

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

SCRIPT NUMBER: 116.

THE GUY

111

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

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Shooting Script from the Screenplay by

ROBERT BOLT

September, 1964.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER BRITISH STUDIOS LTD.

INTER-OFFICE MEMORANDUM
(Location-Spain)

Date: 19th February, 1965

From: ROBERT BOLT

To: DAVID LEAN

Distributed to all Script
Holders

- Scene Number 664/665 - BOLSHIEVIK must be seen to jump from cart and be instantly ridden down in Shots 664/665 to explain his presence later on the Red Cross waggcn. he would obviously have gone off with the deserters if he were able).
- Scene Number 1531 - Include balalaika among "supplies"
- " " 1552 - Let YURI see balalaika with LARA and KATYA.
- " " 1637 - Balalaika attached to one of the bags carried by YURI.
- " " 1669 - LARA holds balalaika across her knees throughout, unconsciously caressing it as she responds to KCHAPOVSKY. (But make sure not to hammer it flat, particularly on "I'm carrying his child.")

EXTERIOR DAM LOCATION SUMMER NIGHT

1-8 LONG SHOT. It is deep night and we cannot see what we are looking at. It is, in fact, a dam project nearing its completion. A Red Star and Russian lettering in neon hover in the sky. (These are, in fact, on scaffolding perched on the top of the dam, as we shall see when daylight comes at the end of the film). For the moment, the huge bulk of the dam itself could be one with the mountain walls which heave up from the floor of the narrow valley. At the foot of one of these almost perpendicular walls, we can see the black mouth of a tunnel. From the tunnel a line of people emerge, antlike. Another line of people enter, so that the two movements are contrapuntal. This is all we can see during:

CREDIT TITLES. After the FINAL TITLE:

- 9 We move in, seeing that these are manual workers, one shift coming from work, the other going to it. There is no suggestion of slave-labour, they walk haphazard, in ones and twos and bunches, as workers everywhere. They exchange odd greetings as they pass. What is unfamiliar to us is the high preponderance of women among these heavy labourers (as from their garb and gait they evidently are), and among these the preponderance of young ones.
- 10 Moving with these people we come to a hutment, the works offices of the project. In one big hut the lights are on and in the spill stand UNIFORMED MEN, motor-bikes, a big car with a pennant. The passing WORKERS give them a wide berth, glancing at them with covert curiosity. A shadow falls from one of the windows. All look up.
- 11 A military looking silhouette in the window, motionless.
- 12 The WORKERS hurriedly look away and pass on.

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO NIGHT

13-18 Inside the hut we find that the figure is that of General YEVGRAF Zhivago, an iron man with a military crop of white hair. His perfect uniform bears a pair of high awards. He is the embodiment of authority and self-control. He looks down at the passing stream of WORKERS, which we see over his shoulder. He turns.

YEVGRAF

What are they like, these girls?

ENGINEER, a thickset no-nonsense young man in a sheepskin jacket, is ruffling through a metal filing drawer of record cards. He answers slightly protectively:

ENGINEER

They're very good. Bit wild. Spend their money quickly. Work hard.

YEVGRAF

Are they literate?

ENGINEER

Some of them. In and out of Reformatories from the day they were picked up. Jobs like this. It's degrading - you shouldn't use a human being to move earth.

YEVGRAF (Liking him)

No.

ENGINEER slams shut the drawer, turning with card in his hands. Says much more vehemently, almost accusatory:

ENGINEER

And it's not efficient. (This is something which keeps him awake at night). If they'd give me two more excavators I'd be a year ahead of the plan by now! (His jaw sticks out pug-naciously).

13-18 Continued

YEVGRAF (With wry admiration)
You're an impatient generation.

ENGINEER (With wry admiration)
Weren't you?

YEVGRAF takes the card, his half-smile going.

YEVGRAF
Yes we were. Very. (He looks
down at the card; going still.
Quietly:) Don't be too impatient,
Comrade Engineer. We've come very
far, very fast.

There is a hint of reproof from a senior in this
and ENGINEER expostulates:

ENGINEER
Well I know that Com -

YEVGRAF
Yes. But do you know what it cost?

19 CLOSE SHOT. He gently lays down the record card
beside a yellow-backed book on the table. ON SOUND:

(SOUND) There were children in those
days who lived off human flesh. Did
you know that?

20 ENGINEER regards him under his brows, awkward; the
younger generation a bit embarrassed; impressed
but not particularly interested in these old un-
happy far off things. Turns away to window,
mutters:

ENGINEER
Yes I've heard that ... (He stiffens,
says:) That's Komarov, now.

20 Continued

Instantly YEVGRAF is by his side. Together they look out at:

EXTERIOR DAM LOCATION SUMMER NIGHT

21 A GIRL, one of the workers, the last, emerging from the tunnel and approaching. At this distance we can only guess at her age (about twenty) from her careless, swinging walk, the easy carriage of a small pack over one shoulder. She looks very tiny, approaching on her own.

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO NIGHT

22 ENGINEER is surprised, curious, even faintly amused at YEVGRAF's galvanic reaction and the intensity of his stare into the darkness.

ENGINEER (Hesitant, delicately)
What's ... your interest in this girl, Comrade General?

EXTERIOR DAM LOCATION SUMMER NIGHT

23 The GIRL approaching. Dialogue over:

YEVGRAF
She may be my brother's child.

ENGINEER (Astonished pleasure)
Yuri Andreyevich?

YEVGRAF
Yes. (As correcting a too-large claim) My half-brother I should say. (A pause) If she is ... she's also Lara's child.

ENGINEER
The Lara?

The GIRL approaching passes out of sight. On the empty view:

23 Continued

YEVGRAF
The Lara, yes.

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO SUMMER NIGHT

24/
26 He turns away from window, looking older, thoughtful.

That's a new edition of the cycle.

ENGINEER
I know. (He takes possession of
the book) We admire your brother
very much.

YEVGRAF (Dry)
Yes. Everyone seems to. Now.

ENGINEER
We couldn't admire him when we
weren't allowed to read him!

A dangerous topic. YEVGRAF takes the book. Puts
it down. Looks up at the young man and says
flatly, as one apologising for nothing.

YEVGRAF
No.

ENGINEER is glad to have negotiated the bad moment.
Regards the book, laughs.

ENGINEER
Well! Your brother's child and Lara's -!
There ought to be something about her...?

YEVGRAF (Unsmiling; with bitter
weariness) You'd think so wouldn't
you. But I've been looking a
long time ...

A knock at the door. ENGINEER looks to YEVGRAF
who nods; both alert.

24/
26

Continued

ENGINEER
In!

She comes in slowly. When she sees YEVRRAF she freezes and looks at ENGINEER darkly:

ENGINEER (Gently)
I sent for you, Comrade.

She looks at YEVRRAF. On SOUND:

You're not in any trouble.

27 CLOSE SHOT. YEVRRAF looks at the GIRL.

28 CLOSE SHOT. She looks back at him, frightened. She turns sharply as:

29 ENGINEER goes with discreet swiftness.

30/
34 And sharply back at YEVRRAF when he stirs. She feels beset. YEVRRAF for his part confronts a situation for which his training hasn't prepared him. Because he is moved he feels hesitant. Because he feels hesitant he falls back on the manner he knows best, the Authoritative. There seems no possibility of communication between them. The silence prolongs itself. Who can break it?

YEVRRAF
I am General Yevgraf Zhivago.

She looks at him, unyielding, expertly appraising what degree of trouble she is in.

I am looking for someone. Do you understand?

She looks as before. He is more and more troubled.

30/
34

Continued

YEVGRAF (Cont)

The person I am looking for would
be my niece.

She looks as before. But suddenly, she gives
a quick shy grin at the incongruous idea,
immediately suppressed but charming while it
lasts. Composing her face again she pushes
back a wisp of hair from her forehead again with
a work-hardened little paw, a graceful gesture
and looks at him with eyes which, now that the
fear is going from them, are soft and fine.
YEVGRAF says curtly:

YEVGRAF

Please sit down.

They sit, the book between them.

Your name is - ?

Her diction is rough, her voice sweet.

THE GIRL

Tonya Komarov, Comrade General.

YEVGRAF nods and shifts in his seat; her voice
has disturbed him. Coldly:

YEVGRAF

They found you in Mongolia, didn't
they?

THE GIRL

Yes Comrade General.

YEVGRAF

What were you doing there?

THE GIRL

I was lost, Comrade General.

30/
34

Continued

YEVGRAF

How did you come to be lost?

THE GIRL

... I've forgotten.

This comes out softly after a slight hesitation, but she looks at him quite frankly; it is an honest answer. YEVGRAF takes a new tack.

YEVGRAF

Was Komarovsky your father's name?

THE GIRL

I suppose so, Comrade General.

YEVGRAF

You suppose so.

THE GIRL

It's a common name.

YEVGRAF

Do you remember your father?

THE GIRL

... No.

YEVGRAF

Do you remember your mother?

She looks down at the book. We suspect tears. But her voice when it comes is studiously off-hand:

THE GIRL

Yes, I remember my mother.

YEVGRAF

What was her name?

He leans forward involuntarily, but she shrugs at the silly question:

30/
34

Continued

THE GIRL

... "Mummy".

YEVGRAF is troubled. She won't look at him.
Gently:

YEVGRAF

What was she like? (Adds quickly)
I mean what did she look like?

THE GIRL

... Big.

Again her voice is dry, almost sneering; she still hasn't looked up.

YEVGRAF

Big?

Now she does look up but looks away, presenting an implacable profile; the effort of self-control makes her look almost mean. The fact that her eyes are swimming with tears doubly pathetic by force of contrast. She shrugs again at his male stupidity:

THE GIRL

I was little. She looked ... (She swallows) ... big.

YEVGRAF

Can you read?

THE GIRL

Yes (Reads) "Lara. A Cycle of Poems. By Y. A. Zhivago".

YEVGRAF

Not me. My half-brother. The person I am looking for would be this man's daughter. This would be her mother. "Lara". Did anybody call your mother Lara?

35 CLOSE SHOT THE GIRL.

THE GIRL

I don't know ... I don't think so.

She looks down at the picture steadily. At length, wistfully:

She's nice.

36/ YEVGRAF's big hand makes an involuntary movement
38 towards her small one on the table. She withdraws it. Then looks at him rather shyly to see if this has wounded him. She sniffs, wipes her nose on the corner of a coarse scarf, says gently:

THE GIRL

I'm not your niece, Comrade General.

Now they confront each other as two human beings, her pity having conquered his authority, her own fear. Quietly he says:

YEVGRAF

I am nobody's idea of an uncle. But if this man were my father, I should want to know. Did your mother ever tell you that your father was a poet?

THE GIRL (With gentle insistence)
Comrade General, my father wasn't a poet.

YEVGRAF (Quickly)

What was your father?

She gives it up, gestures helplessly, then:

THE GIRL

Not a poet.

YEVGRAF

Did you like your father?

THE GIRL

36/
38

Continued

YEVGRAF
But you liked your mother?

THE GIRL (Whispers)
Yes, of course.

YEVGRAF
Does the name "Strelnikov" mean anything?

She really thinks, really trying to help. To help her he repeats softly:

"Strelnikov" ...

She shakes her head.

YEVGRAF (Cont)
"Varykino". That's a place, not a person.

She shakes her head.

"Gromeko".

She thinks. He leans forward. She says:

THE GIRL
Gromeko.

She says it without much interest; but YEVGRAF, eagerly:

YEVGRAF
Yes?

She shakes her head. YEVGRAF sits back but watches her intently. He will follow up what may be an unconscious thread through the labyrinth. Speaking very carefully, he embarks:

36/
38

Continued

YEVGRAF (Cont)

You see, he lost his mother ... (He has caught her interest) at about the same age you were, when your mother lost you ... And in the same part of the world.

CUT

SCENE NUMBERS 40 TO 66 REMAIN OUT OF SCRIPT.
CONTINUE SCENE 67 ON PAGE 13.

63/ Continued
66

THE GIRL
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You see, the man I think may be your father, lost his mother ... (He has caught her interest) At about the same age you were, when your mother lost you ... And in the same part of the world.

CUT

EXTERIOR GRAVEYARD LOCATION DAY EARLY WINTER

- 67 HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. Under a snow-heavy sky moved by a strong wind is spread a flat landscape, full and immense. In the distance something winds towards us like an eel, across a vast pale field of stubble. The CAMERA ZOOMS slowly in. We begin to recognise a procession, people in black, and hear above the wind a requiem chant led by a choir. The ZOOM continues:
- 68 MEDIUM SHOT Still ZOOMING inwards we see that the procession consists of some forty persons, mostly PEASANTRY of semi-Asiatic type, but a few MIDDLE-CLASS ladies and gentlemen. They are following a coffin carried shoulder high. Immediately behind the coffin walks a boy, dressed in black. This, in CLOSE SHOT is the thin-faced, dark-eyed YURI, his features a refined version of the PEASANTS'. He is looking up at:
- 69 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING. The COFFIN. It is open, showing the CORPSE OF A WOMAN surrounded by flowers. The waxen face has the same exotic beauty as the boy's.
- 70 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI. His eyes leave the coffin and look gravely ahead.
- 71 LONG SHOT. Angling past the shoulder of a sinuous semi-oriental dome, we see the burial ground, its headstones, its high wall topped with a running curve of ornament, its old carved gates hanging open, the procession approaching.

- 72 MEDIUM SHOT. (On SOUND the singing approaching) The HEADSTONES share the unfamiliar styling of the building. Some are of sheet iron and wag and rattle gently in the wind. Most are overgrown.
- 73 CLOSE SHOT. A HEADSTONE of heavy wood. On it a photograph of the deceased, a middle-aged man of quasi-asiatic type, with long moustaches. The singing louder.
- 74 CLOSE SHOT. A sheet-iron headstone wags in the wind. On it a photograph of a child. Past this comes the PRIEST leading the coffin-bearers and, YURI. The CAMERA follows him in CLOSE UP. He is looking about with a sort of wondering alertness at:
- 75 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. THE HEADSTONES monstrous. On one the PHOTOGRAPH of a WOMAN in her bridal gown.
- 76 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI. He looks upwards again.
- 77 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The COFFIN looming above him.
- 78 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI. Looks downwards from the coffin. Checks suddenly. The head of the procession has come to a halt. Looks upwards as:
- 79 CLOSE SHOT. The PRIEST towers over him stretching out a hand.
- 80 CLOSE SHOT. YURI is gently propelled into a new position by the Priest's hands. Something above him catches his eye.
- 81 CLOSE SHOT. The COFFIN is being lowered from its high perch against the sky. The CAMERA follows it downwards until the DEAD WOMAN'S FACE comes to rest beside an open grave.
- 82 CLOSE UP. YURI. We expect some reaction. But instead, the singing ceases and he looks round him with timid curiosity.
- 83 HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. Looking down on the group around the grave we see the MOURNERS and LOCALS shuffle round into a circle of respectful radius, isolating YURI on one side of the grave, the PRIEST on the other. The MOURNERS are well dressed, some dressed elegantly and carry wreaths. Behind them are the LOCALS, roughly clad, curious. Movement ceases except for the wind. All stare at YURI.
- 84 CLOSE SHOT. ANNA and ALEXANDER GROMEKO, with child TONYA between them. ANNA a well-dressed middle-aged lady with a too sensitive face. ALEXANDER, a dignified and gentle academic. They regard YURI with deep sympathy.

- 85 MEDIUM SHOT. From their POV we see YURI and the PRIEST who now commences:
- PRIEST
The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the earth and everything that dwells therein . . . etc.
- 86 CLOSE UP. TONYA, one hand in her mother's, peering shyly at:
- 87 CLOSE UP. YURI. He looks up with respectful curiosity.
- 88 CLOSE SHOT the PRIEST. From Yuri's low eye-line he looks gigantic. He is reading from a small black book with professional solemnity. His professional boredom is revealed in the way he sways his weight from heel to toe, and adjusts his vestments as the wind pulls at them. He glances down his nose at:
- 89 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He lowers his eyes, sees something and cocks his head slightly.
- 90 CLOSE SHOT. His MOTHER. A YELLOW LEAF has blown onto her face.
- 91 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He looks away at:
- 92 MEDIUM SHOT. A SILVER BIRCH is shedding its last yellow leaves into the grey wind.
- 93 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The CAMERA TRACKS slowly towards him . . .
- 94 MEDIUM SHOT. THE TREE, from YURI'S POV, coming gradually closer as the CAMERA ZOOMS slowly in. On SOUND the PRIEST's official lamentation begins to dwindle, overlain by a "magical" singing, a dirge for the tree as it parts with its leaves.
- 95 CLOSE UP. YURI. The CAMERA continues its track into BIG CLOSE UP. The Priest's voice is by now entirely taken over by the DIRGE. For a few moments YURI is lost in the music. Then, with great suddenness, a harsh grating cuts off the DIRGE and YURI looks quickly - his first and only moment of horror - at:
- 96 CLOSE SHOT. The COFFIN LID is dragged into place by TWO SEXTONS, obscuring his mother's face.
- 97 CLOSE UP. YURI watches, rivetted. The SOUND of the lid slipping into place, a warning grunt followed by loud banging.

- 98 CLOSE SHOT. The TWO SEXTONS both hammer furiously at nails already lined-up in prepared holes.
- 99 CLOSE UP YURI ... On SOUND the shocking din stops as abruptly as it began Silence for a moment, and then a rising murmur of voices. He looks round at:
- 100 MEDIUM SHOT. The LCCALS press forward, anxious not to miss the next moment. The MOURNERS express shocked resentment, but they too are fascinated.
- 101 CLOSE SHOT YURI. He looks down.
- 102 CLOSE SHOT The COFFIN is disappearing into the grave.
- 103 CLOSE SHOT. YURI steps forward to the very edge. He is frowning with the effort to take in what is being done, but it could be taken for morbid curiosity and:
- 104 CLOSE SHOT. ANNA. A little shocked, or daunted.
- 105 MEDIUM SHOT. Ropes are whipped up from the grave by four hefty PEASANTS who have accomplished the job. The SEXTONS hasten to shovel earth into it, one of them gently moves YURI back with a big hand, the better to perform his work.
- 106 CLOSE SHOT. The COFFIN lying in the grave, earth and pebbles thundering and rattling on the wood.
- 107 CLOSE UP. YURI. On SOUND the terrible drumming continues. The CAMERA moves into VERY BIG CLOSE UP. His face is clenched with effort, intellectual effort of enquiry, not emotional effort of control. He is trying to come to terms with Death.
- 108 CLOSE UP. In grey light, faintly luminous, the perfected face of YURI'S MOTHER, eyes closed, tranquil, is turned up to the shower of thundering earth upon the coffin lid above her, as to a shower of gentle rain.
- 109 CLOSE SHOT. The GRAVE. Through a foreground of flying spades we see that the coffin is almost covered.
- 110 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI has made his terms. He looks thoughtful but not shocked, awed but upright, and is unaware of anything but what he has just perceived. On SOUND the earth begins to fall softly on earth, the CAMERA MOVES BACK and we hear the wailing of peasant women. YURI hears it, understands it has nothing for him, turns his head a bit to see:

- 111 CLOSE SHOT. The BIRCH TREE swaying in the wind. On SOUND the confused noise of wailing, the sobs of a lady, the occasional cough of a gentleman again succumb to the "magic" dirge. The CAMERA CRANES UPWARDS through the branches and flying leaves against processional clouds as YURI cannot possibly see them except in imagination, and then; SOUND modulating, we follow a shower of leaves out of the moving cage of twigs to fly in freedom for a moment in grey space and:
- 112 CLOSE UP. YURI MUSIC cuts. He is recalled to himself, looks round startled.
- 113 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI in foreground. ANNA is beckoning him from the head of the grave Evidently, she has said something to recall him from what must have been a prolonged trance, for only she, PRIEST, ALEXANDER and TONYA are now present, and they are looking at him curiously. The grave is piled with wreaths. The MOURNERS are making their way with discreet relief along the path to the monastery which abutts onto the graveyard. Lights are appearing in the windows there.
- 114 YURI understands that they are waiting for him to place his small nosegay. He walks forward to do so. He stops.
- 115 CLOSE SHOT. His small footsteps in the earth.
- 116 CLOSE UP. YURI. He looks up at the adults to see how bad this is.
- 117 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER and ANNA. ANNA looks upset but ALEXANDER gives him a faint encouraging smile.
- 118 CLOSE SHOT YURI places his nosegay among the wreaths ANNA enters picture, takes his hand, smiling at him, perhaps a little hesitantly, and leads him off into LONG SHOT where they join ALEXANDER and TONYA. A little flurry of SNOW drifts across the picture. ALEXANDER looks up at the sky. They follow the PRIEST down the path to the monastery.
- CUT
- INTERIOR MONASTERY CELL STUDIO NIGHT
- 119 BIG CLOSE UP. TONYA, standing at the end of a bed, is staring with great solemnity at:
- 120 CLOSE UP. YURI sitting up in bed. A hand is held over his head and the boy is looking seriously upwards at the owner:

121 CLOSE UP. The PRIEST, from YURI'S POV, his eyes shut and lips moving in silent prayer.

122/ MEDIUM SHOT. They are in a little lamp-lit white-washed cell.
 125 The few articles of furniture are of plain white wood. There is a crucifix on the wall. A small domed trunk stands on the floor beneath the window. His prayer concluded, the PRIEST makes the sign of the Cross over the child, opens his eyes, and smiles down with professional benevolence. YURI continues to examine him. The PRIEST looks rather uncertainly at ANNA who looks uncertainly back at him. The PRIEST clears his throat.

PRIEST

You and your husband will dine with us Madame Gromeko.

ANNA

Thank you, Father.

The PRIEST goes, watched carefully by YURI. The watchfulness of his keen little face hasn't altered. And ANNA is a little nervous of him.

Will you lie down then, Yuri?

He looks at her and obediently lies back, still looking at her. Nervously tucking him in she says:

Your mummy and I were great, great friends you know.

This very decent lady is excusing herself for taking to herself the mother's part; but this dreadfully self-contained child continues simply to look at her.

So now ... we ... are going to look after you.

YURI

Thank you.

With startling suddenness the child half rises, looking fiercely off and saying very coldly:

That's Mother's.

ALEXANDER stands in the doorway, holding a fine balalaika. He is stopped short by the child's intensity but comes and places the instrument on the bed (the child sitting up to receive it) saying quietly:

ALEXANDER

It's yours, now.

122/ Continued

125

YURI doesn't touch it but looks down at it. His tone is deadpan.

YURI
Mine?

ANNA
Yes. Mummy ... left it to you.

YURI
In her will.

His face is still turned down from them, his tone expresses nothing of whatever he is feeling, the phrase is obviously from some adult conversation he has overheard; he is probing for information. And evidently there is some awkwardness in this region. The GROMEKOS exchange a wary glance. ALEXANDER says gently and seriously, inexpertly avuncular:

ALEXANDER
Do you know what a Will is, old chap?

YURI
Money.

He looks straight up at them as he makes this unconscious indictment of adult values. ANNA is a bit thrown.

ANNA
Well no, Yuri, just this. Your Daddy ... has all the money.

Looking down again his face hidden, he runs his fingers clumsily over the strings. Brightly:

Can you play it?

He shakes his head.

ALEXANDER (Robust)
I thought all the people in this part of the world could play the balalaika.

YURI (Looks at him, palely:)
You don't live here do you?

ANNA (Gently)
No Yuri; we live in Moscow; that's a long way from here. (Bright again:) But you'll like Moscow. (To her husband) Won't he?

122/ Continued
125

ALEXANDER (Quietly, looking at the boy)
After a bit. Takes time to get used to things, doesn't it
old man?

YURI looks at him. Then down at the instrument. But evidently
he has registered the gentle respect of ALEXANDER's tone, for he
vouchsafes:

YURI
Mother could play it.

He takes his hands from it, signaling that he has finished with it.
ALEXANDER takes it, ANNA rises, saying seriously:

ANNA
Oh. Well, your mother was an Artist, Yuri: Your mother
had a Gift.

We understand from her intonation that "Art" and "Gift" are taken
seriously in the Gromeko household. ALEXANDER placing the
balalaika on the table for the child to see (but the child looks steadily
at them, not it) says cheerfully:

ALEXANDER
Perhaps Yuri's got a gift. (To YURI) Would you like
lessons?

YURI
I can't play it.

The GROMEKOS looks at him from the doorway, quite daunted.

ANNA ("Brightly")
Well. Say goodnight to Yuri, Tonya.

TONYA goes to him.

126 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA. Gravely they kiss cheeks; she
with shy tenderness, he with cold courtesy. On SOUND, ANNA,
gently:

(SOUND)
He's your brother now ...

