS OF PRAGUE APPEAR. And behind them -

FROM INSIDE A TALL BRUNETTE WOMAN taps on the window, opens it and says:

TALL BRUNETTE
You're a doctor, aren't you?

TOMAS
Yes, but...

TALL BRUNETTE
May I see you for a moment?

TOMAS
But...I have all these windows...

TALL BRUNETTE
Don't worry about it. Come, come
in.

TOMAS puts his equipment down, and doing his best, slips into the apartment through the window.

96 INT. TALL BRUNETTE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

She is very tall, thin with peculiar looks - a combination of gawky stork and sensitive young boy -homely, yet oddly - beautiful. Her apartment is large, roomy, well-furnished.

TALL BRUNETTE
Don't worry about the window.
I'll tell them all the work has
been done. A glass of wine?

TOMAS
Yes, I'd like that.

TALL BRUNETTE
Sit down.

TOMAS sits comfortably in the middle of a big, soft sofa. The woman goes to a cabinet and chooses a bottle of wine, apparently a good one.

TALL BRUNETTE
I've heard so much about you, and
suddenly when I saw you there I
said to myself: "what a
coincidence - he's the one who
can help me." Of course, I'll
pay for the consultation.

TOMAS is looking around the room. HE SEES; PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TALL BRUNETTE AND A MAN heavyset, with stern face.

ALSO; "BREZHNEV GETTING FLOWERS FROM A LITTLE GIRL" and "MAY DAY DAY PARADE IN RED SQUARE" - RICH KITSCH.

TALL BRUNETTE opens bottle, pours, and turns her shapely back to him.

TALL BRUNETTE
I've had a pain in my back for
a few months...here. I'd like
to get your opinion about it.

TOMAS sips the wine, finds it excellent; and says in a tone we know well:

TOMAS
Take off your clothes!

Without a word, looking directly at him, she starts undressing. Sitting at the table, TOMAS watches her in silence. The only sound is of the clothes being taken off. When she is down to her underclothes, she asks:

TALL BRUNETTE
Everthing?

TOMAS
Everything!

97 INT. TOMAS' (SAME) APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TEREZA enters. TOMAS is already asleep in the small bed. She takes off her shoes and tiptoes to the bed in the darkness. She takes off her clothes dropping them anywhere; she looks exhausted. TOMAS doesn't move at all. She throws on a nightshirt, slides into bed next to him, and she goes to kiss TOMAS and something catches her attention. She sniffs. Then she sniffs again. Then, in a violent motion, grabs the covers and curls up on her side of the bed. TOMAS finds the covers stripped off of him.

TOMAS
What's the matter?

TEREZA doesn't answer. TOMAS leans over and in a warm, gentle manner:

TOMAS

Tereza, what's the matter now?
Tell me.

Suddenly, she sits up on the bed and says angrily:

TEREZA

You forgot to wash your hair.

TOMAS

What?

TEREZA

Yes! Your hair smells of another
woman's...

(she's looking for the
right word)

...of another woman's...

(she can't say the word
'sex')

TOMAS

What?

She falls limply back into the bed and curls up in a ball.

TEREZA

(weakly)

I thought you had come back here
for me.

TOMAS, touches his hand to his hair and smells his fingertips.
KARENIN sniffs his head. TOMAS tries to brush the dog aside.

TOMAS

I did come back here for you!

TEREZA

Then why do you keep seeing other
women?

TOMAS

Tereza, listen...

TEREZA speaks without any hysteria, and without irony. She really
wants to be TOMAS's wife completely. But she can't.

TEREZA

I know, I know. You've explained it to me a thousand times -- there is love and there is sex...and sex is entertainment...Like football...It's light...I know...I know. I wish I could believe you. But how can someone make love without being in love? I just don't know...Let me try...Oh, no, you'd reject me if I tried...I wish I could be like you -- insensitive, carefree, without jealousy...strong.
(she pauses)

And she kisses the dog. In some way, KARENIN, is a substitute for TOMAS.

98 INT. SWIMMING POOL. DAY.

TEREZA is floating on her back in the same swimming pool we saw her earlier in. She propels herself to the ladder and climbs out of the pool. She picks up her towel and walks to the locker room drying herself off.

