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25th May 1977

Mr. Maurice Rowdon,  
5 Tamworth Street,  
London, SW6 1LB

Dear Mr. Rowdon,

I am sorry for the delay in getting back to you on the screenplay A DAY IN BLACK, which you submitted to us last month.

We have carefully considered this subject, but unfortunately do not feel that it is anything we would want to pursue at the present time.

I am returning the script herewith, and do wish you the best of luck in setting it up elsewhere.

yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Betty Archer".

Betty Archer,  
Story Editor.

enc.



"A DAY IN BLACK"

An Original Screenplay

by

Maurice Rowdon & Valeria Grinfan

© 1977

CHARACTERS

CLARE TROISI

ALBERTO BALZAN

MARIO BALZAN

AGNESE BALZAN

LILLIAN TROISI

ANDREA TROISI

GIULIO MARCHETTI

PROFESSOR ENRICO FRANZETTI

FRANCA DI COSIMO

GERHARD VON GEIGER

JOLE

GIOVANNI BALZAN

GUIDO SANTI

LUIGI SCATIN

INGE

LETIZIA

GIUSEPPINA GORDI

MALE GUEST

FEMALE GUEST

ROSANNA

GIANFRANCO

VINCENZO BALZAN

A YOUNG MAN

A YOUTH

GERMAN CORPORAL

WAITERS, WEDDING GUESTS, PEDESTRIANS, BARGEHANDS,  
GERMAN SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, CHILDREN.

1. EXT. FONDAMENTA DEL RIO DI MAL PAGA, VENICE. DAY

We OPEN on a WEDDING PARTY about to see THE MARRIED COUPLE off on their honeymoon. It is a splendid morning in September 1939. A motor-boat is waiting for the MARRIED COUPLE at the fondamenta. Other motorboats are moored in readiness to take GUESTS home.

CLARE TROISI and ALBERTO BALZAN have just been married, and the CROWD of WELL-DRESSED GUESTS is centred on them.

MARIO and AGNESE BALZAN, ALBERTO's parents, are there, with LILLIAN TROISI, CLARE's mother, also ALBERTO's young brother GIOVANNI.

THERE are also PROFESSOR ENRICO FRANZETTI, a well-preserved handsome man in his early fifties, together with friends and fellow-students of the MARRIED COUPLE - FRANCA DI COSIMI, a beautifully-portioned girl from southern Italy with long black hair (CLARE's closest friend) and LETIZIA, another student, GUIDO SANTI (FRANCA DI COSIMO's boyfriend) and LUIGI SCATIN, student.

Everyone is shouting Viva gli sposi! Viva gli sposi!, and laughing.

CLARE and ALBERTO try to reach the waiting motorboat but suddenly a door of the house behind them opens and ANDREA TROISI, CLARE's father, emerges, smiling proudly, at the head of a file of FIVE WAITERS, each bearing a tray with a bottle of champagne and glasses.

There is a great roar of approval as THE FIRST WAITER goes with ANDREA TROISI to the MARRIED COUPLE, and glasses are poured for them. The GUESTS move in on THE WAITERS and take glasses. There are more cries of Viva gli sposi! as everyone raises his glass and drinks to the health of THE COUPLE.

We TAKE IN the boy VINCENZO BALZAN, one of ALBERTO's cousins, who has GUIDO SANTI and LUIGI SCATIN close to him.

VINCENZO

Let's follow them to the station!

GUIDO

Yes, come on!

They go to the waiting motorboats, inviting THE GUESTS to join them.

CUT:

## 2. ANOTHER ANGLE

MS of the motorboats - two or three of them - picking up THE WEDDING GUESTS.

CUT:

## 3. RESUME 1

CLARE and ALBERTO are getting into their motorboat, alone. A FEW GUESTS cluster round, holding up their glasses of champagne.

GUESTS

Bravi! Viva gli sposi! Auguri!  
Buon viaggio!

Other GUESTS are trying to get into the motorboats behind, at the invitation of VINCENZO, GUIDO and LUIGI.

The first motorboat draws away from the fondamenta with CLARE and ALBERTO.

THE GUESTS left on the fondamenta, including the PARENTS of the MARRIED COUPLE, are hurried towards the other motorboats.

CUT:

AS THE TITLES BEGIN ROLLING:

## 4. EXT. THE FIRST MOTORBOAT. DAY

CLARE and ALBERTO are seated side by side as the motorboat draws off in the direction of the railway station.

The other motorboats followed them in file, and GUESTS hanging out still shouting Viva gli sposi!, some holding their glasses up in toast.

CUT:

## 5. EXT. THE RAILWAY STATION, VENICE. DAY

By a waiting train, with the hiss of steam, and raised VOICES OVER, the closest RELATIVES and FRIENDS, including PROFESSOR FRANZETTI and FRANCA DI COSIMO, gather round CLARE and ALBERTO, hugging and kissing them in turn. THE COUPLE prepares to enter the train. THE WOMEN have tears in their eyes, with the exception of LILLIAN, CLARE's mother. Even the MEN are moved.

5. Contd.

ALBERTO

(as he embraces LILLIAN)

Goodbye, Mrs. Troisi.

(to CLARE, with a laugh  
as he kisses LILLIAN  
on the cheek)

Your mother's not crying! She's happy  
to see you go!

CLARE goes to her MOTHER, embracing her.

CLARE

(with a laugh)

She's English, and strong, and cold, cold!

LILLIAN, her head on CLARE's shoulder, almost gives way to tears,  
her face screwed up and trembling, and there is a sympathetic cry  
from THE GUESTS.

FRANCA DI COSIMO and CLARE kiss goodbye.

CLARE (contd)

Franca!

FRANCA

(kissing her)

Be happy!

CLARE

I will!

The MEN now embrace the COUPLE. PROFESSOR FRANZETTI  
approaches CLARE. He kisses her hand. As he raises his head  
again (she is watching him closely) he speaks quietly.

FRANZETTI

If I can ever be of service again, Clare ...

CLARE nods, and a certain reserve passes across her face.

CUT:

6. EZT. RIO DI MAL PAGA. EVENING

WE OPEN on the house of the TROISI family. This is Venice in 1938,  
late autumn. A FEW PEDESTRIANS walk by, their footsteps echoing:  
a sandalo or small boat passes.

6. Contd.

CLARE, her hair disordered, dressed in a simple girl's frock and autumn coat, emerges from the main door of the house and hurries along the fondamenta.

She almost breaks into a run over the bridge leading towards the Accademia. She gives the impression that she threw on her clothes.

CUT:

7. EXT. A CALLE, VENICE. EVENING

CLARE hurries along a narrow calle, brushing by A PEDESTRIAN.

CUT:

8. EXT. A CAMPIELLO, VENICE. EVENING

FRANCA DI COSIMO is waiting in the campiello or small square. She is in a more collected state than CLARE, and has taken trouble with her clothes, though the elegance is smalltown.

CLARE appears from the calle and they hurry off together talking closely.

CUT:

9. EXT. OUTSIDE A PALAZZO, VENICE. EVENING

CLARE and FRANCA reach the back-entrance of a palazzo on the Grand Canal. They enter. They hurry up the wide stone staircase inside.

CUT:

10. INT. PALAZZO STAIRCASE. EVENING

They reach an apartment door and FRANCA rings the bell. It echoes inside the apartment. They wait what seems a long time, getting their breath back.

The door opens and GIUSEPPINA GORDI appears. She is no longer young: her eyes have a special penetration. She looks at CLARE with detachment.

10. Contd.

FRANCA  
(to GIUSEPPINA)  
This is the friend I told you about.

GIUSEPPINA nods and smiles very slightly at FRANCA.

FRANCA (contd)  
(to CLARE)  
So I'll be going!  
(to GIUSEPPINA)  
Thank you, Mrs. Gordi. Good evening!

GIUSEPPINA  
(as FRANCA leaves)  
Good evening.

CUT:

11. INT. GIUSEPPINA'S APARTMENT. EVENING

The door closes behind FRANCA. GIUSEPPINA leads CLARE towards an elegant settee fronted by an ivory-inlaid table. GIUSEPPINA sits down in an upright winged armchair opposite. She continues to study CLARE, without undue sympathy.

GIUSEPPINA  
It's a matter of the heart?

CLARE  
Yes.

GIUSEPPINA  
(taking a pack of cards  
out of a small drawer  
and putting them before CLARE)  
Cut, with your left hand.

CLARE cuts the cards.

GIUSEPPINA (contd)  
(looking first the cards,  
then at CLARE curiously)  
But this 'love' of yours is made of air!  
Are you sure you want him?

11. Contd,

CLARE

Yes! I've tried to stop thinking about him but I can't! So it must mean something!

GIUSEPPINA

(studying the cards again)

He thinks of you as a friend, that's all.

CLARE

What can I do?

GIUSEPPINA

(laughing rather to herself)

Make a young man fall in love with you? Such powers are given to very few!

CLARE

(at once)

Are there such powers?

CUT:

12. INT. HOTEL ROOM, ROME. DAY

ALBERTO, in shirtsleeves, is standing at the window looking down into the street.

FROM HIS PV an OFFICER of the fascist Militia is passing below.

ALBERTO

(singing ironically)

Faccetta nera, bella bambina, aspetta  
e spera che l'impero si avvicina ...

CLARE joins him at the window. She is in a white petticoat and her hair is rather disordered. ALBERTO puts his arm round her.

ALBERTO (contd)

(indicating with a nod

THE OFFICER below)

Pity you can't see his decorations from here. The way he walks he must have a cartload.

(looking at her)

Why don't you look at him? He's a fine-looking man!

12. Contd.

CLARE continues to look at ALBERTO.

ALBERTO (contd)

(smiling with a certain pride)

Do you know what my father said this afternoon, when he got me alone in the garden? Eh?

CLARE

No?

ALBERTO

Can't you guess? Poor man! My mother sent him out to remind me to be careful with you when we made love!

(he laughs)

And did you see all the others? That look of holy relish on their faces, thinking what we're going to do tonight! I'd have loved to raise my glass and say, Ladies and gentlemen, Clare and I have been enjoying the fruits of marriage for quite some time now! Here's health!

(as CLARE remains serious)

It's funny mm? Can't you see their hair standing on end?

CLARE

It doesn't interest me.

ALBERTO

(nosing her neck)

You're only interested in me?

CLARE

I'm interested in us!

ALBERTO

(gazing down at her breasts)

Me too.

He pulls down one of the straps of her petticoat.

CUT:

## 13. INT. THE TROISI HOUSE. EVENING

CLARE hurries up the stairs after her visit to GIUSEPPINA GORDI.

LILLIAN (V.O.)  
Clare?

CLARE  
Yes mummy?

LILLIAN (V.O.)  
You're late!

CUT:

## 14. ANOTHER ANGLE

As CLARE reaches the top of the stairs LILLIAN emerges from one of the rooms dressed for dinner.

LILLIAN  
Where you been? They'll be here in a second!

CLARE  
I was with Franca!

LILLIAN  
Hurry up then! I put out your blue dress!

CLARE  
(hurrying to her room)  
OK!

CUT:

## 15. INT. DINING ROOM OF TROISI HOUSE. EVENING

LILLIAN and ANDREA TROISI, CLARE, PROFESSOR FRANZETTI and A COUPLE are seated at dinner. It is almost at an end. CLARE is silent and lifts her eyes from her plate only to look at THE PROFESSOR with a strange attention of which he is aware without seeming to know the reason for it.

MALE GUEST  
I think men should leave gossiping to women but I must admit there's a bit of truth in this story.

15. Contd.

MALE GUEST (contd)  
(with a glance at ANDREA)  
They took every chance they could to  
be together - dances - parties!

FEMALE GUEST  
And then you know how it is - it doesn't  
take much to burn straw if you put a flame  
to it!

ANDREA  
Well she's certainly a very beautiful girl.  
Young too.

FEMALE GUEST  
(with a certain satisfaction)  
Unfortunately a scandal ruins a woman at  
any age!

FRANZETTI  
(digging at her)  
May I contradict you? For a woman ruin  
doesn't mean having a scandal when she's  
young so much as in never having had a  
scandal by the time she's not so young!

There is silence.

CLARE  
(fixing him with her eyes)  
Is that true Professor? Then I've got to  
hurry up!

There is laughter.

LILLIAN  
(with a smile)  
She's twenty!

FRANZETTI  
(to CLARE)  
You've got time for as many scandals as  
you like, my dear!

