

1 EXT. HILLS. DAWN. JULY 1805. 1

Rugged hilly country. Early morning mist. A huge landscape spread out before us. It seems utterly empty, then we begin to detect little signs of movement and sounds - muffled shouts. The clink of metal. Little wisps of smoke from camp fires. We are looking at a huge army waking up in the morning - Napoleon's army.

Ominous music swells as:

We end on his familiar silhouette, seen from the back, dominating the landscape, before we cut to:

2 EXT. ANNA PAVLOVNA'S HOUSE. ST. PETERSBURG. EVENING. LATE JULY 1805. 2

A young man, big and overweight, his hair cropped short, blinking behind his spectacles, is making his way up the steps of this elegant house. PIERRE.

Once we've seen it, we experience it from his point of view: a BIG SCARY-LOOKING MAJOR DOMO holds the door open for us, nodding gravely.

Inside, another grand staircase. We can hear music and indistinct chatter from an upstairs room.

More servants usher us up the stairs.

3 INT. ANNA PAVLOVNA'S SALON. EVENING. LATE JULY 1805. 3

High society. A string trio playing. Elegant ladies and gentlemen, the younger ladies showing a lot of naked back and shoulders, and in some cases cleavage too. The CAMERA moves slowly and awkwardly between groups - GUESTS turn to glance straight into camera for a moment - none of the glances are friendly - before turning away.

PIERRE makes his way into the room uncertainly, smiling in a placatory way, but somehow managing to bump into people and get in the way.

We are on PIERRE, but hearing ANNA PAVLOVNA, her voice echoing unnaturally loud in our ears.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

But mon cher ami, how can you be
so calm! This monster Bonaparte
who calls himself Emperor of
France - he's invaded Austria
now, and who's to say that Russia
won't be next?

VASSILY

No, no, no, our own illustrious
Emperor has it all in hand, our
great army will stop Napoleon in
his tracks - you must remember,
dear Anna Pavlovna, Russia hasn't
lost a war in a hundred
years...we have no need to worry
about what the little Corporal
can do...

PIERRE, not looking where he's going, collides with a LADY,
spilling a drink on her, and a small side table goes over.

PIERRE

I do beg your p-pardon - I'm so
sorry - oh, Lord -

He produces a handkerchief and tries to dab the offended
LADY who shrinks away from him in dismay.

ANNA PAVLOVNA and VASSILY turn and look towards PIERRE.

ANNA PAVLOVNA is a fine lady of a certain age, presiding at
her own soiree. PRINCE VASSILY KURAGIN is a lean balding
aristocrat and power-broker, whose tone is habitually ironic
and cynical.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Who is that young man? I'm sure I
didn't invite him!

VASSILY

Ah. My young relative, I regret
to say. Count Bezukhov's son. His
natural son, of course.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

(with a tinkling laugh)
Did the Count have any other
kind?

We see that PIERRE has heard this. He pretends that he
hasn't. And reaches for another glass of wine from a passing
waiter. Just manages not to upset the tray.

VASSILY speaks confidentially to ANNA PAVLOVNA.

VASSILY

Indeed. But this one was something
of a favourite, God knows why - the
Count had him educated in Paris,
not that it seems to have done any
good - he's staying with me now
he's back in St. Petersburg.

He nods benignly, but somehow also threateningly towards
PIERRE, who raises his glass trying to look jolly but
succeeding only in looking terrified.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Well please don't bring him
again. He looks like a wild
beast! So unlike your own lovely
children! Such beautiful
creatures! Look at them there!

And we can see ANATOLE and HELENE KURAGIN at the far end of
the room, arm in arm, very close, laughing together as they
gossip about the people in the room. It would be nice to
see them in slow motion: they both look very sexy as well
as being good looking, HELENE showing a lot of flesh.

Now we're with HELENE and ANATOLE.

HELENE

Look at Papa, scheming away.

ANATOLE

I think he's negotiating to get you
into a nunnery.

HELENE

If he did, would you come and
rescue me?

ANATOLE

No, I'd say thank God and good
riddance.

HELENE

Beast.

She knows he doesn't mean it.

And here comes ANNA MIKHAILOVNA, Princess Drubetskaya, and
her handsome young 18 year old son BORIS, who is trying to
hold her back:

BORIS

Please, Mother, it's
embarrassing!

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

If you don't ask, you don't get.
Prince Vassily!

BORIS winces as she clutches VASSILY's arm.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

Prince Vassily, you know I've
never asked you for anything,
I've never reminded you of what
my father did for you, but now, I
beg you, for my boy Boris - a
word from you to the sovereign
would be enough...

VASSILY

What is it you wish for the boy,
Anna Mikhailovna?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Get him a commission in the
Guards, and recommend him to the
General. You know a word from you
would do it.

VASSILY sighs.

VASSILY

You know, my influence is nothing
like what you imagine - but I am
seeing the sovereign later this
evening.

She grabs his hand and kisses it passionately. BORIS
wincing again.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Thank you, thank you, I know I can
trust you! And when you come into
your inheritance, you will remember
Count Bezukhov promised a regular
allowance for my poor boy?

VASSILY

(coldly)

I know nothing of that. And don't
you think you've had enough from
the Bezukhov family? Go and beg
elsewhere.

He turns away, leaving her shaken.

PRINCE ANDREI saunters into the room, looking round him
coolly and a little contemptuously - our first impression
might be of a Russian Darcy. A particularly disparaging look
in VASSILY's direction - then he sees PIERRE, and his
expression becomes much warmer.

PIERRE, who hasn't seen ANDREI yet, is in a little group
listening to a French VISCOUNT who is holding forth, very
used to being listened to respectfully. Also in the group,
a portly old gent with a monocle, very much in sympathy
with the VISCOUNT, a SKINNY COUNTESS dripping with jewels,
and ANATOLE and HELENE, arm in arm, pretending to listen
attentively, but not taking the VISCOUNT seriously. PIERRE
dying to break in:

VISCOUNT

Of course, the man is a total
barbarian - he ordered the
execution of the Duke of Enghien in
a fit of petty jealousy...

OLD MONOCLE CHAP

Outrageous!

PIERRE

No, no that's not right!

VISCOUNT

Of course, Napoleon has utterly destroyed his own country - France is no longer a place where civilised people can live.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Oui, oui, c'est vrai, c'est vrai, malheuresement.

PIERRE bursts out, speaking louder than he meant to.

PIERRE

I say N-Napoleon is a great man, sir!

The VISCOUNT turns a cold eye on him.

VISCOUNT

You think so, monsieur?

MORE PEOPLE are starting to listen now, and move over. ANNA PAVLOVNA anxious, and PRINCE ANDREI, amused, comes to enjoy hearing PIERRE shocking the aristocracy. ANNA takes PIERRE by the arm.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Come - let's go to that table over there.

PIERRE

No - I must say this - yes of course Napoleon's a great man! He stood above the revolution, he mastered it, he kept all that was good about it!

VISCOUNT

(withering contempt)

You see good in revolution, sir!

PIERRE

Yes! Of course I do! The equality of all citizens, freedom of speech! Liberty, equality, fraternity! While our Russian drawing rooms are clogged with fat aristocrats who have no idea what real life is, and have even forgotten how to speak their own language! By God, we could do with a revolution here!

HELENE and ANATOLE through this are like "ooh, get him!" Delighted with the row, but most people are shocked, and the VISCOUNT turns his back on PIERRE in disgust. ANNA P is still holding on to PIERRE'S arm. He realises he's overstepped the mark.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have - you know, it was just - ah, well...

And now ANDREI comes up to him.

ANDREI
Pierre! Old friend! It's so good to see you here!

They clasp hands. It's clear they are both very fond of each other.

ANDREI (CONT'D)
Getting a taste of high society?

PIERRE
Oh - yes - making a fool of myself as usual.

ANDREI
I thought you were very eloquent.

PIERRE
Oh, don't embarrass me.

ANATOLE and HELENE are making their exit. ANATOLE goes first, whispers to PIERRE.

ANATOLE
Come round for a drink later - let's make a night of it.

He exchanges a look of mutual dislike with ANDREI. HELENE is dawdling, prolonging her farewell with some lady so she can make a conspicuous exit. And now she comes, very close to ANDREI and PIERRE. Total sex, everything on display, and so conscious of it. PIERRE'S eyes are out on stalks. She brushes by them, very close - PIERRE inhales her scent. ANDREI smiles a knowing smile. She ignores him, and gives PIERRE a dismissive look. And on she goes.

ANDREI
(to PIERRE)
Not bad looking, that one.

PIERRE
She's ravishing. No hope for me, though. I see her every day and she hardly notices I'm there.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
(emerging from his near-
swoon of lust)
But your lovely little wife? Is she
well?

ANDREI
See for yourself.

Across the room, LISE, very pretty, three months pregnant, is laughing happily in another group - all female. She turns to smile across the room at PIERRE.

PIERRE
Ah, she's enchanting! A w - woman
like that spreads happiness
wherever she goes. You're a lucky
dog, Andrei!

ANDREI
You think? Look - come with me - I
want to tell you something.

4 **EXT. BALCONY. ANNA PAVLOVNA'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE JULY 1805. 4**

PIERRE and ANDREI. We can see back into the drawing room, but looking out we have a view over St. Petersburg, so maybe it should be early evening, not night.

ANDREI
I'm going to the war.

PIERRE
But why? Surely you don't think
Napoleon's the Antichrist, as well?

ANDREI
It's nothing to do with Napoleon.

PIERRE
Then why?