99 INT. SWIMMING POOL LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

A LARGE NAKED BLOND WOMAN sits on a bench drying herself. TEREZA stands at the mirror, looking at herself. Then she pulls off the top of her suit and looks at herself. TEREZA sighs, then asks:

TEREZA

May I ask you a question?

HEAVY WOMAN

Yes, what?

TEREZA

What do you think of my body?
Be honest.

HEAVY WOMAN raises one eye, glances over and says:

HEAVY WOMAN

Looks alright to me.

TEREZA

My mother used to say my breasts
were not beautiful.

The other woman, rubbing something on her leg, glances over and
says:

HEAVY WOMAN

They look fine to me.

TEREZA studies her body for a moment.

TEREZA

This body has never been able to
keep a man.

HEAVY WOMAN

Neither has this one.

100 INT. ENGINEER'S BUILDING. STAIRCASE. DAY.

TEREZA walks up staircase of rather cheap, modern building - a
worker's district. She passes a poorly dressed woman going down
with two children. We hear sounds from inside apartments:
vacuum cleaner, children, radios. TEREZA stops in front of a
door - no name on door - checks a number on a slip of paper and
rings.

Door opens and we see HANDSOME MAN who defended TEREZA in the bar
- the ENGINEER.

ENGINEER

Oh, hello. Come in.

She hesitates, filled with uncertainty, then walks in.

101 INT. ENGINEER'S APARTMENT. DAY.

TEREZA is now in a very small entrance hall. The ENGINEER takes
off her coat.

ENGINEER

It's a very simple place I have
here. I hope you don't mind.

TEREZA

No, not at all.

ENGINEER

Come in.

He leads her to the main room which is separated into two rooms by a curtain. One wall is covered with books and a daybed and an armchair is on the other. TEREZA is reassured by seeing the books, and the anxiety that has plagued her dies down somewhat.

TEREZA

All these books are yours?

ENGINEER

Yes, What would you like to drink?
Some wine?

TEREZA

No, no. No wine. Coffee, if
anything.

ENGINEER

I'll go and fix it.

He disappears behind the curtain. TEREZA fixes the curtain as if she suspects something. Then she goes to the bookshelf and caresses the backs of the books. Her hand stops on one of the books. It's KING OEDIPUS by Sophocles. She looks at the title for a moment, fascinated and almost frightened by the coincidence.

Then suddenly, feels a hand on her shoulder. She turns and he says:

ENGINEER

Come and sit down.

TEREZA, with the book in her hand, is led to the daybed. The MAN makes her sit and then sits next to her. He unbuttons her top button. She shivers.

TEREZA

But...I didn't want to come here.

ENGINEER

Yes, yes, of course.

Her words strengthen his resolve.

He completely unbuttons her blouse, but cannot remove it because she is still holding the book. Her breasts are naked. TEREZA suddenly looks at the curtain.

TEREZA

There is somebody there.

ENGINEER

Where?

TEREZA

Behind that curtain.

ENGINEER

Don't be silly!

TEREZA

Draw aside the curtain.

ENGINEER

I tell you you're silly!

TEREZA

So, why don't you draw aside the curtain?

ENGINEER gets up and draws the curtain aside. There is nobody there in the hall.

He removes the book from her hand and puts it on the floor. She is inert.

He puts one of his knees between her legs and parts them. Then he pulls up her skirt and lies on top of her.

ENGINEER

What are you watching?

TEREZA doesn't answer. SHE IS WATCHING THIS SEDUCTION. Her soul looks at the body with fascination. TEREZA LOOKS DOWN AND SEES:

His hand fondling her breast, moving down her stomach.

ENGINEER

I can tell you want it.

She sees her panties being pulled off. Watches them fall on top of the Oedipus book.

The ENGINEER starts making love to TEREZA. She puts her arms around his neck, but as he penetrates her, she just stares upward, blankly, coldly, totally without passion.

BALD MAN is roaring with laughter. He whispers to another man at table with him like he is telling a dirty joke. They both snicker, looking at the bar.

AT THE BAR, TEREZA is rubbing the bar very hard, harder than necessary to clean it. She looks up at the two men. They're both leering at her, like they know some deep, dark secret.

BALD MAN

Where did you get those pearls from? You can't tell my your husband gave them to you.

TEREZA touches a strand of cheap pearls around her neck. BALD MAN glances slyly at other customers.

BALD MAN

A window washer can't afford gifts like that.