TONYA leaves him. He settles back. On SOUND.

126 Continued

ANNA (SOUND, rather hopelessly:
Goodnight, Yuri.

ALEXANDER (SOUND, sympathetically robust)
Goodnight, old chap.

YURI (inexpressively)
Goodnight.

On SOUND, the door closes. YURI turns his head to look at:

127 CLOSE SHOT. The BALALAIKA, a magnificent thing of polished wood and mother of pearl. On SOUND we hear it "play" softly.

128 CLOSE UP. YURI as before. On SOUND the balalaika stronger.

129 CLOSE UP. The BALALAIKA, on SOUND the music full, a virtuoso at the strings.

130 CLOSE SHOT. YURI frowns, gets from bed, cutting off the music. He kneels, eyes firmly closed, hands correctly together and:

YURI

Dear God and my Holy Guardian Angel, keep me in the path of truth . . . And please tell Mother not to worry. Please tell her that I like the Gromekos very much . . . Please don't let her worry. For our Saviour's sake. Amen

He nips back into bed and burrows shivering beneath the coverings. A terrible howling and clattering wells up on SOUND as:

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR GRAVEYARD LOCATION WINTER DAY FOR NIGHT

131 MEDIUM SHOT Surrounded by clanking and vibrating metal headstones the mother's grave is being swept by a blizzard. The quivering wreaths are being torn from the grave. YURI's little nosegay has gone.

INTERIOR MONASTERY CELL STUDIO NIGHT

132 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA is shooting through the partially snowed-up window into YURI's cell. The wind is banging a branch of old creeper against the glass as if to attract the boy's attention. YURI turns over in bed.

EXTERIOR GRAVEYARD LOCATION WINTER DAY FOR NIGHT

133 CLOSE SHOT. The grave. A large round wreath, its laurels clogged with snow, bows tipsily away and falls over.

INTERIOR MONASTERY CELL STUDIO NIGHT

134 CLOSE SHOT. Through the window we see YURI coming towards us. He climbs up on the trunk beneath the window and presses his face against the cold glass open-eyed but horrified.

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

135 CLOSE UP. THE GIRL, lost in thought, seems to be staring back at him with sympathetic understanding, the moan of the blizzard fading to silence.

136 MEDIUM SHOT. YEVGRAF, standing now, seeing her expression smiles a little, says as though to comfort her:

YEVGRAF

I don't know that he missed his mother. I don't think children that age do.

But she replies very seriously, and rather as though in defence of YURI:

THE GIRL

I did.

At which YEVGRAF is serious in turn. Says almost harshly:

YEVGRAF

That was different. You were a child of the Revolution. You had nothing. He had, the Gromekos. (Dry) Good liberal bourgeois.

He is speaking quickly, rather bitterly but now translating for her with a faint sardonic smile:

136 Continued

YEVGRAF (Cont)
Good people, who turned away from
anything unpleasant. You know?

THE GIRL
I know.

She says it calmly, almost in reproof of his
sarcasm. Evidently her tolerance extends further
than his; perhaps she has some sympathy with people
who turn away from things unpleasant. Then, struck
by a thought:

What about his father?

137 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF. There is a short silence
before he answers.

YEVGRAF
My father too. By a different
mother. My mother was a peasant.
You can see that ... He was a pro-
duct of his class and time, a
selfish, dissipated, miserable man.
He committed suicide by jumping
from a train ... I don't know where
or when.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO COUNTRY HOUSE LOCATION SUMMER
DAY

138 MEDIUM SHOT. Low angle. A grass bank with sky
behind it. Someone climbs into view and stands
on it, looking over the open country at something
It is the boy YURI now eighteen months older.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION SUMMER DAY

139 EXTREME LONG SHOT. What he sees. A gently
undulating summer landscape. In the distance a
TRAIN stands stationary in the middle of nowhere,
a needle of white steam ascending from the
locomotive.

INTERIOR GROOMING COUNTRY HOUSE LOCATION SUMMER
DAY

140 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI in foreground. We now see that the bank on which he stands forms the boundary of a well-kept lawn on which ANNA stands serving tea. The table is elegant al fresco. ALEXANDER and TONYA sit there. A clumsy looking MUJIK waits. We glimpse their modest and charming house..

YURI

The Trans-Siberian has stopped.

ANNA (Following his gaze)

So it has.

She isn't really interested, but we see that she has fallen under YURI's sway; whatever he says will interest her. Pouring milk into ALEXANDER's coffee:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

140 Continued

ANNA (Cont)

How very odd, Alexey; the Trans-Siberian has stopped.

141 CLOSE SHOT. ANNA sits next to ALEXANDER, who reading a newspaper, declines to be interested.

ALEXANDER

That isn't odd, that's typical. They've probably let the fire out.

TONYA, drinking milk, a milk-moustache on her upper lip, giggles. Her father smiles at her.

My only audience.

These two are very close. ANNA smiles a matchmaking smile at her daughter, says:

ANNA

Yuri, come and drink your milk.

142 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, rather reluctantly, moves.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION SUMMER DAY

143 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. In level summer fields where cows graze, stands the train. The locomotive sends up its pillar of steam with a steady sigh like sleep. All along the train, on the embankment, and looking from rear windows, the PASSENGERS look all in one direction, to the rear. Mostly they are poor folk but there is a good sprinkling of the wealthy, sharply differentiated from the poor. Expressions vary from wincing disgust to gaping curiosity. They are looking towards:

144 A little flat waggon behind the train, a curious vehicle with levers on it. It is surrounded at a respectful distance by curious PASSENGERS. Behind it stand two RAILWAYMEN. Before it stands a rustic OFFICIAL. He flips shut a notebook in which he is writing, nods to RAILWAYMEN. They stoop for something which has been hidden by the waggon, seize it, lift it and:

145 CLOSE SHOT: dump a dead man's body on the waggon, face down. Its clothes are good but now torn and dirtied. The onlookers flinch and murmur but fall silent and still as:

145 Continued

Someone only visible from the waist down comes on frame and mounts the waggon. Fine shiny shoes, neat black trousers.

Onlookers look up with reluctant respect at:

146/ KOMAROVSKY standing on the waggon. A scowling power-
150 ful face, quick intelligent eyes. His waistcoat reveals a fine linen shirt; he mops his neck savagely with a white handkerchief. A meat-eater, a clubman, he has fallen unconsciously into the attitude of a conqueror over the corpse which he utterly ignores. He also ignores the incipient disapprobation of the onlookers. He clicks his fingers sharply; assisted by one of the RAILWAYMEN a massive red bulldog joins him on the waggon.

A hoot from the locomotive. GUARD blows whistle. PASSENGERS hurry off, watched contemptuously by KOMAROVSKY.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO COUNTRY HOUSE LOCATION SUMMER
DAY

151 YURI as before, now with a milk moustache like TONYA'S and holding a half empty glass, looks off at:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION SUMMER DAY

152 EXTREME LONG SHOT. His POV. The train moving, we see a jet of steam from its whistle.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO COUNTRY HOUSE LOCATION SUMMER
DAY

153 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The sound of the whistle reaches him across the distance.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION SUMMER DAY

154/ CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. On the trolley.
157

KOMAROVSKY
His name was - Zhivago!

154/
157 Continued

Travelling with him on the wagon, we see the train recede. The RAILWAYMEN rise and fall rhythmically as they work the pump, which has a little scudak in it. The corpse has been roughly covered with a coat. KOMAROVSKY sits on a case, OFFICIAL on another. KOMAROVSKY keeps his temper with difficulty.

OFFICIAL
Zhi-vago ... Dear, dear. And he hurried off to meet his Maker at -

He lugs out a clumsy gunmetal watch.

KOMAROVSKY
he may have hurried off to meet his Maker or he may have fallen out - I tell you he was drunk!

OFFICIAL (Uneasy)
I see ... I see ... (But he doesn't write)

KOMAROVSKY
Then put it down!

OFFICIAL
Your honour understands, I have to ...
(he waves his book helplessly) The gentleman was travelling First Class.

KOMAROVSKY pulls himself together. From being exasperated his manner becomes curtly authoritative.

KOMAROVSKY
I know all about your duties, my man. I am a lawyer. My name (Producing a card) is Komarovsky.

158 CLOSE SHOT the card, printed in Russian.

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

159 CLOSE SHOT. The GIRL. She looks startled, even hostile.

THE GIRL
Komarovsky ...? My father?

160 CLOSE UP. YEUGRAF. Looking at her

YEUGRAF (A pause; flatly)
A man, called Komarovsky.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY

161 CLOSE SHOT The card, identical. On SOUND.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
You may know of me.

162/ MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. The waggon moving down the
164 line.

OFFICIAL (Obsequious now)
Oh yes, Your Excellency, I - (Writing and
nodding) Your Excellency was travelling
with him.

KOMAROVSKY (Wiping his neck again)
I was travelling with him.

OFFICIAL
In what capacity, Your Excellency?

KOMAROVSKY looks thoughtful, cautious, then:

KOMAROVSKY
Business associate.

OFFICIAL glances at him.

OFFICIAL
And he was definitely drunk.

KOMAROVSKY
He'd been drunk for a year. Get-out you
brute!

He aims a kick at the dog which is sniffing at the
corpse so that one of its arms has slipped from beneath
the coat and is now dangling stiffly from the side of
the waggon.

OFFICIAL
Dear, dear. Now, the gentleman's next-of-
kin.

KOMAROVSKY
Wife: dead. Children: ... any number. One
legitimate. God knows where he is ...

162/ Continued
164

The waggon draws away from us, the dead man's arm wagging gently.

CUT

EXTERIOR GROMEKO COUNTRY HOUSE. LOCATION DAY

165 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI as before, glass now empty, watching, tranced:

166 EXTREME LONG SHOT. His POV. The waggon crawls beetle-like along the track of the embankment.

167/ YURI turns idly away, to find the GROMEKO FAMILY
169 regarding him with affectionate amusement. He blinks and smiles. They laugh.

DISSOLVE. YEVGRAF on SOUND OVER:

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

The Gromekos didn't know what to make of him.

HOSPITAL LECTURE ROOM STUDIO WINTER-SNOW DAY

170 MICROSCOPE SHOT. The screen is filled with a luminous pattern which shifts and pulses like the play of light in some magical jungle.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

he made his reputation as a poet while he was studying to make himself a doctor. He said poetry was a vocation - what he wanted was a job.

171 CLOSE UP. YURI, now in his early twenties, is bent over a microscope.

He lifts his head from the microscope. He looks abstracted and pleased. On SOUND:

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Dryly)
Pretty?

YURI
Very.

CONTINUE SCENE 172, PAGE 30, AS IS.

171 Continued

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

By the time he was twenty he made himself a reputation as a poet. But he said that poetry was no more a vocation than good eye-sight.

YURI lifts his head from the microscope. He looks abstracted and pleased. On SOUND:

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Dryly)
Pretty?

YURI
Very.

172 MEDIUM SHOT. We now see that YURI is in the lecture room of a hospital with large windows over-looking a view of Moscow in its covering of winter snow. The class is breaking up, the STUDENTS leaving noisily. YURI has his coat on. The MEDICAL PROFESSOR has taken off his white coat, puts his eye to the instrument. Looks for a moment. Then growls as at a respected enemy.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Ugh ... It's no right to be pretty.

YURI laughs, at ease, a favourite. MEDICAL PROFESSOR straightens.

What will you do, next year, Zhivago?

YURI
I thought of doing General Practice.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Well think of doing Pure Research. It's exciting. Important.
'Can be - (A quick sardonic grin) - beautiful.

YURI
General Practice.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR puts his hat on rather rakishly, handsome old cynic.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Life ... He wants to see Life ... Well you'll find that pretty creatures -

He deftly removes the microscope slide with its tiny drop of bacilli.

172 Continued

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Cont)
- do ugly things; to people.

173 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. He drops it into a jar of alcohol. The drop of coloured matter smokes and evaporates.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET WINTER - SNOW DAY

174 MEDIUM SHOT. A TRAM, hissing and grinding, lurches into motion. It passes away from us along the busy street.

175 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI, with his cap on now, walking along the pavement. He looks ahead and sees:

176 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. YURI'S POV, the tram moving away slowly but accelerating.

177 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI quickens his pace, not yet decided, but drawn by the tram.

178 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. YURI'S POV. The tram accelerating.

179 CLOSE SHOT. YURI breaks into a run. The CAMERA PANS with him into LONG SHOT as he snatches off his cap and sprints after the tram.

180 CLOSE SHOT The CAMERA is on the tram, the CONDUCTOR in foreground, YURI gaining on the tram in the background. He jumps aboard, breathless.

CONDUCTOR

You shouldn't do it, sir; you shouldn't do it.

YURI grins at him a bit sheepishly, passes in.

There are lots of other trams.

181 CLOSE SHOT. LARA, seventeen years old and in school-girl's uniform, but recognisably the Lara of the photograph. Beside her is the only vacant place, her satchel on it. She is looking out of the window as YURI approaches up the tram behind her, puffed from his run. As he is about to reach her the man in the gangway seat immediately behind her rises, pushes past YURI and goes. YURI sinks gratefully into his seat, glances vacantly at the back of her head, settles down looking straight ahead. LARA turns slowly from the window, looks ahead too.

- 182 CLOSE SHOT. The tram's pick-up slides hissing along the wire. A crackle and spark as it passes a joint.
- 183 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA, swaying gently to the motion of the tram, both looking ahead.
- 184 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. As if from low in front of the tram we see the rails gliding towards us.
- 185 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. YURI turns his head and looks out of the window. LARA idly turns her head to look out again so they are both in profile, both seeing:
- 186 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI and LARA'S POV. The anonymous crowds going about their business.
- 187 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He turns and looks out of the window on the far side, so they are now both looking away from each other. LARA turns to collect her things.
- 188 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (From the front of the tram) Points approaching.
- 189 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. LARA rises and slings her satchel. Now surely he must notice her. But exactly as she passes, the WOMAN in the window seat next to YURI, attracts his attention. She wants to get out. YURI rises for her. She gets up and goes, obscuring LARA. The tram lurches over the points.
- 190 CLOSE SHOT. The pick-up negotiates the jointed cable sending down a little shower of sparks.
- 191 CLOSE SHOT. YURI sits down in the window seat as the tram begins to slow.
- 192 CLOSE SHOT. LARA alights while the tram is still moving.
- 193 CLOSE SHOT. CONDUCTOR shaking his head with disapproval, gives two rings on his bell.
- 194 MEDIUM SHOT As the tram re-gathers speed, bearing YURI away, LARA crosses the street diagonally towards a side turning.
- 195 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LARA. We follow her for a few paces. She makes a sharp turn and the CAMERA PANS with her into LONG SHOT as she goes away from us down the side turning leading to a poorer district.

196 CLOSE SHOT. YURI jumps off the still-moving tram.

INTERIOR-EXTERIOR GROMEKO LIBRARY AND STREET DAY
WINTER-SNOW

197 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the Gromeko town-house library (books from floor to ceiling) ANNA looks out of the window down the street. The tram goes off round a corner as YUFI walks quickly towards the house. ANNA watches him for a moment, then picks up from the desk before her:

198 CLOSE SHOT. A LETTER with a French stamp.

199 MEDIUM SHOT. Outside, the CAMERA PANS with YUFI as he crosses the pavement, mounts the steps, opens the door.

200/ MEDIUM SHOT. YUFI is met by ANNA in the hall. He takes off
202 his cap.

YURI
Hello, Aunty.

And mounts the stairs. She says:

ANNA
There's a letter for you.

He turns on the stairs.

YURI
Oh?

ANNA
From Paris.

YURI
Oh.

He descends smiling, takes the letter. Rather shyly:

Lovely writing.

ANNA
Lovely. She's coming home next month.

YURI
Tonya - ?

ANNA nods, with a sly smile. He opens the letter.

200/ Continued
202

YURI (Cont)
Oh that's good . . .

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET (POOR QUARTER) DAY
WINTER-SNOW

- 203 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA walking towards us through a poor district. The CAMERA PANS with her as she turns a corner into a near-slum. She is familiar with it and its people, the old and uncared-for, the grim-looking young, the dirty cheerful children. A factory siren is blowing at the end of the street towards which she is walking and FACTORY HANDS are beginning to pour into the street. They are dirty and exhausted, poorly clad, heavy footed, they do not talk.
- 204/ CLOSE SHOT. PASHA Antipov is distributing leaflets among them.
206 He is a tall young man of twenty-two with a bony face, thin lips, fine eyes, pale, wearing spectacles, clad in a long threadbare coat and shabby student's cap. The FACTORY HANDS respect him. Those who refuse his leaflets do so with a hurried shake of the head or are shame-faced, those who accept them do so proudly or with a quick hopeful glance at him from tired, resentful eyes. Suddenly a hefty PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN and UNIFORMED POLICEMAN are on either side of him. He does not flinch, was expecting it.

PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN
What's your name?

PASHA
Pasha Antipov.

PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN
Address?

PASHA
15 Tigerzin.

POLICEMAN takes this down; PASHA watching.

PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN
I'll have these.

He has whipped away the leaflets from PASHA's hand.

PASHA (Angry)
We have permission from the Chief of Police.

204/ Continued
206

PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN
Yes? Well, you claim them at the Station.

PASHA
When?

MAN (Softly)
Now. If you like.

POLICEMAN is a brutal looking creature, PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN a degree more sinister since more intelligent. PASHA's eyes blaze coldly. He says primly:

PASHA
Very well.

He is ready to go, but on SOUND:

LARA (SOUND; sharp, alarmed)
Pasha!

All three turn. PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN looks at LARA, a helpless but highly respectable figure. He rubs his chin, looks speculatively back at PASHA, trying to connect them.

(Quickly) He's my brother.

PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN
Well take him home then, miss. Before he gets into trouble.

PASHA and LARA go. PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN watches:

- 207 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA and LARA's backs, retreating into the sea of oncoming faces.
- 208 CLOSE SHOT. PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN and POLICEMAN get hostile glances from FACTORY HANDS as they pass. PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN measure them with a cold eye, turns slowly, thrusting the bundle of leaflets into his coat pocket.
- 209 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT Following on the backs of LARA and PASHA. PASHA draws a identical bundle of leaflets from his coat pocket. Soberly, as they walk, he hands one to one of the oncoming FACTORY HANDS. This river of faces flows past us during:

LARA (Frightened)
Pasha, please!

209 Continued

PASHA (Hesitates, then:)
It's got to be done.

He hands another. LARA is a bit in awe of him. Protesting, but timidly:

LARA
Pasha, why has it got to be done?

PASHA
For them. For the Revolution.

210 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT REVERSE on LARA and PASHA, the river of approaching faces now a river of receding weary backs. FACTORY HAND gets a leaflet, hears the phrase, looks back alarmed.

LARA
Pasha, they don't want the revolution.

PASHA
Yes they do. They don't know it yet, but that's what they want.

A serious-looking FACTORY HAND runs up, much older than PASHA but addresses him as an equal:

FACTORY HAND
Give me some of those, Comrade.

Without a word PASHA gives him half the leaflets. He falls back and we see him busy distributing as the CAMERA PANS with LARA and PASHA who turn into a quieter street, still of the same character but without the FACTORY HANDS.

211 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. PASHA and LARA. She looks quickly to see they are not overheard, and very quietly:

LARA
Pasha, are you a - Bolshevik?

PASHA
No. The Bolsheviks don't like me. And I don't like them. They don't know right from wrong.

He looks severe. LARA glances at him, giggles, eyes aight:

211 Continued

LARA

Pasha Antipov, you're an awful prig.

His face goes stiff with misery. Crestfallen she slips her arm through his. At once he looks abysmally happy. Awkwardly flirtatious:

PASHA

Why did you tell him I was your brother?

LARA

What else could I tell him?

PASHA

You could have told him I was your - (The "sprightly" tone deserts him altogether) - fiance.

She withdraws her arm, delicately. Says pleadingly:

LARA

Don't be silly, Pasha ... I'm - (Breaks off hearing dog bark on SOUND).

212 MEDIUM SHOT Their POV. A sleigh stands outside the doorway of a flat-faced building. On the passenger seat sits a young BLACK BULLDOG.

213 MEDIUM SHOT Carriage in foreground. PASHA and LARA walk towards the carriage. As they reach the doorway LARA pronounces:

LARA

Monsieur Komarovsky has come to see my mother on business.

214 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and LARA by the door. PASHA nods, looking unhappily at his feet. LARA looks round muttering:

LARA

People ... gossip ... round here.

PASHA (Earnestly)

It's the system Lara. People will be different after the Revolution.

She gives him a shy smile of gratitude, and purely out of gratitude, takes a leaflet. He lights up:

Will you come?

214 Continued

LARA (Gently)

No, Pasha. - (And as he looks crestfallen) I've got
exams to take Pasha! I've got to get a scholarship . . . !

She goes into the dark doorway. He turns away sadly, but adjusts his spectacles, squares his narrow shoulders, sets off on his appointed task in the direction from which they came.

INTERIOR LARA'S HALLWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER

215 MEDIUM SHOT LARA mounts a flight of bare board stairs leading up out of a hallway of small commercial offices. She turns into:

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO DAY
 WINTER

216 MEDIUM SHOT A corridor. LARA enters picture and walks towards a distinctive door at the end with a panel of patterned glass with lettering on it.

217 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. On the other side of the door is AMELIA's little fitting room. Old-fashioned fashion plates, demode dummies, chipped gilt furniture. AMELIA, fortyish, frilled, still pretty, is demurely listening to a sharp-eyed GENTLEWOMAN:

GENTLEWOMAN ("Roguish":)
 And such a handsome figure of a m -

She breaks off as LARA enters behind them. AMELIA affects to fuss with her customer's street dress.

LARA
 Good evening Maman. (A little curtsey to GENTLEWOMAN)
 Madame . . .

GENTLEWOMAN (Gracious)
 Larissa.

AMELIA
 You can work in there dear, Monsieur Komarovsky's here.

LARA
 Yes Maman.

The CAMERA PANS off AMELIA and the GENTLEWOMAN and TRACKS behind LARA as she passes through into the workroom, a bigger place, with sewing machines, bolts of cloth, tailor's shapes, covered with

217 Continued

sheets at the end of the day. Here are three or four SEAMSTRESSES getting into their street clothes, heads together, gossiping viciously. They come apart as LARA enters and watch her covertly as she walks through, head high, into:

218 MEDIUM SHOT. AMELIA's little living room. Pathetic imitation of Parisian chic. But a cosy little love-nest for KOMAROVSKY, very much at ease on a satin sofa. Older now, but still handsome, radiating animal energy. He hardly deigns to notice LARA, turning the page of his newspaper.

KOMAROVSKY
Good evening, Larissa.

LARA (Quietly, respectfully)
Good evening, Monsieur.

She hangs her hat and coat, takes her satchel out into the workroom.

219 CLOSE SHOT. The glass-panelled door of the fitting-room. The SEAMSTRESSES hurry off into the passage. AMELIA holds the door open for GENTLEWOMAN who is unwilling to go.

GENTLEWOMAN
- He advises some very Important People.

AMELIA
Yes I know.

GENTLEWOMAN
I believe he has Government connections.

AMELIA
I don't know, I'm sure.

GENTLEWOMAN
- Isn't he very expensive?

AMELIA answers her gimlet-eyed impertinence with a rather touching dignity.

AMELIA
Monsieur Komarosky advises me, from kindness, Baroness. He was a friend of my late husband's.

GENTLEWOMAN
Oh I see ...

219 Continued

She goes, conveying that she doesn't believe a word of it. AMELIA locks the door after her, and takes the key. She adjusts her hair.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO NIGHT
WINTER

220 CLOSE SHOT. LARA works at her school-books in the workshop. Night has fallen. On SOUND distant shunting noises from a marshalling yard and the soft hiss of a gas lamp burning on the wall. Behind her the door to the living quarters is shut. It opens. KOMAROVSKY comes out, carrying hat and coat, saying softly:

KOMAROVSKY
Tuesday if I can, my dear. Goodnight.

LARA has risen automatically to get the front door keys where they hang on a hook. KOMAROVSKY is glancing with idle patronage at her schoolwork, but suddenly his face changes:

Now where did you get this?

LARA
A friend gave it to me, Monsieur Komarovsky.

He grunts, indicates with a wave of his hat that she is to lead off. The CAMERA PANS as LARA leads the way, then TRACKS behind them as they walk through the workshop towards the fitting room.

KOMAROVSKY
You're not to go to this 'peaceful demonstration' Lara.

LARA
No, Monsieur.

KOMAROVSKY
It may not be as peaceful as they think.