ANDREI
(savage)
Because I can't bear any more of
this life! Drawing rooms, gossip,
balls, vanity, night after night -
don't look at me like that, it's
the truth! Never marry, Pierre.
Don't make my mistake.

PIERRE
But Lise's not like that - she's
the gentlest, sweetest -

And here she comes, and she is very sweet, as she takes
ANDREI's arm.

LISE

Has he told you? He's going off to the war and sending me away to the country to have my baby all alone! That's the sort of husband I've got!

She's making a bit of a joke of it, but she's really upset about it, and PIERRE can see that.

PIERRE

You're really serious?

ANDREI

She won't be alone, she'll be with my father and sister.

LISE

But to have my baby in that bleak place, with people I hardly know - and he tells me not to be afraid!

ANDREI

(with a touch of weary contempt)

Lise we have been through all this, you know it's for the best. Now go and get your coat, you know the doctor said you should rest.

LISE

You see, he treats me like a child!

PIERRE is getting quite distressed and agitated too.

ANDREI

Lise.

LISE

No - I don't care if M'sieur Pierre hears it! You have no pity for me! You were never like this before!

ANDREI sighs.

LISE (CONT'D)

(to Pierre)

You see? I don't believe he loves me any more!

PIERRE takes her hands - he's almost as distressed as she is.

PIERRE

Dear Princess - please don't be upset - I understand how you feel, although how could I?

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Not being a - but - well - life is very - no, this is all wrong, this is none of my business, I should go. I will go.

LISE

No, don't. I'll be good. I know Andrei wants to talk to you. (to ANDREI) You won't be too long?

ANDREI

No, my love.

LISE

Good night, Pierre.

And she goes.

ANDREI

I know, I know. She's a wonderful woman and I love her dearly - but I can't breathe here, Pierre, I'm no good for anything. So - I might as well get myself killed fighting Napoleon.

PIERRE

But - you're the most brilliant man I know! You could do anything!

ANDREI

So they say. But what about you?

PIERRE

Me? I'm - nobody.

He's finding it hard to say this, and he blushes all over as he does:

I'm - I'm - I'm a bastard, everyone knows that, no name, and no fortune!

ANDREI

(affectionately)

You may be a bastard, but you're the favourite son of one of the richest men in Russia. And you've got more about you than any of those pampered fools in there. You'll make something of yourself, I know you will. Lead the revolution, even.

PIERRE

Oh - don't know about that.
Sometimes I think I could make
something of my life - do something
extraordinary, even - ah, but if
you could see how I waste my
nights...

ANDREI

Well, yes, if you're asking for my
advice, I'd chuck Anatole Kuragin
and that gang. That sort of
debauchery doesn't suit you.

PIERRE

Ah, but the women, you know, the
women - and the wine! - but yes,
you're right, I've been thinking
that myself, I should stop going
round there. I will stop. There!

They are leaving the balcony now - we can see LISE has her
coat on, waiting.

ANDREI

(affectionately again)
You promise?

PIERRE

(earnestly)
Word of honour!

5 EXT/INT. ST. PETERSBURG/HORSE DRAWN CAB. NIGHT. LATE JULY 1805. 5

The horse trotting in the rain, the soaked cab driver
hunched in his waterproofs.

Inside the cab, PIERRE leans back and closes his eyes. What
he sees: a slow motion close-up view of HELENE, her
wonderful breasts and shoulders, her sexy, indifferent
gaze...

PIERRE opens his eyes and bangs on the roof.

PIERRE

Turn round!

6 INT. ANATOLE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LATE JULY 1805. 6

We can hear raucous incoherent shouts and singing, the
sound of at least a dozen drunk young men.

PIERRE blunders through a wrecked dining room, where a
LIVERIED SERVANT is polishing off the half empty glasses -
he attempts to conceal it in a half-hearted way as PIERRE
goes through...

We go with PIERRE to the room beyond, where two or three YOUNG MEN are trying to smash and pull out the window frame. All very unbuttoned, some in uniform, some like ANATOLE, not. ANATOLE, his shirt open almost to the waist, turns as PIERRE shouts:

PIERRE

Anatole!

ANATOLE

Petrushka! Come and drink with us! Look, here's Dolokhov!

ANATOLE has his arm round the shoulder of DOLOKHOV, an army officer with striking light blue eyes, and a dangerous smile.

He passes his glass to PIERRE, who drains it and throws it in the fireplace.

DOLOKHOV

Well done, Petrushka!

He throws his arms round PIERRE and gives him a big smacking kiss on the lips.

7 INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM. KURAGIN HOUSE. DAY. LATE JULY 1805. 7

PIERRE is lying, fully clothed but very dishevelled, on his back on top of the bedcovers.

Light hits his face as the window shutter is opened.

He groans, then jerks awake. His head is pounding.

VASSILY is standing at the foot of his bed.

PIERRE

Uh - what time is it?

VASSILY

Nearly noon. Your behaviour, and my son's behaviour, brings disgrace upon us all. Your father is gravely ill in Moscow. We are to leave immediately.

PIERRE struggles to a sitting position.

PIERRE

Oh - yes, yes, of course. Did he ask for me? I am really most - most -

VASSILY

The carriage will be ready directly.

He walks out.

PIERRE groans and puts his head in his hands.

PIERRE

Oh, Lord.

HELENE appears in the doorway. She's wearing some sort of revealing negligee.

HELENE

You're in trouble. You're a very bad boy. I'm really quite shocked.

She's teasing of course, but PIERRE is in despair, disgusted with himself.

PIERRE

I'm a damned soul.

HELENE

Oh, I don't think it's quite that bad. Give my regards to everyone in Moscow.

8 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG. DAY. LATE JULY 1805. 8

The carriage on its way out of Petersburg.

9 INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. LATE JULY 1805. 9

PRINCE VASSILY sits opposite PIERRE. VASSILY has a book open on his lap, but he is gazing calmly out of the window.

PIERRE, still terribly hungover, is getting jolted by the carriage, and occasionally lets out a little groan, earning a glance of contempt from VASSILY.

In on PIERRE. His eyes close.

HELENE's teasing smile.

ANATOLE whispering in HELENE's ear.

Then suddenly we're jolted into the scene at ANATOLE's: DOLOKHOV silhouetted on the window-sill, his glittering white shirt, his head thrown back to drink from the bottle, the sound of distorted cheering.

Outside in the street now, half a dozen of them running, carrying torches - dogs are barking. It all looks confused and distorted - a quick flash of PIERRE's manic face in the torchlight.

In the carriage, superimposed over the drunken rioters, PIERRE's foggy perception of VASSILY looking at him with a disparaging expression on his face.

PIERRE half wakes. The carriage is on a country road now, jolting PIERRE, he's too sleepy to brace himself. Fields and hills rush past, day turns slowly into night....

Now we're in the reception room of a posh brothel - start on the beaming, distorted face of the PLUMP PROPRIETRESS - a huge sofa on which ANATOLE and DOLOKHOV are sitting, with GIRLS draped over them, DOLOKHOV smiling at Pierre with his faintly mocking smile - a hazy impression of other women, some dressed, some naked - one of them comes towards us, beckoning invitingly, but out of focus...

Out in the night air again, with torches - there's some sort of struggle going on, shouts of "Come on Petrushka!", DOLOKHOV's wolfish grin... a glimpse of something huge and furry...

And suddenly in close-up, a bear, roaring at us!

In the carriage, PIERRE wakes with a jolt and a cry.

10

EXT. POSTING STATION. DAY. AUGUST 1805.

10

The carriage horses are being changed, and VASSILY and PIERRE are stretching their legs. PIERRE seems lost in thought. VASSILY comes over to him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

VASSILY

You are thinking of your father: of course you are. We must be prepared for the worst; he has had two severe strokes, he may have had another by the time we arrive... you understand you mustn't expect to inherit anything?

PIERRE

No, no, of course...

VASSILY

However, I'll do what I can to see you are not left destitute. Your father was prepared to support you in any career you chose, and I will honour his wishes - though God knows you've done little to deserve it.

PIERRE

You are very kind, sir. And - I'm determined to lead a better life.

11

EXT. ROAD NEAR MOSCOW. DAY. AUGUST 1805.

11

The onion domes of Moscow coming into view in the distance.

12 EXT. MOSCOW. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805. 12

The carriage rumbles along a narrow street - thronged with people. It all feels much more primitive than St. Petersburg.

13 INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805. 13

We are on PIERRE, who is becoming increasingly agitated - he is in a panic, dreading the thought of seeing the father whom he fears but hardly knows, on his deathbed.

PIERRE looks at the window, and bangs on the roof.

PIERRE

Stop here!

VASSILY

What's the matter with you? Where are you going?

PIERRE

I'll just - you know - call in on the Rostovs. It's Natasha's name-day, you know! I will come to the house - it's just that - I won't be long, I promise!

14 EXT. MOSCOW. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805. 14

PIERRE gets down from the carriage, and blunders off, into the crowds. Once out of the carriage he finds he can breathe more easily.

15 INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. MOSCOW. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805. 15

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA is telling the dreadful story to COUNT and COUNTESS ROSTOV. The COUNTESS, at 45, is in delicate health (worn out by bearing 12 children!). COUNT ROSTOV is a man who "loves life and knows how to live it" - everyone's friend, dotes on his children. Also present NATASHA, 15, beautiful but unaware of it, impulsive, unaffected, full of life, listening eagerly. BORIS, in uniform, NIKOLAI, NATASHA's brother, 18 (shall we have him in uniform too?), SONYA, 17, a poor relative who lives with the family, best friend to NATASHA and in love with NIKOLAI. NIKOLAI is whispering to JULIE KARAGINA, a guest, early twenties, and SONYA is feeling pangs of jealousy -

But it's NATASHA we want to see most as she listens eagerly.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Poor Count Bezukhov! He was ill enough, and now this dreadful story of his son Pierre - it will surely kill him!