TEREZA

But these aren't real pearls...!

BALD MAN

Maybe your customers gave them to you. I wonder what you gave them in return.

TEREZA

(hissing)

Will you please shut up.

BALD MAN

I don't take orders from you. You ought to thank your lucky stars we let you stay here in the bar.

TEREZA

We? What do you mean by "we?"

The customers just look at her and smile at her.

BALD MAN

Remember that prostitution is prohibited in our country.

KARENIN jumps up, leans her front paws on the bar and begins to snarl.

103 INT. SMALL BACK STORAGE ROOM OF BAR. NIGHT.

TEREZA enters distraught and dejected and slumps down onto a small bench. The small storage room is where bar supplies are kept with mops and cleaning tools.

A narrow window in the door lets some light in.

A VOICE FROM THE SHADOWS
Keep calm!...He's with the secret
police.

As her eyes focus into the darkness, SHE SEES: sitting on the floor in the lotus position, the OLD AMBASSADOR.

TEREZA
If he's from the secret police,
then he should be more discrete.
What use is a secret police that
can't keep a secret?

AMBASSADOR
Maybe the other one was from the
police too, the one that took your
side, defended you. Remember?

TEREZA tries to hide her fear.

TEREZA
The engineer?

AMBASSADOR
Yes, the "so-called" engineer.
Why do you look so scared?
There's nothing to be scared of.

TEREZA
But...I went to see him at his
place...With my dog...And a
friend. He offered us some
coffee.

(trying to look light)
A pretty cheap place for an
engineer.

AMBASSADOR

How do you know it was his place?
They have a lot of places they
can use. You know what they do
with foreign diplomats? A
beautiful girl, an apartment, a
hidden camera...then they
blackmail the poor man. And he
does what he is told to do.

TEREZA

And if he doesn't?

AMBASSADOR shrugs.

TEREZA

They will show the photo to his
wife?

AMBASSADOR

To his wife...To the press...

TEREZA

Could they have taken pictures
of me...of us...in his place?

AMBASSADOR

(smiling)

Well, I suppose if your friend
and you had been naked...No, you
have nothing to be afraid of.
But be careful. It was very well
set up -- A young provocative
~~drunkard~~...The other one, the one
who attacked you...And the third
one who gained your confidence
just because he took your side.

TEREZA, trying to keep calm, changes the subject, pointing at a
picture on the wall.

TEREZA

Where was this?

AMBASSADOR

Oh, that's Vienna in '61. That's
me there just behind Kennedy and
Kruschev. I'm in the back. You
can hardly see me.

TEREZA

(turning suddenly)

But are you sure he was from the police?

AMBASSADOR

I'm not sure of anything. Anybody can be from the police. I might be an informer. How do you know I'm not? ...But maybe it's only our paranoia. Maybe your engineer is a real engineer. Who knows?

(he shrugs)

They know. And they now have what they wanted.

TEREZA

What's that?

AMBASSADOR

Now you are afraid.

TEREZA

I wish I lived in some far-away place without any informers.

AMBASSADOR

That's only in Heaven.

TEREZA

I would like to leave. To leave.

104 EXT. TOMAS' APARTMENT. PRAGUE. MORNING.

TEREZA and KARENIN walk down the foggy morning street, now changed. Some buildings are boarded. Scaffolding covers the nearby church. STRANGE POLITICAL POSTERS peer through the fog. Again the sense of reality gone slightly askew. TEREZA hesitates, not sure whether to go into the building; then, SHE HEARS: A STRANGE, HEAVY RATTLING SOUND -- it's exactly the sound the TANKS made when they came around the corner long ago. And she looks to the corner and SEES: -IN THE MORNING FOG a huge, clanking STEAMROLLER comes around the corner. TWO MEN are throwing sand and black asphalt in front of it.

- TEREZA watches, terrified by the past. And the future.

105 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE. MORNING.

TEREZA is alone in the THICK FOG leaning over the bridge near one of the dark black statues that watch over the bridge. She bends dangerously far over. SHE SEES:

(ONE YELLOW BENCH floats in the river below). AND SOME WHITE SWANS.

Suddenly - silently - TOMAS comes close to her and puts a hand tenderly on her shoulder. She doesn't respond.

She swings around, her face pained.

TEREZA

Tomas, I don't want to stay here.
I want to go away, to leave.