15. Contd.

CLARE

Not all that much - if I go on wasting my life on books! It was you, remember, who told me that one's first year at college is as easy as falling off a log! It isn't true! I'm up to my neck in trouble!

FRANZETTI

(amid the amusement)

What kind of trouble?

CLARE

(in a slightly provocative way)

Catullus!

FRANZETTI

(smiling)

Oh Catullus! That's the kind of trouble I can easily repair. Would you like to come to me tomorrow? We'll have a look at the old fellow together.

CLARE

At five o'clock!

LILLIAN

No really Clare you can't impose on the professor's time like that. And you  
(to the PROFESSOR)  
shouldn't encourage her.

FRANZETTI

(looking at CLARE)

Clare couldn't impose on me! And then you know I've got to make up for my lie about one's first year at college!

CLARE

At five o'clock then?

FRANZETTI

(with elegant gravity)

At five o'clock.

CUT:

## 16. INT. PROFESSOR FRANZETTI'S STUDY. DAY

We hear CLARE'S VOICE OVER reading Catullus in Latin.

The walls of PROFESSOR FRANZETTI's study are lined with books. The room has a cosy and academic atmosphere. There is a long table in the middle piled with books and files, and surrounded by leather armchairs.

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is strolling up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, while CLARE is seated at the table with the Catullus text before her.

CLARE (V.O.)

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,  
 Quicum laudere, quem in sinu tenere,  
 Cui primum digitum dare adpatenti  
 Et acris solet incitare morsus,  
 Cum desiderio meo nitenti  
 Karum nescioquid libet iccari  
 Et solaciolum sui doloris,  
 Credo, ut tum gravi acquiescat ardor  
 Tecum ludere sicut ipsa posse  
 Et tristus animi levare curas!

FRANZETTI

And how would you translate the last two lines?

CLARE

(translating confidently)

'If only I could play with you as she plays,  
 and make my sad heart lighter!'

FRANZETTI

(smiling at her)

In other words, perfectly simple! You don't seem to have any difficulties at all!

(leaning over the table

towards her conspiratorially)

Is Catullus really on your mind?

CLARE

No.

FRANZETTI

Then what is?

16. Contd.

CLARE takes a letter from the Catullus book and hands it to him. He looks at the handwriting on the envelope curiously and then breaks it open.

FRANZETTI (contd)  
(as he sees the signature)  
Ah, from Mrs. Gordi!

He glances with sudden alertness at CLARE and then reads the letter. He coolly puts it down on the table.

FRANZETTI  
(with a trace of sharpness)  
And how did my name get connected with your love-problems?

CLARE  
It was Mrs. Gordi. She said only certain people could do these things.

FRANZETTI  
(ironically)  
In other words I'm some sort of magician?

CLARE  
She didn't say that!  
(gazing at him candidly)  
But are you?

FRANZETTI  
(with a laugh)  
I'm a teacher, and a family-friend! Do you imagine I spend my evenings doing kabbala or somet hing?

CLARE  
(still gazing at him fixedly)  
Yes, you might! Why not?

FRANZETTI  
And I'm to let you into my secrets and make a young man fall in love with you, am I - ?  
(suddenly)  
What's his name?

16. Contd.

CLARE

Alberto! Alberto Balzan!

FRANZETTI

Mario Balzan's eldest boy? The doctor?

CLARE

Yes!

FRANZETTI

He's very good-looking!

CLARE

That's got nothing to do with it!

FRANZETTI

Oh I realise it's serious.

(speaking more quietly)

I've been realising that for a month or more. And suppose he doesn't want to fall in love?

CLARE

Why shouldn't he?

FRANZETTI laughs and takes up her Catullus.

FRANZETTI

(drawing a chair close to her side and sitting down)

Read me that finest of all his love lyrics -- here.

(showing her the place)

I love to hear your voice --

CLARE

(reading)

Odi et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse  
requiris,  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior ...

CUT:

## 17. EXT. THE ISLAND OF TORCELLO. DAY

We hear CLARE'S VOICE OVER translating the above lines:

CLARE (V.O.)

'I hate and I love: you may ask why  
I behave like this. I don't know but  
that's how it happens, and it's a cross  
to bear ...'

CLARE, FRANCA and LETIZIA are picnicing with ALBERTO BALZAN,  
GUIDO SANTI and LUIGI SCATIN.

They are lying or sitting on blankets. ALBERTO has his head in  
LETIZIA's lap. GUIDO has just lit a cigarette and its smoke drifts  
across FRANCA's face. She begins singing in a burlesque way  
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

LUIGI

Have you got a pain somewhere,  
Franca?

ALBERTO

(with a wink at the others)  
Is it Russian?

LETIZIA

Can't you hear it's English?

ALBERTO

Really?

FRANCA stops singing.

FRANCA

(to CLARE)  
Did I get the words right?

CLARE

I didn't recognise any!

They all laugh.

FRANCA

(laboriously)  
Smok ... giz ... een ... ior ... ice!

17. Contd.

CLARE  
No! 'Smoke' !

ALBERTO  
 'SMOWK' !

Laughter.

ALBERTO  
 'GEZ' !

CLARE  
 (gazing at him)  
 'In your eyes.'

ALBERTO  
 EEN IOR ICE!

CLARE  
 Not 'ice' ! That's ghiaccio! Like you!

ALBERTO  
 What?

ALBERTO looks at her for a moment, perplexed amid the amusement. She continues to gaze at him.

CUT:

18. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND. DAY

The picnic party is at the water's edge, running and playing. GUIDO SANTI half-falls into the water, hangs on to CLARE who also stumbles.

CLARE is on the ground. ALBERTO runs over to her. Her blouse is soaked. GUIDO is soaked below the waist. They are all gasping with laughter.

ALBERTO  
 (to CLARE)  
 Are you OK ?

CLARE  
 Yes thanks, doctor!

18. Contd.

ALBERTO  
(closer)  
Any bruises?

CLARE  
I'm soaked!

ALBERTO  
(taking off his jacket)  
Here!

Meanwhile GUIDO SANTI is trying to wring out his trousers.

ALBERTO gazes at CLARE's shoulders and breasts which are outlined under her wet blouse. He hands her his jacket.

FRANCA  
(behind ALBERTO)  
Can you give Guido your trousers?

They all laugh.

CUT:

19. EXT. CAMPO SS GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE. DAY

IN LS ALBERTO emerges from the hospital and begins walking across the square.

CUT:

20. EXT. CAMPO SAN FILIPPO E GIACOMO, VENICE. DAY

CLARE walks across the campo.

CUT:

21. EXT. CAMPIELLO DELLA QUERINI-STAMPALIA, VENICE. DAY

LS of ALBERTO and CLARE walking towards each other without realising it. They meet and say hullo. After a few words they each continue on their way. But ALBERTO stops and calls her. She turns. He approaches her again, says something and this time they stroll off together in CLARE's direction.

CUT:

## 22. REPEAT 12.

From the hotel window an ice-cream cart is seen passing in the street below. WE PULL BACK to find that this is CLARE'S P. V. She is standing at the window dressed for dinner.

We hear OVER THE ICECREAM VENDOR's cry, Gelati! gelati!

ALBERTO is whistling, LOVER.

ALBERTO (V. O.)

Are you ready, Clare?

CLARE continues to gaze at the street below, absorbed in her thoughts.

ALBERTO (contd) (V. O.)

Clare!

She stirs.

CLARE

Yes! I'm coming!

She stays there for a moment longer and then slowly leaves the window.

CUT:

## 23. INT. STAIRCASE OF VENETIAN PALAZZO. DAY

JOLE, a middle-aged Friulian woman, walks slowly upstairs laden with shopping. It is winter, 1939. She reaches the first landing and walks towards an apartment door.

From her PV, LILLIAN TROISI is standing outside the door.

JOLE

(stopping)

Mrs. Troisi! Have you rung the bell?

LILLIAN

I've been ringing for ten minutes.

JOLE

(approaching the door  
with her key)

She's still asleep maybe.

23. Contd.

JOLE (contd)  
(opening the door and  
calling inside)

Signora!

They both go into the apartment.

CUT:

24. INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT. DAY

JOLE and LILLIAN walk in, looking for CLARE.

LILLIAN

Clare!

CLARE (V.O.)

Yes?

JOLE

There she is! I told you she was  
asleep!

LILLIAN

(going towards  
CLARE's room)

I've been ringing for ages!

25. INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM. DAY

CLARE is lying on her bed in her clothes. LILLIAN walks in.

CLARE

Sorry mum. I must have fallen  
asleep.

LILLIAN

You certainly must!  
(sitting down on the  
bed and kissing her)  
Is everything OK?

CLARE

(nodding, yawning)  
Yes! We didn't get to bed till four!

25. Contd.

LILLIAN

Can Jole make me some tea? I'm dying for a cup!

CLARE

Of course! Jole! Jole!

JOLE (V. O.)

Yes, Signora?

CLARE

Make mummy a cup of tea please!

LILLIAN

We're going to England for Christmas. We'd like you and Alberto to come too.

CLARE

(sitting up)

You're going to England? you'd like us to come? But England's at war!

LILLIAN

I know! But we're not!

OVER, rifle-shots.

CUT:

26. EXT. A FAIRGROUND, VERONA. NIGHT

Rifle shots OVER. They are from one of the fairground firing ranges, and mingle with OTHER FAIRGROUND NOISES.

WE TRACK through the crowds, past the Big Dipper and the various roundabouts. WE ZOOM IN to the young blond GIULIO MARCHETTI who is strolling along rather dreamily, his light overcoat open, gazing at the booths on either side. He has a distinguished but relaxed bearing.

A YOUNG MAN passes, stops and recognises him.

YOUNG MAN

Giulio! I thought you were still in Sicily with your pots!

GIULIO

I just got back.

26. Contd.

They stroll along together. They stop and watch one of the firing booths.

YOUNG MAN  
Going away for Christmas?

GIULIO  
London maybe. But I haven't decided yet.

CUT:

27. EXT. WOODS, SOUTHERN ENGLAND. DAY

CLARE, ALBERTO and an Englishman DICK WYATT are walking in the woods and are seen in L.S. WYATT is a sturdy, beefy, weather-beaten man. He has a walking stick and two dogs are following him. He is dressed in a hacking jacket and the 'silver' whipcord trousers that were in vogue among the semi-military. It is a scene of the greatest serenity, considering that Britain is at war.

CUT:

28. EXT. FORECOURT OF WYATT HOUSE. DAY

CLARE, ALBERTO and WYATT cross the forecourt of a large house built in the 'stockbroker Tudor' style of the Thirties. The dogs are behind them.

An AIR RAID WARDEN, a local man of about 60, passes on the road outside. He is wearing a steel helmet and a rifle is slung over his shoulder.

AIR RAID WARDEN  
Morning, Mr. Wyatt!

WYATT  
(turning)  
Morning, Harry! Invasion started yet?

AIR RAID WARDEN  
My wife's on the attack again, that's all  
I know!

28. Contd.

WYATT  
(with a laugh)  
You ought to be a bachelor like me!

CUT:

29. INT. LOUNGE OF WYATT HOUSE. DAY

It is shortly before lunch and CLARE, ALBERTO, LILLIAN and ANDREA TROISI are DICK WYATT's guests. The lounge is a long room with french windows giving on to a balustrade, and there are deep comfortable armchairs covered with gay rustic material. Carpets are spread opulently over the parquet floor, and there are one or two oriental bombé sideboards, and pieces of Dresden china.

WYATT is handing a drink to ALBERTO. The others have been served.

WYATT  
It's going to last a long time yet, take it from me.  
(helping himself to a large whisky and soda and throwing himself with self-satisfied heaviness into an armchair)  
Unless the Americans come in of course. But they won't, not for a long time. Congress won't buy it.  
(turning to ANDREA)  
We're alone Mr. Troisi. And damned weak.  
(with a sudden candid smile)  
So we're going to need at least ten years to win this war!  
(fixing ALBERTO)  
I wouldn't like to be in your boots, my lad!

ALBERTO  
What do you mean?

WYATT  
Mussolini's got to follow Hitler. Let me tell you something. Eden made a bloody mess of our relations with Italy. And it's too late now. Sooner or later Mussolini's coming into this war and that means you! How do you feel about it?

29. Contd.

ALBERTO looks at WYATT thoughtfully.

ALBERTO

What do I feel about it?

(with a shrug)

I'm sure we agree it's very difficult  
to admire Hitler...