COUNT ROSTOV
Pierre? What's he done now?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
He and Anatole Kuragin and that
dreadful Dolokhov - they found a
bear somewhere -

NATASHA
A bear?

Her father is chuckling.

COUNT ROSTOV
That Pierre!

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
- and put it in a carriage and
went to - to the actresses, you
know, and the bear got out - and
when the police came - it's too
shocking to say -

NATASHA
Oh, say, it please, Aunt Anna!

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
They tied the bear to the
policeman, back to back, and
threw them into the river!

COUNTESS ROSTOVA
Oh!

She's shocked.

NATASHA
Was the bear all right?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
He was very well! He went
swimming about with the policeman
on his back!

It's her outraged tone that makes it all the funnier. COUNT
ROSTOV roars with laughter.

COUNT ROSTOV
How I'd love to have seen that!
That poor policeman!

And he leans back in his chair and waves his arms and legs
about feebly - NATASHA bursts out laughing and NIKOLAI and
BORIS stifle laughs out of respect for ANNA M and the
COUNTESS, who are both very disapproving.

COUNT ROSTOV (CONT'D)
(recovering)
No, no, you're quite right, you
shouldn't laugh, Natasha!

NATASHA goes to him and drapes herself over his shoulders - he fondles her affectionately. He still treats her like a little girl and she likes it - she knows she is loved and that gives her confidence.

NATASHA

You were laughing too.

COUNT ROSTOV

Yes, but you mustn't take me as a model of behaviour. So what happened to the young men?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Dolokhov has been reduced to the ranks, and Monsieur Pierre has been banished from Petersburg - what a moment for it, when he could be about to inherit.

COUNT ROSTOV

Inherit? Surely not?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Stranger things have been known.

She speaks as if she has access to inside information.

COUNT ROSTOV

What about Anatole? Did he get into trouble?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Oh, that one always wriggles out of everything, his father has such influence. Thank God my dear boy Boris has stayed away from Anatole and his drunken clique!

COUNT ROSTOV

Your son does you great credit, Anna Mikhailovna!

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

And how elegant he looks in his Guards' uniform!

BORIS modestly preening.

JULIE KARAGINA

I think Nikolai looks just as nice!

And immediately she blushes as all eyes are on her. SONYA looks quite put out.

COUNT ROSTOV

Aha! Aha!

NIKOLAI

Thank you, Julie!

And he draws her aside to whisper to her, causing SONYA further distress.

16

EXT. ROSTOV HOUSE. COURTYARD. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

16

PIERRE is coming in the back way, through the courtyard - a huge space, incorporating stables, a chicken run, with a cock strutting majestically about, a couple of huge pigs, and a dozen or so piglets - PIERRE making his way through these -

PIERRE

It's all right, all friends here -
I've come to see Natasha - it's her
name day you know.

The piglets listen intelligently.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

You be good boys now.

He gets to the back door. An ELDERLY KITCHEN MAID.

KITCHEN MAID

M'sieur Pierre!

PIERRE

Ah - yes - thought I'd, ah -

17

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

17

A SERVANT appears.

SERVANT

Monsieur Bezukhov is here, your
Grace.

And PIERRE comes in, all awkward and blinking, and NATASHA starts to giggle. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA turns away disapprovingly. COUNT ROSTOV rises and greets him warmly.

COUNT ROSTOV

Pierre, my dear fellow - we've
just been hearing all about you
and your bear friend, you know!

He might make a bear gesture with his paws.

PIERRE

Oh - please don't mention it -
I'm so ashamed of myself - I just
wanted to come and see Natasha on
her name day...

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

But surely you should be with your
poor father?

PIERRE

Yes, yes, I'm on my way there, but
I thought I'd look in on you all
first.

NATASHA runs to him, and takes his hands.

NATASHA

I'm so glad you did, dear Pierre!

She kisses him on both cheeks, and speaks softly:

NATASHA (CONT'D)

But was the bear all right in the
end, and the policeman?

PIERRE

Yes, I think so.

NATASHA

That's all I wanted to know.

Through all this, NIKOLAI has been whispering with JULIE K,
and SONYA has been getting more distressed - and now she
hurries out of the room, dabbing her eyes.

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

What's the matter with Sonya? Go
and see, Natasha!

NATASHA

(to PIERRE)

Don't go! Promise!

She hurries after SONYA.

18

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. CONSERVATORY. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

18

Lots of foliage. Lots of hiding places. There's a sort of
magical light quality, as if it were an indoor grove of the
nymphs or something. NATASHA comes in and looks about -
hears a tearful sniff from the corner and discovers SONYA.
Goes to her and takes her hand.

NATASHA

What is it? What's the matter?

SONYA

He doesn't love me any more. He
loves Julie Karagina.

NATASHA

No he doesn't, he was just being
polite to her. He thinks she's
ugly - and she is!

SONYA

But now he's going to the war and
he'll forget all about me - and
in any case we can never be
together - I know I'm just the
poor relation and your mother
would never let him marry me.

NATASHA

Anything's possible - and he does
love you, I know it. Wait there.

19

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

19

Scene much as before. NATASHA appears.

NATASHA

Nikolai. You're wanted.

NIKOLAI is embarrassed. Looks at his mother, who purses her
lips.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Come on!

NIKOLAI

Excuse me.

And he follows her out. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA shakes her head
disapprovingly.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Cousins...

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

(sighs)

I know, but what can one do?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Ah, children, what cares they bring
with them.

She comes close to the COUNTESS - maybe the COUNT has gone
over to BORIS to admire some part of his outfit, or his
sword, or something.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

Once again I'm at my wits' end
about Boris. Oh, I shouldn't burden
you with my troubles.

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

Tell me.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Well I don't know how the poor boy
is to live - he has his commission,
but a Guards Officer needs so much,
and I hardly have two kopecks to
rub together...I thought Prince
Vassily was my friend, but he was
so unpleasant to me...

20

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. CONSERVATORY. DAY. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

20

NATASHA and NIKOLAI coming in.

NATASHA

You've made her all upset. Go on,
go to her and make her better.

He hesitates, then goes. She stays where she is. She can
see them through the greenery.

We're with NATASHA, experiencing what she's experiencing:
she wants to know what it's like to be in love.

The dialogue below is what they are saying, but I'd like us
to be with NATASHA, seeing them talk of love, but not hearing
what they say.

NIKOLAI

(softly)

You're crying - what's the matter?

SONYA

You're giving me up - I know it.
You're going to marry Julie
Karagina.

NIKOLAI

Now why would I do that when it's
you I love? I'll never give you up,
never. We'll be married whatever
anybody says.

SONYA

Truly?

NIKOLAI

Here - let me dry your eyes.

NATASHA smiles as she watches her brother tenderly drying
SONYA's tear-stained cheeks.

BORIS comes into the conservatory, and as he passes a mirror,
he can't resist checking his lovely new uniform and admiring
himself a bit.

And now NIKOLAI and SONYA are kissing, and NATASHA's
watching, not spying so much as identifying, as one does
with a love scene in a film. She's absolutely rapt.

BORIS comes up softly and stands behind her. NATASHA turns and sees him, and she puts her finger to her lips.

NATASHA
(whispers)
Look.

BORIS peers through the foliage with her.

NATASHA turns. Their faces are very close. They are like two Babes in the Wood.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Would you like to kiss me, Boris?

BORIS
Er... I'm a bit old for you,
don't you think?

NATASHA
But you love me, don't you?

BORIS
(gallantly)
Of course I do.

NATASHA
Well then.

And as he hesitates, she kisses him firmly on the lips, a proper kiss - she wants to experience what SONYA experiences with NIKOLAI. BORIS is a bit taken aback, then he responds manfully.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
There - now we're engaged!

He looks a bit disconcerted, and she laughs at the expression on his face.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Don't look so horrified!

21 INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. LATER. 10TH AUGUST 1805. 21

The grown-ups (including PIERRE and JULIE K) arranged as at a little concert, in which NATASHA, BORIS, SONYA and NIKOLAI sing unaccompanied some yearning Russian folk song, in four part harmony. The COUNTESS holds her youngest child PETYA, tears in her eyes. PIERRE too is moved.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA is watching Pierre - maybe he's her best hope now.

Before the end of the song, cut to:

22

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. BALLROOM. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

22

It's a big gathering. 80 to 100 relatives and friends. NATASHA, BORIS, SONYA, NIKOLAI and PETYA dancing. COUNT ROSTOV too - he's so lively that other people stop dancing to watch him as he improvises a very Russian solo before collapsing into a chair, to warm applause.

We home in on NIKOLAI and SONYA, very close. He whispers to her.

NIKOLAI

I'll never give you up, never.
We'll be married, no matter what
anybody says.

She smiles at him adoringly.

PIERRE is sitting alone, in a malaise, he knows he shouldn't be here, but can't do anything else.

Another dance starts, a more sedate one. We can see NIKOLAI dancing with SONYA, her eyes full of love and yearning, and now it's JULIE's turn to watch and look sour. NATASHA is dancing with her little brother PETYA - NATASHA is an exceptionally lively and graceful dancer.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA makes her mind up and goes over to Pierre.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Monsieur Pierre, should you still
be here? Why aren't you at your
father's bedside?

PIERRE

Ah - you're quite right - I know I
should be there, but somehow...I'm
afraid to go. You know I never
really knew him, not properly.