TOMAS

Again? We left here once. We were in Switzerland and then we left Switzerland. Now you want to leave again. Why?

TEREZA

Prague has grown so ugly lately.

TOMAS

No, there's another reason. Tell me.

A man wearing an overcoat comes out of the fog and stops near them and leans over the bridge. They stop talking. TOMAS simmers in silence. As the man disappears into the fog, TEREZA SAYS:

TEREZA

We shouldn't have come back from Geneva. I know it. I want to leave.

TOMAS

(cutting her off)
But they've taken our passports
We can't go anywhere.

TEREZA

(cutting him off)
Maybe we can...

He looks at her with some surprise. then

CUT TO Sudden Brightness:

106 EXT. COUNTRY. DAY.

A HERD OF COWS IN A MEADOW. Young cows are frisky, at play. KARENIN chases them, barking, being strict with the heifers, asserting her authority. TEREZA watches the dog; then looks down to read her book.

WE HEAR: SOUND OF AN OLD TRACTOR, and the VOICE OF A MAN CALLING. TEREZA looks up. It's the MAN WITH THE PIG. He waves. Riding in the cart behind his tractor is his trained PIG, MEPHISTO.

KARENIN barks as if to say hello.

MEPHISTO leans over the side of the cart and SNORTS back at KARENIN.

For the first time in a long time, we see a little smile on TEREZA'S face.

107 EXT. FIELD OF HOPS. DAY.

A BLACK TRUCK moves slowly down a main "alley" in the forest-like hops field .

WORKERS (men and women) emerge from the lateral alleys and climb onto the back of the truck.

As the truck pulls closer, WE RECOGNIZE TOMAS, driving and wearing working clothes. HE IS DRIVING THE OLD BLACK TRUCK. Next to TOMAS, a YOUNG FARMER.

The TRUCK is about to drive out of the hops field onto the main road. Another car is speeding down the main road.

TOMAS slams his foot on the brakes: A LOUD PIERCING SOUND. On the back platform, men and women are thrown against each other. But the truck doesn't come to a complete stop.

The CAR has to swerve to avoid the truck. The car blares its horn, goes down in a ditch, then up again onto the road, and continues on down the road, horn still blaring.

TOMAS finally stops the truck and says to the YOUNG FARMER:

TOMAS
We better get these brakes fixed.

YOUNG FARMER
You're damned right!

A108 TEREZA walks over wooden bridge.

B108 TOMAS farms.

108 EXT. A MEADOW. DAY.

KARENIN and MEPHISTO sit next to each other in a meadow. Nearby - in tall grasses - we can barely distinguish TOMAS and TEREZA embracing. The two animals look at the human beings: a memory from Paradise.

109 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

TOMAS and TEREZA walk on a country road herding the cows back to the stable. KARENIN runs after the cows, trying to do her job.

TEREZA

I heard that each cow in the village used to have its own name. Now they're just called "cows."

She looks at the dog and she says suddenly:

TEREZA

Look at Karenin. I don't like the way she's running.

TOMAS

Yes, she seems to be limping.

TOMAS calls the dog who comes limping, wagging her tail and TOMAS examines her leg.

TOMAS

It's a growth, I can feel it.

110 EXT. COURTYARD OF TOMAS' COUNTRY HOUSE. TWILIGHT.

KARENIN limps over to MEPHISTO and they lie down together.

TEREZA is setting the table outside of a small country house for the evening meal. MAN WITH THE PIG leans forward with his shirt off; he has a thick torso and a massive build.

TOMAS, covered with dirt also, stands beside him at a pump, pouring water over MAN WITH THE PIG. They dry themselves. The sun is setting.

TEREZA carries some plates and food to the table. And as she passes the dog and the pig, she says:

TEREZA

Now Karenin prefers Mephisto to dogs. She thinks other dogs are silly.

MAN WITH FIG

How is Karenin by the way?

TOMAS

We don't know yet.

MAN WITH FIG

Don't worry. You can cure anything. It's such a luxury for a cooperative to have a private surgeon.

The MAN WITH THE FIG takes a mug of beer and while drinking, he says:

MAN WITH FIG

Do you know why I love Mephisto? Because he is very bright but at the same time he doesn't know anything. After all he doesn't know that life is impossible here now. Nothing left here. Church is gone. The tavern is turned into offices. No place to drink beer now.