221 Continued

She turns her head to him, alarmed but, waving her on:

KOMAROVSKY (Cont)

That's all I have to say. Tell your friend she's a silly creature.

LARA

Yes, Monsieur.

They enter the fitting room. CAMERA comes to a halt in LONG SHOT as they walk through.

222 CLOSE SHOT As LARA reaches the glass-panelled door:

KOMAROVSKY (Amusedly)

How old are you now?

LARA

Seventeen, Monsieur.

She has turned to him, slightly surprised by the change of subject.

KOMAROVSKY

Hmp!

He reaches out and flips from one of the dummies a length of floating veil. Expertly off-hand - an experienced man much interested by women - he swathes her head in it. She suffers him to do it, looking at him with trustful curiosity.

223 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY's quizzical smile fades. His masterful, amused and patronizing pose is swept away, he is utterly unselfconscious as he takes in:

224 CLOSE UP. LARA's face framed softly in the soft material is the face of a beautiful young woman. Her expression is serious, like that of a young communicant

225 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY as before. A little fire begins to burn behind his eyes but self-awareness returns first not to him but to:

225A CLOSE UP. LARA. Gently, defensively, she pulls the veiling from her head, her eyes still gravely, submissively questioning.

225B CLOSE SHOT KOMAROVSKY and LARA. With a short, agreeable, rather rueful laugh, he turns abruptly and goes through the door.

- 226 CLOSE UP. LARA watching him. On SOUND the door bangs shut; the distant clink-clonk-clonk of shunting waggons.
- 227 MEDIUM SHOT. From LARA'S POV the blurred figure of KOMAROVSKY receding through the distorting glass.
- 228 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA, her expression deeply thoughtful. On SOUND the high-pitched impatient toot-toot-toot of a shunting engine and the receding footsteps of KOMAROVSKY.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

- 229 CLOSE SHOT Hundreds of feet, ill-shod, tramping through grey churned snow. (Starting very close, to provide loud sound effect over LARA's face at beginning of DISSOLVE and zooming back to waist height.)
- 230 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. PASHA marches stiffly at the head of the procession flanked by other LEADERS, poorly clad straight-faced intellectuals.
- 231 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A group of grey-looking FACTORY WORKERS, heads down and serious.
- 232 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A POLICEMAN walking on foot beside the WORKERS.
- 233 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A poorly dressed CHILD, holding its mother's hand, among the marching legs.
- 234 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Red banners with Russian lettering.
- 235 LONG SHOT. The procession. HOUSEHOLDERS come out on their balconies, faces peer from windows in well-lit rooms.
- 236 CLOSE SHOT. YURI is on the balcony outside the library. He is joined by ANNA, a rug around her shoulders.
- 237 LONG SHOT. Their POV. The procession advancing up the street towards them.
- 238 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and ANNA. She deciphers the slogans:

ANNA

"Brotherhood and Freedom"! Yuri - what splendid words.

239 MEDIUM SHOT. The Banners as they wobble past. On SOUND:

ANNA (Cont)
"Justice, Equality, and Bread!"

240 CLOSE SHOT YURI and ANNA.

- Splendid - (A coughing fit) - primitive, words.

ALEXANDER (SOUND. From within, angry)
Anna!

ANNA (Puzzled, disappointed)
Don't you think they're splendid?

YURI
Yes I do.

241 CLOSE SHOT. Another banner wobbles by.

ANNA (SOUND)
Brotherhood and Freedom.

242 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and ANNA are joined by ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER
Brotherhood and Fiddlesticks - (Taking her hand) - You're frozen through. (Leading her into the library) You've no right Annushka, it isn't fair ...

243 LONG SHOT. The procession wheeling off round a corner of the street.

INTERIOR GROMEKO LIBRARY STUDIO NIGHT

244 MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER sits ANNA in a chair as YURI enters from balcony and shuts windows.

ANNA
Am I very ill then little husband?

ALEXANDER looks shifty. He turns his back to fiddle needlessly with the fire. With simulated irritability:

ALEXANDER
I don't know how ill you are ...

She smiles at his back lovingly, turns to YURI.

244 Continued

ANNA
It's impressive, isn't it?

YURI (Thoughtful)
Yes it is ... I wonder why the Police have allowed it.

ALEXANDER (Genuinely irritated now)
I don't know why you advanced people make such villains of the Police. They're there to maintain law and order.

ANNA
They're there to maintain you in comfort!

ALEXANDER
Well I like comfort.

ANNA
Oh! Oh! Professor Alexander Gromeko is - (Coughs)
- is -

She coughs prolongedly. They are alarmed. She waves them away, coughing. ALEXANDER goes:

ANNA (After him)
- is a peasant!

She lies back, white, eyes shut.

245/ CLOSE SHOT. YURI and ANNA. He quietly takes her pulse.
247 (This has happened many times before.) A pause.

ANNA
What's the matter with me, Yuri?

YURI (Hesitates, then gently, definitely)
You know.

ANNA (Opens eyes)
Yes. Clever boy ... (Breathing is difficult) 'Tonya coming home tomorrow. (No response from YURI) Hope they haven't spoiled her at that silly school.

YURI
Shouldn't think so.

ANNA
Love'y girl, Tonya.

245/ Continued

247

YURI
Lovely.

ANNA
If I give you a wish, what will you wish?

YURI
I don't want a wish.

ANNA
I give you a wish. Wish!

YURI (Making light of it)
I wish .. (His eyes wander) I wish I could play the
balalaika.

ANNA (Pushes his hand away, angrily)
"Can't play balalaika! Too clumsy! ... Not like mother ..."

YURI (Rising)
No.

248 CLOSE SHOT ALEXANDER stands at the door holding a glass
and bottle. He coughs discreetly and comes forward.

249 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT ANNA looks resentfully, wistfully, after
YURI who goes off towards the window.

ANNA
Seem clever, but clumsy.

ALEXANDER enters putting glass on low table by her, uncorking
bottle says softly:

ALEXANDER
If they're meant to marry, they'll marry.

As if in answer, a hoarse command from outside. ANNA and
ALEXANDER look curiously and apprehensively towards YURI.

250 CLOSE UP. YURI at the window. Curious and apprehensive he
parts the curtain and looks through at the street.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

251 LONG SHOT. POV YURI. The procession has gone. A TROOP of
DRAGOON cross the main street and disappear down a side turning.

INTERIOR GROMEKO LIBRARY STUDIO NIGHT

252 CLOSE UP. YURI at the window.

ANNA (SOUND)
What is it?

YURI
Dragoons.

CUT

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO NIGHT
WINTER

253 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside AMELIA's apartment KOMAROVSKY stands in evening dress. Opposite him stands LARA in an evening gown. It is suitable for her age but still, an evening gown. Between them sits AMELIA also in an evening gown but with a thermometer stuck in her mouth and a tendency to sweatiness. She rolls her eyes remorsefully from one to the other. KOMAROVSKY looks awkward and irritated. LARA looks frightened. Silence thus. In the silence a train passes nearby. KOMAROVSKY shifts his weight and coughs. LARA takes the thermometer.

LARA
A hundred and three.

AMELIA (A bit thick of speech)
Oh what a pity! I was so looking forward to it! Never mind - I'll be all right here. You will take Lara won't you, Victor Yppolitovich?

254 CLOSE UP. LARA, confused.

(SOUND)
Too selfish of her silly mother - it's her first long gown see - (Sneezes) Oh my goodness.

255 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY, who has been looking at his feet, looks up.

KOMAROVSKY
I think it would be better to call it right off.

256 MEDIUM SHOT. KOMAROVSKY, LARA, AMELIA.

LARA (Hastily)
Yes, I'll stay with you.

256 Continued

AMELIA
What nonsense! I'll be perfectly all
right - I've got a book. (Sneezing)
Such a disappointment for her, Victor
Yppolitovich -

LARA about to protest, cut off by a gesture from
AMELIA.

So little opportunity to mix in good society.

KOMAROVSKY (Graceless)
Very well. Get your coat. (Glances at
watch) We're going to be late. I want to
avoid Kropotkin Street.

SCENE NUMBERS 257 TO 261 CUT.

- 262 EXTREME LONG SHOT. (PROCESS) Several processions
converge on a vast crowd already assembled about a
sprawling Victorian monument. In foreground a
monstrous lion, gilded railings and a chocolate
toy soldier SENTRY guard palatial gates.
- 263 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. PASHA climbs the monument and is
greeted by other LEADERS, workers and petty
intellectuals. Introductions over he looks with
satisfaction:
- 264 LONG SHOT. Over the crowd, his POV, a sea of faces.

CUT

INTERIOR RESTAURANT LOCATION OR STUDIO NIGHT

- 265 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. LARA steps into the vestibule
of an expensive cafe-dansant closely followed by
KOMAROVSKY who gives his coat to a WAITER, who gives
it to an ASSISTANT.

MAITRE D'HOTEL
We'd given you up, M'sieur.

KOMAROVSKY indicates LARA who is peering timidly
towards the restaurant.

KOMAROVSKY
My niece. Coat, Lara.

MAITRE D'HOTEL takes her coat.

265 Continued

MAITRE D'HOTEL
Charming, M'mselle.

The music strikes up in the restaurant, the servitors smile.

266 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY nods, relaxes, forgives her. Says quite kindly:

KOMAROVSKY
Come.

CUT

267 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. Guided by the MAITRE D'HOTEL they walk through the restaurant. KOMAROVSKY is greeted with cheerful respect from a couple of tables. The CAMERA stops in CLOSE SHOT. A WAITER, holding LARA's chair for her takes her by surprise but she recovers instantly, to KOMAROVSKY's approval. She contemplates the glasses, cutlery, napkins folded into snowy towers. With one quick flip KOMAROVSKY destroys his and is given a colossal menu.

268 CLOSE UP. The menu, covered with French phrases.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
How's the Foie de Veau Gascoigne?

MAITRE D'HOTEL (SOUND)
As always, M'sieur.

269 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and MAITRE D'HOTEL.

KOMAROVSKY
All right. Not too much -

MAITRE D'HOTEL
- not too much mustard, M'sieur.

He takes the menu from KOMAROVSKY, both smile patronisingly at:

270 CLOSE SHOT. LARA entirely hidden behind her menu. She lowers it and says a little tensely but quite correctly:

LARA
Jambon Farci en Crout.

271

MAITRE D'HOTEL (Reference to LARA)
Wine M'sieur?

KOMAROVSKY (Rewarding her)
A little light wine, yes.

As he waits for the wine list:

LARA
M'Sieur Komarovskiy, this place must be
dreadfully expensive.

KOMAROVSKY (Receiving wine list)
It is. Why not "Victor Yppolitovich"?

LARA looks serious. Giggles, frowns, shields her
eyes.

LARA
I can't

SCENES 272 TO 276 CUT.

277 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY. Behind him couples take the floor.

KOMAROVSKY (Smilingly)
All right. Ah; they're dancing.

he says this not as a suggestion, leaning back to receive a plate of meat, but:

277A LONG SHOT. Different music. In foreground their empty places, in background the floor alive with waltzing couples. Socialites, noisy, dancing with panache. From this gay throng emerge LARA and KOMAROVSKY. They are dancing very decorously indeed. In LARA this may be natural, though her face is more tensely serious than we have ever seen it. As for KOMAROVSKY he holds her at arm's length, as though she were a delicate vase - filled with dynamite. His face too is serious, almost cautious. Neither looks at the other. The MUSIC stops. They come to the table. She sits, KOMAROVSKY holding her chair. She is having difficulty with her breath again. As KOMAROVSKY sits CAMERA TRACKS slowly in to CLOSE TWO-SHOT. She looks at her fingers on the table. He looks at her intently, the initiative hers. When she looks up he leans forward quickly to hear. They find themselves staring at one another.

LARA
Mother made this dress.

KOMAROVSKY (Looks at it seriously)
Very nice ...

LARA
... She's clever, isn't she?

KOMAROVSKY
Your mother? Yes. Fine little woman.

They are staring at one another as before. His eyes are intent, the little fire burning there again. Her eyes are dark and guilty. A tension develops between them emphasised by a hush which has fallen.

277A Continued

over the restaurant. The CAMERA eases back. They look around:

278 LONG SHOT. The whole restaurant looking in silence towards the curtained windows from which comes the distant sound of a huge crowd singing "The Internationale". It has the clumsiness and power of a great animal.

CUT

EXTERIOR MOSCCW SQUARE LOCATION NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

279 HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. The DEMONSTRATORS singing. They sing out of time despite the brass band, but the total volume is terrifying.

280 MEDIUM SHOT. The screen filled by hundreds of singing faces.

281 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Along lines of gaunt, ecstatic faces, under-nourished and pathetic.

CUT

INTERIOR RESTAURANT LOCATION OR STUDIO NIGHT

282 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Along lines of diners, the atmosphere now downright scared. CAMERA RISES into a LONG SHOT of the room, now a frozen tableau.

283 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and LARA. He listens with a glimmer of cold contempt, a tiny smile. Says loudly:

KOMAROVSKY

No doubt they'll sing in tune; after the Revolution.

A moment's silence. A very young OFFICER brays a laugh. Others join in. All heads are turned to KOMAROVSKY. Some clapping. A bald bespectacled OFFICIAL, a skilled sycophant, rises and raises his glass to him. Others follow suit. The place is rocking with grateful applause and silly laughter. The CAMERA TRACKS slowly as KOMAROVSKY looks around and accepts it with polite amused contempt, his eyebrows raised. But his expression changes. LARA shyly but gracefully toasts him, smiling over her glass. He laughs, his eyes excited. They clink glasses, the music starts.

CUT

- 284 CLOSE SHOT. They dance, not as before, but whirling with the best of them. LARA is young and KOMAROVSKY is expert, handsome, in command, holding her closely, black tails flying. They are both laughing.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

- 285 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The runners of a sleigh whine through snow. CAMERA PANS upwards into a CLOSE SHOT of LARA and KOMAROVSKY seated side by side. They are covered in furs. They do not speak nor look at one another, look stiffly ahead. They are close together under the furs.
- 286 MEDIUM SHOT The CAMERA PANS with the sleigh as it comes out of a side-turning and crosses a broader street. As it enters the opposite side-turning the CAMERA stays on a LONG SHOT of the main street which we now recognise as that in which the GROMEKO's live. It is almost deserted and most of the houses are darkened. From the direction of the Gromeko house at the far end comes the SOUND of distant singing. "Red Flag" this time. Into foreground steps the dark silhouetted back of a man in uniform:
- 287 CLOSE SHOT A SERGEANT-MAJOR OF DRAGOONS. He stands listening, turns his cannon-ball head, gives a muted bark.
- 288 MEDIUM SHOT. Down the shadowy side-turning, ready and waiting for it, DRAGOONS strip heavy dun-coloured blankets from their mounts. The high-bred animals, red, black and bay, wince and skitter in the cold.
- 289 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and LARA. The sleigh passes from light to dark to light. He looks at her profile. Then looks ahead again. She steals a look at him and looks ahead again. A movement under the furs. She half turns to him, he turns to her and sees her look, frightened, pleading, excited. He kisses her savagely; in-expertly she yields to it.
- 290 MEDIUM SHOT. On another muted bark from the SERGEANT-MAJOR,

290 Continued

the heavy booted men swing up into their saddles with a jingle and thump, together. The horses stir, come under control, start moving forward.

- 291 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The demonstrators, band playing and singing, on their way back through a poor district. They are no longer under escort, spread from side to side of the road. But their front is roughly straight and four or five leaders, including PASHA, walk ahead of them. The front rank contains the brass-band instrumentalists, one or two women and a CHILD.
- 292 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The DRAGOONS come to a halt in double line across the width of the Gromeko street. They are perfectly calm; might be on parade.
- 293 LONG SHOT. The line of DRAGOONS in foreground, the empty street in background. The singing closer. One or two lights going on in houses.
- 294 CLOSE UP. SERGEANT MAJOR. Stiff-backed, waiting, eyes on:
- 295 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The curve of the street from which the singing, much louder now, is coming. The leaders of the procession begin to appear around the corner.
- 296 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, putting on a heavy coat, comes out on to the Gromeko balcony. On SOUND the singing louder and louder. He is staring at:
- 297 LONG SHOT. His POV the DRAGOONS, distant, across the street.
- 298 CLOSE UP. YURI. The singing very loud. He looks back to the corner.
- 299 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. (Same set-up as 295) The Procession enters the main street. PASHA walking backwards conducting with his cap.

- 300 MEDIUM SHOT. The line of DRAGCOONS. A bark from the SERGEANT-MAJOR. The men draw their swords.
- 301 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. PASHA conducting, as yet oblivious of the situation ahead of him.
- 302 CLOSE SHOT. SERGEANT-MAJOR. Another word of command. The DRAGOONS move forward.
- 303 CLOSE UP. YURI looking incredulously down the street.
- 304 LONG SHOT His POV. The Procession going away up the street in foreground, the DRAGOONS approaching in background.
- 305 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. One of the LEADERS draws PASHA's attention to:
- 306 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The DRAGOONS. They increase their pace to a trot.
- 307 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. PASHA stops conducting, walks forward mechanically for a few paces, stops.
- 308 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. The DRAGOONS. A word of command. They canter.
- 309 MEDIUM SHOT. The procession. Those at the front come to a standstill. Those at the back pile up behind them. The music and singing falter.
- 310 CLOSE UP. YURI. The singing stops. Silence except for the drumming of horses' hooves.
- 311 LONG SHOT His POV. The procession halted. The DRAGOONS at the gallop. The crowd begin to panic and break up.
- 312 MEDIUM SHOT. The procession scattering.
- 313 CLOSE SHOT. The panicking crowd, backs turned, running.

- 315 CLOSE SHOT. YURI grips the balcony rail.
- 316 CLOSE SHOT. Frightened running faces, a glimpse of oncoming horses above them.
- 317 CLOSE SHOT. A CHILD, seen through running legs.
- 318 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The SERGEANT-MAJOR raises his sword at:
- 319 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. His POV, The CAMERA OVERTAKES the back of the fleeing crowd.

INTERIOR GROMEKO HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT

- 320 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. Rapidly tracking into CLOSE UP. The sound of a fearful impact. Shouts, screams, drumming hooves, running feet - bedlam. YURI's head jerks from side to side, watching, horrified. The uproar beneath him modulates into a dreadful scuffle punctuated by groans, oaths, words of command and the clash of metal.
- 321 MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER emerges from his bedroom, in slippers wrapping a heavy dressing gown about him, hurries along the corridor to the library door.
- 322 MEDIUM SHOT. He enters the library and crosses to the window.
- 323 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER joins YURI on the balcony.

ALEXANDER
What - ? What - ?

For a beat they both stare down. The noise is receding to their right. A few flakes of snow begin to float down across them. Suddenly YURI goes. The noise recedes still further. Then ALEXANDER too leaves the balcony, horrified, trembling, utterly unable to cope with what he has seen.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET LOCATION NIGHT WINTER-
SNOWING

- 324 HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT. What he saw: Through a gentle drift of snow-flakes bodies lie on the ground, the CHILD's prominent. One of the sloganned banners lies there. The big brass tuba. Two or three men wander uncertainly. A wounded woman is crawling towards the Gromeko house.

325 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI flings open the Gromeko front door and dashes down the steps. But slows, stops in CLOSE UP, staring with horrified intentness at:

326 CLOSE UP. A pool of blood in the spill of light on the pavement.

EXTERIOR KOMAROVSKY'S HOUSE LOCATION NIGHT
WINTER - SNOWING

327 CLOSE UP. LARA's face comes into frame as she seats herself on KOMAROVSKY's sleigh. She looks numbed with shock. On SOUND:

KOMAROVSKY (A deep "tender" voice)
Good-night, dear.

LARA
Good-night ... (Her voice breaks) Victor Yppolitovich.

The sleigh pulls away revealing a MEDIUM SHOT of KOMAROVSKY standing without his overcoat on the pavement. It is snowing; his house door is open behind him; he looks post-coital and glum.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET LOCATION NIGHT WINTER -
SNOWING

328 CLOSE SHOT. A dead body is lugged on to the floor of a waggon among other bodies already there.

329 MEDIUM SHOT. Two POLICEMEN lower an awning and slam up the tail-board.

330 LONG SHOT. In falling Christmas-card snow other POLICE are lifting dead and wounded into carts. Lights are on in many houses and HOUSEHOLDERS watch as from warmly-lit theatre boxes. Some have come outside. Down the centre of the street, trotting along on a splendid horse, followed by an ENTOURAGE, comes a GENERAL, a distinguished old aristocrat with a magnificent white-bearded face under a plumed hat.

GENERAL (Gentle and authoritative)
Go back inside your houses please - Everything is quiet now! Go back inside your houses please!

331 CLOSE SHOT. YURI kneeling beside the wounded WOMAN, looks up.

332 CLOSE PANNING SHOT. The GENERAL from YURI's POV.

332 Continued

GENERAL

All these people will be taken care of! Go back inside please!

333 CLOSE SHOT. YURI goes on deliberately with his work. The feet of a horse clatter into foreground of picture.

334 CLOSE SHOT. A SERGEANT OF DRAGOONS reins in his horse.

SERGEANT (Looking down at YURI)
Get inside.

335 CLOSE SHOT The CAMERA PANS up with YURI as he rises slowly to his feet, looking coldly and calmly at the man. ALEXANDER, still in his dressing gown, runs up clutching him by the sleeve.

ALEXANDER
Yuri please! No trouble!

336 CLOSE UP. The SERGEANT.

SERGEANT
Take him in sir - or I'll put him in arrest!

337 CLOSE UP. YURI and ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER
Yuri, I beg you. Tonya's coming home tomorrow!

338 MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER is almost weeping. The WOMAN in any case is now picked up by two POLICE and carted off. YURI turns without a word and goes up the steps with ALEXANDER.

339 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER pushes YURI ahead of him through the front door. CAMERA TRACKS in as YURI enters the hall and turns looking back at the street as ALEXANDER shuts the door on us.

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO NIGHT

340 CLOSE SHOT. Reflected in her dressing table mirror we see LARA enter her bedroom. She sits, then fearfully raises her head to see her face. It is tear-stained, blotched, aghast. The image flickers:

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR MOSCOW STATION LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

- 341 CLOSE SHOT. The flickering was caused by the coaches of the Paris-Moscow Pullman arriving in Moscow Station. As the train stops TONYA's face is on frame. Ablaze with happiness, life, charm and staggeringly pretty. She is lowering the window of her compartment with a white-gloved hand, wearing a white fur coat and hat.
- 342 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI runs like a stag along the train, dodging the alighting PASSENGERS and their welcomers. At TONYA's carriage he stops in CLOSE UP. His expression changes.
- 343 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA standing in the doorway, the little sister and childhood sweetheart is a dazzling young lady. One anxious flash of her dark eyes to register the effect and the CAMERA PANS with her as she tumbles out on to the platform helped by YURI. They embrace, much more cautiously and formally than YURI had expected. She looks up, sees:
- 344 CLOSE UP. ALEXANDER standing there.
- 345 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA. The CAMERA PANS as, her youthful dignity swept away, she rushes over and tumbles into the arms of ALEXANDER who hugs and kisses her with unabashed tears of emotion, till she laughs and:

ALEXANDER

There, now, that's enough. Your mother, your mother.

- 346 CLOSE UP. ANNA seated on a station bench surrounded by bustling porters and passengers. She is looking anxiously at:
- 347 MEDIUM SHOT. Her POV. The busy platform. Through a gap in the crowd ALEXANDER and TONYA appear, her arm tucked possessively under his. TONYA sees her mother, raises her hand.
- 348 CLOSE UP. ANNA. A little gulp of happiness.
- 349 MEDIUM SHOT. TONYA leaves her father and runs, her charm and graceful figure attract smiles and turned heads. CAMERA PANS her into a CLOSE SHOT with ANNA who raises her arms still seated, her sensitive and wasted face quite stern with emotion but flowing with tears. TONYA, tearful too, stoops and embraces her tenderly, looks at her earnestly:

TONYA (Quietly, a bit fearfully)
Mummy, how are you?

349 Continued

ANNA
Me? Fit as a fiddle. Turn round.

350 MEDIUM SHOT. TONYA obliges, looking lovely, but keeps an anxious eye on ANNA, who grunts, and says to ALEXANDER who comes up.

Mr. Well they've taught her something.

TONYA
Daddy, how is she?

ANNA
I've told you... Isn't Yuri looking well?

TONYA (Quietly)
Yes he is.

351 YURI, who has followed a respectful few paces behind father and daughter, now comes up. ANNA repeats with triumphant satisfaction:

ANNA
They've taught her something, haven't they, Yuri?