WYATT

Good! So why don't you stay here?

ALBERTO

In England?

WYATT

Yes! There's a big need for doctors  
here. And it wouldn't be difficult to  
find you a good job.

ALBERTO

I've already got a good job - in Venice.

WYATT

Listen to me! There's no such thing as  
an Italian or Englishman as far as Hitler's  
concerned. You're either for him or  
against him! You and Clare should stay  
in this country, Alberto, you should work  
here!

ALBERTO

Me being a doctor here is going to stop  
Hitler?

WYATT

The question is where you can serve best  
and I think you can serve best here!

ALBERTO

It's Clare's mother and father who want  
her here! I can understand that. But  
I've got to go back. And I want her with  
me. She's my wife!

29. Contd.

LILLIAN

Listen, Alberto, nobody's trying to separate you from your wife --

ALBERTO

That's exactly what you're trying to do!

ANDREA

We want you to stay as well!

ALBERTO

(to ANDREA)

It's easy for you! You've got nothing to lose! You're as much at home here as in Italy! You've got no ties in Venice, apart from me and Clare - and you want to keep her here. So everything's fine!

ANDREA

I'm at home nowhere! Thanks to fifteen years of fascism and all those good people who've got ties!

WYATT

And what's more Clare's half-English, and you're putting her into a very tough situation!

There is silence.

ALBERTO

(to ANDREA)

So you've absolutely decided to stay?

ANDREA

(nodding without  
looking at him)

We decided before we left Venice.

LILLIAN

(to ALBERTO)

If you're really set on going you could leave Clare with us for the time being, until you see how things go over there.

29. Contd.

CLARE

There's only one person who hasn't said anything so far and that's me!

CUT:

30. EXT. ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE. DAY

MS of the cafe Florian. We ZOOM IN to see PROFESSOR FRANZETTI sitting at a table inside, an overcoat thrown over his shoulders. A cup of coffee is before him, and he is reading.

CUT:

31. INT. BEDROOM, WYATT HOUSE, ENGLAND. NIGHT

It is a large room with a vast dark wardrobe and a double bed, at the foot of which a settee, table and two small armchairs are set.

ALBERTO in his dressing gown is sitting in one of the armchairs gazing into the open coal-fire. CLARE is already in bed, half sitting against the pillows, watching him.

ALBERTO

Is a man a coward just because he wants to go back home and look after people he knows, in a hospital where he's got a job? Oh, it's easy enough to talk! 'Hitler' - 'Mussolini' ...  
If I could be absolutely sure that staying here and never seeing Venice or my mother or any of my family again and maybe getting myself killed was going to bring Hitler down I'd do it like a shot! Of course! I'd do anything I could!  
(he turns and looks at her)  
Have you made up your mind?

CLARE

(tenderly)  
Why don't you come to bed?

ALBERTO gets up and goes to her slowly. At the bed he falls into her arms and they begin kissing each other. Before she becomes excited she gazes before her in a slightly detached and thoughtful way.

CUT:

## 32. EXT. WOODS, SOUTHERN ENGLAND. DAY

CLARE and WYATT are riding. They rein their horses carefully along a narrow path between trees, lowering their heads against overhanging branches. They are both in hacking jackets and jodpurs. WYATT leads the way.

WYATT

(ducking)

You know Clare it's awfully tough for me - I know we're related and all that but my God when I saw you at the station -

(ducking)

the first time - I just didn't expect you to be - well, you know - !

CLARE smiles slightly at him, after ducking from branches.

WYATT (contd)

I hope you don't go back!

CUT:

## 33. RESUME 31

CLARE is no longer in a detached mood and is responding to ALBERTO's kisses, passing her fingers through his hair, her eyes closed.

CUT:

## 34. INT. CAFE FLORIAN, VENICE. DAY

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is reading from the Catullus book that CLARE once brought to him. We hear CLARE'S VOICE OVER as she reads one of the love poems in Latin. He gazes before him with a certain pleasureable regret in his eyes. This narrows to a kind of determination: he is thinking something out.

CLARE (V.O.)

Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse  
requiris,

Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior ...

CUT:

## 35. INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT, VENICE. DAY

The whole apartment has been cleared of furniture. The light-bulbs are naked. TWO REMOVALS MEN are taking out the last piece - a tall wardrobe.

CLARE and JOLE are closing the shutters and the windows. They then go to the front door and JOLE picks up two shopping bags full of small household articles.

CUT:

## 36. INT. THE LANDING OUTSIDE. DAY

JOLE walks down the stairs with the shopping bags. CLARE locks the apartment door.

CUT:

## 37. EXT. CANALE SAN TROVASO. DAY

A barge loaded with CLARE's furniture is moored at the calle opposite the side-entrance of the Palazzo Contarini. The tall wardrobe is being loaded by THE TWO MEN. They strap it down, and ONE OF THEM releases the mooring ropes.

CLARE and JOLE appear from the calle, and JOLE hands the DRIVER her bags.

THE TWO MEN jump on board and the barge slips slowly away, while CLARE and JOLE walk away.

CUT:

## 38. CAM MOUNTED ON BARGE

The barge moves slowly along the San Trovaso Canal, and WE PAN across the Campo San Trovaso taking in the church and then, as we turn right into the Rio Ognissanti, the GONDOLA YARD on the corner (see 157/158).

We draw slowly along the deserted Ognissanti Canal, the barge-engine idling, until we turn right into the Rio delle Eremitte, which leads into the Rio Mal Paga.

CUT:

## 39. EXT. RIO DI MAL PAGA. DAY

In MS the barge is turning into the Mal Paga Canal. The moored boats rise and fall with the barge's wash as it steers carefully past them. It draws towards the fondamenta outside the Troisi house.

A MAN moors the barge with ropes and ANOTHER MAN jumps on to the fondamenta. When the engine has been switched off THE DRIVER joins THE TWO MEN and they begin unloading the furniture.

CLARE and JOLE appear from the direction of San Trovaso. CLARE unlocks the door of the Troisi house and goes inside, while JOLE opens the other leaf of the door so that the furniture may enter.

CLARE, inside the house, opens the shutters on the first floor, and stands gazing down at the canal.

CUT:

## 40. INT. THE TROISI LOUNGE. DAY

CLARE and JOLE are blacking out the windows with blue paper. CLARE is working on the french windows that overlook the garden while JOLE is on a ladder at one of the windows overlooking the canal.

JOLE

(half-laughing)

At least we don't have to clean them every minute!

CLARE

Not until we get the blackout curtains, anyway!

JOLE

(stepping back)

Is that all right?

CLARE

(making a face)

Terrific!

They look at each other and laugh.

CUT:

## 41. INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT, VENICE. DAY

It is a hot July evening. The room is furnished simply in the respectable style of the period. FRANCA, her boyfriend GUIDO SANTI, LETIZIA and LUIGI SCATIN, together with two older friends, ROSANNA and GIANFRANCO, are sitting round a table playing at mediumistic communication. They all have their right hands (except for the thumbs) on the base of an upturned glass. This is moving about within a large circle composed of the letters of the alphabet written on cards. They make cries of surprise as the glass slides about with a force apparently its own. It pulls their hands across the table and back again.

GUIDO

I think it means 'yes' !

LETIZIA

Yes to what?

GIANFRANCO

(to ROSANNA)

Ask it again!

ROSANNA

(speaking to the spirit)

What's your name? have you been here before? Please tell us your name!

The glass does not move.

LUIGI

Perhaps it doesn't like to identify itself!

(to ROSANNA)

Ask it where I'll be posted.

ROSANNA

(speaking to the spirit again)

Would you mind telling us please where Luigi Scatin, Luigi Scatin, is going to be posted?

They wait while the glass is stationary. Then it begins to move, slowly at first, then more quickly, making an ominous scraping noise on the table until it is gyrating furiously, quicker and quicker, pulling their hands round with a force of its own until they are all exclaiming and laughing.

CUT:

## 42. EXT. THE TUNISIAN DESERT. EVENING

With the sound of the gyrating glass still OVER we see LUIGI SCATIN as a soldier in the desert, sweating and hatless, dragging a machine-gun and tripod through the sand. It is dusk.

The sound of the glass on the table becomes the screaming engine of a tank OVER. LUIGI is trying to run. He appears to be giddy and delirious. He is actually running in circles, making deeper and deeper indentations in the sand with his machine gun. He runs round and round, breathing heavily, as the tank comes nearer.

CUT:

## 43. RESUME 41

The glass on the table continues to revolve frantically.

LUIGI  
(with a laugh)  
It means I'm going to be everywhere!  
Everywhere!

The glass suddenly sweeps all the letter-cards off the table. There is a great cry.

CUT:

## 44. RESUME 42

The scream of the tank is even nearer. There is a burst of machine gun fire OVER. LUIGI SCATIN falls.

CUT:

## 45. RESUME 43

The glass on the table comes to a halt. Everyone gasps. Silence. LUIGI SCATIN is still smiling. FRANCA makes a face towards LUIGI and they all start laughing again. They pick up the fallen letter-cards and replace them on the table, pushing at each other.

CUT:

## 46. RESUME 44

Silence. The body of LUIGI SCATIN is lying in the sand along the deep circular track made by his own machine-gun.

46. Contd.

In the stillness we hear OVER a Venetian churchbell.

CUT:

47. EXT. GARDEN OF THE TROISI HOUSE, VENICE. EVENING

It is dusk. With the churchbell still OVER we OPEN on a CAT amid the heavy summer foliage of the Troisi garden. It disappears in the shadows of a bush. We PAN TO take in the rest of the garden and the open french windows of the TROISI house.

CUT:

48. INT. THE TROISI LOUNGE. EVENING

The churchbell is still OVER. CLARE and PROFESSOR FRANZETTI are sitting in the deepening shadows. They are dressed for great heat.

FRANZETTI

(with a smile, gazing at her)

I'm just wondering where that young girl is who used to find translating Catullus so painful ...

CLARE

Sitting right in front of you!

FRANZETTI

Oh no! In front of me there's a woman -- sure of herself, almost self-sufficient.

CLARE

(smiling)

'Almost'?

FRANZETTI

'Almost', yes. 'Self-sufficient' is one of those expressions you have to qualify. I don't want to sound trite, but everybody needs something done for them by somebody else which they could never do for themselves. For instance I wouldn't be happy if I didn't visit this house from time to time. So in that sense I need you, I'm not self-sufficient! These rooms are full of memories for me, you see. The talks I used to have with your father ... All those

48. Contd.

FRANZETTI (contd)

Christmasses we had together -- those English Christmasses. And your mother trying to get everybody to sing. And she succeeded - she got us all to sing! Everybody, including me!

(with an absent air)

Yes, she succeeded! And then I saw you grow up here and become a young lady and learn Latin in this house.

CLARE

(a little coolly)

You're wrong, professor. I learned Latin at your place.

FRANZETTI

'You're wrong. Enrico'!

She stares at him.

FRANZETTI (contd)

'You're wrong Enrico'! Would it bore you terribly Clare to call me by my Christian name? It seems a bit ridiculous me calling you Clare and you calling me professor! And then, with your parents so far away, I feel as if I'd taken their place in a way, even if you don't need me to of course!

CLARE

(a little embarrassed)

I don't know - after all -

FRANZETTI

Try it. 'After all Enrico'!

CLARE

No!

(with a laugh)

I grew up calling you professor and to start saying your Christian name now would feel so funny! I just can't do it! You must give me time! I promise you I'll try! All right?

FRANZETTI gets up.

48. Contd.

FRANZETTI

All right.

CLARE rises as well and goes with him to the door. He follows her into the corridor, and they begin walking down the stairs.

CUT:

49. INT. THE TROISI STAIRCASE. EVENING

FRANZETTI

(quietly, as they walk downstairs)  
And then it's best to let certain strange things alone, isn't that right, Clare?

CLARE turns on the staircase to say something but at this moment ALBERTO enters the house.

CLARE

(to ALBERTO)

Hullo!

ALBERTO

Hullo! Good evening professor! How are you?

CLARE and FRANZETTI join ALBERTO at the door.

FRANZETTI

(giving ALBERTO his hand)  
Well enough! And you? Clare's been telling me you're still busy at the hospital.

ALBERTO

(with hesitation)  
As busy as ever, yes!

FRANZETTI

(leaving)  
Goodbye, both of you!

ALBERTO

Good evening!

CLARE

Good evening, professor!