(putting on his shirt)

If you two ever change your mind, it won't be easy to leave.

TOMAS goes behind TEREZA, grabbing her almost humorously.

TOMAS

We'll never leave.

TOMAS is looking sexily at TEREZA with his old "womanizer's gaze."

111 INT. TOMAS' COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY.

TOMAS enters, opening an envelope he's just received.

TOMAS

It's from the vet. It's the result of the tests.

TEREZA

And what do they say?

TOMAS reads silently; lowers his voice as if KARENIN lying in the corner can understand him.

TOMAS

Cancer.

The both look at the dog and the dog looks back at them.

TEREZA

Can you operate on her?

TOMAS

I can try.

112 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE. NIGHT.

They have put the dog to sleep on a towel. TOMAS operates, helped by TEREZA. A short silence; then, softly:

TEREZA

When I was a little girl and I read the bible...the beginning...I used to wonder why God gave man such power over animals. We have a right to kill animals. Everybody agrees on that...

TOMAS

It's certain the Bible wasn't written by a horse.

113 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY.

TOMAS and TEREZA are outside. KARENIN is inside. They try to coax her out...but in vain. TEREZA takes the leash and shakes it. Then, she takes a few steps out of the house, tugging the leash, trying to lead the dog; but KARENIN keeps lying on the doorstep, watching, her leg bandaged.

TOMAS puts a croissant in his mouth and gets down on all fours in front of KARENIN to remind the dog of an old game. He brings his face up to the dog's.

Without moving the dog takes the end of the roll sticking out of TOMAS' mouth into her own. Then TOMAS lets go of his end so the dog can eat it.

Still on his hands and knees, TOMAS retreats a little, arches his back and starts yelping. After a moment, the dog barks back.

TEREZA

She's...smiling! It's her way of smiling.

114 EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

TOMAS and TEREZA walk on the small road in front of their house. They turn to look at KARENIN who tries to follow on three legs.

IN THE DISTANCE - a Russian troop truck moves across the horizon.

TEREZA

She's just doing it for us. To make us feel good.

115 EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

A STRONG WIND BLOWS the big tree in front of their house, as TEREZA stands under the tree staring down. TOMAS passes by, carrying a tank of gas. He stops and watches.

116 INT. TOMAS' HOUSE. NIGHT.

TOMAS and TEREZA lean over KARENIN whose condition is worsening. TEREZA lies down on the floor next to the dog and hugs her. With a long and laboured turn of the head, she sniffs TEREZA and gives her a lick. TEREZA closes her eyes as the licking goes on, as if she wants to remember it forever. She turns her other cheek to be licked, and says softly:

TEREZA

I was forced to love my mother, but not to love this dog. You know, Tomas, maybe I love her more than I love you...not more...I mean in a better way...I'm not jealous of her. I don't want her to be different...I don't ask her for anything back.

After a short silence:

TOMAS

There's no point in waiting. If we do, she'll have to go through terrible pain.

TEREZA turns to the dog, trying to be optimistic.

TEREZA

You should do it yourself.

TOMAS gets up and goes to the chest, and opens a drawer full of different objects. As he fumbles through, he finds - a TORN ENVELOPE - in which WE SEE: SOME PICTURES. They are the PHOTOS already old and dusty of Tereza and Sabina posing nude for each other in Switzerland.

TOMAS looks at the pictures; then puts them back in the drawer. He finds what he was looking for: a SMALL ALUMINUM BOX. Inside there is a SYRINGE, a needle.

On the bed TEREZA unfolds a sheet decorated with flowers. Then she picks up the dog, and helped by TOMAS carries her to the bed. TEREZA takes a last look at the dog.

TEREZA

Look, she's still smiling...

TOMAS puts on some glasses to fill the syringe. TEREZA looks at him, without saying anything.

TOMAS takes the needle and looks for a spot on the dog's leg.

TOMAS

Tighten her leg here to make the vein swell.

TEREZA squeezes the leg and holds the dog's head. She talks while TOMAS approaches with the syringe:

TEREZA

Don't be scared, don't be scared, Karenin. You won't feel any pain there. It'll be beautiful there. You'll have cows there to chase, and Mephisto will be there. Don't be scared...

The DOG looks up at them.