YURI
You look lovely Tonya.

It is said quietly, but with a sort of simple affection unlike a lover's. However, it is enough to make TONYA momentarily look down and she drops the magazine she is carrying. Instantly YURI retrieves it for her. This brings them:

352 CLOSE TWO SHOT. YURI and TONYA; he with the magazine

TONYA
I brought it for you. There's a piece in it about young Russian poets.

352 Continued

YURI (Genuinely looking forward to reading it) Oh good. Thanks. Does it mention me?

TONYA
It begins with you. You're the best.

YURI
Very intelligent nation, the French.

353 CLOSE SHOT. ANNA, well pleased with the little tete-a-tete.

ANNA
Yes, well.

She attempts to rise with the aid of her stick. Quickly YURI comes on frame and takes her arm to assist her.

354 ALEXANDER has retaken possession of TONYA's arm; they regard each other fondly.

355 This is not at all what ANNA has in mind. She looks displeased. Then makes an ingenious display of being unable to rise even with YURI's help.

ANNA (Apologetic)
Alexei, dear ...

ALEXANDER, concerned comes quickly on frame. With his help too she can rise quite easily it seems. She retains his arm in a vicelike grip and relinquishing YURI's; studiously indifferent:

Thank you, dear.

356 YURI joins TONYA, takes her arm, and leads off.

357 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ANNA and ALEXANDER following. ANNA inclines her head to her husband's to speak above the station noises. Looking off, complacently at:

358 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Her POV. YURI and TONYA, similarly talking, make their way through the crowd.

ANNA

They have their heads together.

ALEXANDER

Yes dear; they're talking.

ANNA (Crossly)

They're head over heels!

ALEXANDER

Anushka stop it! (Then patting her hand) Good marriages are made in Heaven ... Or some such place.

CUT

CONTINUE PAGE 63, SCENE 359 AS IS.

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO DAY
WINTER

- 359 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The empty Fitting Room. On SOUND other church bells. After a moment LARA enters quietly from the workroom. She is white-faced but composed, dressed for church and carrying a prayer book. As she walks into CLOSE SHOT she stops, terrified.
- 360 CLOSE SHOT. Her POV. On the far side of the distorting glass is a motionless male figure. It moves, taps hesitantly with its fingers.
- 361 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. CAMERA PANS her to the door where leaning against the wall she says fearfully:

LARA
Victor Yppolitovich?

THE FIGURE
Pasha.

LARA almost overcome by happy relief.

I want to talk to you.

- 362 CLOSE UP. LARA. A different fear, that her defloration will be visible.

LARA (Sweetly pleading)
No, Pasha.

PASHA (SOUND)
It's important.

LARA (Hopelessly)
All right.

Sadfaced, her head down, she opens the door. No movement. She looks up. Her hand flies to her mouth.

Pasha!

- 363 CLOSE UP PASHA. He stands quite still. There is a terrific cut running all down one side of his face, made doubly pathetic by the fact he still wears spectacles.
- 364 CLOSE UP. LARA. A moment to collect herself, then:

LARA
How did you do it?

365 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and LARA.

PASHA
I didn't. A Dragoon did.

"Dragoon" comes out with a world of bitterness. He begins to shake.

LARA
Oh, Pasha darling, come, come, come ...

She draws him into the room, shuts the door. CAMERA PANS with them as she takes him to a chair.

Pasha, I can't deal with this.

PASHA
Have you got any iodine?

LARA
Yes but -

PASHA
Get it.

366 CLOSE UP. A big blue bottle. On SOUND:

PASHA (Softly, alarmed)
Don't let your mother know!

LARA's hand takes the bottle.

LARA (Softly)
It's here. She's still asleep.

CAMERA PANS back with LARA into a CLOSE SHOT with PASHA who has followed her up. She watches, fascinated and pitiful as he uncorks it, and standing over a small basin, stoically removes and lays down his spectacles, raises the bottle to his face and begins to tilt it.

367 CLOSE UP. LARA, wincing for his pain, mesmerised by the horror of it. On SOUND the clink of the bottle on the basin brings her to.

368 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA stands quite still bent over the basin, gripping it with pain. LARA whips up a small hand towel.

LARA
Pasha, darling ...

368 Continued

Ever so gently she dabs his yellow-stained cheek.
He turns to her. CAMERA TRACKS in to CLOSE UP.

LARA (Cont)
Pasha, you must go to a hospital!

PASHA
I daren't for a day or two. Will you do
something for me?

LARA (Immediately)
Yes what?

PASHA
Hide this.

She looks down.

369 CLOSE UP. A revolver is withdrawn from his coat
pocket.

370/ CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and LARA. She touches it gingerly.
372

LARA (A horrified murmur)
Pasha ... Oh throw it away.

PASHA
No! (he controls his volume, not his rage)
There'll be more "peaceful" demonstrations.
There were women and children Lara! And they
rode them down! Starving women asking for
bread! ... And on up on Tamskaya Avenue the
pigs were eating! And drinking! And dancing!

She looks at him aghast. He, unaware of any application
to herself, must breathe hard to regain control before,
curtly:

Hide it for me.

Hesitant, ashamed, LARA takes it.

Thanks, Comrade.

370/ Continued
372

LARA
Oh, Pasha darling, I'm not your Comrade!

There is a depth of self-disgust and lamentation in it. She looks at him longingly, half in love with him - his selflessness and courage. But AMELIA is heard (off)

AMELIA (SCUND)
Lara?

373 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA moves back, LARA quickly hides the revolver under a cushion, CAMERA PANS and TRACKS with LARA into the workroom where she heads off AMELIA, in her dressing gown.

Who is it dear?

LARA
It's only Pasha.

AMELIA (Losing interest)
Oh. (Maternally reproachful) You came in very late last night dear.

374 CLOSE UP. LARA.

LARA (Looks her straight in the eye and deceives her) The time went so quickly.

375 CLOSE UP. AMELIA.

AMELIA
Then you must have had a good time ...
(Slightly surprised) Are you going to Church dear?

LARA (SCUND) (Softly vehement)
Yes.

CUT.

INTERIOR CHURCH STUDIO DAY

376 LARA kneels at the Confessional in an echoing Church. She waits with her head bowed. After a pause, rather wearily:

376 Continued

CONFESSOR

My child, do you know what Our Lord said
to the woman Taken in Adultery?

LARA

Yes Father; He said: "Go and sin no more".

CONFESSOR

And - did she?

LARA (Startled)

I don't know, Father.

CONFESSOR

Nobody does child. The Flesh is not weak
it is strong. Only the Sacrament of Marriage
will contain it. Remember that.

377 LARA rises and goes. We see her descend the snowy
Church steps.

? EXTERIOR GROMKO STREET DAY WINTER-CLEAN SNOW

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR HOTEL GARDEN LOCATION NIGHT SUMMER

- 378 LONG SHOT A courtyard garden in high summer. Moths flutter about the lamps, there are plants in flower, a gently splashing fountain. One or two tables discreetly placed behind trellis-work with well-dressed couples over drinks. A high class maison d'assignation. KOMAROVSKY, hands in pockets, humming, crosses the courtyard. CAMERA PANS with him. He enters a doorway leading into the main building, goes up some stairs

INTERIOR HOTEL CORRIDOR STUDIO NIGHT

- 379 LONG SHOT. A corridor with windows on one side and numbered doors on the other A fatherly old WAITER with a loaded tray enters foreground as KOMAROVSKY comes along the corridor in background. They meet as KOMAROVSKY is about to enter one of the doors.

WAITER (Alarmed)
M'sieur! Number six this evening, sir. (Indicates the door regretfully) A Very Important Person.

As KOMAROVSKY gives an irritated shrug and starts to move forward the CAMERA PANS on to CLOSE SHOT of door 6 in foreground.

INTERIOR PRIVATE ROOM STUDIO NIGHT

- 380 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. She is sitting forlorn, dressed to satisfy KOMAROVSKY's particular tastes, in a very sophisticated brightly coloured dress in the Edwardian mode. She has her hair up. Her exposed arms and shoulders round and white. Because of all this her face looks pathetically young. The room itself is small and over-intimate A candle-lit table for two is set for dinner with a decanter of red wine. LARA sits on a sofa running almost the length of one wall. It has no back but is made comfortable by velvet cushions. On SOUND the door opens. She rises eagerly. KOMAROVSKY enters picture.

KOMAROVSKY
Sorry I'm late, dear.

LARA (A tremor of the lip)
I've been waiting nearly an hour, Victor.

KOMAROVSKY (Absently)
Have you ordered?

LARA
No.

380 Continued

KOMAROVSKY (Absently)
Oh you should have done . .

CAMERA PANS with KOMAROVSKY as he goes over to the sofa, lounges back on the cushions He is staring at the dress, critically, appraisingly, as though she were an object

(His eyes travelling down)
Turn round.

381 CLOSE SHOT LARA's feet She starts to turn, the CAMERA PANS upwards over her tightly encased body to her face. Her hand travels to her throat in an unconsciously defensive gesture.

LARA
You chose it, Victor

382 CLOSE SHOT KOMAROVSKY unconcernedly takes out a cigar.

KOMAROVSKY
Very nice (Pats the sofa beside him inviting her to sit)
It suits you.

383 CLOSE SHOT LARA CAMERA PANS with her as she obediently sits beside him.

KOMAROVSKY (Cutting his cigar)
You've grown up a lot. Haven't you?

It sounds like praise, but she darts a dubious look at him before:

LARA
Yes.

KOMAROVSKY (Off-hand)
What did you tell your mother tonight?

LARA
Victor, don't . . .

KOMAROVSKY (Looks up from his cigar "surprised").
Then, "Remorseful")
A-a-ah . .

He squeezes her wrist and rises

384 MEDIUM SHOT. He goes over to the table.

May I smoke?

384 Continued

LARA
Of course.

He has taken her permission for granted anyway, lighting his cigar from a candle, his back to her.

KOMAROVSKY (Smiling to himself)
You like it, don't you?

385 CLOSE UP LARA No answer; she watches him darkly.

(SOUND)
Cigar smoke.

No answer

386 CLOSE UP KOMAROVSKY He turns, compelling her

KOMAROVSKY
Don't you?

387 CLOSE UP LARA Shame and resentment shadowing her eyes.

LARA
Yes

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND. Quite good-heartedly)
Oh come along dear . . .

His hand holds a glass of wine in front of her. She takes it.

Sante!

LARA (A hesitant grateful smile)
Sante.

She sips the wine. His dark shape crosses in front of her. We sense his sitting on the sofa beside her.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND. "Robust".)
Drink! (Softly "Coaxing") Up . . . up . . . up.

His hand comes into picture again, and with one finger under the glass fractionally forces it so that a dribble of wine runs down her chin. She lowers the glass, looks at him.

388 CLOSE UP KOMAROVSKY Looks at her; his eyes a little clouded

389 / CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and LARA. She sets the glass
391 down, breathing rather hard. He blows out a cloud of blue smoke.

KOMAROVSKY (Cont)
Where did you tell her we were going? Your Mamma.

LARA
She didn't ask.

KOMAROVSKY (Chuckles softly)
That's because she knows.

LARA
She doesn't.

KOMAROVSKY
Oh you'd both take an oath she doesn't. But she does.
And you both know she does.

LARA feels herself going over the waterfall as so often before.
She pleads; eyes very dark now, but tearful too.

LARA
Victor don't ...

KOMAROVSKY
What?

LARA
Torment me.

He stares incredulously. Then throws back his head and laughs.

KOMAROVSKY
"Don't" - ? ... Oh what a little hypocrite it is ...

A sudden movement. She has knocked the cigar from his mouth.
A moment of instinctive shock and anger, then he smiles, triumphant,
his eyes very dark. LARA too is pretty far gone but scared, ...
trembling, babyfaced again.

LARA (Rising)
I'm going, Victor ...

He watches her, his eyes intent.

KOMAROVSKY
Whenever you like, dear ...

392 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. She takes her evening cloak and begins wrapping it round her at a mirror.

393 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY, his body insolently at ease. Softly:

... You see, you'll always come back.

394 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. Both her determination to go and his confidence that she won't are half false. She finishes putting on the cloak.

(SOUND)
Stay, darling.

She turns, mouth open to speak - and finds him standing beside her. It is a knife-edge balance. Then he kisses her.

(huskily) You see ... You see ...

LARA (Mindlessly)
Victor don't ... don't ...

But she means nothing by it. He slips the cloak from her bare back, CAMERA PANS down as it slithers to the floor.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR LARA'S STREET NIGHT WINTER - SNOWING

395 CLOSE SHOT. Falling snow caught in the light from a lamp-post. After a few moments the distant sound of strange moaning. The CAMERA PANS as if looking for it. We recognise LARA's street then, panning upwards, the lighted windows of the Dressmaking Establishment. The sound becomes more agonised. The CAMERA ZOOMS up and inwards towards the bedroom windows.

QUICK DISSOLVE

DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO NIGHT WINTER - SNOWING

396 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA TRACKS up and inwards to peer through the iced and curtained window. The noise now dreadful, comprising a sob, a scream, a groan of anguish. We see the lower half of a bed with someone writhing ceaselessly under the blankets. A train rumbles past. The door bursts open revealing KOMAROVSKY, shirt-sleeved, frightened. He dithers for a few seconds watching whoever is in the bed. In his hand he holds a letter. He turns as

396 Continued
suddenly as he came. The CAMERA follows him, tracking along the outside wall and past the windows of AMELIA's workshop, affording us glimpses of him dashing through to the fitting room. As the CAMERA passes a dark piece of wall:

CUT

EXTERIOR LARA'S STREET NIGHT WINTER - SNOWING

397 CLOSE SHOT. (Matching piece of dark wall) The CAMERA CRANES off the side of the building and drops downwards disclosing KOMAROVSKY's sleigh outside the main door. By the time the CAMERA is on a MEDIUM SHOT of the sleigh the door bursts open.

398 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY dashes out and thrusts the letter into the DRIVER's hand.

KOMAROVSKY

There! Show it to someone if you lose your way!
Professor Boris Kurt! Find him!

INTERIOR-EXTERIOR GROMEKO HOUSE NIGHT WINTER - SNOWING

399 CLOSE SHOT. The MEDICAL PROFESSOR is seated next to ANNA in the library. They are looking at:

400 MEDIUM SHOT. Their POV. A polite gathering of intelligent looking people sit on small gilt chairs attending to a pianist seated in the window. Beyond him we see a tram passing up the snowy street.

401 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR and ANNA. She is inclined to enthusiasm whilst he expresses a certain dissatisfaction with the entertainment.

ANNA

But Boris, this is genius!

MEDICAL PROFESSOR

Really, I thought it was Chopin?
(She whacks him, playfully flirtatious)
I'm going for a smoke.

402 CLOSE SHOT. Outside in the hall TONYA and YURI seated more comfortably on the stairs and listening to the music which comes through the open doorway. MEDICAL PROFESSOR emerges, tapping a cigarette on a golden case.

402 Continued

MEDICAL PROFESSOR

Well, how's the General Practitioner?

YURI (Moving down a stair)

A bit scared of his Finals.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Sitting by **TONYA**)I don't think he need be. (To **TONYA**, automatically making up to the pretty girl) How do you like the idea of marrying a General Practitioner?A moment's awkwardness. But **TONYA**'s poise is equal to it.**TONYA**

I like it very much. But no General Practitioner has asked me.

MEDICAL PROFESSORNo? (To **YURI**) I thought you nomads were hot-blooded? (Confidential, to **TONYA**;) A slow lot, General Practitioners. How d'you fancy a Professor of Pathology?**TONYA** (Looks at him)

Does he write poetry?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR

Alas, no.

TONYA

Then I'm afraid it's out of the question.

The door bell rings.

Excuse me.

She escapes his slightly too-gallant attentions thus. The two men watch her descent, **MEDICAL PROFESSOR** quite roused, **YURI** quite jealous.**MEDICAL PROFESSOR**

That's a marvellous girl, Zhivago.

YURI

Yes; I'd noticed.

403 **CLOSE SHOT.** **TONYA** at the front door with **KOMAROVSKY**'s driver and letter. She approaches the stairs, looking up.

403 Continued

TONYA

It's for you, Professor Kurt.

404 MEDIUM SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR runs down, athletic. Meets TONYA coming up. Takes letter and opens it as TONYA goes on to join YURI.

405 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR. He reads letter. Grimaces, grunts, looks up:

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (A little challenge)

How would the Poet like to see a bit of General Practice?

406 CLOSE SHOT. The screen blocked for a moment by heavy coats, then YURI and MEDICAL PROFESSOR sit in sleigh.

YURI

What is it?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR

Suicide. It happens all the time.

YURI thoughtful as the sleigh drives off.

407 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA looking out through the front door. She watches for a moment; turns shutting the door on CAMERA.

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO NIGHT

408 CLOSE SHOT. The glass-panelled door is flung open by KOMAROVSKY, his face frantic but instantly composed as he sees MEDICAL PROFESSOR.

KOMAROVSKY

Oh, thank God you've come.

409 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR and YURI enter the fitting room.

This is very good of you, Boris.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR

Yes, I know it is. (KOMAROVSKY looking at YURI)

My assistant. (Quietly) Come on, where is she?

CAMERA PANS into MEDIUM SHOT as KOMAROVSKY leads the way through to the workshop followed by YURI carrying a black Doctor's bag.

- 410 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and MEDICAL PROFESSOR hurrying through the workshop. They gain on the CAMERA which centres on YURI following up behind. He looks around the darkened room at the sewing machines, tailors dummies and rolls of material.
- 411 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and MEDICAL PROFESSOR enter small bedroom, the foot of a brass bedstead in foreground of picture. MEDICAL PROFESSOR glances at the unseen patient on the bed and begins to unbutton his coat.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
When did she do it?

KOMAROVSKY
About 8 o'clock this evening.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Looks at watch, raises eyebrows)
Do you know what it was?

- 412 CLOSE UP. The blue bottle on a small table at the foot of the bed. KOMAROVSKY's hand comes into picture, picks up the bottle, CAMERA PANS with it into CLOSE SHOT of KOMAROVSKY and MEDICAL PROFESSOR. He sniffs it. He tears off his overcoat, glaring venomously at KOMAROVSKY.

Why the devil didn't you get a local doctor?

KOMAROVSKY (Hard and straight)
I couldn't.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Obeying the code)
No, I suppose you couldn't (To YURI who is now standing in the doorway behind) Come on then: On her face.

He throws down his coat and makes towards the head of the bed followed by YURI. The tempo of the scene rises as the two men go about their work with quick professional expertise

- 413 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR and YURI on opposite sides of the bed. We see them haul the body on to its face, hear it moan, an inhuman sound, but still do not see it.
- 414 CLOSE SHOT KOMAROVSKY standing at the end of the bed watching, anxious. Over on SOUND another moan and, surprisingly gentle:

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (SOUND)
All right, little woman ... (Then sharply) Water?

414 Continued

KOMAROVSKY moves. Takes the big jug of a porcelain wash-set. He turns to find MEDICAL PROFESSOR beside him who pours the entire contents of a little bottle into it.

415 CLOSE SHOT. YURI is withdrawing a length of rubber tubing from the doctor's bag.

416 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR leaves KOMAROVSKY who watches again from the head of the bed. On SOUND:

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (SOUND)

Now Yuri ... (An awful silence ... KOMAROVSKY blenches as the head of the bedstead wobbles) Come on, my dear ... (another moan. Impatient:) On, come on, Yuri.

YURI (SOUND)

Sorry. (Silence again)

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (SOUND, quietly:)

Now my dear ...

DISSOLVE

417 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY is now sitting frightened, worn-out, shocked by what he has seen. MEDICAL PROFESSOR's hand holds the jug into picture.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Water and a sponge.

KOMAROVSKY rises, takes the jug, licks his lips:

KOMAROVSKY
Is she going to live?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Water.

KOMAROVSKY goes. MEDICAL PROFESSOR smiles rather sadistically at:

418 CLOSE SHOT. YURI standing by the foot of the bed.

YURI
She is, isn't she?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (SOUND)
Yes.

419 CLOSE UP. MEDICAL PROFESSOR.

Funny thing. There's a man ... Speaks on public platforms. In with the Government. In with the Liberals. In with everybody. And he risks it all ... For that!

420 CLOSE SHOT. AMELIA, drenched in sweat, lying naked on her front, her discoloured tongue protruding from her livid face. On SOUND:

That's not how Poets see them is it?

421 CLOSE UP. MEDICAL PROFESSOR looking at YURI.

That's how G. P.'s see them. That's how they are.

422 CLOSE UP. YURI looks back at the bed.

YURI

You know, from here ... She looks beautiful.

423 CLOSE SHOT. His POV of AMELIA's naked back stretched across the bed; not pretty, but impressive, like a Leonardo Fallen Warrior.

424 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI's back in foreground, MEDICAL PROFESSOR in background.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Amused and admiring)
Zhivago, I think you're a hard case.

KOMAROVSKY enters with water and sponge, still frightened. MEDICAL PROFESSOR takes them and CAMERA PANS with him as he goes back to AMELIA and begins to swab her up and down like a vet.

AMELIA

Lara ...

MEDICAL PROFESSOR looks up at KOMAROVSKY, narrowly, speculatively.

425 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY tenses. On SOUND:

Lara ...

KOMAROVSKY (Curtly)
There's a child in the case.

426/ MEDIUM SHOT over KOMAROVSKY on to MEDICAL PROFESSOR and
 428 YURI on opposite sides of the bed. MEDICAL PROFESSOR
 continues to look to KOMAROVSKY.

KOMAROVSKY (Impatient, indignant)
 A child! Her daughter.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR continues to look as before.

(Curtly)
 Oh, for heaven's sake Boris

This last is angry, hurt, more than a little disgusted. MEDICAL
 PROFESSOR feels he has gone too far.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Returning his attention to
 Amelia, sourly:) She might have thought about "Lara"
 before she did it. Does the girl know?

KOMAROVSKY
 I'm afraid she does.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
 Is she here?

KOMAROVSKY
 Yes.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
 Well tell her that her mother is going to live. (But
 arrestingly) Wait a minute, Victor. What are we
 going to say about this?

KOMAROVSKY ("Serious")
 Must we say anything?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
 I'm afraid so. I'm taking her to hospital. We'll
 have to say something. (Delicately:) Yuri . . .

YURI
 Yes, of course. (Goes to the door)

KOMAROVSKY
 This needn't be difficult, Boris . . .

429 LONG SHOT. YURI comes into the workroom and wanders in the
 half-dark among the sewing machines and tailors' shapes. On
 SOUND a train rattles by. He stands in the gently shaking room
 listening to it.

- 430 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The sound of the train recedes. MUSIC "Lara" theme. He "hears" it. It "attracts" him and CAMERA PANS with him over to a table. He looks down. MUSIC stops.
- 431 CLOSE UP. LARA's satchel and some school books.
- 432/ CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He idly turns a book to read its title.
433 MUSIC re-commences. He looks around as if to find its source. CAMERA follows behind him as he wanders across the room and reaches a partition window on the opposite side. Without warning the room behind the partition is flooded with light as KOMAROVSKY enters carrying an oil lamp. LARA jumps up out of a chair. Another train rumbles by.
- 434 CLOSE UP. YURI stares fascinated as at a silent moving picture.
- 435 MEDIUM SHOT. Over YURI into the room beyond the partition. KOMAROVSKY is talking. LARA's face lights up with an expression of incredulous joy. KOMAROVSKY confirms his good news. LARA throws her arms about his neck, sobbing with gratitude. Rather awkwardly he strokes her head. She seizes his hand and covers it with kisses. He gently withdraws it and strokes her spine as we have seen him do before. LARA grows still. KOMAROVSKY leads her back to the chair and seats her. She holds on to his hand looking wildly up to him. Awkwardly he soothes her and disengages his hand. He backs away taking the lamp with him.
- 436 CLOSE UP. YURI stares at:
- 437 CLOSE SHOT. LARA closes her eyes, puts her head back weeping and distraught.
- 438 CLOSE UP. YURI. The light has stopped moving. He jerks his head towards the door.
- 439 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. POV YURI. KOMAROVSKY glares at him from the doorway, his expression horrified and malignant. He goes.
- 440 CLOSE UP. YURI. He looks back at:
- 441 CLOSE UP. LARA, head back, weeping, in the chair. The light fades into blackness. The train noise recedes.
- 442 MEDIUM SHOT. The MEDICAL PROFESSOR has made AMELIA comfortable. KOMAROVSKY enters the bedroom. Says off-handedly:

KOMAROVSKY

What is the name of your young Assistant?

442 Continued

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Zhivago.