49. Contd.

FRANZETTI turns and gives her an amused look. She closes the door. She follows ALBERTO up the stairs.

CUT:

50. INT. TROISI BEDROOM. EVENING

ALBERTO enters the bedroom with CLARE behind him. He takes off his jacket and tie and throws them on the bed.

ALBERTO

Anything new?

CLARE

(taking up his jacket and tie and putting them on the dumb waiter)

Yes. Franca's got officially engaged to Guido Santi. He's been called up and has to go on Monday.

ALBERTO

Him too?

CLARE gives him a frightened look and he lowers his eyes.

CUT:

51. EXT. A RAILWAY STATION. DAY

On the platform, by a waiting train.

A TRACKING SHOT of GIULIO MARCHETTI as a lieutenant in the Regio Esercito as he walks down the train. He is in officer's uniform. He gets into one of the compartments. He closes the door behind him. We see him from the front for the first time when he sits down and looks out of the window on to the platform.

CUT:

52. INT. THE TROISI DINING ROOM. DAY

CLARE is sitting at the head of the table eating alone. She has just finished the first course.

52. Contd.

JOLE comes in with a plate of veal and sets it down by CLARE, who hands her her dirty plate and puts the plate of veal in its place. She starts eating and JOLE leaves the room.

CUT:

53. INT. THE TROISI KITCHEN. DAY

JOLE enters with the dirty plate. She puts it with other china in the washing-up bowl. She pours herself two fingers of wine. She takes the glass to the window and gazes down at the garden below. She drinks the wine.

CUT:

54. FROM JOLE'S PV

CLARE is sitting in the garden below drinking coffee.

CUT:

55. EXT. THE TROISI GARDEN. DAY

CLARE sips her coffee, leans back and gazes before her. Her eyes pass over the pots of geraniums and pinks close by her. She desultorily picks out the weeds.

CUT:

56. INT. THE TROISI LOUNGE. DAY

It is autumn. CLARE comes into the room with FRANCA behind her. FRANCA is carrying a bag.

FRANCA

(excited)

Does it work?

CLARE

(going to the gramophone)

I hope so! Why?

FRANCA

(taking a record out of her bag)

I've got something for you to hear!

CUT:

## 57. INT. THE TROISI LOUNGE. DAY

CLARE and FRANCA are seated listening to the gramophone. The record is Mussurghy's Pictures from an Exhibition in the piano version.

CLARE  
(looking at the  
record's sleeve)  
How did you get this? It's German.

FRANCA  
From an officer. A German officer!

CUT:

58, 59, 60, 61, 62 and 63: PIANO MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

## 58. INT. GERHARD VON GEIGER'S OFFICE. DAY

GERHARD VON GEIGER is a handsome young German officer with a good-humoured self-assurance that seems to be the product of upbringing. He is standing at the window gazing out.

His secretary INGE (also in uniform) is standing at the files cupboard putting documents in order. She is a well-built attractive blonde.

CUT:

## 59. FROM GERHARD'S PV

We are looking from the window at the Calle della Mandorla and the bridge leading from Campo Manin.

FRANCA crosses the bridge. She stops to look into a shop-window.

CUT:

## 60. RESUME 58

GERHARD leaves the window abruptly and walks out of the office, saying something to INGE. She turns, surprised at his sudden exit.

CUT:

## 61. RESUME 59

From the window we see GERHARD joining FRANCA at the shop-window.

CUT:

62. EXT. THE SHOP-WINDOW. DAY

FRANCA and GERHARD are standing side by side at the shop-window. He says something to her. She turns and smiles at him shyly. He points out something in the shop, and she laughs briefly.

CUT:

63. RESUME 57

CLARE

You like him don't you?

FRANCA

Yes, a lot.

CLARE

And what about Guido?

FRANCA

(with a laugh)

What about him? This is just a friendship!

CUT:

64. INT. FRANCA'S ROOM. NIGHT

FRANCA comes into her room taking off her coat, with GERHARD behind her. He has his hat in his hand and puts it down on the table. She turns to him with a smile.

FRANCA

Would you like to do something for me, Herr Hauptmann?

GERHARD

I'd do anything for you signorina!

FRANCA

(with a laugh)

Oh but I need a mechanic!

GERHARD

I took a course in aeronautics once!  
Will that do?

64. Contd.

FRANCA  
I'm afraid not! I want the gramophone  
mended!

GERHARD  
(going to the gramophone)  
Perhaps all it needs is winding up.

He begins winding the machine.

CUT:

65. THE SAME

With SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES from the gramophone FRANCA and GERHARD are dancing together, very close.

CUT:

66. INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLARE is undressing to go to bed. When she has her nightdress on she goes to the dressing table and begins creaming her face. She gazes at her whitened image in a thoughtful way.

CUT:

67. INT. FRANCA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

We hear FRANCA's laughter OVER as the door opens and GERHARD carries her into the room. She kisses him while in his arms. Close to the bed he seems to lose his balance and they fall together on to the bed. Once there, they roll over and over, laughing and gasping, from one side of the bed to the other, almost toppling off. FRANCA remains on top of him, gazing into his eyes. They are out of breath. FRANCA kicks off her shoes, and he tries to do likewise, except that his shoes are not easy to kick off. FRANCA finds this amusing and sits up to help him. GERHARD sits up too and before they can touch his shoes he opens her blouse. They fall back on to the bed. They lie on their sides facing each other. GERHARD runs his hand down her neck and she closes her eyes. He puts his hands behind her head, in her hair, and runs her face close to his, so that their noses and lips and cheeks brush each other. They become frantic. GERHARD kisses her ear. She gasps and lies back.

CUT:

68. INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLARE is in bed. She switches her bedside light off and lies down.

CUT:

69. RESUME 67

FRANCA's bed is in a tumble. FRANCA and GERHARD are naked, half covered by sheets. They are lying against pillows at opposite ends of the bed, he at the head and she at the foot, their legs intertwined. Every now and then he moves his legs and she laughs.

FRANCA

That's enough!

GERHARD

(laughing)

Enough?

FRANCA

You're making me fall off the bed!

GERHARD

(caressing her with  
his feet)

You remind me of somebody I met in  
Venice about ten years ago.

FRANCA

(sitting up)

So you've been here before?

GERHARD

I used to come almost every summer.

FRANCA

And who was this 'somebody'? A girl?

GERHARD smiles without saying anything. FRANCA rises to the kneeling position, draping the sheet round her breasts in a provocative way.

FRANCA

Nicer than me?

69. Contd.

GERHARD  
(pulling her down to  
him and kissing her)  
She was younger.

FRANCA draws back her head and looks at him.

GERHARD (contd)  
(kissing her again)  
More beautiful.  
(kissing her again)  
Sweeter.

They laugh and embrace. She lies at his side again.

GERHARD  
(looking across at the  
dressing table where there  
is GUIDO SANTI's photo)  
Who's that?

FRANCA  
(following his eyes)  
It's Guido.

GERHARD  
Guido?

FRANCA  
Guido Santi. My friend.

GERHARD leans up to look at the photo more closely.

GERHARD  
He looks so young.  
(leaning back)  
Did they send him to the front?

FRANCA  
I don't know. I haven't heard anything  
for some time.

GERHARD  
Would you like me to try and get news of  
him?

69. Contd.

FRANCA  
(hesitating)  
No. It's better not.

CUT:

70. EXT. ST. MARK'S SQUARE. DAY

CLARE, in an autumn coat, is walking hands in pockets and head down in a self-absorbed way towards Cafe Florian.

CUT:

71. INT. CAFE FLORIAN. DAY

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is at his usual place. CLARE comes in and sits down with him. They touch each other's hands lightly.

CLARE  
How are they?

FRANZETTI  
(with a shrug)  
They're fine.

CLARE  
Are they still living with Wyatt?

FRANZETTI nods.

CLARE  
Can you get news of me to them?

FRANZETTI  
I'll do my poor best! I promise!

CUT:

72. EXT. THE ZATTERE, VENICE. DAY

FRANCA and GERHARD are walking along the fondamenta towards La Salute.

GERHARD  
Oh, by the way, Guido Santi's all right.  
I can't say where he is. But nothing's  
happened to him.

72. Contd.

FRANCA

(looking at him with surprise)

Thank you! Why did you take the trouble?

GERHARD

(with a smile)

A rival in good health is always less dangerous than a dead or wounded one!

FRANCA

Are you going to come back soon?

GERHARD

(with a vague gesture)

I think so, yes!

FRANCA

(putting herself in front of him)

I'll come with you!

GERHARD looks at her perplexedly.

FRANCA (contd)

I mean, I'll come to the place where you are. I won't bother you. I'll just wait for you to come to me. Eh?

GERHARD

That's very romantic! But just impossible!

FRANCA

I'm in love with you!

GERHARD

(looking at her strangely)

I know! That's why I'm going to come back!

(taking her hand as if it were a child's)

All right, I'll go to Hitler and I'll say, Fuhrer, I can't stay away from Venice for any reason at all! There's a girl called Franca there who's in love with me!

72. Contd.

FRANCA  
(with a sad smile)  
And would he listen to you?

GERHARD  
Of course he would! The Fuhrer's always  
moved by a love story!  
(looking at her seriously)  
Don't worry. It won't be long. I'll be back  
soon.

C. U. of FRANCA who gazes before her.

CUT:

73. A CLIP FROM 43

The upturned glass is whirling round the table frantically, pulling their hands with it. There are cries of astonishment. The glass suddenly sweeps all the letter-cards off the table.

CUT:

74. INT. THE TROISI HOUSE. DAY

CLARE is walking up the stairs with a shopping bag loaded with food.

CUT:

75. INT. KITCHEN OF TROISI HOUSE. DAY

CLARE walks into the kitchen with her bag and puts it down on the table with a sigh. She takes out a few things she has bought and puts them away in the cupboard. There is a large bag of sugar and a sack of flour. She has also bought some fish wrapped in newspaper. She takes them out - fresh sardines.

CLARE  
(calling softly)  
Lilly! Lilly!

The CAT runs into the kitchen. CLARE selects two of the fishes to put them in the CAT's bowl, then stops to think about it and finally puts only one.

CUT:

## 76. INT. THE TROISI HOUSE. EVENING

A SHOT of the garden from inside the TROISI lounge, in the last shadows of evening. We hear heavy curtains being drawn on the other side of the room.

A CAT runs across the floor. We hear a sudden gasp of alarm from CLARE, OVER.

CUT:

## 77. ANOTHER ANGLE

CLARE has just drawn the blackout curtains over the windows which look on to the fondamenta. She walks across the lounge to the french windows overlooking the garden and draws the curtains there too. It is dark for a moment.

CLARE switches on the light. The CAT appears again and then is gone. CLARE looks round her in the silence. She walks to the bedroom and WE TRACK after her. She sits down on the end of the bed, rather huddling herself together.

There is the sound of a plane OVER, a distant humming. She listens, unsure of the sound. It comes nearer, then goes away. We hear the long whistle of a distant bomb falling, she jumps up, looks about her for a place to go but then stands absolutely rigid. There is a booming crash in the distance which shakes the lampshade, followed by another. There is a pause. A third bomb follows. She runs from the room, picking up her overcoat as she goes.

CUT:

## 78. INT. THE TROISI STAIRCASE. EVENING

CLARE runs down the stairs to the door. At first, in her fear, she cannot open the door to the fondamenta. She wrenches at the handle frantically. Finally it opens.

CUT:

## 79. EXT. RIO DI MAL PAGA. EVENING

CLARE rushes out of the house along the deserted fondamenta. Searchlights play in the sky. There is a burst of anti-aircraft fire in the distance, from the direction of Marghera.

CUT:

80. EXT. FONDAMENTA DELLA TOLETTA. EVENING

CLARE hurries along in a FRONTAL SHOT. Hurry as she may she seems not to be moving. The searchlights play in the sky behind her, and the anti-aircraft fire echoes in the distance.

CUT:

81. INT. THE BALZAN HOUSE. EVENING

With the sound of anti-aircraft fire still OVER we are in the cellar of the Balzan house. In the dimness we perceive AGNESE BALZAN and her husband MARIO sitting in their hats and coats among demijohns of wine and oil and hanging hams. There is also the young GIOVANNI BALZAN who is leaning against his mother. Her arm is round him. MARIO nods asleep, then wakes up with a start. He nods asleep again.

The doorbell rings persistently.

AGNESE  
(nudging MARIO)  
There's somebody at the door!