NATASHA, dancing with PETYA, breaks off and runs to grab PIERRE, who protests:

PIERRE (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm too old and clumsy -

NATASHA

No, you're not - I'll teach you!

She pulls him off his chair and on to the floor. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA watching beadily.

And he is quite clumsy, but she manages to make it look good by cavorting round him, and leading him, so that he forgets his awkwardness, and even manages to finish on a sort of flourish, and everyone applauds.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Dear Pierre - I'm so glad you came
on my name day!

A SERVANT comes in with a note for PIERRE. He reads it and
his face falls. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA bustles up.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

What is it?

PIERRE

My father. He's had another stroke.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Come. We'll go together. Don't be
afraid. I'll look after you.

23

INT. CARRIAGE/EXT MOSCOW STREETS. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

(TO COACHMAN)

Quickly now! It's a matter of life
or death!

The HORSES set off at a brisk pace.

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE, ANNA and PIERRE sit side by side, BORIS
opposite. They're all getting jolted from side to side.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

(to PIERRE)

You have to look after your own
interests, don't expect your uncle
to- you need to let the old Count
see you before he dies, he might
give a little sign, you know - in
any case it will be so much better
for your soul if you can kiss him
before he goes, he always loved
you, you know...

PIERRE

Yes - yes - I've been a poor sort
of son to him.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Never mind that - everyone knows
you haven't a bad bone in your
body, for all the scrapes you get
yourself into - and if you could
put in a little word for my poor
Boris...

BORIS is wincing with embarrassment.

24 INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. RECEPTION HALL. MOSCOW. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

The COUNT's house is more splendid and gloomy than anything we've seen so far - this hall is vast. FOOTMEN standing at intervals. RELATIVES sitting quietly whispering in the shadows. We are with VASSILY as he crosses the hall. We can hear chanting from the COUNT's bedroom on the ground floor. VASSILY is concerned to make sure of his inheritance.

25 INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. COUNT'S BEDROOM. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

PRIESTS in their splendid robes are chanting softly in the background - the room is large and they glimmer from the shadows. The old COUNT lies propped up on pillows. A noble face, framed by a mane of grey hair. His breath is raspy. VASSILY comes in and sits by the bed and leans in close.

VASSILY

How do you feel, Count? Are you free from pain?

A little grunt from the COUNT.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

I came to ask you if there is anything that you want - any way that I can be of service to you?

The COUNT's eyes move to look intensely at VASSILY. Then the dying man looks up towards the wall. There's a portrait of PIERRE there. VASSILY's expression of tender concern changes. With an effort, the COUNT manages to raise a hand and point at the picture. Then his hand falls. VASSILY puts his hand over the COUNT's.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

I understand, your Excellency. You need have no fear.

The COUNT closes his eyes. But VASSILY is now very concerned.

26 INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. RECEPTION HALL. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

VASSILY comes out of the bedroom moving uncharacteristically abruptly - he takes a few steps and stops to think.

Across the room, the THREE PRINCESSES are sitting in a row, with their prayer books.

VASSILY crosses to CATICHE, the eldest of the three, who looks pinch-faced, severe, and devout.

VASSILY

Catiche - a word with you.

VASSILY draws CATICHE into an alcove, sits her down and talks to her urgently in a low voice.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

Now, Catiche: you know that you and your sisters, and my wife as well - we are the Count's only direct heirs?

CATICHE

Ah, cousin Vassily, I think nothing of such things - there's only one thing I pray for: that God has mercy on him and grants that his soul may peacefully depart this -

VASSILY

Yes, yes, that goes without saying - but do you have his will in safe keeping? His true will, I mean.

CATICHE

Yes, of course.

VASSILY

And that other will he made when his mind was disturbed, that was destroyed?

CATICHE

No.

VASSILY

(shocked)
No? Where is it?

CATICHE

In a portfolio under his pillow.

VASSILY

What?

CATICHE

But it doesn't matter, does it? Everyone knows Pierre is illegitimate, and nothing can change that, can it? He can't possibly inherit.

VASSILY

But didn't the Count write a letter to the Emperor to say he recognised Pierre as his son?

CATICHE

Yes, yes, but it was never sent. And what does it matter anyway?

VASSILY

Don't you see? If it's discovered
in his papers Pierre gets
everything!

CATICHE

(she doesn't get it yet)
But what about our share?

VASSILY

My God, don't you understand what
I'm saying to you? You will have
nothing! Nothing at all!

She lets that sink in, then is filled with hatred.

CATICHE

It's that vile woman, Anna
Mikhailovna, your protégée, she put
him up to it - she wormed her way
in here and told the Count a whole
heap of nasty things about us all!
But I'll have it out with her, the
loathsome creature!

VASSILY

Yes, yes, I'm sure you will - but
there are things that must be done
immediately.

CATICHE

What things?

She's getting distressed.

VASSILY

Catiche. Calm down and listen to me
carefully.

He waits till she's listening properly, and speaks very
deliberately.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

Our duty, my dear, is to correct
the Count's mistake - we can't let
him die having disinherited his
nearest and dearest, can we? He
wouldn't want that - and in any
case he has surely forgotten about
it by now and he'd want it to be
destroyed!

CATICHE

Destroyed?

VASSILY

Yes. Destroyed.

We see it dawn on her what she has to do.

27 EXT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

27

PIERRE gets down from the carriage with ANNA M and BORIS and approaches the vast house - it's more like a palace - with some trepidation. Outside, CADAVEROUS UNDERTAKERS wait like carrion crows, in their black garments, bowing obsequiously as he makes his way between them.

UNDERTAKERS

Good evening, Excellency, good evening, Excellency, God bless you, your Excellency...

God, thinks PIERRE, is he dead already?

28 INT. COUNT BEZUKHOV'S HOUSE. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

28

PIERRE comes into the big reception room ahead of ANNA M and BORIS. He's feeling guilty about staying so long with the Rostovs, and fearful that he's too late.

We can hear religious chanting from a further room.

In the alcove, VASSILY and CATICHE - CATICHE looks up and sends a look of unmistakable hatred across the space. We see that all right!

PIERRE clears his throat nervously.

VASSILY goes over to PIERRE.

VASSILY

So: at last. You deign to turn up at your father's death bed.

PIERRE

Am I too late? We saw the undertakers outside and I thought -

VASSILY

Just touting for business. The Count still lives. But really - what were you thinking of?

PIERRE

(anxiously)

I'm so - I would have come sooner - but you know, it was Natasha Rostova's name day.

VASSILY sighs irritably, and turns to ANNA and BORIS.

VASSILY

You have no business here, I think.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

I have a perfect right to be here, you know very well the Count is my near relation, and poor Boris is his dear godson. Who has more claim than us to be here at this sad time?

VASSILY

Yes, yes, very well, but you must expect nothing.

PIERRE interposes.

PIERRE

How is my father?

VASSILY

Very ill. After this last stroke... He's not expected to last the night.

We register the shock on PIERRE's face.

PIERRE

Truly? Can I see him?

VASSILY

Would he wish to see you? Well - perhaps later - he is sleeping now. Go and pay your respects to your cousins.

PIERRE walks over. CATICHE looks hostile. The other two keep their eyes down.

PIERRE

Bonsoir, Catiche - do you remember me?

CATICHE

Only too well. Why are you here?

PIERRE

Well - to see my father, you know.

CATICHE

Haven't you caused him enough distress? Do you want to kill him altogether? You are a disgrace to the family.

PIERRE

I know, I know. But he may still want to see me, before - well, you know...

Back with ANNA M and VASSILY.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

How is he? Is there any hope? Has he been given extreme unction? How precious these last moments are! I must go to him - we women understand what to say, how to bring comfort at such a terrible time... you remember my boy, Boris?

VASSILY

Ah, yes, of course - you got your commission, then?

BORIS

Yes, sir, thanks to you.

VASSILY

Well, one does what one can.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

I'll go in to the Count now - is he through there?

VASSILY

He is not to be disturbed at present. Do take a seat.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Of course he will want to see his son.

She stares VASSILY down and he gives way.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

(to Pierre)

Come. Quickly.

29

INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. COUNT'S BEDROOM. EVENING. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

Someone gives PIERRE a candle, and he awkwardly crosses himself. The youngest princess, SOPHIE, starts to giggle at PIERRE, then puts her hand over her mouth. PRINCE VASSILY and CATICHE come into the room.

PIERRE, feeling strange and a little faint, can't take his eyes off the dying man, whose breathing is audible, rasping.

The singing ends, the last prayer, and the PRIESTS withdraw.

COUNT BEZUKHOV looks straight at PIERRE, and makes a hoarse unintelligible sound.

PIERRE

(helplessly)

Father?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

(hisses)

Sit by him. Take his hand.

PIERRE sits in the chair by the bed. Almost fearfully, he reaches for the dying man's hand, and lifts it to his lips, and kisses it. Then lays it gently down, still holding it.

VASSILY is looking intently at CATICHE: we have to do something about the will. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA picks up on this.

COUNT BEZUKHOV stares at PIERRE - or is he looking through him, staring at nothing? No - he seems to be trying to communicate something - but he can't.

PIERRE finds that his eyes have filled with tears.

And then the dying man gives him an odd little lopsided smile, and closes his eyes.

PIERRE is helpless, tears streaming down his face. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA takes his arm.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

Come - he will sleep now.

PIERRE gets up, blinded by his tears, and ANNA M leads him out to the reception room. Just as she is going out, she catches a glimpse of CATICHE making for the COUNT's bed.

CATICHE bends over COUNT BEZUKHOV as if to kiss him, and manages to grasp the portfolio from under his pillow and slide it out - it takes quite a tug. The dying COUNT bounces slightly but doesn't open his eyes. She clasps it to her, her eyes darting this way and that. No one there except the dying man and SOPHIE.