KOMAROVSKY
Andreyevich?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Yes, why? D'you know him?

KOMAROVSKY
I knew his father slightly.

CUT

443 CLOSE SHOT. The glass panelled door is opened by KOMAROVSKY. MEDICAL PROFESSOR and YURI come out. KOMAROVSKY addresses them with the decent brevity of one who knows words to be inadequate. Gruffly:

KOMAROVSKY
Well gentlemen, I won't attempt to express my gratitude. For the rest... (A stoic little shrug) I am in your hands.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Frowning, awkward:)
Forget it, Victor.

KOMAROVSKY (As one who, though unwilling, must say it out:) Does that apply to you both?

He is looking at YURI. YURI looks back at him. They both know what he means.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (Softly, slightly shocked)
Not a question to ask, Victor.

KOMAROVSKY (As one willingly accepting deserved correction) Forgive me.

In manly fashion he shakes hands with MEDICAL PROFESSOR. Would shake hands with YURI but:

444 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI already on his way down the passage.

445 CLOSE SHOT. MEDICAL PROFESSOR goes. KOMAROVSKY stands glowering, then turns and goes back through the door.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET NIGHT WINTER-FRESH SNOW

446 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. In the sleigh MEDICAL PROFESSOR and YURI are silent. It has stopped snowing.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Cheer up Yuri; I'll have the poor bitch in hospital tonight.

YURI
What's his name?

MEDICAL PROFESSOR (A bit startled by the tone)
Mp? That's V.I. Komarovsky. 'Says he knows you.

YURI
Oh. He executed my father's Will.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
You've dealt with him?

YURI
No. I didn't feel competent to deal with him; I was eight years old. Uncle Alex turned it down.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Oh. (He is curious but too well bred to question)

YURI
By Komarovsky's account there wasn't much in it. And what there was belonged to Komarovsky.

MEDICAL PROFESSOR
Oh he's a very good business man. (Deprecating) But I doubt if he's crooked. Very good company. Knows Life. (Chuckle) He's had a bad scare tonight ...

CUT

INTERIOR STUDENT CAFE STUDIO DAY WINTER

447/ LONG SHOT. A Student Cafe. A vast echoing place with lines of
449 oil-cloth covered tables, iron pillars and a lot of steamed-up icy windows. A few mid-afternoon customers retain their overcoats. A WAITER enters picture carrying two bowls of steaming heavy-looking soup with iron spoons. CAMERA PANS with him into a CLOSE SHOT of LARA and KOMAROVSKY, sitting on opposite sides of a table. He is the only person over thirty in the place and looks incongruous and forlorn. Events have unmanned him; he is sad and tired, for the moment anyway defeated. LARA regards him

447/ Continued
449

anxiously, a bit remorsefully. They speak quietly, the mood elegiac, all passion spent.

LARA

You don't mind coming here, do you Victor Yppolitovich?

KOMAROVSKY (Quickly)

No, no ... reminds me of my youth ... (A pause)

LARA

I went to the hospital again.

KOMAROVSKY (Looks up quickly)

And - ?

LARA

She wants you to go and forgive her ... (KOMAROVSKY looks at her) For her suspicions.

KOMAROVSKY (Grimaces distastefully. Quietly)

You can tell her the truth if you like, Larissa.

LARA (Quickly)

No.

KOMAROVSKY

Well I don't see much point - It's over and done with.

LARA

Will you - (Hesitates) - see Mother now?

KOMAROVSKY (Smiles at her tact and helps her out)
As I used to? No ... (Softly, wryly reflective) In fact
I should not be surprised if you were my swan song.
(Looks away; a changed tone) Is this him?

450 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. Their POV. PASHA peers about approaching from the door.

451 CLOSE SHOT. LARA radiant. KOMAROVSKY says:

KOMAROVSKY

He knows nothing about ... ?

LARA (Can't even take in the idea. Then, horrified)
Pasha? No.

452 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA has seen them. He walks over to the table CAMERA PANNING with him.

LARA (Cont)

Pasha, this is Monsieur Komarovsky.

KOMAROVSKY rises and shakes hands with PASHA. Both sit again. PASHA takes his spectacles off looking pedantic, tense, severe. His faded scar gives his already impressive face an added consequence. A moment's awkwardness, dealt with by the older man.

KOMAROVSKY

Will you eat?

PASHA

No thank you.

He moves his spectacles pedantically in his fingers, looking at KOMAROVSKY in steady silence. LARA's eyes go from one to the other, anxious for it to go well.

KOMAROVSKY

I hope you don't think this impertinent, Pavel Pavlovich.

PASHA

Not at all.

453 CLOSE UP KOMAROVSKY

KOMAROVSKY

I am - I have advised Larissa's mother for many years. I'm interested in what happens to her ...

DISSOLVE

454/ MEDIUM SHOT. The bowls are empty, PASHA is braced back in
458 his chair, points of colour in his cheeks, his eyes excited, speaking quickly. KOMAROVSKY is listening gravely. LARA looks earnestly from one to the other.

PASHA

... something that I ought to tell you M'sieur Komarovsky. And that is this: I am committed to the Revolution. Nothing - (Puts a hand on LARA's hand; KOMAROVSKY registers it) not even Lara - has more importance for me. (LARA puts her hand on his as in a game of pat-a-cake to show that she agrees, and KOMAROVSKY shifts uneasily)

454/ Continued
458

KOMAROVSKY (Raises his head; rather sternly) .
You misunderstand. It's not your political views that concern me. So far as that goes I am more in sympathy than you probably suppose. I have some contacts of my own which might surprise you. (PASHA looks at him sceptically. Curtly:) How do you propose to live?

PASHA
I've been offered a teaching post.

KOMAROVSKY
May I know where?

PASHA
Gradov. It's in the Urals.

KOMAROVSKY
I know it. Not much of a place.

LARA
It's lovely country, M'sieur Komarovsky.. (Unconsciously she has slipped into PASHA's style of address)

KOMAROVSKY (Ignores her; to PASHA)
It will be a very quiet life, won't it?

LARA
But that's what we want. (Winningly, charmingly, begging KOMAROVSKY to share the rustic dream)

KOMAROVSKY
Mm. (To PASHA) Will - you must excuse me - will your salary be adequate.

PASHA
Adequate. Not more.

KOMAROVSKY sees LARA looking adoringly at PASHA. His jealousy is now roused. Unctuously, with a mock-compassionate, very insulting smile:

KOMAROVSKY
Pavel Pavlovich, my chief impression - I hope you won't be offended - is that you're very young.

PASHA (Flushes, collects himself and comes back harder than KOMAROVSKY had prepared for; looking clearly at

454/ Continued
458

PASHA (Cont)

(the older man) M'sieur Komarovsky - I hope you won't be offended: Do people improve with age?

The challenge is out on either side. In the conflict, KOMAROVSKY will have the guile of age and its lack of conviction, PASHA the directness of youth and its lack of control. KOMAROVSKY, after a moment's inward shock, smoothly, mock-detached.

KOMAROVSKY

They grow more tolerant.

PASHA (Instantly)

Because they have more to tolerate in themselves. If people don't marry young, what do they bring to their marriage?

KOMAROVSKY (More and more deliberately patronising)
A little experience.

PASHA

I am twenty-six -..

KOMAROVSKY (Murmurs)

You surprise me.

PASHA (Flushes again, repeats)

I am twenty-six. My mother died, needlessly, when I was eight. My father died in prison. I have fended for myself. I have worked my way through Higher School and University. I am familiar with things that you can hardly guess at.

KOMAROVSKY

All this is experience of a kind certainly -

PASHA (Jumping in)

I have had no "amorous" experience. If that is what you mean. (KOMAROVSKY blinks. That is what he meant but he hadn't expected to have it said openly, and PASHA underlines it) None whatever. Lara is seventeen; that speaks for itself. (And again he puts his hand on hers to say:) You probably find this situation comic. We don't. We're going to be married, next year.

In dead silence he rises. KOMAROVSKY, inwardly enraged, controls himself perfectly. LARA is scarlet. PASHA triumphant,

454/ Continued
458

makes youth's usual error: an ill-timed and half-hearted extension of the olive branch:

PASHA (Cont)

I hope I haven't offended you by speaking plainly.

KOMAROVSKY (A shaky laugh)

Not at all. (More strongly) Admirable.

PASHA stoops and kisses LARA. They do it chastely but tenderly. CAMERA PANS with PASHA as he makes towards the exit.

459 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and KOMAROVSKY.

KOMAROVSKY

A young Crusader.

LARA

He's -

KOMAROVSKY

He's a very fine young man; that's obvious.

LARA (Almost apologizing)

Monsieur Komarovsky, I think you're very generous.

KOMAROVSKY ("Severe")

Larissa, I want to talk to you.

460 CLOSE UP. LARA. A flicker of apprehension and she rises, her coat blacking out the screen.

CUT

INTERIOR DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO DUSK WINTER

461 CLOSE SHOT. The screen again momentarily darkened as LARA passes CAMERA, followed by KOMAROVSKY, on her way down the passage to the glass paneled door.

462/ LONG SHOT. The door opens and LARA lets KOMAROVSKY go
466 ahead of her into the fitting room. The place is deserted. Everything covered in dust-sheets. In AMELIA's absence the business has wound down. When the door shuts their isolation is merely underlined by the distant noises of the afternoon. The windows are darkening towards evening. LARA looks about the desolate silent scene and shivers. KOMAROVSKY is walking away from her, slowly but restless

462/ Continued
466

LARA (A little ill at ease)
M'sieur Komarovsky will you ...

KOMAROVSKY (Stops)
I beg you, drop this affectation of addressing me as "M'sieur Komarovsky". (With dreadful emphasis, turning) Under the circumstances, it's rather ridiculous. (LARA is aghast) Lara, I am determined to save you from a dreadful error. There are two kinds of men; and only two. That young man is one kind. He is "Highminded". He is "Pure". He is the kind of man the world pretends to look up to and in fact despises. What is more, he is the kind of man who breeds unhappiness. Particularly in women. Do you understand?

LARA (Angry, eyes flashing)
No!

KOMAROVSKY
I think you do. There is another kind of man. Not high-minded. Not pure. But alive ... (This flattering assessment of himself is made with some passion) Now, that your tastes at this moment should incline towards the juvenile, is understandable. But for you to marry that boy is pure disaster. Because - (She covers her ears, he pulls her hands away) Because, there are two kinds of women (He lets it sink in) and you, as - we - well - know, are not the first kind

Her eyes fill; she thinks it is true. Then she hits him. His eyes shine. Gently:

You, my child, are a slut.

LARA (Passionate, despairing)
I am not!

KOMAROVSKY
Let's see.

He lunges at her wrapping her in his arms. A shockingly elemental struggle begins as, fighting wildly, she is borne across the room.

467 CLOSE SHOT. Their feet; her's lifted from the floor.

468 CLOSE SHOT. LARA is thrown on a sofa with real force.

469 CLOSE UP. LARA. She raises her head but is immediately pinned back. KOMAROVSKY looms over her; starts to kiss her. She violently twists and turns. The kisses continue. Gradually, now in BIG CLOSE UP, the violence subsides. His mouth finds hers. She becomes quite still.

CUT

470 BIG CLOSE UP. The darkened outline of a gas bracket. The mantle plops into light.

471 CLOSE SHOT. An upright dressing mirror. Reflected in it the prone legs and torso of LARA, still as a corpse. KOMAROVSKY steps into the reflection adjusting his appearance. He looks gloomy, brooding, almost ashamed. He gives a last savage tug to his tie and goes leaving the reflection of LARA.

472 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY turns at the door.

KOMAROVSKY

And don't delude yourself that this was rape. That would flatter us both.

473 CLOSE SHOT. The heap of clothing stirs. LARA sits up. Her face is tear-stained but her eyes are dry and fierce with the unconscious ferocity of a lioness - not forcedly fierce like a human being.

474 CLOSE SHOT. The door shuts. We see the distorted figure of KOMAROVSKY going off down the passage.

475 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA listening to the receding footsteps. She is thinking too, coming to a decision. On SOUND a drumbeat commences, lurchingly.

476 BIG CLOSE UP. The lock on the door.

CUT (Drumbeat continuous)

INTERIOR HALLWAY KOMAROVSKY'S APARTMENT STUDIO
NIGHT WINTER

477 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the empty hallway of KOMAROVSKY's prosperous bachelor home shooting towards the frosted-glass front door. LARA's shadowy outline appears, raises its hand and gives three loud raps on the knocker. On SOUND the barking of a dog.

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET DUSK WINTER-SNOW

478 CLOSE SHOT. Outside the door stands LARA. She transfers PABLA'S pistol to her right hand and puts it inside her muff. Her breath smokes in the bitter cold. Behind her night is falling in the street.

479/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The door is opened by an elderly
480 MANSERVANT. On seeing LARA his professionally deferential expression lightens.

MANSERVANT
The Master's not at home, Miss Lara.

LARA (Uncomprehending, whispers)
Not at home?

MANSERVANT
He's gone to the Sventytskis' Christmas Party. (And as LARA moves) Are you going there Miss? (And as she doesn't answer) Don't say I told you.

LARA
No. (A faint smile) Thank you, Piotr.

She goes. CAMERA stays on MANSERVANT who watches her along the street.

MANSERVANT
Merry Christmas Miss Lara!

CUT (Drumbeat Cut)

INTERIOR BALLROOM STUDIO OR LOCATION NIGHT WINTER

481 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI holding TONYA'S hand at the entrance to the SVENTYTSKIS' ballroom. YURI is turned back to their hostess who is welcoming new guests with her husband.

YURI (Cheerfully)
Thank you! Merry Christmas to you!

He and TONYA, hand in hand, have turned about to return Seasonal Greetings to a fellow Guest, in the ballroom of the Sventytskis'. Behind and beyond them we see the entrance from the hallway, new guests arriving. YURI and TONYA resume their perambulation of the dance floor but on SOUND a heavy voice:

481 Continued

KOMAROVSKY (SCOUND)
Merry Christmas, Yuri Andreyevich.

TONYA looks first, something in the voice alarming her. Then YURI.

SCENE NUMBERS 482 TO 485 CUT.

486 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Their POV. KOMAROVSKY seated in an alcove opening off the dance floor. He is partnered by three distinguished looking men, one in Court Uniform. He is forming a fan with his cards as he looks at YURI with a measured, contemptuous glance.

487 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI and TONYA. YURI looks at her a moment, bows a bit stiffly. A waltz starts up; he leads TONYA on to the floor and they begin to dance. She looks back at KOMAROVSKY then up at YURI.

TONYA
What a nasty looking man

CUT

EXTERIOR SLUM STREET LOCATION NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

488 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LARA walking through a slum market lit by naphtha flares. The polite music and chatter of the party replaced by a strident din. CAMERA PANS as she turns a corner into a side alley, the din diminishing.

- 489 CLOSE SHOT. A STREET WALKER leans against a lamp-post in foreground of picture. In background LARA approaches. As she draws level the STREET WALKER gives what looks to LARA like a smile of complicity; she almost runs out of picture. STREET WALKER looks after her.
- 490 LONG SHOT. LARA hurries away round another corner.
- 491 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LARA, her muff clasped tightly to her, is now in a quiet and highly respectable street, where decorous festivities are glimpsed behind tall lighted windows. Her head turns from side to side, lifted, looking to Heaven for some eleventh hour reprieve. More and more distressed she slows, she stops; she leans against a wall looking abandoned, childish, unable to cope. On SOUND we hear footsteps approaching from the opposite direction. A man's figure crosses foreground of picture. The sound of his footsteps slow:
- 492 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA comes to a halt and turns looking at:
- 493 CLOSE SHOT. His POV. LARA, in deep shadow, her head turned away from him.
- 494 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA. CAMERA PANS with him as he approaches hesitantly, but when he speaks his voice is severe as well as concerned.

PASHA

Lara ...? What's the matter?

One glance tells him that his appearing at this moment is for her a shocking disaster. She steps off. CAMERA PANS. He overtakes and arrests her.

- 495 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and LARA.

(His face dark. Hard:)

We had an appointment this evening, Lara. Where are you going? (He takes in her smart costume)

LARA (Between a whisper and a wail)

Haven't you read the letter? I left you a letter.

PASHA

I've not been home. I'm going home now.

He jerks his head unconsciously in the direction he was taking. LARA nods her head vigorously at this, looks at him for a second, tears herself away and sets off again. CAMERA TRACKS BACK as he follows at her elbow, alarmed and angry:

495 Continued

PASHA (Cont)

Where are you going - ? I've a right to know! What's in this letter?

He holds her by the arm and makes her stop. His face and voice suddenly express chilly apprehension.

Lara, what's in this letter? (He falters) Lara ... are you breaking ... ?

LARA

It's all in the letter.

PASHA

Lara ... what is?

LARA (With sudden depth)

Everything. (And as she tries to draw away and he hangs on to her, with sudden ferocity:) Don't!

And goes. PASHA looks after her. Half turns to go towards his home. But drumbeat, ominous. He looks back after:

496 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA hurrying towards a corner. She turns it.

497 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA walks swiftly after her. CAMERA TRACKS BACK as he approaches the corner and PANS with him as he rounds it into a MEDIUM SHOT over his shoulder. He stops. LARA has gone. MUSIC comes from the first house in the street, the SVENTYTSKIS'. Sleighs stand in the street outside.

498 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA. CAMERA TRACKS BACK as he walks enquiringly towards the house.

499 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. His POV. A few late guests ascend the steps, momentarily silhouetted by the light from the double doors thrown open to receive them. As CAMERA approaches closer a FOOTMAN closes one door, is about to close the other, but peers out into the night and makes a contemptuous gesture of dismissal at:

500 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA, lean and threadbare, standing looking back at him.

501 MEDIUM SHOT. FOOTMAN closes the door. Suddenly the lights go out in the ballroom windows. On SOUND an agitated babbie.

INTERIOR BALLROOM STUDIO OR LOCATION NIGHT

- 502 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. "Och's!" and "ah's!" of pleasure and murmurs of admiration as TONYA and half a dozen other young ladies with long tapers light the candles of the Christmas Tree in the ballroom.
- 503 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA, taper in hand, sees:
- 504 Her POV. LARA'S pale face lit by candlelight, in the shadow. She and TONYA have had a momentary secret confrontation. The ballroom lights go up on LARA'S face. Clapping and laughter.
- 505 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY playing, leans forward to watch the fall of the cards. Spreads out his remaining hand. The others throw in theirs. KOMAROVSKY grins wolfishly, notes down the score. MUSIC starts.
- 506 LARA skirts the dance-floor, searching, keeping to the wall, muff held high against her heart as if to still the pounding there. GUESTS self-occupied.
- 507 YURI and TONYA dance.
- TONYA
 Yuri; there's an extraordinary girl at this party.
- YURI
 I know. I'm with her.
- 508 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and his friends play in intense silence, oblivious to everything. MADAME SVENTYISKI sails past them onto the middle of the floor, makes an arm's-length gesture to the orchestra with her fan, half roguish, half imperious, and at the signal, orchestra leader breaks off the dance on a grand chord.
- 509 GUESTS agreeably startled, look to their hostess for the explanation. YURI and TONYA among them. The rising babble of curiosity cut into by:

509 Continued

MADAME SVENTYTSKI
Silence everybody! Silence please!

MEDIUM SHOT. The CAMERA PANS with MADAME SVENTYTSKI as she sails across the floor towards YURI and TONYA.

No! No! I insist on silence!

Guests obligingly shush one another into silence, YURI and TONYA puzzled and curious like the rest. but the slightly too managing hostess takes them by the hand. In the silence:

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
Four spades.

Chorus of Sh-sh!

SCENE NUMBERS 510 TO 521 CUT.

522 MEDIUM SHOT. Through a gap of staring people KOMAROVSKY and his companions look up with some embarrassment.

523 CLOSE SHOT. MADAME SVENTYTSKI holding YURI and TONYA by the hand.

MADAME SVENTYTSKI
I have a very delightful announcement to make - !

TONYA (Alarmed)
Oh Madame Sventytski -

YURI (Smiling)
Yes, why not?

MADAME SVENTYTSKI
Aha! I have to announce: that Dr. Yuri Zhivago - (Murrur of pleasure from GUESTS)- Yes, Doctor Zhivago - he came third in all Moscow - ! (Applause in which TONYA vigorously joins to YURI'S pleasure) Now listen! Dr. Zhivago is betrothed in marriage to -

Pistol shot roars.

524 LONG SHOT. The whole dance floor, GUESTS and SERVANTS, a frozen tableau. Total silence. Then the sound of a chair being pushed back on wooden floor.

- 525 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY rises slowly from the table, clutching his wrist, incredulous. He glares with rage and fear at:
- 526 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. Still holding the pistol, white to the lips, trembling, but in her eyes again the leonine anger. The pistol slips from her fingers.
- 527 CLOSE UP. The pistol falls to the floor with a clatter.
- 528 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY looking at the pistol. On SOUND a wave of indignation sweeps the guests. He turns his head.
- 529 LONG SHOT. The GUESTS swoop from every side towards the scene, a genteel mob.
- 530 CLOSE SHOT. A GROUP OF MEN closes on LARA; she is seized with unnecessary roughness.
- 531 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY, gripping his now bloody wrist, paralysed, surrounded by a flutter of ineffectual concern. SVENTYTSKI pushes through with YURI.

SVENTYTSKI

My dear Victor! My dear man!

KOMAROVSKY (Not moving, grinds between his teeth)
Get her out.

- 532 CLOSE UP. LARA, the terrible crisis past, held like a young animal, is near fainting.

SVENTYTSKI (SOUND)

What -?

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)

Get her out ... get her out!

- 533 CLOSE UP. TONYA stares at LARA with pity, horror, fascination.

SVENTYTSKI (SOUND)

Yes, yes. I'll get the Police.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)

No, not the Police!

- 534 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA shooting down on the group around KOMAROVSKY and LARA.

I do not want the Police! I - just - want - you - to get her OUT!

534 Continued

The essential coarseness and power of the man is audible in this moment of uncontrol. An awkward silence falls. YURI examines the wound.

YURI
It's quite superficial.

MADAME SVENTYTSKI
Oh thank God!

There is the sound of a scuffle and a shout from the far end of the room. All heads turn.

535 LONG SHOT. PASHA has thrust his way through a pair of flunkeys at the door. He walks quite swiftly though tensely across the deserted dance floor. CAMERA PANS with him into MEDIUM SHOT as he approaches the group. Not only his weirdly incongruous appearance makes him formidable, It is evident he knows what he is doing, that he despises everybody present, that this is no gesture but deadly earnest. He walks to LARA without hesitation. The men holding her brace themselves.

SVENTYTSKI (Quick and low)
Let her go.

536 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and LARA. The men release her. PASHA takes her arm. She totters. He braces her. Looks at:

537 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY absorbed in his wound, trembling. YURI, back to camera, examining it.

538 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and PASHA. He looks at her, hard and unfriendly. Then, with a glance around the silent gaping faces, begins to move her away.

539 CLOSE UP. YURI, looking over his shoulder, watching.

540 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The crowd of guests parting to let PASHA and LARA through.

541 CLOSE UP. TONYA, her eyes following:

542 CLOSE UP. LARA being led through the crowd.

543 CLOSE UP. TONYA, inexplicably fascinated.

544 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA leads LARA through the fringes of the crowd out across the dance floor to the door. On SOUND the hubbub starts afresh.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR SVENTYTSKI BATHROOM STUDIO NIGHT

545/ MEDIUM SHOT. A large old-fashioned bathroom off the
551 SVENTYTSKIS' bedroom. YURI doctors KOMAROVSKY's hand, while host and hostess listen. It seems that fright has chastened him again:

KOMAROVSKY (Quiet, a bit shaky)
The girl bears me a grudge. To be honest, not without grounds. She is a political enthusiast. I was instrumental in the prosecution of her brother. He got the maximum sentence. Some of the evidence entered by the Police was - questionable. I doubt if she's right in the head. No, I won't be party to any further persecution of her.

SVENTYTSKI
But a hundred people saw it - the Police are bound to act.

KOMAROVSKY (A quiet smile)
Leave the Police to me, will you?

MADAME SVENTYTSKI (Breathing admiration)
Well I call that generous!

KOMAROVSKY
Felicitata, I've all but ruined your delightful party. Do see if you can salvage it.

MADAME SVENTYTSKI (Warmly)
Of course! (Host and hostess rise)

SVENTYTSKI
Yuri, you're sure ... ?

YURI
It's quite superficial.