MARIO wakes and jumps up.

AGNESE  
Don't go!

He leaves without replying.

CUT:

82. INT. THE BALZAN CELLAR. EVENING

CLARE has joined AGNESE, MARIO and GIOVANNI. She is sitting against the wall with a glass of white wine in her hand. The anti-aircraft fire is still OVER.

AGNESE  
Were you in the street?

CLARE  
Yes!

MARIO gives CLARE a quick look.

CLARE leans her head on the wall, closing her eyes.

82. Contd.

AGNESE  
 (fixing her steadily)  
 Is Jole coming back soon?

CLARE  
 No.

AGNESE  
 Why are you so stubborn? I just don't understand you Clare, living alone like that when we've got all this room! We can be together, keep each other company! Why don't you come and live with us?

CLARE  
 It's nice of you but no. It's not that I don't want to be with you - you know that! I just can't leave that house, I couldn't bear to close it up!

MARIO  
 I know one thing, Clare. Alberto'd be happier if you were here.

CLARE  
 He knows he doesn't have to worry about me!

CUT:

83. INT. PROFESSOR FRANZETTI'S STUDY. EVENING

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is just closing his blackout curtains. The lamps are not yet lit. He pauses at the last curtain and gazes down at the fondamenta outside. He sees someone and closes the curtain abruptly. There is darkness for a moment while he switches on the light. There is a long ring at the doorbell. He walks quickly out of the room.

CUT:

84. INT. ENTRANCE OF FRANZETTI APARTMENT. EVENING

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI opens the door to CLARE. He kisses her hand and they walk towards his study. He says something to her which we do not hear.

84. Contd.

FRANZETTI  
(as they come into CU)  
How are you?

CLARE shrugs, with a smile.

CLARE  
Is there any news?

FRANZETTI  
They're all well. Your father's settled  
down nicely.

CUT:

85. INT. PROFESSOR FRANZETTI'S STUDY. EVENING

CLARE and PROFESSOR FRANZETTI are walking into the study.

FRANZETTI  
From what I understand he'd like to  
be 'active', if you see what I mean.  
But being afraid of harming you in  
some way ...

CLARE  
(a little stiffly)  
Daddy thinks of everything. I'm sorry  
to be an ostacle! When did you hear all  
this?  
(as she sits on the settee)

FRANZETTI  
A couple of days ago.

CUT:

86. THE SAME

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is sitting at CLARE's side.

FRANZETTI  
You're fed up aren't you?  
(gazing at her)  
What hurt you more Clare - leaving them  
behind or knowing that they chose to stay  
there, far away from you?

86. Contd.

CLARE looks at him quickly, then turns away.

CLARE

Running a house all alone - that's what hurts me!

CUT:

87. THE SAME

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is walking up and down the room. CLARE is still seated.

FRANZETTI

Alberto - you're still in love with him?

CLARE

If only I knew when it was going to end!

FRANZETTI

The war? Poor Clare! Always looking for a fortune-teller! The war depends on you!

CUT:

88. THE SAME

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is pouring vin santo at the big table. CLARE is still seated.

FRANZETTI

(quietly)

We fight a lot of unnecessary wars Clare!

(as she looks up at him)

Against ourselves! Against our desires. Everybody has his little battlefield, his private hell. I've been trying to find out about yours for years! And I think I've got there!

CLARE

Really? Then you understand more than I do!

88. Contd.

FRANZETTI

Because I know you Clare. And I hold you very dear . . . You're like a butterfly that ignores the splendour of her wings! She just doesn't see it! She doesn't want to see it!

CLARE

Let's talk plainer English OK?

FRANZETTI

(smiling)

Of course Clare! I've always wanted to do that!

CUT:

89. ANOTHER ANGLE

FRANZETTI

Let's agree you're a clever and sensitive woman but don't know yourself. Knowing oneself Clare means accepting oneself! You came to me once, remember, saying you were in love with Alberto?

CLARE

Not 'saying' ! I -- !

FRANZETTI

Wait a minute. Just answer this: are you really in love with Alberto? Or is it love itself that attracts you? the experience?

CLARE doesn't reply.

FRANZETTI (contd)

Something that somebody else could maybe give you?

CLARE raises her eyes abruptly, watching him almost angrily.

FRANZETTI (contd)

Am I shocking you? But that's the situation!

CUT:

## 90. ANOTHER ANGLE

FRANZETTI

You often look at my hands, Clare.  
 (passing behind CLARE  
 and running his hand along  
 the back of the settee)

I think you like them.

(putting his hand in the nape  
 of her neck and beginning  
 to caress her)

After all it was I who put the silver tinsel  
 on your Christmas trees! And a little of  
 the silver stayed on my hands, do you know  
 that? Your mother lost a lot of her  
 battles at the beginning. She came to Italy  
 looking just like you! The same eyes - always  
 searching - questing for something!

(with a reflective smile)

How irritated she was, do you remember,  
 whenever you came to see me?

CLARE

Irritated?

FRANZETTI

I mustn't 'encourage' you, she said!  
 Remember? Christmas was always the  
 best time! She could open her heart then!

His hand passes down her neck to the opening of her blouse.

CUT:

## 91. EXT. A FONDAMENTA. EVENING

CLARE and PROFESSOR FRANZETTI are walking along arm-in-arm.  
 She is silent.

CUT:

## 92. EXT. RIO DI MAL PAGA. EVENING

CLARE and PROFESSOR FRANZETTI arrive at CLARE's house. She  
 turns to say good night.

FRANZETTI

You'll come and see me again?

92. Contd.

CLARE  
(smiling a little strangely)  
You know, I hardly read Catullus any more ...

He stands watching her as she goes in.

FRANZETTI  
Good night, Clare.

He walks away towards La Toletta.

CUT:

93. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, ALTO ADIGE. NIGHT

With the mountains in the distance, the fields are dark and silent. It is the night of 7 December 1943. Suddenly there are the cracking shots of flares being fired, and the sky turns lurid green and red, two of the colours of the Italian flag. The flares hover over the countryside, illuminating every detail uncannily -- trees, paths, houses.

CUT:

94. EXT. FARMHOUSE IN THE CARSO HILLS, NEAR TRIESTE. DAY

WE OPEN on the back of the farmhouse, close to the fields. It is a hot September morning. There is the sound of slow metallic hammering OVER.

A YOUTH of about 17 years is squatted hammering an iron spike into the ground. When it is firm he takes the blade of a scythe at his side and, placing it on the spike, begins hammering its crooked and broken edge straight.

THE YOUTH looks up suddenly, feeling watched. FROM HIS PV we see GIULIO MARCETTI standing before him. He is in uniform, exhausted and sweating after walking many miles.

CUT:

95. INT. THE HAY BARN. DAY

THE YOUTH is sitting in the hay with GIULIO MARCETTI. GIULIO is now dressed in a peasant shirt, with ill-fitting trousers. He is eating bread and milk from a clay bowl. His uniform is lying in a pile close by, half hidden under the hay.

95. Contd.

YOUTH

Have you ever seen anybody killed?

GIULIO

Yes, a lot.

YOUTH

Where?

GIULIO

In Africa. Here too!

YOUTH

What was it like?

GIULIO

Would you like to be killed?

YOUTH

I'd like to fight. But my parents won't let me go.

GIULIO

Of course they won't! They believe in life!

YOUTH

(indicating the uniform)

My father says he'll burn it in the ditch as soon as it's dark.

GIULIO nods.

YOUTH (contd)

Where do you come from?

GIULIO

Verona.

YOUTH

Are you going back there?

GIULIO nods again and continues to eat.

The sound of a German truck in the distance breaks the silence. They look at each other. GIULIO looks round the barn for a possible place to hide. THE YOUTH is terrified.

## 96. EXT. FARMHOUSE COURTYARD. DAY

We are in the courtyard between the farmhouse and the hay-barn.  
The barn-door is closed.

An open German truck drives into the courtyard and comes to a halt close to the barn. There are THREE WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS aboard, one of them a CORPORAL. They jump out and after a glance at the barn walk towards the house. There is silence all round. THE CAM remains still throughout the scene, watching the house and TAKING IN a part of the barn.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS enter the house. We hear their steps on the stone floor inside. They open doors, shift tables. AN ITALIAN WOMAN calls out 'Gino!' There is silence again.

The shutter of an upstairs window is flung open. A GERMAN SOLDIER peers out, gazing from left to right round the courtyard. He withdraws again. As he does so a MIDDLE-AGED PEASANT AND HIS WIFE are pushed out of the door downstairs by THE CORPORAL and THE THIRD SOLDIER. They are made to stand side by side. THE SECOND SOLDIER is heard coming down the stairs of the house: he joins his two comrades.

THE CORPORAL and THE THIRD SOLDIER walk towards the barn, leaving the THIRD SOLDIER with THE COUPLE. As they approach the barn its door opens and GIULIO MARCHETTI, again in uniform, but now cool and collected, confronts them. With a certain detachment he salutes THE CORPORAL, who looks at him doubtfully at first, then salutes back.

GIULIO

(approaching them)

Are you going to Trieste? I must go to headquarters.

CORPORAL

(after a moment's hesitation)

What headquarters?

GIULIO

Yours.

CUT:

## 97. FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

THE SECOND SOLDIER strolls to the barn and cautiously pulls the door open while the CORPORAL and GIULIO walk with THE THIRD SOLDIER to the truck.

CUT:

98. INT. THE BARN. DAY

FROM THE SECOND SOLDIER'S PV we see a deserted hay-barn.  
There is no sign of THE YOUTH.

CUT:

99. EXT. THE COURTYARD. DAY

GIULIO MARCHETTI mounts the German truck with THE CORPORAL.  
THE THIRD SOLDIER gets into the driver's seat.

CORPORAL  
(calling out to the  
SECOND SOLDIER)  
Schnell! Wir gehen weg!

THE SECOND SOLDIER leaves the barn, hurrying to the truck.  
THE PEASANT COUPLE remain standing together by the house.

With everyone mounted the truck pulls out of the courtyard on to the  
road.

CUT:

100. EXT. MOVING SHOT, THE GERMAN TRUCK. DAY

THE CORPORAL offers GIULIO MARCHETTI a drink from his hip-flask.

CORPORAL  
(shouting above the engine)  
Schnapps!

GIULIO takes a gulp and almost throws up. He conceals his discomfort  
with a smile at THE CORPORAL.

CUT:

101. EXT. RIO DI MAL PAGA. DAY

It is winter, 1943. MARIO BALZAN walks along the fondamenta from the  
direction of Rio Ognissanti. He is wrapped in a heavy overcoat, a scarf  
close round his neck, hands in pockets. He is very pale. He rings the  
bell of the TROISI house. CLARE opens a window upstairs. She looks  
down and waves to him. He waits, looking up and down the deserted  
fondamenta, blowing against the cold, stamping his feet, while CLARE  
comes downstairs to let him in.

101. Contd.

She opens the door.

BALZAN  
(as he goes in)  
Any news?

CLARE shakes her head.

The door closes.

CUT:

102. EXT. A NARROW CALLE. EVENING

TWO MEN, one (Dino di Cosimo) short and dark in ill-fitting civilian clothes, the other slim, a southerner of the blond type, are walking swiftly along the calle. They suddenly slip into a doorway.

CUT:

103. INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT. EVENING

FRANCA is dressing to go out. There is a ring at the bell. After a quick look at her watch she hurries to the door and opens it.

CUT:

104. ANOTHER ANGLE

Outside FRANCA's door are THE TWO MEN.

FRANCA suppresses a cry of surprise.

CUT:

105. INT. FRANCA'S ROOM. EVENING

THE TWO MEN are standing together while FRANCA puts on her coat.

The doorbell rings again. FRANCA takes her pocket-book and hurries to the door.

CUT:

106. EXT. STREET ENTRANCE TO FRANCA'S APARTMENT.  
EVENING

GERHARD VON GEIGER is waiting. The door opens and FRANCA joins him in a nervously excited mood, all smiles.

FRANCA  
(taking his arm)  
Where are we going?

GERHARD looks at her with cool surprise, then, as they walk off together, he gives her apartment windows on the ground floor a backward glance.

CUT:

107. INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT. EVENING

DINO DI COSIMO and THE OTHER MAN are seated in FRANCA's sitting room opposite each other. There is utter silence. They look round the room, then stare at each other without a word.

CUT:

108. INT. A VENETIAN CHURCH. DAY

It is still winter 1943. FRANCA is the only person in the church. She is sitting somewhere near the middle.