11 11 11



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117 EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

The darkness is getting thicker in the garden. It is neither day nor night. A pale moon shines, a slightly unreal light.

Beneath the tree, a rectangular hole has been dug. TEREZA and TOMAS walk out of the house carrying the body wrapped in the flowered sheet. TEREZA carries a lantern.

TOMAS lets the body slide down into the hole. TEREZA kneels down to cover the dog's head because the sheet has slipped open.

Then, she stands and looks down and drops in Karenin's leash. TOMAS begins shovelling earth into the grave. DISTANT THUNDER.

118 EXT. GARDEN COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY.

The YOUNG FARMER is screaming, holding his shoulder, rushing across the courtyard helped by the MAN WITH THE FIG and another farmer. The FIG trots after them. MORE THUNDER IN DISTANCE, no rain. WIND whipping across the fields.

MAN WITH FIG
TOMAS! TOMAS!

TOMAS opens and helps the three men in.

MAN WITH FIG
He's dislocated his shoulder.

TOMAS
Come in.

As they rush inside, the FIG stops and goes to the place where KARENIN is buried.

119 INT. GARDEN HOUSE. DAY.

While TEREZA pours a glass of SLIVOVITZ, TOMAS helps the young man sit on a chair. TOMAS and the two other farmers pull off his shirt. The YOUNG FARMER is screaming in pain as TOMAS examines his shoulder. TEREZA hands him a glass of liquor.

TOMAS
Drink it in one gulp.

As the YOUNG FARMER drinks, TOMAS in one jerk sets back his shoulder into the socket. The YOUNG FARMER lets out a SCREAM OF PAIN and then immediately breathes a deep sigh of relief.

TOMAS
Feel better?

YOUNG FARMER
Yes, fine. Thank you.

The YOUNG FARMER puts on his shirt and notices that TEREZA has put on a dress and make-up. He takes another swig of Slivovitz and says:

YOUNG FARMER
Your wife is damn beautiful today.

MAN WITH PIG
You dumb idiot, Tereza is always pretty!

YOUNG FARMER
Yes, but especially today. I've never seen you in that dress. Are you going somewhere?

TEREZA
No. I dressed up for Tomas.

MAN WITH PIG
You are so lucky, doctor. My old woman wouldn't dream of dressing up for me.

YOUNG FARMER
That's why you always go out with your pig instead of your wife!

Everyone laughs. The YOUNG FARMER pours himself a glass of slivovitz and begins to pour for the others. TOMAS declines.

YOUNG FARMER
(to Tereza)
Seeing you in this beautiful dress makes me want to dance with you. Is that alright with you, Doctor?

TEREZA
Let's all go and dance!

TOMAS
Yes, but where?

YOUNG FARMER

I know where. We can go over to Milos' Tavern over in Nemec. It's 40 kilometers away. They have a good band there. And we'll take you

(to the MAN WITH THE FIG)

and Mephisto, the dancing Fig! And all the women will faint when they get an eyeful of those two pigs walking in together.

(he laughs and laughs, then points to the Other Farmer)

And you, too. We'll all go!

They all rush out, unable to resist, filled with excitement. LIGHT RAIN IS BEGINNING.

120 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. TWILIGHT.

In the last light of day, they scramble across the little garden heading for the truck. The MAN WITH THE FIG scoops up MEPHISTO from the dog's grave and carries him (or drags?) him to the truck.

TOMAS sits at the wheel, a smiling TEREZA sits next to him, and next to her the smiling YOUNG FARMER, his arm in a sling, is drinking directly from the bottle. The MAN WITH THE FIG, the OTHER FARMER and MEPHISTO all jump into the flatbed of the truck. The OLD BLACK TRUCK pulls out onto the rain slicked road. THUNDER.

CLOSE SHOT. TOMAS and TEREZA look at each other for a long moment - TEREZA is happy, freed from nightmares and TOMAS' burden is lifted. They are smiling.

121 INT. AN AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSE. EVENING.

It's the end of the day. VERY QUIET, peaceful. A perfect sunset.

A woman's hand draws the face of an OLD MAN on a canvas.

This hand is SABINA'S. She is somewhere in America in a country cottage. This is her house. We see some canvasses of hers - and the BOWLER HAT. She is drawing the portrait of a man in his seventies who poses, sitting in an armchair.

He looks like the personification of all the best American virtues.