545/ Continued
551

The SVENTYTSKIS go. YURI, shirtsleeved, seated, continues quietly busy with KOMAROVSKY's hand. KOMAROVSKY, shirt-sleeved, seated, wonders how to deal with him. At length says quietly, almost timidly:

KOMAROVSKY

Our destinies seem interwoven, don't they?

YURI

Yes ... ?

KOMAROVSKY

I was a close friend, of your father's.

YURI (Taken a bit by surprise, glances up)
I knew you were his business partner.

KOMAROVSKY (With modest dignity, ignoring the snub)
Rather more than that (Softly) I was present at his death.... (As one who shakes off a sad memory) I also have contact with your brother.

YURI (Really surprised now)
Yevgraf?

KOMAROVSKY

Well, I should say I have contact with those who are in contact with him. Oh I don't agree with Bolshevism - Thank you, you seem to know your trade. - (He rolls down his sleeve on the neat bandage) - But I can admire the Bolsheviks, as men. (Seriously:) Shall I tell you why?

YURI (Intrigued)
Yes?

KOMAROVSKY (Mimes an elaborate looking to see that they are not overheard. Then:)
They may win.

The wry self-mockery is nicely done. YURI smiles, KOMAROVSKY gives a soft, frank laugh. Then:

545/ Continued
551

YURI
I'd like to meet him - he sent me a marvellous letter
- He likes my poetry.

KOMAROVSKY (His face softens)
Yes? That would have pleased your father
(Gently) He was not a bad man, Yuri. ((Deprecating))
If I may call you Yuri.

YURI (Troubled)
I hardly knew him.

KOMAROVSKY
No . . . (He seems to hesitate, then:) You will
perhaps not credit this, but . . . he was devoted
to your mother.

YURI is more troubled still. This is an area in which he is very
vulnerable and KOMAROVSKY's tone has been perfect. YURI
looks at him, wonderingly. As one who feels he has gone as far
as is decent; briskly:

KOMAROVSKY
Well . . . ! (He takes a cigar from the pocket of
a coat hanging on the bathroom wall. Says off-
handedly:) I suppose I may continue to rely on
your (Lights the cigar) professional discretion?

YURI's expression changes. He looks bitterly angry, as he under-
stands how he has been played.

YURI (Softly)
O-o-oo . . .

He gets up, goes quickly and runs a tap over his hands. His
back turned, says:

You mean, will I tell anyone the truth about - that
girl?

545/ Continued
551

KOMAROVSKY (Watching him narrowly)
That's what I mean, yes.

YURI (Drying his hands)
You may continue to rely on my professional
etcetera.

KOMAROVSKY (Freed from fear, can answer
contempt with contempt)
You're fastidious, aren't you?

YURI goes for his coat, which brings him near to KOMAROVSKY.
He says, in a tone doubly insulting for being clinical rather than
indignant, as though KOMAROVSKY were some bacterial infection:

YURI
What happens to a girl like that? When a man like
you has finished with her?

KOMAROVSKY
Interested? (The word exhales cigar smoke over
Yuri, who blinks) I give her to you.

YURI
You shouldn't smoke; you've had a shock.

He takes the cigar from KOMAROVSKY's mouth, as gently as
withdrawing a thermometer and tosses it into:

552 CLOSE UP. The TOILET.

553 CLOSE UP KOMAROVSKY's eyes snap.

KOMAROVSKY
I give her to you, Yuri Andreyevich. (Takes
his coat, going turns, adds viciously like a curse)
Wedding present.

554 CLOSE UP. YURI looking after him.

CUT

INTERIOR PASHA'S ROOM STUDIO NIGHT

555 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA enters PASHA's little room, dark and austere as a monk's cell. She is followed in by PASHA. The wedge of feeble light shows a letter lying on the floor. LARA picks it up.

PASHA
Give me that.

LARA (Obeys, but pleads)
Please don't read it, Pasha, please ...

PASHA
You'd better sit down.

He takes the letter over to a chair and table by the window, picks up a box of matches and lights:

556 CLOSE SHOT. A CANDLE in the frosted window. The CAMERA is shooting from outside. In foreground we see the blurred image of PASHA sit at the table and open the envelope, in background LARA sitting on a small bed. The CANDLE warms a small EYE-HOLE in the frost. As this expands it shows us bright and clear, through the clear glass, the letter in PASHA's trembling hand and LARA watching him fearfully. The hole in the frost gradually expands to the size of a saucer. A bell tolls, and is joined by all the bells of the City in Christmas carillons. PASHA finishes the letter and turns to LARA. Somehow she sustains his gaze but when he rises, goes and stands over her she flinches. Shaking the letter he shouts a question. Dumbly she nods. He looks incredulous at the letter in his hand. Shouts another question. Again she nods. He lifts his hand to strike her.

557 CLOSE SHOT. (Inside the room) LARA closes her eyes and waits the blow. It does not come. Then he sits on the bed, his back to her; we hear his groan of banked-down emotion. LARA raises her head, looks at:

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET LOCATION WINTER-SNOW

558 CLOSE SHOT. The CANDLE in the window. The CAMERA TRACKS forward into a CLOSE UP of the melted eye-hole. Then PANS downwards into the street. A SLEIGH is passing below.

559 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI and TONYA in the sleigh. Both look abstracted. YURI turns looking upwards.

560 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Tracking from YURI'S POV. The candle in the window.

561 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT YURI AND TONYA

TONYA (Softly, poignantly:
Yuri, (He turns) where have you seen that girl before?

YURI (Smiling sympathetically at her jealousy)
What makes you think I've seen her before?

TONYA (Looks at him)
Haven't you?

YURI
Yes.

TONYA
Where?

YURI
I'm not supposed to say. It was on a case. Not very nice. Her mother -

TONYA
No, don't tell me; if you're not supposed to say ...

YURI takes her sad and gentle profile, turns it gently towards himself. He kisses her. After a moment she responds urgently.

CUT

INTERIOR PASHA'S ROOM STUDIO NIGHT

562 CLOSE SHOT. The EYE-HOLE in the window as seen from outside. Beyond in MEDIUM SHOT, PASHA and LARA as before. He stirs. She looks with dawning hope. He has put his hand out behind him. Hesitantly she takes it. He whips round, clutches her to himself desperately. But somehow, it is his head which is on her shoulder, she who is comforting him, more like mother and child than lovers.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR BELFRY LOCATION DAY SUMMER

563 CLOSE SHOT. A PAIR of GILDED BELLS tumbles in a belfry. A nuptial carillon.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET DAY SUMMER

- 564 CLOSE SHOT. A PRIEST raises his hand. It is not a bridal pair he blesses but:
- 565 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. A MILITARY PARADE in the Gromekos' street. The CAMERA is shooting over the back of the PRIEST who stands on church steps.
- 566 LONG SHOT. The 1914 SOLDIERS slog along beneath Tsarist standards, led by mounted OFFICERS and a BRASS BAND. Eight abreast they pass in a flutter of handkerchiefs and raised hats. Patriotic ladies and gentlemen fill the balconies and line the pavements.
- 567 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. On the GROMEKOS' balcony are serious uncertain faces, no patriotic fervour. From here the parade with its wobbling banners is reminiscent of the Demonstrators. ANNA is in a bath-chair now. TONYA carrying a baby boy. YURI, older.
- 568/570 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A colossal banner-portrait of the Tsar towards the tail of the procession. Beneath it walks a little flock of VOLUNTEERS in varied civilian dress, some earnest, some drunk, some plain seedy. As others step from the pavement to join them there is applause and they are welcomed with a pat on the back and a shake of the hand by one or two RECRUITING SERGEANTS.
- 571 CLOSE SHOT. In foreground of picture stands a man in black tarpaulin coat fastened with a rope, no shirt, bare-chested. His face is away from CAMERA watching the procession marching past in background. He turns his head. It is YEVGRAF. On SOUND his narration begins:

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

In bourgeois terms it was a war between the Allies and Germany. In Bolshevik terms it was a war between the Allied and the German upper classes. And which of them won was a matter of indifference.

Astonishingly, he steps off the pavement, CAMERA PANNING with him, and joins the VOLUNTEERS.

- 572 CLOSE SHOT. A little group of people on the pavement applauding him.
- 573 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YEVGRAF marching in the ranks.

I was ordered by the PARTY to enlist, I gave my name as Petrov. (A particularly loud burst of shouting) They were shouting for Victory all over Europe; praying for

573 Continued

YEVGRAF (Cont)

Victory - to the same God. My task, the Party's task,
was to organise defeat.

RECRUITING SERGEANT gives him a pat on the back and handshake.
He accepts both without a flicker.

From Defeat would spring the Revolution. And the
Revolution would be Victory - for us. The Party
looked to the conscript peasants.

574 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. His POV. The backs of the heavily
laden SOLDIERS tramping along ahead of him.

Most of them wearing their first good pair of boots.

CAMERA PANS down to their marching feet.

When the boots wore out they'd be ready to listen.

575 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YEVGRAF. Raises his eyes, looks
ahead.

When the time came I was able to take three battalions
with me out of the Front Line. The best day's work I
ever did.

A well-dressed LADY kisses YEVGRAF's hand and gives him flowers.
He gives her a pale smile as:

But for the moment there was nothing to be done. There
were too many Volunteers. (Sardonic) Like me.
(Rather sadly) I sometimes wondered why there were
so many Volunteers.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR COUNTRY VILLAGE LOCATION DAY SUMMER

576 MEDIUM SHOT. PASHA, carrying a tiny dark-haired girl, holding
LARA by the hand, both silent, walks along the dusty road of a small
rustic town towards CAMERA. We see Mongolian horses tethered,
hens, an ASIATIC-LOOKING PEASANT with a flock of geese.

Mostly it was mere hysteria. But there were men with
better motives, men who saw the times were critical and
wanted a man's part.

576 Continued

PASHA hands the child to LARA, goes into a recruiting booth covered with crudely patriotic anti-German posters. A RECRUITING SERGEANT goes inside the dark interior with PASHA leaving LARA, back to CAMERA in foreground.

YEVGRAF (Cont)

Good men wasted. The man's part lay in the Party, then as always. (His voice changes from the chillingly dogmatic to the oddly tender:) Unhappy men too. Unhappy in their jobs -

577 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and CHILD waiting, looking more than distressed at his going, looking whipped.

Unhappy with their wives. Doubting themselves.
Happy men don't volunteer

CUT

INTERIOR HOSPITAL WARD STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

578 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI and NURSING SISTER walking through a huge, ill-lit ward of a Moscow Hospital. They come to a halt in CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF over, on a note of relief:

They wait their turn and thank God if their age, or work, delays it.

579 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. POV YURI. His patients are all men, all with bandaged wounds, covered with uniform blankets, some with Army greatcoats too, lying in beds and on the floor between the beds.

The ones who got back home at the price of an arm, or an eye, or a leg, these were the lucky ones.

CUT

EXTERIOR TRENCHES LOCATION DAY WINTER - SNOWING

580 LONG SHOT. The unlucky ones are strung up, dead, on the frosted wire entanglements of the Russian Front in Winter. Nothing moving but thin snowfall.

581 CLOSE SHOT One of the hanging dead. He is frozen rock-hard. Crystals of white ice cover his face as they cover his clothes.

582 CLOSE SHOT. The legs, shoulder, and twisted arm of a man protrude from a water-filled shellhole. The surface of the water frozen in fanciful patterns.

YEVGRAF (SOUND) (Cont)

Even Comrade Lenin underestimated both the anguish of that nine-hundred-mile-long Front -

583 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Along the parapet of a frozen trench are men or more corpses. We cannot see which for they are perfectly still and the snow falls indifferently on both. One of them stirs; settles, hopelessly.

- and our cursed capacity for suffering.

SLOW DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR TRENCHES LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

584 LONG SHOT. A different part of the Front. One massive sheet of iron-hard snow and ice. No wire. (The frozen surface dips unbrokenly to form the walls and floor of a trench). A ground mist smokes low over all in a faint moaning wind.

By the second Winter of the War, the boots had worn out. But the line still held.

585 MEDIUM PANNING TO CLOSE SHOT. In the trench, men, sullen, ragged, unshaven, looking resentfully upwards.

Their greatcoats fell to pieces on their backs. Their rations were irregular. Half of them went into action without arms, led by men they didn't trust -

586 CLOSE SHOT. Above the trench stands a smart young OFFICER beautifully dressed in full uniform, his back turned to us, carrying a pistol.

who might have been men from a different planet.

On SOUND a distant angry shout. He whips round:

OFFICER

Come on you bastards!

587 CLOSE SHOT. The men in the trench looking up at him, unresponsive.

- 588 LONG SHOT. Looking along the trench. More unresponsive men and other OFFICERS. A single figure climbs out of the trench. It is:
- 589 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA, now a Regimental Sergeant Major.
- YEVGRAF (SOUND)
And those they did trust -
- PASHA
Come on, Comrades!
- YEVGRAF (SOUND)
- paid with their lives to earn that trust.
- 590 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Reluctantly, men begin to climb from the trench.
- 591 CLOSE UP. PASHA
- PASHA
Come on!!
- 592 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. More men climbing out.
- 593 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA gestures with his arms, turns and sets off, CAMERA TRACKING before him.
- 594 MEDIUM SHOT. More and more climb out, begin to run slowly after him.
- 595 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA TRACKING behind PASHA as he runs forward into the mist. A machine-gun begins to fire.
- 596 CLOSE SHOT. PASHA running, ecstatic. He laughs genuinely battle-crazy, shouting:
- PASHA
Comrades! Earthshakers! Show them!
- 597 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA TRACKING across the path of the oncoming men, excited now, running hard over the iron-hard snow, shouting, stumbling in flapping foot-gear, half without weapons or with clubs made out of lumps of branch. A man goes down, his rifle is snatched up as they sweep past.
- 598 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. PASHA. On SOUND the crackle of small-arms fire and the wail of mortar shells. A fountain of black earth shoots up behind him. For a split second his face is illuminated as if by a brilliant flash-light.

- 599 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING (Hand-held) PASHA'S POV. Black earth springing up out of the whiteness just ahead of him. The CAMERA lurches over.
- 600 MEDIUM SHOT. Fountains of earth against the sky.
- 601/ LONG SHOT. Earth falling from the sky and spattering the snow.
603 PASHA has gone. The shouting falters. Men stand uncertainly, waver. More small-arms fire. A man drops to the ground. The wailing comes again.
- 604 CLOSE SHOT. The OFFICER. He shouts:

OFFICER (Desperate)
Keep moving, lads!

- 605 MEDIUM SHOT. The men break and run.

DISSOLVE

- 606 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. A rain-swept trench. Men crouching dumbly, ankle deep in melting snow and water. Visibility reduced to some thirty yards. The CAMERA begins to CRANE slowly upwards through the downpour.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)
At last they did what all the armies dreamed of doing.
They began to go home.

Along the trench we see men rising to their feet and going. There is no excitement; it is the consummation of something long thought about.

A gradual thing at first. And resisted desperately by the High Command. But that was the beginning of the Revolution.

The CAMERA, now in high-angle LONG SHOT, shows the soldiers groping across the piebald ground into the mist leaving behind the trench littered with abandoned weapons and garbage.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD LOCATION DAY EARLY SPRING

- 607 HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. A column of troops approaches us on a dead straight road through agricultural country. The fields are brown with occasional white patches, the remains of winter snow-drifts.

- 608 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The column is led by a beef-faced COLONEL and his younger 2IC on horseback. Other mounted OFFICERS shepherded the tramping troops who are sullen-faced, in a motley of regimental uniforms, some without packs or rifles. At the rear, the transport waggons.
- 609 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. At the front of the big covered waggon with a Red Cross target on it, YURI sits. His uniform is stained and threadbare. He looks along:
- 610 LONG SHOT TRACKING. His POV. The rising-falling heads of the column. It is ascending a hill. The CO and 2IC have nearly reached its brow.
- 611 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. COLONEL and 2IC crane in their saddles:
- 612 LONG SHOT TRACKING. Their POV. Cresting the brow we see the road continuing through the same landscape and, approaching us, a ragged tattered demoralized crowd, roughly centred on some kind of waggon. Behind them, stragglers stretch to the horizon.
- 613 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. 2IC alert and worried, COLONEL savagely contemptuous.

COLONEL
Deserters ...

- 614 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The waggon of deserters a score of shrouded figures rocking to its motion. Others all about them on the road. Those on the waggon number several wounded, others who have their place by right of age and some by right of strength. We see OLD SOLDIER, a wrinkled, mild-eyed peasant, and BOLSHEVIK - a rather fine-faced man with hard eyes under a head bandage and with his arm in splints. He is looking off, ahead.

BOLSHEVIK
Replacements ...

The figure seated by OLD SOLDIER turns its head to look.

- 615 CLOSE UP TRACKING. It is LARA. She is looking at:
- 616 LONG SHOT TRACKING. Her POV. The column cresting the hill's brow.
- 617 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI rises, looking towards the brow of the hill.

618 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The DESERTERS around the waggon looking ahead at the approaching column. Uneasy, frightened faces few of them are armed. Some of them begin to break up and scatter into the fields.

619 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The BOLSHEVIK stands up beside LARA and shouts:

BOLSHEVIK
Come back! Stick together!!

620 LONG SHOT. The Column, headed by the COLONEL and 2IC entering foreground, the deserters down the road in background. The BOLSHEVIK has had his effect. The rabble stops running through the fields and begins to return to the road.

621 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. COLONEL and 2IC who glances nervously at his Senior's blood-suffused face.

COLONEL
Muck.. Human muck ...

2IC
Steady sir; easy does it.

622 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. BOLSHEVIK, now seated again, and LARA rivetted with mingled horror and admiration.

BOLSHEVIK
Stick together and we'll be alright. (Adds) And be ready for them!

623 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The front of the Column.

2IC (Bellows)
Slo-o-o-pe, arms!

The TROOPS obey, keeping step, left-right, military.

624 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Low angle) Walking alongside the cart, (everybody, LARA included, now looking off towards the approaching battalion whose tramp-tramp we can hear) is a BEARDED DESERTER. His fingers crook and uncrook as he groans:

BEARDED DESERTER
I haven't got a gun.

BOLSHEVIK assesses his man. Stoops, produces his rifle and gives it to him.

624 Continued

BOLSHEVIK
Here. Be steady.

625 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Low angle) COLONEL and 2IC. The CO is looking straight ahead of him as though nothing existed between him and the horizon, his jaw clamped.

2IC
Now steady sir, for God's sake.

626 LONG SHOT. The COLUMN and the DESERTERS approaching each other, now only some thirty yards apart, from either side of screen.

627 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. COLONEL and 2IC. The COLONEL is looking covertly down his nose at:

628 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Their POV the RABBLE, almost underneath their hooves. Will the rabble make way?

629 CLOSE UP TRACKING. The COLONEL raises his eyes to dead ahead.

630 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA TRACKING behind and to the side of the COLONEL and the front of the column as it approaches the deserters. At the last minute the LEADING DESERTERS part, coming to a standstill on either side of the road. In silence the TROOPS march on through, the DESERTERS making way as they come.

631 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. COLONEL and 2IC. One looking ahead, the other from side to side.

632 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Their POV. The DESERTERS parting before them.

633 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA shooting over the parting DESERTERS in foreground straight on to the COLONEL and the MARCHING COLUMN in background.

634 LONG SHOT. The TROOPS march on through. A static frieze of sullen, wondering or resentful faces on either side of them.

635 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A section of marching TROOPS. An occasional glance at:

636 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Their POV the DESERTERS standing watching.

637 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA following a section of troops marching between the lines of silent DESERTERS. On SOUND a voice says:

DESERTER (SOUND)
Where are you going, Brothers?

Eyes flicker towards the speaker. Another voice says:

2nd DESERTER (SOUND, sympathetic as well as jeering) Cannonfodder.

Again the ranks flicker, one man losing his step.

638 BIG CLOSE UP. The OLD SOLDIER. He calls out with strange passion:

OLD SOLDIER
Turn round lads!

639 LONG SHOT. The battalion disappearing into the rabble, CO and 2IC almost through, but a swirl and a shouting developing.

640 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The DESERTERS are physically forcing the troops from the ranks, the TROOPS more than half willing. DESERTERS shouting.

641 CLOSE SHOT. More TROOPS being pulled from the ranks. DESERTERS laughing and patting their backs.

642 CLOSE SHOT. One of the TROOPERS suddenly stops marching; calls with fury as others pile up behind him;

TROOPER
Turn round, lads!

Immediate uproar.

643 MEDIUM SHOT. The COLONEL, furious, twists round to identify the renegade. But a DESERTER kicks his horse in the belly and he can barely control it.

644 LONG SHOT. Looking back down the road from the head of the column. The TROOPERS in front come to a halt and turn. Pandemonium is breaking out at the back where TROOPERS and DESERTERS mingle indiscriminately.

- 645/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. A screenful of TROOPERS and DESERT-
 647 ERS. Some shouting and waving fists, and others still laughing,
 excited, scared by what they have done. One or two TROOPERS
 throwing their weapons over the heads of the crowd into the fields,
 others embracing.
- 648 CLOSE SHOT. In the foreground of the picture is a large water-
 butt standing against a cattle shelter. In background the mob.
 A beautiful pair of riding boots climb up on the lid of the butt. On
 SOUND a loud pistol shot. The shouting dies, the laughter fades.
 TROOPERS and DESERTERS are looking up at:
- 649 MEDIUM SHOT. Over the heads of the men in the road we see
 that the boots on the water-butt belong to a young CAPTAIN. He
 holsters his pistol, smiles round at the mob. He is a rakish
 young fellow, a "natural leader", one of those who "find themselves"
 in war. His stained uniform bears an award for gallantry. He
 cocks his hat at a yet more rakish angle to show what kind of a chap
 he is, puts his hands on his hips, and looks round at his audience
 in comical surprise. A little sheepish laughter from the more
 easily duped immediately about him. He looks down, stoops:

CAPTAIN

Where are you going, Daddy?

A mumbled anonymous response. The CAPTAIN straightens.

- 650 CLOSE SHOT. The CAPTAIN in profile, the men looking up at
 him.

Home! (He looks them over, nods:) Good idea! You
 go home! And give your trousers to your wives! And
 let them come out here - and fight for your children!

An uproar of protests, but it has a resentful guilty ring to it,
 not rage. He rides into it:

No? Who will then?

A silence. CAMERA PANS off the CAPTAIN on to the elementary
 faces looking up at him.

- 651 CLOSE SHOT. CAPTAIN straightens his cap to show that the
 funny part is over.

Now listen lads ... ! (He points dramatically)
 Ten miles up that road, are the Germans!

651 Continued

A VOICE calls something. He jumps in:

CAPTAIN (Cont)

Not rubbish my son! - They're coming!
And they're coming fast!

652 MEDIUM SHOT. Looking down on the crowd of men.

(SOUND)

You've let them in!

But now a more ominous rising murmur begins. They can't answer his argument but they can see where it will take them.

653 CLOSE SHOT. The CAPTAIN. He rides into it, with a dramatic gesture to emphasise each period:

They're coming for your wives ... !
 Your houses ... ! Your country ... !

654 CLOSE UP. The BOLSHEVIK. The murmur is still rising.

BOLSHEVIK

Your country, Officer!

655 CLOSE UP. The CAPTAIN. Murmur rises. He must almost shout, struggling to regain his mastery of them:

CAPTAIN

Yes! My country! And proud of -

He has struck a rhetorical stance and:

656 CLOSE UP. The lid of the water-butt rotates.

657 CLOSE SHOT. In goes the CAPTAIN, all dignity and influence swamped.

658 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. A screen full of violently laughing faces. On SOUND a shot. The laughter stops.

659 CLOSE SHOT. A BEARDED DESERTER lowers his rifle.

660 CLOSE SHOT. The surface of the water butt. The buttocks and legs of the corpse rotating quite slowly, appear, roll over and submerge peacefully.

- 661 CLOSE UP. LARA staring at this. On SOUND the wild disturbing double-beat of swans flying. Startled she looks up at:
- 662 MEDIUM SHOT. The swans flash over the cattle-shelter roof and away from it all.
- 663 CLOSE UP. YURI looking at them. On SOUND pandemonium breaks out.
- 664/ LONG SHOT. OFFICERS are rushed and dragged from their
665 horses, using their pistols as they fall.
- 666 CLOSE PANNING SHOT. The ZIC, still mounted, desperately sabres his way through the chaos towards the side of the road.
- 667 CLOSE SHOT. LARA watching this, horrified.
- 668 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. ZIC manages to break through off the road. CAMERA PANS with him as he starts a furious gallop across open country.
- 669 CLOSE UP. LARA watching him. On SOUND a shot.
- 670 LONG SHOT. Her POV. The ZIC still going hard. On SOUND another shot. He keeps going. Two shots, and down he comes.
- 671 CLOSE UP. LARA. On SOUND some laughter and cheers. She turns back to the road.
- 672 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. One man alone raised prominently above the swaying mob, is still mounted. The COLONEL. He sits bolt upright, parade-ground fashion in his splendid uniform. One hand holding the reins, the other negligently at his side. As his horse edges forward the men find themselves reluctantly giving way; the mob noise diminishing.
- 673 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The COLONEL's blood-suffused face is set in a tense malignant glare; he knows that his life hangs by the thread of his habitual authority. He glares down at:
- 674 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. His POV. The men stare back at him equally tense, with open hatred, making way more and more reluctantly. The noise diminishes further.
- 675 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The pandemonium ceases. Every head is turned to where the COLONEL edges forward, the mob thick before him.