CUT:

109. EXT. THE VENETIAN CHURCH. DAY

CLARE hurries into the church.

CUT:

110. RESUME 108

CLARE enters the church and FRANCA at once looks round. She goes to the aisle and does a quick bow to the altar before joining CLARE at the fount near the entrance.

FRANCA  
I need help.

CLARE  
What's happened?

110. Contd.

FRANCA

A cousin of mine's here. The Germans caught him in Trieste but he got away. He's with a friend from his regiment. They're trying to get south. I've had them at my place for a night but it's too dangerous! With Gerhard -- !

CLARE

I can have them for a night.

FRANCA

They'll come at six o'clock this evening. Leave your door open.

CLARE

What's your cousin's name?

FRANCA

(taking her arm and drawing her out of the church)  
Dino di Cosimo. He's the dark one. He's a bit like me.

CUT:

111. INT. INGE'S OFFICE. EVENING

INGE is typing a letter. There are hurrying footsteps outside. FRANCA rushes in. INGE looks up.

FRANCA

Could you tell the captain I'm here?

INGE

(with a brief look of irony)  
Of course signorina!

CUT:

112. INT. GERHARD'S OFFICE. EVENING

GERHARD is at his desk working. INGE comes in, closes the door behind her.

INGE

A young lady to see you -- sir.

112. Contd.

GERHARD  
(meeting her eyes with a smile)  
Is that meant to be ironical?

INGE  
She's in a hurry.

GERHARD  
(returning to his work)  
You'd better show her in then.

INGE returns to the door and shows FRANCA in, then leaves again.

GERHARD  
(rising)  
I said I'd come to your place!

FRANCA  
(with a nervous smile)  
I felt like seeing you!

A bell outside begins striking the hour OVER. She looks up at the clock on the wall as GERHARD embraces her. FROM HER PV we see it is six o'clock.

CUT:

113. INT. TROISI LOUNGE. EVENING

With the clock-bell still OVER, CLARE hurries into the corridor. The curtains are already drawn.

CUT:

114. INT. THE TROISI STAIRCASE. EVENING

CLARE walks down the stairs. She reaches the door to the fondamenta and pauses, listening. She opens the door slowly and noiselessly.

CUT:

115. INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

GERHARD is sitting alone at the table, which has been set for two people with napkins etc. and a bowl of flowers in the middle.

115. Contd.

There is a thump from the kitchen behind him.

GERHARD  
(turning)  
What's happened?

FRANCA (V.O.)  
Nothing!

GERHARD  
You didn't cut your hand off or anything?

FRANCA  
No!

He gets up and strolls to the kitchen. WE TRACK after him.  
FRANCA is dividing roast chicken with a small household chopper.  
He watches her.

GERHARD  
What the hell are you doing with that?

FRANCA  
(stopping)  
Why, do you want to eat it whole?

GERHARD  
It's up to me to carve, not you. Here -- !

He takes the chicken on its wooden platter and looks round for a serving plate. He finds one and puts the chicken on it. FRANCA watches him with some surprise.

GERHARD  
(going back to the table)  
Now I take it to the table!

He puts the serving plate at his place, still watched by FRANCA.

GERHARD (contd)  
And now you give me the carving knife.

FRANCA  
I haven't got one!

GERHARD  
Not even a carving fork?

115. Contd.

FRANCA  
(with a certain  
embarrassment)  
Not even that!

GERHARD  
(making a humourously  
disapproving gesture and  
returning to the kitchen)  
Well, you don't seem equipped for a  
dinner party do you, signorina?

FRANCA  
(down)  
No, I don't! I'm just a schoolteacher ...  
(nervously)  
What shall we do?

GERHARD  
(rummaging among her cutlery)  
A breadknife will do. And an ordinary  
fork, I suppose.  
(shaking his head as  
he takes them)  
And now  
(passing her and giving  
her a quick kiss)  
come and see how it's done.

He stands at the table, preparing to carve.

GERHARD (contd)  
You sit there, and you give me your plate.

FRANCA sits at her place and puts her plate on his in silence.

GERHARD (contd)  
It's an old tribal custom.  
(looking at her with a smile)  
Only among the best tribes of course ...

CUT:

116. EXT. THE TROISI HOUSE. DAY

GIULIO MARCHETTI is ringing the bell. He is now in the uniform of the Esercito Repubblicano, newly formed by Mussolini under German protection.

116. Contd.

CLARE puts her head out of an upstairs window.

CLARE  
Who is it?

GIULIO  
(looking up)  
Mrs. Balzan?

CLARE  
(half-defensive, half-alarmed)  
Yes! What do you want?

GIULIO  
(with a smile)  
I'm Lieutenant Marchetti.

CUT:

117. INT. THE TROISI STAIRCASE. DAY

GIULIO is walking up the stairs. CLARE is at the top waiting for him. GIULIO joins her but she remains where she is, waiting for him to speak. He returns her gaze calmly. CLARE turns and leads the way towards the lounge.

CLARE  
(brusquely)  
Come in.

GIULIO follows her towards the lounge.

CUT:

118. INT. THE TROISI LOUNGE. DAY

CLARE enters with GIULIO behind her. He has his hat in his hand.

CLARE  
Well?

GIULIO  
(putting his hat coolly  
on the table and speaking  
in a casual, almost  
indifferent tone)  
Have you been putting partisans up?

118. Contd.

CLARE  
(looking at him hard)

No!

GIULIO  
May I sit down?

CLARE  
Of course!

GIULIO  
(sitting down)  
A neighbour of yours who's very active in the party informed against you. He said there were suspicious movements here a few evenings ago. It seems he doesn't trust you because you're English.

CLARE  
My mother's English!

GIULIO  
(almost to himself)  
'Clare' ... Clare means Chiara, is that right?

CLARE  
Yes it means Chiara!  
(abruptly again)  
You came to see if I was hiding partisans?

GIULIO  
I came to tell you it's a dangerous thing to do Mrs. Troisi.  
(looking at her hair)  
Does Clare mean 'bright' in English as well? Did they call you that because of your hair?

CLARE  
(touching her hair in a slightly distracted way)  
I don't know!

GIULIO  
It's a big house. You live alone?

118. Contd.

CLARE

Yes.

GIULIO

Why? Haven't you relatives?

CLARE

In-laws. But I live alone.

GIULIO

You prefer it that way?

CLARE

(with a shrug)

It's just how it is!

GIULIO

And you aren't afraid?

CLARE

Afraid of what?

GIULIO is amused. And finally she answers him with a smile. He rises.

CLARE

(surprised)

Are you going?

GIULIO

(picking up his hat)

I must get back to headquarters.

CLARE

You said you came to warn me?

GIULIO

Yes.

CLARE

Why did you do it?

GIULIO

(with a shrug)

Perhaps I like English names ...

CUT:

## 119. EXT. A CALLE. DAY

MARIO BALZAN is walking along looking about him anxiously. He stops, uncertain which way to go, then walks on.

CUT:

## 120. EXT. THE GIARDINETTI, ST. MARK'S. DAY

GERMAN SOLDIERS and A FEW CIVILIANS are strolling on the gravel paths, taking the brilliant early-spring sun.

MARIO BALZAN enters the gardens, still looking about him. FROM HIS PV THE CAM searches among THE CIVILIANS. He recognises his wife AGNESE. She is sitting on one of the benches. MARIO hurries towards her.

CUT:

## 121. ANOTHER ANGLE

AGNESE looks at MARIO with scant interest. He sits at her side, aware of the GERMAN SOLDIERS all round.

MARIO

(keeping his voice down)

Agnese, what are you doing here?  
It's twelve already! Giovanni went  
to Alberto's house to look for you!

AGNESE

(looking straight in front)

Alberto's house! That's the Troisi  
house!

MARIO

(with another glance  
at THE SOLDIERS)

It's too chilly to be sitting here!  
Let's go home! Come on!  
(trying to help her up)

AGNESE

(shaking his arm away)

What do I care about warmth? I've got  
two boys away from home! Two! And no  
news for months!

121. Contd.

MARIO

(trying to calm her)

If they're away from you they're away from me too! And what about Clare - don't you think she misses Alberto?

AGNESE

Clare! Clare isn't his mother! She doesn't suffer like I do! Nobody does! And she doesn't love Alberto! If she loved him she'd have come and lived with me. She'd have come to see me sometimes!

MARIO

OK but let's go home!

AGNESE starts getting up.

MARIO

(taking her arm)

Giovanni must be home. Maybe Clare too.

AGNESE

(unexpectedly calm)

Oh no! Not Clare! She won't be there!

CUT:

122. EXT. CAMPO S. MAURIZIO, VENICE. DAY

GIULIO MARCHETTI is leaning against the fountain in the spring sunshine, gazing across at the Calle del Piovan. We see the calle FROM HIS PV. He notices something of interest on a building in that calle, its corner just visible from where he is standing, and he strolls over for a closer look. WE TRACK with him and from his PV look up at the facade in relief on the wall of a small early-Venetian house. He leans against the opposite wall trying to decipher the damaged inscription.

At this moment CLARE passes. She almost bumps into him. They step away from each other and smile politely.

GIULIO

Good morning, Mrs. Balzan!

CLARE

Good morning!

122. Contd.

GIULIO

(looking up at the  
facade again)

I'm trying to decipher this inscription.  
It seems to be about some Turkish siege.  
What do you think?

CLARE

(looking at him)

Are you interested in these things?

GIULIO

Yes. What about you?

CLARE

I did an arts course before I got  
married!

They begin strolling across the campo.

GIULIO

(with a smile)

I studied archaeology.

CLARE

(with interest)

Archaeology? Have you ever dug in  
Sicily or Greece?

GIULIO

In Greece, yes. Have you been there?

CUT:

123. EXT. THE ISLAND OF DELOS, GREECE. DAY

WE TRACK along the deserted Road of the Lions.

CLARE (V.O.)

Only in books. I used to read about  
Crete and Delos ...

(with a laugh)

I had such a good time in ancient  
Greece without moving!

GIULIO (V.O.)

Perhaps you'll go there one day. Do you  
like travelling?

123. Contd.

CLARE (V.O.)  
It depends where.

CUT:

124. EXT. THE TRAGHETTO STATION. S. MARIA DEL GIGLIO. DAY

CLARE is stepping down into the ferry-gondola, helped by THE GONDOLIER. ANOTHER WOMAN is already standing in the gondola.

THE GONDOLIER goes to his place and the boat moves off. CLARE stands behind THE WOMAN.

We see the other side of the Grand Canal FROM HER PV.

The station on the other side gradually draws closer, and GIULIO MARCHETTI is waiting there.

CUT:

125. EXT. THE ISLAND OF TORCELLO. DAY

In brilliant spring sunshine CLARE and GIULIO are strolling near the church.

CLARE  
(pointing)  
That's where we had a picnic once. I was teaching some friends English as a joke.

They continue strolling along.

CUT:

126. EXT. SAN TROVASO CANAL. DAY

WE OPEN on the canal. A stone has just been thrown into the water, making concentric circles. WE PULL BACK to see CLARE and GIULIO leaning on the parapet looking down at the water.

GIULIO  
They say when you make circles in the water you get your wishes - as many wishes as there are circles.

126. Contd.

CLARE

If that was true there'd be no canal left  
- it'd be full of stones!

GIULIO

(with a laugh)  
Don't you ever daydream?

CLARE

(looking at him seriously)  
Is that what you like to do?

CUT:

127. EXT. RIVA DEI SETTE MARTIRI. DAWN

As dawn rises SEVEN CIVILIAN HOSTAGES are seen attached to a rope their hands (crossed in front of them), with their backs to the Riva or water. The rope is attached to poles on either side. There is a boat behind them into which their bodies will later be thrown. They are not blindfolded. TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS move along the rope seeing that THE HOSTAGES are securely tied.

THE CAM PANS UP above THE HOSTAGES to take in the island of San Giorgio. At this moment we hear OVER the shots of the firing squad. There is silence. WE PAN DOWN again to see, in the silence, THE SEVEN HOSTAGES lying dead. The rope has broken.

CUT:

128. INT. FRANCA'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING

FRANCA is in the kitchen making coffee after dinner. GERHARD is looking through her gramophone records.

He puts one on. It is Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

FRANCA

(at the kitchen door)  
No Mussorgsky tonight?

They smile at each other.