There is also a WOMAN the same age with a sweet face and gray hair. It's a wood paneled, early American room. The WOMAN closely follows SABINA'S hand. WE HEAR ONLY: the SOUND OF CHARCOAL ON THE CANVAS. She must have been working for hours.

OLD WOMAN

When will you go back to San Francisco?

SABINA

The day after tomorrow.

OLD WOMAN

You don't come here often enough.

SABINA

I know, but I'm so busy.

OLD WOMAN

Why are you always on the move?
Isn't it hard, after a while, to be so free?

SABINA

I couldn't bear being stuck in one place.

OLD WOMAN

Have you always lived alone?

SABINA

Almost always.

OLD WOMAN

Don't you every dream of having a husband, a house, children, Sabina?

SABINA

(slight hesitation
before she answers)

Almost never.

A MAID enters holding letters. She doesn't say anything - handing them to Sabina.

SABINA

Excuse me.

cont'd

OLD WOMAN

Please.

SABINA shuffles through letters, chooses one, opens the envelope turns on a light and starts reading the letter. A sudden sadness covers her face and for a moment, she looks extremely shaken.

OLD WOMAN

Bad news?

SABINA, making an effort to recover, says:

SABINA

Yes...a friend's death.

OLD MAN

How did it happen?

SABINA

In a crash with his wife...an old truck...coming back from a dance.

She puts the letter down on her palette and stays silent. The old couple exchange glances: they'd better leave her alone. OLD MAN Stands up.

OLD MAN

Maybe we should stop here for the day. Besides, there's no light left.

OLD WOMAN

Will you join us for dinner tonight?

SABINA shakes her head. The OLD MAN walks with a cane and his Wife helps him to the door. Before leaving, the OLD WOMAN stops at the door and asks SABINA:

OLD WOMAN

Where were you born, exactly?
In what country?

SABINA gives a little vague gesture with her hand as if she didn't remember - or wants to forget - and as if it had no importance anyway.

SABINA

(shrugs)

Oh...

cont'd

OLD WOMAN

We'll see you in the morning.

The Man and the Woman go out. SABINA puts down the letter and walks toward the window.

In the twilight, she sees another house a short distance away. The Man and the Woman walk slowly, helping one another, to the other house: the windows of the house are lit. There are big trees, a white fence. A YOUNG GIRL runs out to meet them, takes them by the hand and leads them back.

CLOSE ON SABINA. With a certain nostalgia, she looks at this old contented couple as they enter their peaceful house.

CLOSE SHOT ON SABINA.

AND WE DISSOLVE TO:

122 THE SPINNING TIRES OF THE TRUCK MOVING THROUGH THE THUNDER. HEAVY RAIN.

123 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. NIGHT.

We hear some voices singing, and we see TOMAS at the wheel with TEREZA next to him. THE YOUNG FARMER, his arm in a sling, is very drunk and singing with the MAN WITH THE FIG on the flatbed.

SUDDENLY, THE TIRE BLOWS OUT - TRUCK SKIDS ... but then slides

124 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. NIGHT.

LATER. YOUNG FARMER protecting TOMAS from rain, holding his jacket over his head. TEREZA stays inside the truck, but looks back at TOMAS (almost spying) through the half-open door. The wrench slips. TEREZA watches. The slipping is not like him. His hair seems grayer. He seems tired...weaker.

125 EXT. A SMALL HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY. NIGHT.

The TRUCK SQUEALS TO A STOP, in front of a small, isolated hotel. Music is coming from inside. They all get out of the truck and run inside. MAN WITH THE FIG carries (or pulls?) MEPHISTO, wrapped in his waterproof slicker.

126 INT. HOTEL CAFE. NIGHT.

Inside the hotel seven couples are dancing. A man of about sixty plays an upright piano and a woman of the same age plays the violin. They play dances of their time, a time gone by.

As they enter, a STRONG WOMAN, the MANAGER, tries to stop them.

MANAGER

Hold it! Hold it! No pigs
allowed!

MAN WITH FIG

Oh, come on. He's wearing a tie.

MANAGER studies pig.

MANAGER

No...anyone who comes in must
order a drink.

MAN WITH FIG

Only one? Did you hear that
Mephisto?

MEPHISTO lets out a derisive snort.

MAN WITH FIG

See? No problem.