CATICHE

Wait there.

30

INT. RECEPTION HALL. NIGHT. 10TH AUGUST 1805.

30

PIERRE with ANNA MIKHAILOVNA. PIERRE still tearful.

PIERRE

I don't know what it was - it's like it sometimes is with a dog, you know - he couldn't speak, but he was trying to tell me something - he had such a strange little smile, as if to say, death's not so bad, after all, and I thought - I've been such a bad son -

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

God sees everything and understands.

PIERRE

You think?

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

I am sure of it.

She's being very kind and comforting with PIERRE, and then she sees CATICHE sneaking out with the portfolio and is on her instantly like a terrier, cutting off her line of escape.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Ah, Princess - what do you have there?

VASSILY looks over and thinks shit, that's torn it.

CATICHE

Nothing! Just some old papers - I don't even know what's in there, it just needs to be in safe keeping -

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

I'll look after it, dear Princess, here, let me!

And she grasps the portfolio. Now they both have two hands on it.

VASSILY

Ladies! Ladies! Remember where you are!

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA

Pierre, come here! This concerns you!

CATICHE

Let go! How dare you! What has this to do with you?

She shouts to VASSILY:

CATICHE (CONT'D)

Cousin - why do you stand there? Help me!

She tugs, ANNA tugs - PIERRE looks helplessly towards VASSILY.

VASSILY

Really! This is ridiculous! Let go, the pair of you, and give it to me! Now!

ANNA, a little frightened of VASSILY, weakens her grip, and CATICHE wrests the portfolio from her.

Suddenly SOPHIE bursts out from the bedroom, in distress.

SOPHIE
What are you doing? You leave me
all alone with him and now he's
gone!

CATICHE cries out, drops the portfolio, and hurries into the bedroom. VASSILY goes in too. ANNA MIKHAILOVNA picks it up, and hands it to PIERRE.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
This is your future - dear Count
Bezukhov. I know you will
remember what I did for you this
night - and remember Boris - he
was his godson.

PIERRE
I don't understand.

ANNA MIKHAILOVNA
You are Count Bezukhov now, my dear
friend!

CATICHE comes out of the bedroom, pale and furious. She sees PIERRE holding the portfolio.

CATICHE
Yes, rejoice in your triumph!
You've been waiting for this!

PIERRE is utterly baffled.

VASSILY comes out. His lower jaw is twitching and shaking as if in a fever. He goes to PIERRE and takes him by the elbow.

VASSILY
Ah, my friend....

"And in his voice there was sincerity and weakness, such as Pierre had never seen before."

VASSILY (CONT'D)
We sin so much, and deceive so
much, and all for what?
Everything ends in death,
everything. Death is terrible.

He is weeping.

On PIERRE, still bewildered.

The isolated country house.

32 INT. PRINCESS MARYA'S ROOM. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805. 32

The room is very simply furnished, like a novice's cell. Decorated only with icons.

MARYA, who is dressed very simply, looks in the mirror. She has a plain face, to the superficial gaze, but she has large expressive eyes. She is only looking to check that all is in place. She looks worried, even fearful.

She picks up her geometry exercise book, and we go out of the room with her, towards her father's study.

33 INT. PRINCE NIKOLAI'S STUDY. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805. 33

MARYA hesitates in the doorway. The old PRINCE is working on a lathe. On the other side of the room is a table with books and papers. Everything is very neat and orderly. The PRINCE looks up and sees MARYA.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Come in, come in!

His tone is sharp, though he means nothing by it.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
Come here.

He offers his stubbly cheek for her to kiss.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
Are you well?

MARYA
Yes, Papa...

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Sit down then, let's see...

She sits down, he remains standing.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
Oh - there's a letter for you,
from the Karagina girl.

MARYA
From Julie?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Here. All gossip and nonsense, no
doubt. You can read it later.
Now...

He leans over her and looks at her work. A long pause. MARYA is terribly apprehensive, as he scans down the page.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
Hm... hmm... hmm...
(then suddenly)
(MORE)

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)

No, no, no! How can you be so stupid?

He's almost shrieking at her - he can't bear her to make a fool of herself, as he sees it. She jumps and trembles with terror. He sees that and is sorry, tries to speak patiently and calmly.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)

Look again. Here. Here. These triangles are similar, so if the angle here is 45 degrees, the angle here must also be - what?

She is so frightened by geometry and the fear of angering him, that she can't think...

MARYA

Forty five degrees?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Of course! So why in Heaven's name didn't you get it right in the first place? Eh?

Her lip starts to tremble.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)

There, there, let's have no tears. But you know mathematics is a great thing - it'll help to knock the foolishness out of your head. Off you go now, read your silly letter from your friend, and make ready to receive your brother! Go on, go on!

She picks up the notebook and JULIE's letter and makes her escape.

MARYA

Thank you, Father.

We can hear the sound of piano practice as the carriage draws up, and TIKHON, the old servant, comes out to greet PRINCE ANDREI and his wife.

ANDREI helps her down from the carriage, and she looks about her.

Old PRINCE BOLKONSKY is at his study window, observing them. They're not looking in his direction. He notes ANDREI's disengaged manner with LISE, and smiles sardonically.

LISE

But it's like a palace!

TIKHON very pleased, bows, then:

TIKHON
The Prince is taking his nap,
sir.

ANDREI consults his watch.

ANDREI
Of course. Regular as clockwork.
You're looking older, Tikhon.

They go in. MLLE BOURIENNE hurries to greet them. She's a governess/companion for MARYA, and prettier than is strictly necessary.

MLLE BOURIENNE
Oh - quel bonheur for the
Princess - I'll tell her you're
here.

LISE
Oh, no, please don't - let's
surprise her!

She takes MLLE BOURIENNE's arm, looks back at ANDREI with a charming smile (he doesn't respond) and they go towards the music room. PRINCE ANDREI lingers back... We hear the music stop abruptly, and then squeals of girly delight. ANDREI's expression conveys "Women - what are they like?" and he saunters in...

35

INT. MUSIC ROOM. BALD HILLS. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805.

35

... to see LISE and MARYA embracing and shedding tears. MLLE BOURIENNE again attempting to engage him, as if to say "isn't this charming, and I am very charming too." MARYA detaches herself from LISE and goes to embrace ANDREI.

ANDREI
Well, Marya... still the same
little crybaby...

He speaks indulgently, not cruelly, but all the same...

MARYA
Are you really going straight to
the war? You're not even staying
the night?

ANDREI
Better not to hang about.

He's dying to get away from them all, but feels a bit guilty about it.

LISE

Yes, he's abandoning me here, and going to get himself killed, God knows why - I'm so frightened, Marya!

ANDREI

There's nothing to be frightened about. She needs rest - it's been a tiring journey for her - you take her to your rooms, and I'll go and see father - how is he? Still the same? The daily walk, the lathe, the geometry lessons?

MARYA

Especially them! I am so stupid, and he gets so angry with me!

ANDREI

Only because he loves you, you know that - and you have someone else to think of now. Take care of Lise, won't you?

MARYA

Of course I will.

She adores her brother.

36

INT. PRINCE BOLKONSKY'S STUDY. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805. 36

The old PRINCE is writing at his desk when ANDREI comes in.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Ah! The warrior! So you're going to beat Napoleon, are you? About time somebody did! Come here then!

He offers his cheek. ANDREI kisses him. He's fond of his irascible Dad.

ANDREI

How are you, father, are you well?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Only fools and degenerates can be unwell, my boy, and you know me, I'm busy from morning to night. So you're with General Kutuzov?

ANDREI

Yes, I'm on his staff.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Good - he's about the only man in Russia who knows what war's about, and that includes our glorious Emperor! And you're leaving your little wife with us?

ANDREI

You are very kind to receive her, father.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Nonsense! Best place for her! She'll be well cared for, don't worry! And she'll be company for Marya, they can be silly together.

ANDREI

And Mademoiselle Bourienne.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

What about her?

ANDREI

Is she the best companion for my wife and sister?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

Don't you tell me how to run my own household! Am I to turn her out to starve? There's no harm in her, and it does me good to see a pretty face about the place. Anything else?

ANDREI

Will you do one other thing for me, father?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

What? Come on! Say what you want!

ANDREI

When it's time for my wife to give birth, will you send to Moscow for a doctor?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY

A Moscow doctor?

ANDREI

I know no one can help, if nature doesn't help, and very few cases end badly - but, you know - people have said things to her, and she's afraid. And I have a little anxiety myself.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Hmmm... all right. I'll do it.

He looks up from the letter he's writing, and laughs, a dry bark of a laugh.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
It's a bad business, isn't it?

ANDREI
What is, father?

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Marriage! Women! They're all the same, nothing to be done about them. No use unmarrying. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone, but you know what I mean.

ANDREI sighs. (Tolstoy says in acknowledgement that his father's hit the mark.)

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
But we'll take good care of her, she'll want for nothing. She's a pretty little thing. Now listen: take this letter to Kutuzov. Tell him I remember him and love him. Stay with him, learn from him, and you won't go far wrong.

ANDREI
Thank you, father.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Well then: goodbye now.

He holds out his hand for ANDREI to kiss, and embraces him.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
And remember: if you are killed, I shall be pained. But if I learn that you have not behaved like a son of mine, I shall be ashamed!

ANDREI
(smiling)
You had no need to tell me that.

Their eyes meet - neither of them likes to reveal the depth of emotion that they both feel.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY
Well, we've said our goodbyes.
Off with you!

He sounds quite angry.