She brings him a cup of coffee. As she does so she sings the lines of Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

128. Contd.

GERHARD  
(taking the coffee)  
You know a bit of English?

FRANCA  
I learned some from Clare.

GERHARD  
Ah! Clare Balzan? Your friend? She's  
half-English isn't she?

FRANCA  
On her mother's side.

GERHARD  
Does she live with her parents?

FRANCA  
No. They aren't here.

GERHARD  
And what about her husband? Is he still  
in the army?

FRANCA  
Yes, sure!

GERHARD takes FRANCA in his arms and they dance quietly round  
the dining table.

GERHARD  
She must be very lonely.

FRANCA  
(ironically)  
Do lonely women interest you?

GERHARD  
(laughing)  
Why not? Can't we introduce her to  
some nice officers? Or does she know  
one already?

FRANCA  
Maybe. Are we going to talk about her  
all evening?

128. Contd.

GERHARD begins kissing her.

CUT:

129. INT. GERHARD'S APARTMENT. DAY

The apartment is furnished in various styles but everything is of value. GERHARD is lying on a divan smoking.

INGE, dressed only in a petticoat and skirt, shoeless, comes in combing her hair. Her blouse is lying on one of the chairs and she goes to it.

INGE

Are you coming to the office?

GERHARD

Yes, a bit later.

INGE

(putting on her blouse)

I'll go ahead. What about this evening?

(he doesn't answer)

I've never known you keep a woman so long.

GERHARD turns and looks at her.

GERHARD

You've only known three years.

INGE

(with a penetrating look)

Do you love her?

GERHARD

(leaning back again)

Do you love me?

INGE

(at the door)

Cheerio!

GERHARD

See you later!

CUT:

130. EXT. CAMPIELLO DELLA COLOMBA (Castello), VENICE.  
EVENING

This is a popular district behind the Via Garibaldi. CHILDREN are beating tin drums improvised from household articles. It is St. Martin's Day, 11 November 1944. They walk round the tiny campo singing, while one of them solicits money from passers-by.

CLARE and GIULIO are watching. GIULIO gives the CHILD money.

ONE CHILD, much smaller than the rest, finds it difficult to keep pace with them. His drum is almost bigger than he is and continually slips out of his grasp.

GIULIO

(watching THE CHILD)

He's quite a clown eh?

CLARE

(nodding with a laugh)

He feels so important! It's their day today! St. Martin brings roasted chestnuts and sunshine -- and some money.

GIULIO

What are they singing?

(starting to sing himself)

San Martino, xe riva ...

(humming the rest because he doesn't know the words)

CLARE

Sssh!

GIULIO

Why?

CLARE

It's undignified!

GIULIO

Ah!

He resets his hat and pushing his chest out gives her his arm. They exchange a look, then burst out laughing. They cease laughing and remain looking into each other's eyes.

CUT:

131. EXT. BRIDGE NEAR THE TROISI HOUSE. DAY

GIOVANNI, ALBERTO's younger brother, is throwing stones into the canal. He suddenly looks up. FROM HIS PV we see CLARE walking towards her house. He runs to meet her.

GIOVANNI

Clare! Clare!  
(as he draws close to her)  
Mama wants you right away! It's  
urgent!

CLARE

What's wrong?

GIOVANNI

(pulling at her)  
Come on!

132. INT. THE CELLAR OF THE BALZAN HOUSE. DAY

MARIO BALZAN is sitting with ALBERTO in silence. MARIO is drying his eyes. ALBERTO is roughly dressed.

MARIO

You're with the Garemi?

ALBERTO

Yes. Near Asiago.

MARIO

Were you in Posina when the Germans  
came?

ALBERTO

(nodding)  
That hell's over thank God!

There are footsteps on the stairs. ALBERTO gets up excitedly.  
It is CLARE.

They meet at the cellar entrance.

ALBERTO

(embracing her)  
Clare!

CUT:

133. INT. THE BALZAN CELLAR. EVENING

GIOVANNI, alone, is touching with fascination ALBERTO's partisan jacket. He puts it on and hides under the table, playing the partisan.

CUT:

134. INT. A BEDROOM IN THE BALZAN HOUSE. EVENING

CLARE and ALBERTO are making love. She has her eyes closed. While he is kissing her breasts she opens her eyes for a moment and stares at the ceiling.

CUT:

135. EXT. OUTSIDE THE TROISI HOUSE. NIGHT

CLARE and ALBERTO are several years younger, before marriage. It is back in 1938. They say good night at the door and he kisses her hand. She looks at him and he pulls her gently towards him. They kiss once, then gaze at each other and begin kissing again and again. She draws him into the doorway.

CUT:

136. RESUME 134

ALBERTO is kissing the nape of CLARE's neck, burying his face in her hair.

CUT:

137. INT. THE TROISI ENTRANCE. NIGHT

The YOUNG CLARE and ALBERTO walk embracing and kissing up the staircase, unable to let each other go.

CUT:

138. RESUME 136

CLARE and ALBERTO turn over in the bed, he gasping with excitement.

CUT:

139. RESUME 137

The young CLARE and ALBERTO stumble up the stairs still clinging together, kissing and gasping. Her hair and dress are dishevelled.

139. Contd.

When they reach the landing she takes off her shoes as he continues to kiss her on the lips.

In the dark they hurry to the door leading up to the altana or roof-terrace, still clinging to each other and kissing.

CUT:

140. RESUME 138

CLARE and ALBERTO are lying on their sides in an embrace. Her face is towards THE CAM, resting on his as he kisses and fondles her. She has a quietly pained expression.

CUT:

141. INT. THE TROISI HOUSE. NIGHT

The young CLARE and ALBERTO struggle up the narrow wooden staircase to the roof. He sits on one of the stairs and pulls her on to him, raising her dress. She kisses him, her arms round his neck, then draws him up again, and they stumble on up to the open altana, and fling themselves down on the bare wooden floor and are almost at once in the final love-embrace.

CUT:

142. RESUME 140

CLARE and ALBERTO have made love. They lie quiet, he still on top of her.

143. RESUME 141

The young CLARE and ALBERTO are lying utterly still in the night-silence, gazing at each other, side by side. He strokes her hair. WE PAN over the roofs of Venice in the darkness.

CUT:

144. RESUME 142

CLARE and ALBERTO are on their backs.

144. Contd.

CLARE

(quietly)

You were in the hills all that time ?

ALBERTO

Yes and I've got to go back as soon as this job's over. And what about the others ?

(as she looks at him)

Guido Santi OK ?

CLARE

I haven't heard.

ALBERTO

Franca ?

CLARE

She's OK.

ALBERTO

And Luigi Scatin ?

CLARE

Dead. He was killed in Africa.

They are silent.

CLARE (contd)

(suddenly agitated)

Why don't you ask me who's alive ?  
It'd be quicker! Shall I give you the names of all the dead ones ? Giovanni Mandelli, Tito Franzi, Danielle Chiosi, Piero Frecchin, Antonello Gruva --

ALBERTO

(astonished by her outburst)

What are you talking about ?

CLARE

(even stronger)

Sandro Tornanti, Gigi Anselmi, Vincenzo Balzan -- ! Angelo Pogran -- !

144. Contd.

ALBERTO

Clare! Clare!  
 (stopping)  
Vincenzo? Which Vincenzo?

CLARE

Vincenzo Balzan, your cousin.

ALBERTO

Dead? How?

CLARE

The partisans. They took him from his village with some other fascists. Didn't they tell you?

ALBERTO

It can't be true! Vincenzo's a kid! He was hardly fourteen when I left for the army!

CLARE

He was seventeen a few months ago.

Silence.

ALBERTO

They had to do it maybe! If he went that way and chose to be a fascist - !

CLARE

(abruptly)

You were a fascist when you were seventeen! And if they'd killed you then that's how you'd have died - a fascist!

ALBERTO

(getting angry)

But I didn't choose to be a fascist for Christ sake! I found the black shirt on my back without even knowing what it was!

(trying to control himself)

Anyway, what are we arguing about? What's wrong, Clare? I can't recognise you any more! What is it? Just when we're all waking up and starting to pull

144. Contd.

ALBERTO (contd)

ourselves out of the shit you have to  
start niggling and criticising - !  
Honestly Clare if your father heard  
you talking like that -  
(giving her a long,  
rather suspicious look)  
You've changed.

CLARE

(with a slight, sad,  
ironical laugh)  
Really? Not you! You haven't changed!  
Not at all!

ALBERTO

Does that disappoint you? What's happened  
Clare? Has some nice young officer been  
giving you lessons?

CLARE

Why didn't you send me any news? At  
least to tell me you were safe! All those  
months without a word! Whenever I heard  
of any officers being caught or murdered  
I always thought, Suppose he's one of them?  
Suppose they'd taken you to Germany?  
And all that time you were here, all that  
time! A few kilometres away! Couldn't you  
have done something?

ALBERTO

No I couldn't.

CLARE

What about now? How did you manage to  
come here?

ALBERTO

I told you! I had to get some information.  
Clare don't be a fool! It'll be over soon!  
And it's going to be different afterwards!  
Everything!

CLARE

(tired)

Do you really think people who've been in hell  
can live in heaven?

144. Contd.

ALBERTO

Yes I do!

CUT:

145. EXT. OUTSIDE A BREADSHOP, VENICE. DAY

WOMEN are queueing for bread. WE MOVE IN to find CLARE in the shop, about to buy her bread. She leaves with her bread and walks down a narrow calle.

CUT:

146. EXT. THE CALLE. DAY

CLARE walks down the calle past a campiello or small square on the right-hand side.

We hear GIULIO call her softly from the campiello.

GIULIO (V.O.)

Chiara! Chiara!

CLARE turns quickly.

CUT:

147. ANOTHER ANGLE

GIULIO walks towards CLARE. He draws her towards the campiello.

GIULIO

(in an undertone)

Listen! Listen carefully! The Germans know your husband's here. He's got to get out quick. You as well. You can't stay in that house any more. You've got to be quick. You've only got a day at the most. I can sit on the information for a day but no more.

(she is silent)

Do you understand?

CLARE

Yes! Yes I do!

He touches her hair. They suddenly kiss each other. He forces himself

147. Contd.

to let her go. They look at each other with a kind of astonishment.

GIULIO

Don't be afraid! You mustn't be afraid.  
Promise?

CLARE nods in silence.

CUT:

148. INT. THE CELLAR OF THE BALZAN HOUSE. DAY

ALBERTO is walking up and down while MARIO his father sits smoking. He goes to his father. He puts a hand on his shoulder and bends to kiss him.

ALBERTO

You're unhappy eh?

MARIO shrugs.

ALBERTO (contd)

What did you want me to do, stay  
with the Germans?

MARIO

You could come here and hide yourself  
like other people do!

ALBERTO pours himself a glass of wine and gulps it down.

There is a sound on the garden-steps. The door pushes open.

It is CLARE, with the bread.

MARIO

Clare! You're back already!

CLARE

(to ALBERTO)

You've got to leave! They know you're  
here!

ALBERTO

Who told you?

148. Contd.

CLARE  
Somebody in the street.

ALBERTO  
Who?

CLARE  
A man! An officer!

ALBERTO  
Do you know him?

CLARE  
I've seen his face before, yes.

ALBERTO looks at her for a time, then walks away.

ALBERTO  
(leaving the cellar by  
the internal staircase)  
Thank him for me will you? when you  
see him again?

WE STAY on ALBERTO as he walks heavily up the cellar stairs.  
CLARE follows him.

CUT:

149. INT. THE BALZAN LOUNGE. DAY

ALBERTO is coming up from the cellar with CLARE behind him.

ALBERTO  
(violently, but controlling  
his voice)  
Who is he? I want his name!

CLARE  
I don't know his name I tell you!

ALBERTO  
You've been to bed with him! And that's  
why you've changed, isn't it? It's an  
officer! Who is he? I want to know  
who he is!

CLARE doesn't reply and ALBERTO takes her by the shoulder and  
begins shaking her. He pushes her down on to a chair.

149. Contd.

ALBERTO  
(trying to calm himself)  
You slept with him!

CLARE  
(in a rising tone)  
No! No! NO!

ALBERTO  
(putting a hand over  
her mouth)  
Quiet!

They simply look at each other.

ALBERTO (contd)  
(calm now)  
OK. I believe you. But I can't believe  
you don't know his name.

CLARE  
I told you I know his face. He came up  
to me this morning when I was getting  
the bread. He warned me you're in  
danger. That's all.

ALBERTO  
Perhaps he's one of us ...