He brushes the MANAGER aside as they all barge in and seat themselves around a table.

A WAITER comes to take orders.

MAN WITH FIG

Wine for everybody! And a beer
for him.

(pointing at Fig)

A large one. Make it a Pilsner!

(aside to WAITER)

When he drinks wine he goes crazy.

WAITER leaves and YOUNG FARMER eagerly surveys the room.

YOUNG FARMER

There's no girl for me. Except
you, Tereza. Dance with me.

He pulls TEREZA onto the dance floor in spite of his arm being in a sling. TEREZA smiles as she's pulled along and they begin dancing to a lively tune.

MAN WITH THE FIG offers some wine to TOMAS:

TOMAS
I can't drink.

MAN WITH FIG
Oh, come on!

TOMAS
No, I'm driving.

MAN WITH FIG
Listen, why not spend the night here, you and Tereza. Wouldn't that be nice? I can arrange a room for you. And don't worry about us. We'll find a way to get home.

He smiles suggestively and TOMAS nods and then takes a drink. MAN WITH THE FIG holds a large bottle of Pilsner beer down to MEPHISTO, who puts his lips around it and chugs away.

Then, the MAN WITH THE FIG takes MEPHISTO onto the floor and begins to dance with him. MEPHISTO is up on his hind legs. All the other couples part to give them wide berth. Just then, they are interrupted by A LOUD NOISE.

The YOUNG FARMER has just fallen across the table with TEREZA. Glasses break, general commotion.

The FIG dashes for cover under a table. A woman suddenly jumps up as if prodded under the table.

The MUSICIANS stop playing for a moment, look at each other, then resume.

TEREZA comes back to the table, laughing and happy. Behind her, the YOUNG FARMER, dead drunk is yelling and having a shoving match with other customers.

TEREZA sits next to TOMAS and tenderly takes his arm, warmed by the dance and the brawling.

TOMAS
(smiling)
We'll spend the night here.

TEREZA comes even closer and she whispers something sexy in his ear.

127 INT. CORRIDOR COUNTRY HOTEL. NIGHT.

Later same night, TOMAS and TEREZA walk along the corridor, close to each other, like young lovers. We still hear the music of piano and violin from the bar downstairs. They open the door of their room and step in.

128 EXT. AND INT. ROOM HOTEL IN COUNTRY. NIGHT.

TOMAS and TEREZA enter the small hotel room. The window is open. xTHEY HEAR; A HORN. And THEY SEE: AN OLD SCOOTER pulling an open cart leaving the driveway. In the cart are: the OLD MAN WITH THE FIG, the FIG, the YOUNG FARMER (sound asleep) and the OTHER FARMER. The MAN WITH THE FIG waves and TOMAS and TEREZA wave back. The scooter disappears into the night.

All is quiet, except for the faint strains of music coming from below. They look at each other, smile warmly. Then, TEREZA moves away from the window and puts her arms around TOMAS' neck and they start to dance slowly, almost without moving.

TEREZA half closes her eyes. She whispers softly into TOMAS' ear:

TEREZA
Tomas, I'm sorry.

They dance slowly to the faint strains of piano and violin from below.

TOMAS
Why?

TEREZA
Everything bad that happened in your life is my fault.

TOMAS
(in her ear)
Shhh...

TEREZA
If we had stayed in Geneva, you'd still be a surgeon...I never really cared about taking pictures. But you...surgery was your mission.

TOMAS
Ahhh...Mission? I don't have a mission...No one has.

TEREZA

I always used my weakness against you. You could have said to me "That's enough, Tereza. I'm sick of it. I'm through. I want to be happy. I won't follow you anymore." But you followed me everywhere.

(both smiling)

And now...we've come to a place that leads nowhere...because of me. I wanted you to be happy.

TOMAS strokes her hair. The music is soothing. The smiles bittersweet.

TOMAS

Tereza, ~~don't~~ you understand...?
I am happy.

Her eyes are watery as she leans on his shoulder. She smiles, happy at last! They turn slowly, dancing, gliding together as in a dream.

The rain has gotten very light.

HOLD ON THE OPEN WINDOW: OUTSIDE SITS THE DARK TRUCK, GLISTENING FROM THE RAIN, WAITING FOR THEM IN THE NIGHT...AS THEY DANCE SLOWLY BY, SMILING.

FIN