He goes to the study door and opens it.

PRINCE NIKOLAI BOLKONSKY (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Off with you, I say!

He's trying to hide his true emotion. ANDREI understands this and exits smiling, touching his father's arm as he goes.

37 INT. DRAWING ROOM. BALD HILLS. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805. 37

MARYA is just coming towards the study door and is alarmed to hear her father shouting.

MARYA
What is it? What's wrong?

ANDREI
Nothing's wrong. It's just his way -
you know what he's like.

MARYA
Andrei - one thing, before you go?

She produces an icon on a silver chain.

MARYA (CONT'D)
I know you don't believe, but for
my sake will you wear it? Father's
father wore it all through the
wars. It will help me not to worry
too much if I know you are wearing
it.

She crosses herself, kisses the icon and hands it to him.

MARYA (CONT'D)
Please, Andrei, for me, kiss it,
and wear it?

A pause.

ANDREI
Well, for you...

He kisses it and she hangs it round his neck. She's so pleased.

MARYA
Thank you.

And in her sweetness and simple gratitude we can see that she is actually rather beautiful - it's all in those eyes.

ANDREI
I'd better say my farewell to her.

MARYA
Be kind to her, Andrei.

ANDREI

Why would I be anything else?

MARYA

Andrei, if you had faith, you would have turned to God and asked him for the love you don't feel.

ANDREI

Yes, if only it were so easy.

He picks up his cloak just as LISE comes in, followed by MLE BOURIENNE.

LISE

Oh, no - already?

ANDREI

Can't be helped.

She rushes into his arms, he kisses her quite tenderly. But when he tries to detach himself from her she clings to him as if in a panic of terror. He has to overcome her physically, and push her gently but firmly into a chair, where she sits sobbing and looking pitifully at him. It's quite distressing.

ANDREI (CONT'D)

Take care of her.

He walks out.

38 **EXT. BALD HILLS. EVENING. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805.** 38

ANDREI riding away. He can't help feeling a tremendous sense of exhilaration to be out of this world of women and their feelings, and headed for manly action.

39 **INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. MOSCOW. DAY. MID/LATE AUGUST 1805.** 39

NIKOLAI and BORIS, both resplendent and beaming happily in their uniforms, about to leave.

COUNT and COUNTESS ROSTOV, NATASHA, SONYA, PETYA, ANNA MIKHAILOVNA.

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

Oh, Nikolai, be careful my dear, don't put yourself in danger!

NIKOLAI

Don't fuss, mother - I am a man now, and so is Boris.

NATASHA

(to SONYA)

Don't they look fine in their uniforms?

SONYA

I can't bear to look for fear of
thinking what may happen to them!

NATASHA

Don't say that - they'll come home
safe, I'm sure of it!

But SONYA shakes her head, tears already starting from her eyes.

PETYA

I wish I could go too - I'd chop
old Bonaparte down like this!

He has a toy sword with which he slashes the air ferociously.

COUNTESS ROSTOVA

(clutching her husband)

Oh, Ilya, what if we never see our
boy again? War is so terrible!

COUNT ROSTOV

There, there, my dear, what has to
be, must be. And boys will be boys.

NIKOLAI

I'm going to make you proud of me,
Papa.

He's full of eagerness for the fray.

COUNT ROSTOV

I know you will, my son.

They embrace warmly, quite a contrast to ANDREI and his Dad.
NIKOLAI embraces the COUNTESS, who is already starting to
weep.

NIKOLAI and BORIS wave goodbye. General goodbyes as they
leave. COUNTESS ROSTOVA and SONYA sobbing.

And we start to hear ominous music before we cut to:

40

EXT. BATTLEFIELD. DAY. 4TH-7TH OCTOBER 1805.

40

We are close in on the French big guns as they fire and
recoil - the noise is deafening.

This is the battle of Ulm - the French defeating the
Austrians...

See the devastation in the Austrian ranks - terrible
destruction...

The Austrian army turning to flee.

High on the hill, NAPOLEON, mounted on his white horse, raises his arm, and the French cavalry thunder down the hill after the Austrians.

In on NAPOLEON: things are going according to plan.

NAPOLEON
(softly)
Excellent.

41 INT. KURAGIN HOUSE. ST. PETERSBURG. DAY. OCTOBER 1805. 41

ANATOLE is prowling through the corridors like a well fed beast of prey. A plump and pretty MAID is coming, about to pass him when he steps in her way.

ANATOLE
Haven't seen you before - you look
very nice! D'you know who I am?

He strokes her absentmindedly as if she were a dog or cat.

MAID
Yes, m'sieur Anatole.

ANATOLE
Is my father about?

MAID
He's at court, sir.

ANATOLE
And my sister?

MAID
Still in bed, sir.

ANATOLE
Ah. Very good. Won't keep you.

He pats her bottom, sends her off. Goes a few steps, taps on a door, goes in.

42 INT. KURAGIN HOUSE. HELENE'S ROOM. DAY. OCTOBER 1805. 42

HELENE is lolling about in bed, wearing nothing at all, as ANATOLE comes in.

HELENE
Oh, it's you.

ANATOLE
What a lazy sister I have - I was
out riding at dawn.

With a lithe movement (the product of long practice) he slips under the covers with her.

HELENE
(mildly)
Get out, you smell all horsey.

ANATOLE
Mmm, what lovely smooth skin.

He's fondling her, with the absent-minded nonchalance of long familiarity.

HELENE
(half-heartedly)
Stop that, Anatole.

ANATOLE
You know you love it. Listen - has Papa spoken to you?

HELENE
What about?

ANATOLE
He wants to marry us both off. Me to Andrei Bolkonsky's churchy little country-mouse sister...

HELENE
(sardonically)
Oh, she'd suit you perfectly.

ANATOLE
And you, darling.....

HELENE
Who?

ANATOLE
Guess.

HELENE
I can't.

ANATOLE
What do you say to... Pierre Bezukhov?

HELENE
You're joking.

ANATOLE
I am not.

HELENE
He's a buffoon, Anatole - I said stop that.

ANATOLE
He's a very rich buffoon now, and he worships you.
(MORE)

ANATOLE (CONT'D)

He'd make a very docile, adoring husband. Hardly cramp your style at all.

HELENE

But honestly... Pierre Bezukhov... Oh, that's nice, do that again.

ANATOLE

You'd better make up your mind to it - Papa's determined. It's not a bad situation, you know: just think of all those houses, all that land, and all that money - what a lot of jewels that would buy!

HELENE

All very well for you, you won't have to sleep with him.

ANATOLE

So you're considering it?

HELENE

I suppose I shall have to consider it.

ANATOLE

Lucky Pierre.

43

INT. ANNA PAVLOVNA'S SALON. EVENING. OCTOBER 1805.

43

PIERRE enters, rather diffident - the rest of the company more or less the same as in Scene 3, except that HELENE is here on her own and without ANATOLE, and of course ANDREI and LISE are absent. Also there seem to be more pretty women there, fewer eminent men. PIERRE himself is dressed more elegantly, but the main difference is the deference with which everybody treats him.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

My dear Count Bezukhov, how very good of you to come along to my little salon - when you must still be feeling so acutely the death of your poor father.

PIERRE

Well, yes, but you know, I hardly knew him: mostly I feel embarrassed by my good luck in inheriting such a great fortune - I've done nothing to deserve it you know.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Ah, now, Count, there you are too modest, the very fact that your father singled you out for greatness shows that you must have exceptional qualities, which I for one discovered for myself long since.

PIERRE

Really? I had no idea.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

And Prince Vassily is advising you?

VASSILY is nodding and smiling benignly in PIERRE's direction.

PIERRE

Yes, yes - he's been very kind..

ANNA PAVLOVNA

You couldn't possibly do better. And what, might I ask, has been his advice?

PIERRE

Well, you know, he thinks I should get married.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

And so you should! A man in your exalted position! The Prince is absolutely right!

PIERRE

The trouble is, though - women don't care for me, society women, that is - I don't seem to have the knack of talking to them.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Believe me, my dear Count, you have no need to concern yourself. It is for the young ladies to make themselves pleasing to you, now, rather than the other way round - as you can see for yourself.

And as she leads him through the elegant throng, YOUNG WOMEN are smiling and curtsying to PIERRE as he passes. The feeling is almost that he's being led down a narrowing corridor of eagerly submissive and beautiful WOMEN, at the end of which, waiting for him, is the ultimate prize, HELENE, who waits for him with a little smile.

ANNA PAVLOVNA (CONT'D)

I'll leave you with the Princess Helene...

PIERRE hypnotised by HELENE's beauty and apparent willingness. She puts her hand on his arm. My God, she's touching me, of her own free will, he thinks! We can see VASSILY in the background, presiding, as it were, like a Pandarus. She speaks softly and intimately.

HELENE

Such a bore, these things, aren't they?

PIERRE

W-well - no, not exactly - I like to listen and t-talk, you know, about the big things - politics, ideas, the war, and how to live, and what life really means, and so on - but I always seem to say the wrong thing and upset people.

HELENE

(softly)

You speak from the heart. Of course that frightens people.

PIERRE

Does it - um - frighten you?

HELENE

Not a bit. I love it.

PIERRE

Oh.

He feels enormously elated. Her soft eyes. Her wonderful breasts. Her intoxicating scent. Her father smiling in the background. He has stepped willingly into the trap.

44

EXT. BRAUNAU. AUSTRIA. DAY. 11TH OCTOBER 1805.

44

ANDREI and GENERAL KUTUZOV on a hilltop, mounted. Other OFFICERS in the background. KUTUZOV is in late middle age, corpulent, and carries an air of great experience. ANDREI has lost his cynical air - he looks keen and eager.