- 676 CLOSE SHOT. YURI watches the trial of wills, fascinated. Knowing that trouble must come, he gets lightly down from his waggon. Those about him glance briefly at his Red Cross armlet, turn away to watch.
- 677 MEDIUM SHOT. The COLONEL, breathing hard now, his horse going forward by inches. Still the men dare not attack him, but they won't get out of his way and those behind press forward. The horse is literally shouldering the men aside. One goes down. He cries out. An immediate rising murmur swelling to a roar and:
- 678 CLOSE SHOT. A SOLDIER seizes the COLONEL's foot, and with a terrific heave sends him sailing out of the saddle.
- 679 MEDIUM SHOT. The COLONEL falls on the far side of his horse into a sea of roaring and laughing men. They fling him like a massive doll, from hand to hand, to hand, to hand. He falls and disappears. Rifle butts are raised. A terrible scuffle and pounding begins.
- 680 CLOSE UP. LARA transfixed. On SOUND the laughter disappears from the roar.
- 681 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. A screenful of savagely shouting and swaying men, all struggling like schoolboys to be in on the kill. Then one of them rises, holding up the COLONEL's epaulettes. His face is fixed in a frantic grin. Then his expression changes:
- 682 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. LARA standing on the waggon, staring down at them all, appalled. On SOUND the noise modulates.
- 683 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA's POV. More and more men looking up at her in guilty silence.
- 684 CLOSE UP. LARA as before.
- 685 / MEDIUM SHOT. The MEN, silent now, looking up at LARA.
687 The man with the epaulettes throws them away, pushes through the mob. Others follow suit. The movement becomes general, the whole screenful lurching away in the direction of desertion, faster and faster, pushing one another, some still defiant, some laughing, others guilty and sheepish.

DISSOLVE

- 688 LONG SHOT. SOLDIERS and DESERTERS alike now, streaming back over the brow of the hill in a disorderly stream.

689 CLOSE SHOT. YURI pushes his way through the tail end of the DESERTERS. Stops and stares at:

690 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. His POV. LARA is standing among the "debris" about twenty yards away, stunned. Distant gunfire.

YURI walks towards her. At his feet one of the prone figures groans, rolls onto its back. YURI is arrested. He stoops. The figure is the BOLSHEVIK. YURI looks up at:

his POV, LARA

YURI
Are you a nurse?

LARA (Faintly)
Yes.

YURI (Almost curtly)
Are you all right?

LARA (More strongly)
Yes.

YURI
Then help me.

DISSOLVE

SCENE NUMBERS 691 TO 698 CUT.

EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD LOCATION SUNSET EARLY
SPRING

699 LONG SHOT horizontal. The waggon passes a row of trees. Silhouetted against the reddening sky we see YURI emerge from the interior and pat the driver's shoulder. He pulls up the horses.

700 CLOSE UP. A SOLDIER lies on a stretcher on the floor of the waggon. As it jolts to a halt he winces and moans with pain. YURI's feet hurry by. The SOLDIER follows him with his eyes. On SOUND the noise of the tail-board being lowered with a crash.

701 CLOSE SHOT. YURI assists LARA to descend. She says, rather breathless:

LARA
Doctor, I ought to tell you; I'm not a trained nurse, I'm a Volunteer.

YURI
I see.

He is supporting the tailboard horizontally on its chain. He looks at her.

Why did you volunteer?

LARA
I came out to find my husband.

YURI (Looking inside the waggon)
Very gently.

702 CLOSE SHOT. OLD SOLDIER and another are sliding the groaning man along the floor.

703 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA.

YURI (To LARA)
Have you ever seen an operation?

LARA
Yes.

YURI
We'll manage.

The stretcher comes out on the tailboard.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD STUDIO NIGHT

704 CLOSE SHOT. Night. YURI is carrying out an operation on the man, using the tailboard as an operating table. LARA and OLD SOLDIER hold lanterns for him. He is watched from within by such of the wounded as are conscious, and surrounded by a ring of casual DESERTERS standing in the road. Their primitive faces wince instinctively at this long-drawn, meticulous manipulation of human tissues. On SOUND footsteps at a shuffling run approach.

YURI is utterly absorbed, his nose inches from his work, his face absorbed and selfless.

LARA watches YURI's face. On SOUND the footsteps approach and stop. All but LARA turn. From the darkness:

VOICE (Breathless)
They're in the next village, Brothers ... The Germans.

A general murmur and stir. OLD SOLDIER's lantern lurches.

OLD SOLDIER
Your Honour -

YURI
No, keep still.

His voice, so incongruously mild, crisp, abstracted, has more effect than a shouted command. They turn instinctively back to him for a beat; then begin to break away in silence.

705 CLOSE UP. LARA. She looks at him with double interest. Has he simply not heard the alarming news?

DISSOLVE

706 CLOSE SHOT. YURI applies himself with special delicacy to the concluding stitches of the wound, straightens himself almost reluctantly. Behind him the road is now empty except for LARA and OLD SOLDIER. The occasional gunfire seems nearer. YURI, looking with deep pleasure at what he has done; says to LARA:

YURI
That's not bad, is it?

LARA (Smiles at him)
I don't know. It looked marvellous to me.

706 Continued

They smile freely at one another, relieved and triumphant. Then his smile fades. Reaching for a bandage:

YURI
Did you find your husband?

LARA
No.

OLD SOLDIER
Your Honour -

YURI (bandaging)
Yes; we'd better be off.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD LOCATION DAY SPRING

707 LONG SHOT. The waggon on the road and a procession before and after of DESERTERS and REFUGEES. The fields now hazed with green, sunshine, white clouds - a change of climate, terrain and mood.

708 LARA is drinking from a water-bottle, her throat muscles moving. Lowering the bottle she finds that she is:

709 Being watched by YURI.

710/ LARA is not annoyed or flustered (She knows whatever
715 else he is doing he is not ogling her) but she is a bit amused and very curious. She makes to speak, thinks better of it, looking away from him, corking the bottle, but then, looking back, almost apologetic:

LARA
You look at me as though you know me. (Since he doesn't deny it, a bit surprised) Do you?

YURI
I've seen you. (She tilts her head). Four years ago. Christmas Eve.

She works it out. Realizes.

710/ Continued
715

LARA
Oh ... Were you there? (He nods, once.
She looks away. With a nice dryness but
softly:) No wonder you look at me.
(Then looking at him with more edge:) Did
you know - Victor Komarovsky?

YURI
Yes I did.

LARA
Oh. (She looks down, colouring)

YURI (Steadily)
The young man who took you away - ...

LARA
My husband.

YURI
Lot of courage.

LARA (Looks up; trusts him! Whispers
fervent:) Yes.

YURI
He made the rest of us look very feeble.
(She nods enthusiastically, not wanting or
not able to speak, YURI slowly) As a matter
of fact ... I thought you both did ... (She
looks at him hard) Good man to shoot at.

LARA
I'd give anything ... never to have met him.

She looks away again over the fields of infant wheat.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR COUNTRY CROSS-ROADS' LOCATION DAY
SUMMER

- 716 MEDIUM SHOT. A line of poplar trees in full leaf against blue sky. CAMERA PANS downwards disclosing an avenue between grass-green wheat fields where the procession of refugees has come to a halt. Fires have been lit and everybody is sprawled out in the shade of the trees or under their vehicles. The PAN continues into a CLOSE SHOT of LARA washing up mugs and plates by the side of the Red Cross waggon and ends on a CLOSE UP of YURI, lying on his back in the grass, looking up at:
- 717 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. The top of the poplars, their leaves shimmering in the summer breeze.
- 718 CLOSE UP. YURI. On sound an important hooting. He lazily turns his head.
- 719 LONG SHOT. His POV. The procession continues up to a T-shaped cross roads where a command post has been set up, and where the head of another procession joins it. The hooting comes from a little van approaching along the third road.
- 720 CLOSE SHOT. The command post. Semi-civilian OFFICIALS with arm-bands checking papers and taking particulars from REFUGEES. The van pulls up. A man in the back cuts the string of a massive wad of broadsheets, dumps a handful on to the command post table, and the van drives off. On SOUND excited eager voices as refugees crowd in to grab the sheets.
- 721 MEDIUM SHOT. From halfway down the road towards YURI we see the van approaching and hooting with excitement. The man in the back is throwing out broadsheets to the refugees on either side of the road. They rise to their feet to pick up the papers forming a human bow-wave behind the van.
- 722 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with YURI who rises to his feet and steps out into the road. He catches one of the broadsheets as the van passes by.
- 723 CLOSE SHOT. OLD SOLDIER has also caught a broadsheet. He turns it round and about, hopelessly. He cannot read.
- 724/ 727 CLOSE SHOT. YURI gives the contents of his broadsheet to the others, all including LARA, listen avidly with various degrees of comprehension. OLD SOLDIER doesn't take it in at all, looks to LARA.

724/ Continued
727

YURI
The Tsar's in prison ... Lenin's in Moscow ... Civil War has started.

BOLSHEVIK (Bangs his fist on the waggon side)
Good!

LARA
Civil War - Good?

BOLSHEVIK (Delight makes him almost amiable)
Not good, Comrade nurse - inevitable. But Lenin in Moscow ...! (He is as radiant as a Christian at the Second Coming)

OLD SOLDIER (To LARA, timidly)
This Lenin - will he be the new Tsar then?

BOLSHEVIK (Takes him by the shoulder with loving ferocity; very moved)
Listen Daddy, no more Tsars. No more Masters. Only Workers - in a Worker's State. How about that?

An OFFICIAL has approached the fringes of the group and now he speaks:

OFFICIAL
Is there a Doctor with this unit?

YURI
Yes?

OFFICIAL
Follow me please.

CUT

INTERIOR HOSPITAL STUDIO DAY SUMMER

728 LONG SHOT. The hall of a big country house is filled with about a hundred and fifty wounded, attended listlessly by PEASANT WOMEN.

EXTERIOR HOSPITAL LOCATION DAY SUMMER

729 MEDIUM SHOT. Framed by the open front door we see the courtyard where the Red Cross waggon is pulling up. YURI

729 Continued

dismounts and follows the OFFICIAL up the steps and past CAMERA as LARA climbs down from the waggon.

730 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. She looks about at:

731 MEDIUM SHOT. Under a tree: lie more wounded and sick.

INTERIOR HOSPITAL STUDIO DAY

732 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and OFFICIAL. YURI comes to a standstill looking around the hall as LARA comes through the front door in the background.

YURI (Appalled, but low:)
I can't deal with this ...

OFFICIAL
Order of the Provisional Government. (He slaps a paper into YURI's hand) You'll have to try, Friend.

He turns and goes. LARA takes his place beside YURI, also looking around. They both stand for a moment, then he moves forward.

733 REVERSE SHOT. YURI walking away down the hall. LARA following.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR GROMEKO LIBRARY STUDIO NIGHT

734/ MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER and TONYA sit by lamplight,
737 with the curtains drawn. She is reading a letter; he is listening and looking at her.

TONYA
"If you could see how hard we have been working here I know you would forgive me, dear, for not writing more regularly - "

ALEXANDER
When was that written?

TONYA
July the Twentieth.

734/ Continued
737

ALEXANDER
Eight weeks. (He shakes his head)

TONYA
" - But now the War seems really to have stopped, the hospital is emptying and I shall have more time. I may even get time to write some verse if I've not forgotten how to" (Softly) Oh, I do hope so ... "Larissa Antipova is still here".

ALEXANDER flashes her a covert look beneath his brows. Perhaps she pauses fractionally, fractionally straightens her back, but she reads smoothly on with a calm brow.

"And I admire her more and more. I think she has that Gift of Healing which Doctors don't believe in. She often does the wrong things and it always seems to work out right. (New paragraph in the letter) How is Uncle Alex? Can he still get English tobacco?"

ALEXANDER (Grumbling, pleased)
Would that he could?

TONYA
"Can Sasha say his letters yet? And how ..." (A pause. She looks up, says:) "How is Aunty Anna ..."

ALEXANDER looks at his feet, rubs his ankle. Over SOUND.

(SOUND)
He hasn't got my letter.

ALEXANDER shakes his head.

(SOUND)
"Most of all my dearest, how are you...?"

She scans the last paragraph, her face soft.

The rest is for me.

ALEXANDER (Rises, bravely dispassionate)
Curiously upsetting that he doesn't know she's dead.
Can't see what difference it makes.

Outside a shot, another, more, machine-guns, finally the boom of an artillery piece. ALEXANDER is suddenly furious:

734/ Continued
737

ALEXANDER
They're at it again! I do wish they'd
decide (Pause) Once and for all (Pause)
Which band of hooligans constitutes the
Government of this country.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR HOSPITAL LOCATION DAY AUTUMN

738/ MEDIUM SHOT. The courtyard again, framed in the
741 open door. Gold and red leaves lie under the
tree. YURI stands by a waggon loaded with bedding
while the DRIVER laboriously signs a receipt for
it and hands it back to YURI. YURI comes towards
door as waggon drives off, and two INMATES emerge
past camera bearing another dismantled bed which
they carry to a second waggon.

On the steps, in the Autumn sunshine, sits OLD
SOLDIER, dejected. As YURI enters, seeing this:

YURI (Softly)
Cheer up Sergei. (OLD SOLDIER turns
a woebegone face to him) Don't you want
to go home?

OLD SOLDIER
There's fighting at home Your Honour;
and I've had enough ... Red Guards and
White Guards the old man's had enough.

YURI nods his head in understanding and sympathy,
moves on. OLD SOLDIER calls after him:

Your honour is a kind gentleman!

And after reflection adds:

And the nurse is a kind lady!

CUT

INTERIOR KITCHEN AND PASSAGEWAY STUDIO DAY

742/ MEDIUM SHOT. LARA is ironing in the kitchen. YURI
747 enters a passageway lined with servants' bells.
CAMERA PANS with him as he enters a kitchen. Here
LARA is ironing in a flood of late afternoon sunlight,
the damp clothes almost transparent in it where they
hang on maidens, she herself with an aureole, the steam
which rises from her iron incandescent. By contrast
the rest of the room is in black shadow though a high-
light flashes from another can of flowers. YURI sits
in the shadows and is swallowed. He watches her move-
ments in the sunlight, listens to the thumping of her
iron. Then:

YURI
In a couple of weeks you'll be with your
little girl.

LARA
If I can get on a train.

Another pause. She says:

- I want to be with Katya more than anything
in the world.

She stops speaking; it seems that she has finished.
From the dark:

742/ Continued
747

YURI (Mildly)
Yes of course.

LARA
But now that we're going I feel sad. (The last word not quite clear; she says into the shadows amusedly:) Sad, really sad.

YURI (Mildly)
Well we've been here some time.

LARA
Yes ... This must have been a lovely house once.

No reply. She looks but cannot see him.

Don't you think?

Now we see him for the first time and find that his face is stiff and his eyes on her intently. He demands, deeply:

YURI
What are you going to do?

LARA (A bit startled)
In Gradov?

YURI
Yes.

LARA
Oh I'll be all right.

YURI
I wish I could think so.

The speed and force of it are spontaneous. LARA flashes him a look of alarm. His POV we see it, she surrounded in a halo of bright steam. He recovers. Just a shade shakily:

You could run a laundry.

LARA
Yes.

But she sounds a bit shaky too. The emotional key has tightened.

742/
747

Continued

LARA (Cont)
What will you do?

YURI
I suppose I'll go back to the hospital.

LARA
It's funny to think of you there. I used
to pass it on my way to school.

YURI
... Will you ever come to Moscow?

LARA looks up, bright of eye, forcedly smiling.

LARA
From Gradov - ?

She shakes her head, the smile gone, and cannot take
her eyes away. YURI rises into the sunlight restless,
made suddenly bright like her. He bursts out:

YURI
If only there were someone to look after you -
But of course if there were - I'd be destroyed
by jealousy.

LARA
Zhivago - don't ...

Her tone is persuasive and pleading, not shocked, this
is no revelation to her. He moves, and in exactly the
same tone:

My dear - don't ... Please ...

He is immobilized, but poised.

We've been six months together, on the road,
and here; and we've not done anything you'll
have to lie about, to Tonya. (Very strongly)
I don't want you to have to lie about me.
(Beseechingly) You understand that Yuri. (And
now with deep love and admiration:) You
understand everything ...

742/ Continued
747

They stand and look at one another, he in shadow, she in sunlight. The sound of rain hisses in over them and:

DISSOLVE

SCENE NUMBERS 748 TO 749 CUT

EXTERIOR HOSPITAL LOCATION DAY AUTUMN-RAIN

750 CLOSE SHOT. Grey rain hisses and drips on the courtyard paving. CAMERA PANS up to disclose the Red Cross wagon with half a dozen men already in it. The BOLSHEVIK, his greatcoat wet, pack and rifle on back, hurries from the wagon towards CAMERA which TRACKS BACK slightly to reveal the front door. He halts in CLOSE SHOT and shouts into the hall with genial impatience:

BOLSHEVIK

Come on Comrades. I'm in a hurry!

INTERIOR HOSPITAL STUDIO DAY

751 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the hall the departing inmates assist one another into packs. They are boisterous and look enormous in their bulky travelling clothes. Against the wall stands a mountain of blankets and bedding yet to be cleared. YURI and OLD SOLDIER the only persons not dressed for travel. LARA, in a heavy coat, watches YURI as he goes towards the door.

EXTERIOR HOSPITAL LOCATION DAY AUTUMN - RAIN

752 CLOSE SHOT. BOLSHEVIK standing in the doorway as before. YURI enters.

YURI

Going home, Kuril?

BOLSHEVIK

Home, Your Excellency? (He makes an insult of the title) Petrograd. I'm joining the Red Guard.

LARA enters picture and stands in the doorway on the opposite side to YURI. BOLSHEVIK in the middle

752 Continued

LARA

What about your wife?

BOLSHEVIK

Sometimes, Comrade Nurse, women have to wait. (He looks about) Right?

He shoves out a hand to YURI, looking coldly, even when YURI takes it.

Good-bye, honoured Doctor. Want some advice ... ?

YURI

- Said the millstone to the barley.

BOLSHEVIK

That's right. Adapt yourself.

He lets go of YURI's hand and stalks out into the rain. The next inmate, a bit awkward, offers his hand, YURI smiles and shakes it and he goes.

753 CLOSE UP. LARA looking at YURI. Another inmate crosses foreground of picture. On SOUND:

YURI (SOUND)

Good-bye, Durinev.

INMATE (SOUND)

Good-bye Your Honour.

YURI

Good-bye, Krul.

754 CLOSE SHOT. YURI from LARA's POV. He does not look at her. INMATE merely nods, surly, and shambles off:

YURI (To mild little private)

Good-bye Simon.

INMATE (Inclined to emotion)

I'll never forget Your Honour, never ...

755 CLOSE SHOT. YURI nods, smiling stiffly - LARA is next. She steps forward and holds out her hand. Out in the courtyard it has stopped raining.

755 Continued

LARA
Good-bye, Zhivago.

YURI
Good-bye. Thank you.

She turns and goes after the others. CAMERA TRACKS forward slightly to exclude YURI as she walks to the waggon. On SOUND:

YURI (SOUND)
Pilenko ...

INMATE (SOUND)
Good-bye Doctor.

LARA is assisted up into the waggon, moves to the front and sits by the BOLSHEVIK facing away from the house.

- 756 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and OLD SOLDIER watching from the door.
- 757 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The hooded figure of LARA back towards us, semi-silhouetted on the waggon. It is obscured momentarily as the last INMATE climbs into the waggon and then reappears as he sits.
- 758 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI watching her.
- 759 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA's back. The BOLSHEVIK's hand enters picture and perfunctorily adjusts the collar of her coat. Without warning the DRIVER whips up his horses.
- 760 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and OLD SOLDIER. On SOUND the clatter of the waggon moving off. OLD SOLDIER suddenly cries:
- OLD SOLDIER
Good-bye Brothers!
- 761 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. Every face on the waggon turns with varying degrees of response - except LARA's.
- 762 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and OLD SOLDIER respond to their farewells (heard on SOUND) Their raised hands drop as the sound dies. OLD SOLDIER looks up at YURI.
- 763 CLOSE UP TRACKING. (CAMERA in waggon) The silhouetted back of LARA's head. Ahead, the gateway to the courtyard.

- 764 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. From inside the waggon the CAMERA is shooting back at YURI and OLD SOLDIER standing in the front door. The gates come into picture, the waggon turns on to the road and two figures are masked from view.
- 765 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The back of LARA'S head now silhouetted against the road. Silence save for the creak of wood, and the rumble and splash of wheels. BOLSHEVIK fishes out his gun (as he did when we first saw him) and starts to clean it with a bit of rag. On SOUND the MILD PRIVATE announces a bit defiantly:
- MILD PRIVATE (SOUND)
The Doctor is a gentleman.
- BOLSHEVIK
Right. Written all over him.
- MILD PRIVATE (SOUND)
He's a good man!
- BOLSHEVIK
God rot good men.
- 766 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA turns her head and looks at him resentfully. Her eyes are full of tears.
- 767 BIG CLOSE UP. BOLSHEVIK. He is astonished.
- 768 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA continues to look anger at him through her tears, indifferent to her dignity and hence doubly dignified.
- 769 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and BOLSHEVIK. He raises his eyebrows and returns his attention to the gun.
- 770 OLD SOLDIER looks up at YURI. YURI is looking off at:
- 771 POV YURI, the waggon flickers, disappears as it passes in front of the pale rising sun.
- SCENE NUMBERS 772 TO 781 CUT.

EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET LOCATION SUNSET AUTUMN

782 LONG SHOT. A waggon, flickering, appears out of a crimson setting sun at the end of the Gromekos' street.

783 On the waggon, YURI and cabdriver. YURI looks off at:

784 Windows of Gromekos' house, bloody in the sunset. One of them flashes like a heliograph as it opens and:

785 TONYA leans out, at first incredulous, then incredulous and joyful.

TONYA
Yuri!

786 YURI looks up at her, instinctively half-rising.

787 TONYA leaves the window.

788 YURI jumps from the waggon with his valise, runs.

SCENES 789 TO 799 CUT

800 TONYA dashes across the landing, down the stairs, where we glimpse the altered interior and some odd looking people, and throws open the door where YURI approaches the steps. They embrace.

801 YURI and TONYA embrace. He looks over her shoulder at:

802 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Watching from the hall are: a FEMALE JANITOR, RESIDENTS standing in doorways, and DEPUTY. They watch, one or two faintly smiling, mostly morose or carefully non-committal.

803/
807

MEDIUM SHOT. TONYA, in some embarrassment, draws YURI into the hall to confront them. He is uncomprehending of the situation but ready to accept it, at his most polite and willing. The middle-class routine of introduction is both pleasant and bizarre - pleasant in them, bizarre because it is one-sided.

TONYA

Yuri; this is Comrade Yelkin (She makes a title of "Comrade" as "Major Yelkin"); our local Delegate, he lives here.

YURI (Shaking hands)
Oh. Welcome.

TONYA (Introducing JANITOR)
Comrade Kaprugina.

YURI
Welcome.

TONYA looks a bit amused, distinctly embarrassed.

JANITOR (Calmly)
It's not for you to welcome us, Comrade.

TONYA
Comrade Kaprugina is Chairman of the Residents' Committee, Yuri.

She puts a warning emphasis on "Residents' Committee".

YURI
Ah! Yes of course, er ...

He looks round pleasantly at the various faces in doorways. No response.

DELEGATE
Your Discharge Papers?

YURI
Yes. (Producing them and hands them over) I signed them myself I'm afraid.

DEPUTY (Examining papers, arrested by something, murmurs with distaste)
"Holy Cross"? What - ?

803/
807

Continued

YURI (Helpful)
Holy Cross Hospital. (DELEGATE looks at him woodenly)
Where I worked before the war. It's on -

TONYA
The Second Reformed Hospital.

YURI
Ah. (To DELEGATE) Good. It needed reforming.