CLARE  
Perhaps.  
(she gets up)  
Aren't you going to ask if I'm in love with  
him?

ALBERTO  
(abruptly)  
You slept together!

CLARE  
I told you no! That's all you're worried  
about isn't it?  
(taking the curtain-tassle  
at the window and pulling  
out the threads one by one  
as she speaks)  
I fucked, I didn't fuck, I fucked, I didn't  
fuck, I fucked, I didn't fuck -

CUT:

150. ANOTHER ANGLE

ALBERTO

Do you know anybody who still has a boat? Think hard! I'm out of contact with everyone!

CUT:

151. INT. FRANCA'S KITCHEN. DAY

FRANCA, haggard and pale, is drinking coffee with CLARE.

CLARE

Did you tell him you knew?

FRANCA

No -- it would have wrecked everything.

CLARE

How do you know?

FRANCA

I know! Oh, he didn't even try to hide it! I could smell her perfume in the bed. It must have been going on for months!

CLARE

So what are you going to do?

FRANCA makes a helpless gesture.

FRANCA

What are you doing here so early?

CLARE

Oh I was just passing ...

CUT:

152. EXT. OUTSIDE FRANCA'S HOUSE. DAY

CLARE leaves the building. She walks along the fondamenta in a pensive mood.

CUT:

## 153. RESUME 32

DICK WYATT reins his horse close to CLARE's. He takes an envelope from his pocket.

WYATT

As you're absolutely set on going back,  
this is the best I can do for you.

(holding the envelope  
out to her)

All you have to do is take it to the porter's  
office.

(laughing as CLARE simply  
looks at it, without taking it)  
It's all right, it won't bite!

She takes it.

CUT:

## 154. INT. TROISI BEDROOM. DAY

CLARE hurries into her bedroom and pulls open the wardrobe-door. She kneels down to look for something inside. She pulls out a pocket-book, opens it quickly and takes out an envelope. She throws the bag back into the wardrobe and leaves the room hurriedly.

CUT:

## 155. INT. A HALL PORTER'S OFFICE. DAY

This is a small room furnished with a table, a rack for letters and a telephone on the wall. THE PORTER, a man with sharp black eyes behind glasses, sits at the table reading a newspaper. There is a rap on the glass door. An envelope is placed on the table before him. WE PULL BACK to see that the person who leaves it is CLARE.

She goes at once. The door closes after her. WE STAY ON THE PORTER. He quickly takes off his glasses, goes to the window and peers out. Then he goes to the telephone, letter in hand, and waits for the operator to answer him.

CUT:

## 156. INT. THE TROISI KITCHEN. DAY

CLARE is making herself a cup of coffee over a wood-stove. She is fanning the wood quickly with a brush fan.

156. Contd.

There are three short rings at the doorbell. She takes the pot from the fire, wipes her hands with a cloth and runs out.

WE TRACK after her to the stairs. At the door below she stoops to pick up an envelope.

CUT:

157. EXT. CAMPO SAN TROVASO, VENICE. DAY

The campo is deserted. CLARE crosses it from the direction of the Accademia, then stops and turns to go back. She is clearly looking for somebody.

From the other side of the campo PROFESSOR FRANZETTI arrives. He is much paler and thinner than before.

Seeing him, CLARE again stops, uncertain where to turn. FRANZETTI waves to her. She is reluctant to waste time talking to him but sees she is forced to say something. She goes towards him.

FRANZETTI

Hullo Clare! Are you waiting for someone?

CLARE

No. I'm just walking.  
(looking round the campo again).  
How are you?

FRANZETTI

(with a sad smile)  
Don't you see how I am? And you?  
It's a long time since we saw each other!

CLARE

I'm OK. Excuse me, I have to go!  
(offering him her hand)

FRANZETTI

(without taking her hand)  
Are you in a hurry?

157. Contd.

CLARE  
(moving away)  
Yes! Goodbye!

FRANZETTI  
(remaining)  
Don't you want to know how your mother  
is?

CLARE stops and turns to him.

FRANZETTI (contd)  
After all, I only came here to tell  
you!

CLARE  
(staring at him)  
You?

FRANZETTI  
Yes, me, certainly. Haven't I always  
given you news of your parents? Let's  
go in here.

He leads the way towards the San Trovaso gondola-yard, and CLARE follows him slowly.

FRANZETTI (contd)  
(opening the door of the  
shed with a key)  
Gondolas have always fascinated me.  
There's never anyone else at this hour.  
That's how I like it.

WE TRACK after him into the gondola-shed with its upturned gondolas in repair. He runs his hand along the bows of one of them.

CUT:

158. INT. THE GONDOLA YARD, SAN TROVASO. DAY

FRANZETTI walks between the upturned gondolas with CLARE watching him.

FRANZETTI  
Aren't they delicious? Better than when  
they're in the water! Lying down like this,  
all black! Did you know they used to be gaily

158. Contd.

FRANZETTI (contd)  
coloured at one time? They painted  
them black as a sign of mourning.  
After a plague -- so they say.

CLARE  
(with bitter irony)  
And what about us? What are we going  
to paint black, professor? For this  
plague outside, now?

FRANZETTI  
(ironically, as he turns  
to a gondola half in the water)  
Oh as for this plague, we'll remember it  
once a year, a day in black, to honour  
those who gave their lives!

CLARE  
And what about people who died fetching  
a bag of flour home?

FRANZETTI  
They died by mistake! You can't ask people  
to commemorate mistakes, Clare!  
(looking at her)  
You've changed. You're different.

CLARE  
Alberto said the same.

FRANZETTI  
Alberto? He's here?

CLARE  
He's here and he needs help. Why are you  
looking at me like that? You're the person  
who's answering my letter aren't you?  
He's got to be out of Venice tonight! We've  
been warned!

FRANZETTI  
By whom?

CLARE  
An Italian officer.

158. Contd.

FRANZETTI

(quietly)  
Giulio Marchetti?

CLARE

(starting)  
What do you know about Giulio Marchetti?

FRANZETTI

That he's in a jam. Through his own stupidity. He isn't a partisan and he isn't one of us, he just puts a spanner in the works when he feels like it! A one-man show! What can you do with someone like that? He'll probably be arrested in a few days' time. And he won't even know who to thank for it! Unless of course somebody convinces him to face a few facts.

CLARE doesn't reply but looks at him in an unmoving and frank way.

FRANZETTI (contd)

That Troisi courage -- always better in hard times! I saw it in your father in the other war.

CLARE

What do you mean exactly?

FRANZETTI

That someone must convince him, Clare! Someone who knows him!

CLARE

It's got nothing to do with me!

FRANZETTI

Listen Clare we haven't got much time. Marchetti could be arrested any moment. But first he's got to help us. And you can convince him to do it!

CLARE

What's that got to do with Alberto?

FRANZETTI

Alberto's no problem. He'll be back in safety by dawn tomorrow. But we stay

158. Contd.

FRANZETTI (contd)  
on Clare, and we've got to help each  
other! Have I explained myself clearly?

CLARE  
Yes and I won't do it! You're MAD!  
All you men are MAD! And I won't do it!  
I just won't!

FRANZETTI  
(calmly)  
And what will you do?

CUT:

159. EXT. A FONDAMENTA ON THE GIUDECCA. NIGHT

WE OPEN on a fishing vessel in the darkness, moored at the fundamenta.

A MAN comes from the house opposite, dressed in a roomy sailor's  
jersey, hurries to the boat.

CUT:

160. ANOTHER ANGLE

CLARE and ALBERTO are standing flat against the wall in the darkness,  
close together.

ALBERTO  
(in a whisper)  
Go to Franzetti's house right away.  
You'll be safe there. And keep to the  
narrow streets. Even if they're longer.  
Everything'll be OK. In half an hour  
we'll be fishermen like all the others.

They hear a light whistle from the direction of the boat.

ALBERTO kisses her quickly.

ALBERTO (contd)  
I'll send you news as soon as I can.

He leaves for the boat.

CUT:

161. EXT. A NARROW CALLE. NIGHT

CLARE is walking back from the fishing vessel. There are no sounds but her footsteps.

CUT:

162. INT. FRANCA'S ROOM. NIGHT

FRANCA is sitting on the divan, GERHARD in an armchair.

FRANCA  
Will Inge go with you?

GERHARD  
Why, are you jealous?

FRANCA nods.

GERHARD (contd)  
So is she.  
(he pauses)  
If it should happen to be another town  
in Italy would you join me there?

FRANCA  
(lighting up)  
Of course! You know I would!

GERHARD  
But I doubt it! It's nobody's luck just  
now. It'll be a battlefront.

FRANCA  
I could go to Germany, wait for you there!

GERHARD  
Germany? You'd wait for me there? Not  
at my home. They hate any sort of waiting!  
You're so Italian, Franca ... Desperately  
Italian!

FRANCA  
I don't understand.

GERHARD  
It doesn't matter.

CUT:

163. EXT. CAMPO S. STEFANO. NIGHT

CLARE crosses the empty square hurriedly.

CUT:

164. INT. THE FRANZETTI STUDY . NIGHT

PROFESSOR FRANZETTI is opening a bottle of brandy. He puts it down on the coffee table, which has been set in front of the settee.

There are two brandy glasses on the table.

CUT:

165. EXT. CAMPO SAN MAURIZIO. NIGHT

CLARE enters the campo from Calle del Piovan and turns past the fountain to the house on the right where GIULIO MARCHETTI lives.

CUT:

166. INT. GIULIO MARCHETTI'S ROOM. NIGHT

The room is pleasantly furnished, with a hint of the academic. GIULIO is sitting in his dressing gown reading.

There is a knock at the door. He puts the book down and gets up to answer it.

It is CLARE. She is much agitated. He stares at her.

CUT:

167. EXT. THE LAGOON BEYOND THE GIUDECCA. NIGHT

The fishing vessel with ALBERTO aboard is safely on its way.

CUT:

168. EXT. CAMPO SAN MOISE. NIGHT

THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS accompanied by A JUNIOR OFFICER cross the campo heading for the Calle 22 Marzo.

CUT:

## 169. RESUME 166

GIULIO and CLARE are still standing together near the door. He is kissing her all over her face.

CLARE

Giulio! They're mad! They've all gone mad! They're going to arrest you!

GIULIO withdraws her face a little so as to look at her.

CLARE (contd)

It's true! I know from the people who helped Alberto get away!

GIULIO

You came to warn me?

CLARE

Yes!

GIULIO

Just for that?

CLARE shakes her head, looks at him for a moment and then, closing her eyes, leans her head on him. GIULIO lifts the hair from her neck and begins kissing her with great tenderness. Suddenly he embraces her, kissing her insistently on the lips, while her hands run along his body. CLARE murmurs with pleasure and puts her arms round his neck, grasping him.

CUT:

170. EXT. BRIDGE BETWEEN VIA 22 MARZO AND S. MARIA DEL GIGLIO.  
NIGHT

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS with THE JUNIOR OFFICER begin to cross the bridge. From the other side GERHARD appears. He is walking very casually. They meet on the bridge. THE SOLDIERS and THE JUNIOR OFFICER salute him. He salutes back in an elegant, indifferent way, without exchanging a word. Once they have passed he turns to look at them for a moment, then strolls on.

CUT:

171. EXT. S. MARIA DEL GIGLIO. NIGHT

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS and THE JUNIOR OFFICER cross the campo.

CUT:

172. INT. GIULIO MARCHETTI'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLARE and GIULIO are naked on the bed making love.

CUT:

173. EXT. CAMPO SAN MAURIZIO. NIGHT

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS and THE JUNIOR OFFICER cross the campo towards GIULIO's house, past the fountain.

CUT:

174. RESUME 172

CLARE and GIULIO are still making love.

There are the violent echoing sounds of military boots on the staircase below.

AS THE CREDITS BEGIN ROLLING:

CLARE and GIULIO hear the steps and suddenly cling together, utterly still, waiting, their eyes closed, their lips touching. They remain like this. Soon they begin to look peaceful, smiling as they wait, gazing quietly into each other's eyes.

The sound of the German boots OVER grows to a climax.

171. EXT. S. MARIA DEL GIGLIO. NIGHT

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS and THE JUNIOR OFFICER cross the campo.

CUT:

172. INT. GIULIO MARCHETTI'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLARE and GIULIO are naked on the bed making love.

CUT:

173. EXT. CAMPO SAN MAURIZIO. NIGHT

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CUT:

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