They are looking down at a huge Russian division lined up in the valley below.

KUTUZOV

They've marched seven hundred miles, but they're in excellent shape. You've issued my order?

ANDREI

Yes, your Excellency. Make camp here tonight, then march on tomorrow to join with the Austrian army at Ulm.

KUTUZOV

And that's where we'll stop
Napoleon in his tracks, God
willing. And why shouldn't we?
We'll have superiority in numbers,
the men are in good heart - they
know Kutuzov has never lost a
campaign yet.

45

INT. KUTUZOV'S HEADQUARTERS. NIGHT.

45

ANDREI is in the inner office with KUTUZOV, looking at a large map spread out over a table.

KUTUZOV

General Mack's division will be
defending this approach, and we'll
attack from the east here -

We can hear raised voices outside, indistinct but loud:

AUSTRIAN OFFICER

(offscreen)

I tell you I must see the General!

RUSSIAN OFFICER

(offscreen)

And I tell you he is busy!

KUTUZOV

Go and see what that row's about.

ANDREI comes out to the outer office. A tall Austrian officer with a bandaged head and a message in his hand is arguing with a RUSSIAN ADJUTANT.

AUSTRIAN OFFICER

I insist I must see General Kutuzov
himself, sir!

ANDREI

What is it? You may give the
message to me.

He holds out his hand for it, but the AUSTRIAN is reluctant.

AUSTRIAN OFFICER

With respect, are you General
Kutuzov?

KUTUZOV appears behind ANDREI.

KUTUZOV

I am Kutuzov. What do you want?

AUSTRIAN OFFICER
Your excellency, General Mack sends
his compliments. He engaged with
Napoleon at Ulm -

KUTUZOV
He was supposed to wait!

AUSTRIAN OFFICER
Napoleon outflanked us, your
Excellency. We suffered terrible
losses. General Mack was obliged to
offer his surrender.

KUTUZOV
What? The whole army? Forty
thousand men?

We see the shock in his expression.

The AUSTRIAN OFFICER hangs his head.

AUSTRIAN OFFICER
With regret, Excellency.

KUTUZOV takes the message from him, goes back into his office
and shuts the door. ANDREI and the other RUSSIAN ADJUTANT
look at each other with dismay.

46 **EXT. BATTLEFIELD. ULM. DAY. OCTOBER 1805.**

46

All quiet now. A huge expanse of land littered with dead
bodies of the Austrian army. Just one or two trying to move.
Crows and other carrion birds landing on the corpses and
pecking at them.

47 **EXT. BRAUNAU FORTRESS. NIGHT. OCTOBER 1805.**

47

KUTUZOV and ANDREI. (It would be nice if they were standing
on the battlements.)

ANDREI
Might I ask, sir: what are we going
to do now?

KUTUZOV
A good question. We're going to
retreat, of course.

ANDREI
Is that really all we can do, sir?

KUTUZOV
It's not the end of the world. Our
reinforcements are on the way.
We'll retreat until we can join up
with them.

(MORE)

KUTUZOV (CONT'D)

This has been a bad set-back, but the way to survive it is to be prudent. I know, I know. You want to distinguish yourself by acts of gallantry - all young men want that. You'll get your chance by and by. But a disciplined retreat is a greatly underrated strategy. Your enemy is obliged to follow, his supply lines get over-extended, it's hard to maintain discipline, his troops become a marauding rabble, and when the time comes to stand and fight, we have a chance of winning. Not glamorous, but it's worked before and it can work again. They call me the general who doesn't like to fight, but only a fool would sacrifice good men for a bit of glory. Goodnight, now.

He goes.

ANDREI (O.S.)

Goodnight sir.

He stays, looking out over the battlements.

48

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. AUSTRIA. DAY. 23RD OCTOBER 1805.

48

The infantry regiment we saw on parade is now on the march again, the faces of the soldiers grim and depressed. Tattered boots - some of them now only have foot-bindings, with blood soaking through.

Close in on DOLOKHOV, in amongst the common soldiers, biding his time.

ANDREI rides up, and slows to walking pace next to DOLOKHOV.

ANDREI

All right, Dolokhov?

DOLOKHOV

As you see.

ANDREI

Reduced to the ranks?

DOLOKHOV

As you see.

His mocking smile.

ANDREI

You'll get your chance when we make a stand. Do well and I'll make sure the General knows about it.

DOLOKHOV

Greatly obliged to you, Prince
Andrei.

ANDREI, feeling oddly one-down, canters off.

NIKOLAI ROSTOV in a troop of hussars, mounted on a fine bouncy horse, trotting along. CAPTAIN DENISOV rides up beside him.

DENISOV

So, what's the matter with you,
young Rostov?

(DENISOV has an accent or a speech impediment which I won't try to reproduce.)

NIKOLAI

Nothing at all, Captain - except
that this wasn't what I went to war
for!

DENISOV

I know, you want to put that fine
young horse of yours through his
paces - well, you'll get your
chance by and by - and you may not
care for it when you do!

They ride on in silence for a beat or two, then, impulsively:

NIKOLAI

What's it like, Denisov?

DENISOV

What's what like?

NIKOLAI

Actually - you know, being in
combat.

DENISOV

(laughs)

Bloody awful if you're on the
losing side. But seriously it's one
of those things no one can tell you
about, you have to experience it
yourself, like being with a woman
for the first time. Can be
wonderful. Can be terrifying.

He claps NIKOLAI on the shoulder.

DENISOV (CONT'D)

You'll find out.

49

INT. ROSTOV HOUSE. MOSCOW. DAY. OCTOBER 1805.

49

The bath house. NATASHA steps out of the bath, a SERVANT enfolds her in a big towelling robe, and she goes and sits by SONYA who is similarly attired.

NATASHA

No word from Nikolenka yet.

SONYA

D'you think they've forgotten all about us?

NATASHA

I wouldn't be surprised if they had! It's all right for them - they get to do things, and girls just have to sit about and wait... but to think of Nikolai in danger, I can't bear it... he used to cry if he fell over and hurt his knee, and now he has to face bullets...

SONYA

Don't.

NATASHA

Do you think about him all the time?

SONYA

Of course I do.

NATASHA

And do you remember him really well - remember exactly how he looks, and everything he said to you?

SONYA

Yes, of course.

NATASHA

I do too - Nikolai, I mean, but when I think of Boris, I can't really remember him at all, even though he kissed me. I try to remember him, but somehow his face doesn't come...

She closes her eyes tight.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

No. Nothing! Isn't that terrible?

SONYA

It's just that you don't really love him.

(MORE)

SONYA (CONT'D)

Not like the way I love Nikolai - I just know I'll always love him, whatever happens to him and whatever happens to me, and whether he loves me or not, I shall be in love with him all my life.

NATASHA

Will you write to him, and tell him how much you love him?

SONYA

He knows. Will you write to Boris?

NATASHA

No! I'd be ashamed to.

SONYA

Ashamed? Why?

NATASHA

I don't know - it would just feel awkward. False.

SONYA

(smiling)

That's because you really love that fat one with the spectacles!

NATASHA

Pierre? What an idea! I do not! Where did you get that from?

SONYA

Seeing you dance with him.

NATASHA

What strange ideas you have... but I wish Nikolai would write and tell us he's all right. War is such a terrible thing.

50

INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. ST. PETERSBURG. DAY. NOVEMBER 1805. 50

PIERRE and VASSILY walking through the enormous rooms of the Bezukhov mansion in Petersburg. SERFS hurry before them, opening doors, shutters, taking dust sheets off furniture, revealing glittering treasures.

PIERRE

You know I can't get used to the idea of it - that suddenly I own so much - all these houses, all these estates, so much land - plantations, forests - surely it's wrong that one man should own so much? All the treasures in this house alone - it can't be right, can it?

VASSILY

Well, you know, Count Bezukhov, the saying is that we don't own our earthly possessions, we merely curate them for our heirs: for the generations to come. Looked at that way, it's an honour and a duty.

PIERRE

Yes, but - I'd like to share this wealth, not simply hoard it for my children - there are so many who will depend on me... I want to change the way things are run - not that I've any experience in managing anything - I want to do something useful, you know, something good - do you see what I mean?

VASSILY

You have a noble heart, Count, but I'd advise you not to rush into things. It will be my privilege and pleasure to look after all those business matters for you. Oh - by the way, your father and I had accounts to settle, so I've taken what was due to me from the estate - I'll show you the accounts later, but really, your priority now must be to ensure your own happiness.

HELENE can now be glimpsed two rooms away, coming towards them.

PIERRE

Oh - ah! You mean -

VASSILY

I do.

51

EXT. PARK. ST. PETERSBURG. DAY. NOVEMBER 1805.

51

PIERRE and HELENE out riding in an open carriage. PIERRE very excited by her physical proximity, but very nervous as well.

HELENE of course is very much at ease, and amused that he's getting hot under the collar.

She moves closer to him. It's almost too much for him.

VASSILY following in another carriage. Keeping an eye on progress.

52

EXT. FROZEN LAKE. ST. PETERSBURG. DAY. NOVEMBER 1805.

52

Skaters, including PIERRE and HELENE - she looks ravishing in her boots and fur hat and her muff. PIERRE, perhaps surprisingly, is a much better skater than he is a dancer. Not graceful, of course, but he gets round in a galumphing way. It's HELENE who (fake) overbalances, so that he has to hold her up in his strong arms, and she smiles up into his face.

VASSILY and ANNA PAVLOVNA are watching, well wrapped up.

ANNA PAVLOVNA

Charmant! It's going well?

VASSILY

Yes, yes, but he seems unable to make up his mind to it. I think I may have to force the issue.

PIERRE and HELENE swoop by. HELENE flashes her Dad a glance: not yet!

53

INT. BEZUKHOV HOUSE. DAY. NOVEMBER 1805.

53

PIERRE and HELENE together, in a splendid room, playing cards. HELENE looks merry and mischievous, as she often does, as if she's amused by PIERRE's unease - he's in the grip of a mass of swirling thoughts. They are playing snap. He plays his cards slowly, with little attention. She plays her cards swiftly and crisply. After three or four cards each, he pauses altogether, in a daze.

HELENE

What's the matter?

PIERRE

Oh - you know....

HELENE

What?

He doesn't reply.

HELENE (CONT'D)

Come on.

Meaning play your card.

PIERRE

Oh. Sorry. Yes, of course.

He takes a card and puts it down awkwardly. She plays her card swiftly and crisply. Another pause.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

It's just - I feel - all this - what's happened...it's wrong.

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

It isn't what - it isn't what was
meant for me.

He looks at her almost pleadingly.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

D'you see?

She smiles at him as one would to a little kid.

HELENE

That's just silly. Come on.
Concentrate.

She nods at the cards. PIERRE sighs and puts a card down.
HELENE whacks her card down and then snatches both piles.

HELENE (CONT'D)

Snap!

54

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. NOVEMBER 1805.

54

PIERRE asleep, restless... in on his face. He's dreaming
about HELENE. In the dream, she's right up close, wearing one
of her almost frontless backless gowns.

HELENE

(softly)

What's the matter, don't you like
me?

PIERRE

Yes - of course - I mean - your
breasts are magnificent -

HELENE

Thank you.

PIERRE

But I can't believe you really like
me - enough to - and people say you
sleep with your brother...

HELENE

Doesn't everyone?

PIERRE

I don't know! I don't know
anything! Oh, God, you smell
wonderful.

HELENE

(softly and slowly)

I think you... had better snap me
up - while you have the chance.

PIERRE wakes suddenly, in a muck sweat, and sits up straight.

PIERRE

This is all wrong - I've got to get
out of here!

55

EXT. HILLSIDE. EVENING. 3RD NOVEMBER 1805.

55

The Russian army encamped on the hillside. Campfires dotted here and there in the dusk. KUTUZOV's tent on the brow of the hill. He stands there with PRINCE BAGRATION, as ANDREI approaches, on foot.

KUTUZOV

Ah, Bolkonsky, there you are. You
know General Bagration?

ANDREI

Of course, good evening, sir.

KUTUZOV

We're in trouble. Napoleon has
moved his men so fast we're in
danger of being outflanked. Prince
Bagration has very nobly
volunteered to lead a detachment
and engage the French in battle,
while we continue to retreat with
the bulk of the army.

He turns to BAGRATION.

KUTUZOV (CONT'D)

Well, goodbye, Prince, and good
luck. Christ be with you. God bless
you for a great deed.

BAGRATION

I thank you for the honour.

KUTUZOV takes his hand, and looks into his eyes. Kutuzov's face suddenly softens, and tears well up. He pulls BAGRATION to him, and embraces him.

KUTUZOV

Christ be with you, my dear boy!

BAGRATION is about forty five to Kutuzov's sixty five. Someone's holding BAGRATION'S HORSE, and he mounts and trots off down the hill.

ANDREI

Your Excellency, I request
permission to join Prince Bagration
in this action.

KUTUZOV

It's seven thousand men against
forty thousand.

(MORE)

KUTUZOV (CONT'D)

If one tenth of those men come back tomorrow I'll thank God.

ANDREI

That's why I'm asking to be with them.

KUTUZOV turns and looks at him.

KUTUZOV

Death or glory, eh? Well, I won't stop you. Go and get some sleep now. A good night's sleep is half the battle.

56 **INT. ANDREI'S TENT. NIGHT. 3RD NOVEMBER 1805.**

56

ANDREI sits on the edge of his camp bed, shirt open, breeches unbuttoned. MARYA's icon dangles from his neck. He lifts it, looks at it. Smiles, thinking, little sisters, what are they like. Then blows out the candle.

57 **EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.**

57

Shattering sound of gunfire, yells, screams. The Russian guns pounding away at the French, who are coming up the hill.

ANDREI's horse shies at the noise. He's up there, with BAGRATION.

BAGRATION

We're not holding them. We need the Pavlogradsky Hussars. You! Take the message!

As a HORSEMAN rides up.

58 **EXT. PLAIN. DAY. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.**

58

The HORSEMAN we've just seen, galloping flat out across the plain, bullets whistling round him. He makes it to the trees.

59 **EXT. FOREST. DAY. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.**

59

But it feels like an interior. NIKOLAI with other HORSEMEN, nervous. There's noise of gunfire all around. The HORSEMAN bursts in. Cries of "Don't shoot, he's one of ours!"

HORSEMAN

Captain Denisov?

DENISOV

Over here!

The HORSEMAN dismounts. He's wounded in the shoulder.
NIKOLAI, wide eyed, watches him give the message to DENISOV.

DENISOV (CONT'D)
(shouts)
This is it, boys!

60

EXT. FIELDS AND WOODS. DAY. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.

60

NIKOLAI is mounted, with DENISOV, also mounted, and several other CAVALRY MEN, as they ride out from the wood.

DENISOV
We're cut off on two sides, lads -
we shall have to hit them head on -
form up, and draw sabres!

The sound and sight, perhaps in slow motion, of the sabres being drawn. NIKOLAI is excited, with other riders close on each side of him. The horses breathing and snorting, their breath visible in the cold air.

DENISOV (CONT'D)
God be with us, lads. At a trot,
march!
(to NIKOLAI)
This is it, now. Stay close, and do
what I do.

NIKOLAI almost bursting with excitement and adrenaline.

The HUSSARS move forward at a bouncy trot, their harnesses jingling.

DENISOV (CONT'D)
There they are.

A thin blue line in the middle distance: FRENCH SOLDIERS kneeling with rifles.

DENISOV (CONT'D)
Quicken the trot, boys... and let
'em go!

The horses move from a canter to a flat-out gallop - NIKOLAI well to the front, feeling as if he's flying along.

HUSSARS
Hurrah!

And NIKOLAI hears his own voice shouting hurrah too, rather high and shrill.

We hear rifle shots and see little bursts of smoke from the thin blue line ahead.

In on NIKOLAI - he's excited, exhilarated.

NIKOLAI

Let 'em have it, lads!

More rifle shots, more bursts of smoke - then everything goes into slow motion:

NIKOLAI's puzzled face. He's no longer in the lead, the other HORSEMEN have swept past him, it's like a bad dream in which he's riding hell for leather, but floundering on the spot.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Come on, Little Rook!

But Little Rook is collapsing slowly under him, with a bullet wound in the head.

And NIKOLAI goes down slowly too, his left leg half under the horse.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

All right, boy, all right, soon be up again...

He manages to free his leg, and stands, but the horse can't get up.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Oh, Little Rook, what have they done to you?

He's all alone in the middle of the field. The shouts and the rifle shots are in the distance now. He starts to cry.

61

EXT. BATTLEFIELD. DAY. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.

61

PRINCE ANDREI, mounted on a skittish horse, on a slope which is being attacked by the French.

Behind, and above him, GENERAL BAGRATION.

In on ANDREI's face.

ANDREI

(voice over)

It's begun. This is it.

A big explosion sends the foot soldiers in front of him flying. His horse rears and whinnies.

Men terribly wounded, screaming, as the smoke clears, huge open bloody wounds, anguished faces.

ANDREI (CONT'D)

Hold steady, men! And charge!

He draws his sabre and gallops down the hill towards the enemy.

FOOT SOLDIERS follow, roaring like animals. We see DOLOKHOV's grinning face and bright eyes.

And now the French are fleeing.

They are going down in the rifle fire.

The Russians are cheering.

ANDREI rides after them, slashing at the stragglers with his sabre.

BAGRATION

Bolkonsky! Stay where you are!

But ANDREI doesn't hear him for the blood pumping in his temples. He rides on, slashing to left and right, like a maniac.

DOLOKHOV is on foot, laying about him, a sabre in each hand, laughing aloud as he dispatches one man after another.

The noise is deafening, roaring, screaming, gunfire, explosions.

And ANDREI gallops into camera, a man possessed.

62

INT. KURAGIN HOUSE. EVENING. 4TH NOVEMBER 1805.

62

A dinner. The camera moves down the table of grandees, we recognise ANNA PAVLOVNA, ANNA MIKHAILOVNA, ANATOLE, and we find PIERRE and HELENE sitting together, with all eyes on them, HELENE being very touchy feely and gazing into his eyes. PIERRE looking dazed and blinking, as he often does, and feeling trapped.

HELENE

Pierre?

PIERRE

Er... yes?

HELENE

Was there something you wanted to say to me?

PIERRE

Er... the goose was very good.

She looks across despairingly at VASSILY: help, Dad, he's not going to ask me on his own!

PIERRE looks up to see the whole room looking at him. The sound of their chatter dies out, though we can see their mouths moving. And then his eyes light on VASSILY, who smiles at him warmly, and then, in slow motion, rises to his feet. He goes over to PIERRE and HELENE, and stands behind them, and puts one hand on each of their shoulders.

VASSILY

Pierre; Helene: congratulations!

PIERRE

What?

HELENE

(smiling)

Take your glasses off.

She does it for him, and then kisses him on the lips. And everyone applauds.

PIERRE

What's happened?

HELENE

We're engaged, silly!

END OF EPISODE ONE.