The donnish little quip disappears without trace.

DELEGATE
Medicals report to their place of work at once.

YURI
Yes. I believe there's typhus ... ?

RESIDENTS uneasy; one withdrawing inside doorway.

DELEGATE (Flatly)
You've been listening to rumourmongers, Comrade.
(Pronounces) There is no typhus in our City.

YURI (Quietly)
Well that's good news. (Turns away and picks up baggage)
I'll report tomorrow.

808

CLOSE SHOT. (CRANE) YURI and TONYA ascend the stairs,
CAMERA craning before them. They go up a few steps in silence,
the DELEGATE calls after them:

DELEGATE (Significantly)
When you've started work, you'll get a ration book.

YURI turns quickly, but quite mildly says:

YURI
I've always worked.

They go on up shoulder to shoulder, DELEGATE and JANITOR
looking upwards after them.

(sotto)
Whatever's the matter?

808 Continued

TONYA (Secretly smiling, and proudly)
You are.

They reach the landing.

809 CLOSE SHOT. DELEGATE and JANITOR. She suddenly calls, hotly:

JANITOR
There was living-space for thirteen families in this one house!

810 MEDIUM SHOT Her POV looking up the stairs. YURI looks down, finding himself in the position of an orator.

YURI
Yes. Yes, this is a better arrangement, Comrades, more just. (He has a shade of difficulty with "Comrades")

811 CLOSE SHOT. DELEGATE and JANITOR looking up disapprovingly.

812 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA standing in foreground of picture in the library door, holding out her hand to YURI in the background, still at the top of the stairs, her eyes alight with affectionate amusement. He comes to her, shuts the door and leans against it looking at TONYA, now openly laughing.

YURI (Expostulating, laughing and genuinely puzzled)
But it is more just! Why did it sound so funny?

813 CLOSE SHOT. DELEGATE and JANITOR examining YURI's papers.

DELEGATE
Name: Zhivago. Discharge Recommended: Commanding Officer. Commanding Officer: Zhivago.

814 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA embracing. She asks a little anxiously:

TONYA
Is it good to be home?

YURI (Fervent)
Oh - (He breaks off)

815 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI'S POV. A little boy regards them soberly from an inner doorway.

816 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA. YURI is intent; putting TONYA gently from him, asks her:

YURI
Sasha ... ?

TONYA (Smiling, moved; a moment long-awaited for)
Who else?

CAMERA PANS with YURI as he approaches SASHA, his face tender and respectful.

YURI
Sasha.

817 CLOSE UP. SASHA with YURI's legs in foreground of picture. He looks warily at his mother.

TONYA (SOUND)
This is Daddy, Sasha.

818 CLOSE UP. YURI's face descends into picture. SASHA's hand whips out and clouts him forcefully across the face. On SOUND:

TONYA (SOUND)
Sasha!

819 MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER stands in the doorway, diffident and curious.

ALEXANDER
May I come in?

TONYA (Distressed)
Sasha hit his daddy! Oh what a naughty little boy - !
(She is half serious)

YURI (Quickly)
No don't say that.

DISSOLVE

GROMEKO LIBRARY STUDIO NIGHT

820 MEDIUM SHOT. The once fine library is partitioned into smaller rooms by sheets of matchboard. ALEXANDER and YURI (Still in

820 Continued

uniform but shaved) take their ease over the remains of a meal in one of these and TONYA is seen in another, busy over an improvised stove. There is just a shade of strain in the air. YURI, a shade too correct, ALEXANDER a shade too jolly.

ALEXANDER

Watch carefully, I am about to ignite the last half of the last cigar in Moscow. (He does so, YURI smiling, then leans forward) Good meal?

YURI (Surprised but falling in with it)
Very.

ALEXANDER

Say something.

821 CLOSE SHOT TONYA in the kitchenette has observed it all. She looks grave but when YURI's voice comes:

YURI (SOUND)

That was very good, Tonya!

TONYA ("Merrily")

Pooh! That was nothing.

822/ MEDIUM SHOT. ALEXANDER and YURI in foreground, TONYA
828 in background.

ALEXANDER

She's been saving that salami for three months.

YURI (As she enters)

Have you darling?

TONYA

I got it for a clock.

ALEXANDER

She's a marvel. Coffee you observe.

TONYA (Smiling, gently)

Daddy, stop it ... (Softly) He knows I'm a marvel ...

(They sit a beat in silence, then:) Did you write any poetry?

YURI

Quite a lot.

822/
828

Continued;

TONYA
Is it good?

YURI
Yes I think so.

TONYA
Can I see it?

YURI (Startled, looking at her)
Well of course. (He takes her hand)

TONYA
What happened to Nurse Antipova? (Her eyes are a bit bright now) Your letters were full of her!

YURI (Steadily, looking at her)
Yes I suppose they were.

ALEXANDER (Wildly uncomfortable)
Mm. Mm. That's the girl who shot friend Komarovsky isn't it?

TONYA (Softly)
Yes Daddy, you know it is.

YURI
She's gone home to her little girl.

TONYA (Not looking at him, ashamed of her importunity)
We shan't see her then?

YURI
No.

TONYA (Whispering)
What a pity ...

She raises her eyes and meets his smile, warm, protective, reassuring, not protesting. She abandons dignity and throws herself sideways onto him, his arms going about her, looking suddenly childish. ALEXANDER, enchanted, holds up his cigar butt:

ALEXANDER
Well there it is ... (With thespian regret) Farewell the pleasures of the flesh ...

822/
828

Continued

TONYA (Cradled against YURI, quite restored, mischievous) There's some more salami.

ALEXANDER

Save it. (He is suddenly serious) What I don't understand is how we're going to stay alive, this winter ...

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR-EXTERIOR GROMEKO STREET AND LIBRARY DAY
WINTER - SNOWING

829 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA cranes down across the library window, crystalline with white frost, through which we see soft snow falling diffused in the street beyond. SASHA's hand enters picture and rubs a clear patch in the frost with the warmth of his palm.

830 CLOSE UP. SASHA, wearing an outdoor coat, peers through the eye-hole.

SASHA
Pretty!

And begins to rub another hole.

831 CLOSE SHOT ALEXANDER, also dressed in overcoat and wearing gloves, is sitting reading. He glances up at the child, clumsily turns a page with his gloved hand and continues reading. On SOUND the cooing of the child.

832 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA is in the kitchen. Harassed, hair awry, she is trying to reconcile the aristocratic demands of an old-style, lavishly illustrated cookery book, with the handful of scrubby vegetables available to her. The cooing ceases; then weeping. She goes.

TONYA
Sasha!

833/
836 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the library SASHA, weeping, holds out his two small paws, stiff with cold. TONYA sinks down to him opening her multiple jackets, saying with real irritation:

TONYA
Father - you mustn't let him do that!

833/
836

Continued

ALEXANDER (Half-risen and guilty)
Oh dear oh dear I -

TONYA (Thrusting SASHA's hands under her armpits)
Silly old Grandpa ...

ALEXANDER
I'm going to light the stove!

TONYA (Coldly)
Very well. And what shall we burn tonight?

ALEXANDER (Determinedly opening stove doors)
We'll burn that tonight.

TONYA
And tomorrow?

ALEXANDER (With sudden feeling)
I'll get some more. I'm not entirely useless you know.
There are some loose planks in the tram-shelter ...

TONYA
That's a very good idea. Get yourself arrested; get
yourself shot. (He looks over his shoulder at her. She
says, very tenderly:) You're not useless, Daddy; you're
indispensable ... (Firmly) We'll light the stove when we
always do.

ALEXANDER (Looks at her, admiring, exasperated,
adoring:) You are abominably like your mother ...

837

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DELEGATE and YURI hurry along the
snowy street towards GROMEKO's doorway, both worried, but
DELEGATE clinging to his habitual stolidity, YURI openly irritated,
nearing the end of his tether. Both look white and hungry.

YURI
You have no right whatever to call me from work!

DELEGATE
As a Soviet Deputy -

YURI
That gives you the Power. Not the Right.

837 Continued

DELEGATE

It's noticed, you know. Your attitude's noticed.

YURI (Rather sulkily)

You should have called the area Doctor.

They have reached the steps. CAMERA PANS with them as they go to the front door.

DELEGATE

I want this doing quietly.

838 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI stopping.

YURI

Why what is it? ... Typhus?

CUT

INTERIOR SMALL ROOM OFF GROMEKO HALLWAY STUDIO
DAY

839 BIG CLOSE UP. A cadaverous OLD MAN lies asleep or fainting on a mattress covered with coats, threadbare mats, sacks.

840 BIG CLOSE UP. DELEGATE, standing, looking down at the bed, anxious.

841 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. POV DELEGATE. YURI rises from an examination of the OLD MAN. CAMERA PANS him into CLOSE SHOT with DELEGATE.

YURI

I'll take him away. Get me some transport. It isn't typhus. It's another disease we don't have in Moscow - starvation. (Passes DELEGATE, going from room)

DELEGATE (Following)

That seems to give you satisfaction!

842 CLOSE SHOT. YURI mounting the stairs, CAMERA PANNING upwards on his receding back.

YURI

It would give me satisfaction to hear you admit it!

DELEGATE steps into foreground calling after him:

842 Continued

DELEGATE
Would it? Why?

YURI (Vanishing round landing desperately)
Because it is so!

843 CLOSE UP. DELEGATE calls after him:

DELEGATE
Your attitude is noticed you know! Oh yes it's been
noticed . . .

INTERIOR LIBRARY STUDIO DAY WINTER - SNOWING

844 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI enters the apartment. ALEXANDER
surprised, TONYA delighted.

YURI
Phew!

TONYA
Yuri!

YURI
Hello. (He breaks off) The stove's out! (He is amazed
rather than shocked) Tonya, the stove's out!

They looks at him guiltily. The events of the day and the weeks
rage up in him. Furiously:

What's the matter with you? No wonder the child's
losing weight!

TONYA goes off into the kitchen. YURI uncomprehending.

845 CLOSE UP. ALEXANDER clears his throat.

ALEXANDER
You see, she lets it out as soon as you've gone. And
she lights it before you get back . . .

846 CLOSE UP. YURI desperately moved. He turns, goes to the
kitchen.

847 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA back to CAMERA, head down. YURI
enters picture and turns her to him. She is crying. He strokes

847 Continued

her head, holding her.

TONYA
We haven't enough fuel.

YURI
Sh ... Sh ... Sh ...

CUT

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET LOCATION NIGHT
WINTER - SNOW

848 CLOSE SHOT. Night. With a shriek of rusting nails and agonised groaning of timber, YURI wrenches wood from a fence. He works furiously, violently, a black figure silhouetted against the snow and mist. He gives a glance around before attacking the fence again. No-one is about, it seems. CAMERA PANS to the other side of the street, behind him. In MEDIUM SHOT we see a motionless ghostlike figure, watching. CAMERA begins tracking towards it. On SOUND:

YEVGRAF (SOUND)
I told myself it was beneath my dignity to arrest a man for pilfering firewood. But nothing ordered by the Party is beneath the dignity of any man. And the Party was right. One man desperate for a bit of fuel is pathetic, five million people desperate for fuel will destroy a city.

CAMERA comes to rest on CLOSE SHOT of YEVGRAF. He is dressed in a semi-uniform of leather coat, knee boots, pistol.

849 MEDIUM SHOT. POV YEVGRAF. On the other side of the street YURI is collecting the wood and wrapping it within his coat.

850 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF. On SOUND he continues to speak in the past tense, remembering the experience we are witnessing.

That was the first time I ever saw my brother: but I knew him, and I knew that I would disobey the Party.

He takes a step back into the shadows, his eyes following:

851 MEDIUM PANNING SHOT. His POV. YURI crossing the street away from us, but to the side on which YEVGRAF is standing. He reaches the pavement and hurries away back to CAMERA.

852 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YEVGRAF starting off and following YURI.

YEVGRAF

Perhaps it was the tie of blood between us but I doubt it. We were only half tied anyway and brothers will betray a brother.

853 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. (POSSIBLY HAND-HELD) POV YEVGRAF. YURI walking hurriedly away, back to CAMERA, determinedly, head down, clutching his coat.

(Dryly) Indeed as a Policeman I would say, "Get hold of a man's brother and you are halfway home".

854 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YEVGRAF, frowning, upright, thoughtful, dignified, following YURI home.

Nor was it admiration; for a better man than me. I did admire him, but I didn't think he was a better man.

855 MEDIUM CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA following on YURI's back as he approaches the Gromekos' street.

I admired him for his poetry, and poetry I admired as I admire Old Russia for its churches: ornamental.

856 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YEVGRAF following.

I was a Bolshevnik and Necessary. Besides, I have executed better men than me with a small pistol.

857 LONG SHOT. SHOOTING down on the Gromekos' street. YURI, back to CAMERA, now nearing the house, YEVGRAF entering from the side turning beginning unconsciously to hasten, catching him up, his voice on SOUND TRACK unconsciously quickening its rhythm too:

I walked firmly - he was furtive. He was Guilty. I had Power.

858 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YEVGRAF.

I knew him - he was unaware of me, yet - (He breaks off)

- 859 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. YURI reaches the steps to the front door; stops, listening. CAMERA continues tracking and on SOUND we hear the crunch of YEVGRAF's feet. YURI turns. CAMERA slows, footsteps stop.
- 860 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF standing looking up at:
- 861 CLOSE SHOT. YURI turns back to go in; hesitates, turns back again.
- 862 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF. He essays a timid smile.
- 863 CLOSE UP. YURI looks at him wonderingly.
- YEVGRAF
His glance, so pure and so unfriendly -
- 864 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF, his smile fading. On SOUND, his voice, slow, ruminative, smiling:
- opened the door to a world of feeling, (He turns away, stupidly) where he was an adult and I -
- INTERIOR GROMEKO HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT
- 865 CLOSE SHOT. YURI opens the front door and a whirlpool of immediate life crashes over YEVGRAF's ruminations. The hallway is full of excited lodgers. Those near turn and looks at him uncertainly.
- 866 CLOSE UP. YURI pushes the door shut, moves forward looking around:
- 867 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. His POV. CAMERA moves forward and PANS UP the stairs, lined with more lodgers with others descending carrying bits of furniture from the Zhivagos' apartment.
- 868 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. CAMERA cranes with him as he mounts the stairs, his greatcoat with its embarrassing cargo hugged to his body. (As he goes sides are taken for and against. Those for expressing indignation - "Now we'll see!" "It's robbery! Animals!" - or pity - "Poor souls, poor souls." Those against express malignant delight - "Here he comes! His Excellency!" or dour satisfaction - "Have to live like the rest of us now, Doctor.") YURI half-heartedly arrests the descent of a small chest-of-drawers and looks up:
- 869 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER leans over the bannisters, furious:

869 Continued

ALEXANDER
Bring it back! Bring - that - back!! D'you hear?

870 LONG SHOT. Looking down the stairs at YURI and the LODGERS over ALEXANDER's shoulder.

A WOMAN (Shrill)
Oh! Oh! Listen to His Excellency!

ALEXANDER (Shouting back)
I speak as I was taught to speak!

871 CLOSE UP. ALEXANDER. The hubbub has abated somewhat.

To acquire an accent like yours takes a life-time of impacted ignorance!

872 CLOSE SHOT YURI. Resentful uproar, all sympathy alienated. One well-wisher, the only MAN so far to speak to YURI says discreetly:

MAN
Shut him up Doctor; he'll land you in trouble.

INTERIOR LIBRARY STUDIO NIGHT

873/
875 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the apartment, TONYA, near to tears but splendidly upright, faces the DEPUTY who looks upset but self-righteous; the place is full of people including the JANITOR, some pushing their way out with odd belongings. A lot of noise.

DEPUTY
You'll have to manage!

Someone drops a lamp.

I want no anarchy! I want this carried out correctly!

YURI comes in, holding ALEXANDER by the arm, his other hand wrapped tightly to his coat. He is quietly furious.

YURI
What are you doing?

DEPUTY
Re-allocation of living space, Comrade Doctor.

873/ Continued
875

JANITOR (With satisfaction)
One room per family of less than five persons.

ALEXANDER
Goddammit whose is this?

TONYA
Father be quiet!

But ALEXANDER's intervention has swept away the partial control achieved by YURI; uproar again.

YURI
All right; one room. What are you doing with my things?

JANITOR
They're being stored.

YURI
They're being stolen.

He is standing face to face and eye to eye with the DEPUTY who sustains it with difficulty but:

TONYA
Yuri!

She is struggling with a woman who is making off with the balalaika.

YURI
Just a minute -

He seizes it, but in the action releases his grip on his coat.

876 CLOSE SHOT. His loot clatters to the floor.

877 HIGH-ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT. The almost jocularly bullying atmosphere gives place to something more serious. Everybody draws away from YURI who stands dejected. TONYA is horrified. DEPUTY despondently picks up one of the pieces of wood.

DEPUTY
And where did you get this?

YURI
I pulled it out of a fence.

- 877 On SOUND a finger clicks against a thumb. All turn to:
- 878 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF standing in the doorway, formidable. Outside his passage has caused quite a panic. Nothing but silently descending backs on the stairs and closing doors on the landing.
- 879 REVERSE SHOT The dark figure of YEVGRAF in foreground. In the apartment the DEPUTY, subdued, begins to usher out the intruders.
- 880 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF standing in silence as they file out of the room past him. He shuts the door after the DEPUTY and turns to:
- 881 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. His POV. The ZHIVAGOS looking at him guardedly. On SOUND:

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I told them who I was. The old man was hostile. The girl was cautious. (A warmth comes into his voice) My brother seemed very pleased. I think the girl -

DISSOLVE

- was the only one who guessed at their position.

- 882 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI and YEVGRAF seated opposite each other. YEVGRAF now without his top-coat. TONYA and ALEXANDER watching. YURI staring into YEVGRAF's face with unaffected pleasure.

YURI

You're just as I imagined you. You're my political conscience.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I asked him hadn't he one of his own. (We see YURI laugh, then talk seriously) And so he talked about the Revolution.

DISSOLVE

- 883 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF in slightly different position.

YURI (SOUND)

- it's surgery. It's genius. (Mischievous) Only genius could be so clumsy. You lay life on a table and you cut out all the tumours of injustice.

884 CLOSE UP. YURI.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I told him if he felt like that, that he should join the Party.

YURI

Ah. But that's a deep operation. Someone must keep Life alive while you do it. By living. (Gently) Isn't that right?

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I thought then it was wrong.

DISSOLVE

885 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF. He follows YURI with his eyes. The dark outline of his figure crosses and re-crosses picture, pacing about.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

He told me what he thought about the Party and I trembled for him. He approved of us, but for reasons which were subtle, like his verse. Approval such as his could vanish overnight.

886 CLOSE UP. TONYA. Her eyes go from YURI to YEVGRAF.

I told him so.

Her eyes flick back to YURI with apprehension.

887 MEDIUM SHOT . Over YEVGRAF on to YURI, ALEXANDER and TONYA.

YURI (Pouring out two small glasses of vodka)

Well of course ... I can't approve this evening, something you may do tomorrow.

As if to take any offence from his words he gives a quick smile, and comes over with the glasses looking at YEVGRAF with childlike concentration.

He was walking about with a noose round his neck and didn't know.

YEVGRAF looks almost shifty, examining his boots, starts talking softly.

So I told him what I had heard about his poems.

DISSOLVE

888 CLOSE UP. YURI sitting listening, frowning, upset.

YURI
Not liked? Why not liked?

889 CLOSE UP. TONYA, her eyes following YURI and YEVGRAF with more and more apprehension.

(SOUND)
Not liked by whom?

YEVGRAF (SOUND)
So I told him that ...

890 CLOSE SHOT. POV TONYA of YURI and YEVGRAF.

YURI (Puzzled, pleading):
Do you think it's "personal", petit-bourgeois and self-indulgent?

YEVGRAF nods, mouths "Yes", while:

YEVGRAF (SOUND)
I lied.

891 CLOSE UP. YURI looks about him, wonderingly, as one whose landmarks have been shifted.

But he believed me. And it struck me through to see that my opinion mattered.

YURI rises.

892 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF watching him, disturbed.

893 LONG SHOT. They all watch YURI as he wanders to the bookshelves by himself, looking puzzled, and pulls a volume from them, his back to the room.

894 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He thumbs through the pages.

895 CLOSE UP. TONYA, watching YURI. She turns to look at YEVGRAF.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)
The girl knew ...

She rises.

DISSOLVE

896 LONG SHOT. YEVGRAF talking to TONYA walking about the room, both practical folk, while YURI sits watching them and ALEXANDER looks at YURI beneath his brows.

YEVGRAF (Cont)

They couldn't survive what was coming in the city. I urged them to leave and live obscurely somewhere in the country where they could keep themselves alive.

TONYA (Eager)

We have - used to have - an estate at Varykino near Yuriatin. The people know us there.

They all look to YURI. He smiles obligingly..

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

He didn't resist. I offered to obtain permits, passes, warrants, told them what to take and what to leave behind. (Gesturing at the books)

YURI, with a tiny grimace, rises courteously:

He offered me my pick -

DISSOLVE

897 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF and YURI standing opposite one another. YURI is handing him the book he took from the shelves.

I had the impudence to ask him for a volume of his verse.

They stand looking at each other.

And so we parted.

CUT

898 CLOSE SHOT. The door to the apartment is opened by YEVGRAF who steps out on to the landing dressed in his coat. He looks around.

899 CLOSE SHOT. A door shutting quietly. A woman hurrying off down the stairs.

900 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with YEVGRAF as he starts the descent. People in the hall below disappearing.

900 Continued

YEVGRAF (SOUND. Bitterly)

I think I even said that I would see him again in better times. But perhaps I didn't.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR BOOKING HALL STUDIO OR LOCATION DAY
WINTER

901 LONG SHOT. We are looking down into the immense Booking Hall of Moscow Station. Its appearance has deteriorated. There are drifts of garbage like dirty snow. In the centre of the hall a fire has been lit and its smoke ascends to the high domed ceiling. Round it stand SAILORS, herculean figures, a conscious elite, well-equipped, standing well or sprawled among their kit; the fire is for them alone. One of them has a HARMONIUM strapped to his back. REFUGEES, seated or lying form a human scurf at the base of the walls. Immense QUEUES of would-be travellers are shepherded by armed MILITIAMEN. A lot of noise.

902/ CLOSE SHOTS. Of the above.
904

905 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, with TONYA, SASHA, ALEXANDER reach the head of a long queue to the window of a booking-office, where two or three clerks work at leisure. YURI presents a handful of papers.

YURI (Humbly)
When is the train due?

CLERK (Shrugs)
Some time, today.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR MOSCOW STATION LOCATION NIGHT WINTER

906 LONG SHOT. Night. Lamps lit. CAMERA SHOOTING down on to the platforms, two of them crowded with SLEEPING FIGURES, the rest empty except for desultory SENTRIES. The tracks are all empty save for two waggons standing abandoned among drifts of rubbish. On SOUND the noise has subsided to a dreamy murmur.

907 CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS. ALEXANDER asleep with SASHA asleep by him. YURI and TONYA hand in hand listening to:

- 908 CLOSE SHOT. The SAILOR playing his harmonium, a sad melody accompanied by tinkling little runs on a small balalaika played by ANOTHER. The other SAILORS lounge among their baggage, their faces softened and fatigued.
- 909 CLOSE UP. The fingers of the balalaika PLAYER on the strings.
- 910 CLOSE UP. YURI fascinated; TONYA smiles at him.
- 911 MEDIUM SHOT. POV YURI. The SAILORS and behind them the track where the train will come from; no sign of anything.
- 912 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA shooting up onto a heroic poster of LENIN. MUSIC over.
- 913 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING down onto the platform; TRAVELLERS sleeping like puppies jammed together for warmth.
- 914 CLOSE SHOT. Heroic poster of TROTSKY.
- 915 CLOSE SHOT. A sleeping FAMILY with tiny BABY.
- 916 CLOSE SHOT. Heroic poster of STALIN. The MUSIC falters, first the balalaika, then the harmonium ceasing. Into the silence the puff-puff-puffing of a train.
- 917 CLOSE UP. A SAILOR rises into picture, alert.
- 918 LONG SHOT The headlight on the train approaching along the track, the TRAVELLERS on both platforms rousing and rising.
- 919 CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS. YURI waking ALEXANDER, TONYA gathering up SASHA, other travellers rising up around them.
- 920 LONG SHOT. The train nearer. People running across the tracks from the other platform. The engine shrieks angrily.
- 921 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Travelling with the LOCOMOTIVE, the light falling on the TRAVELLERS draws them swirling to their feet like some agitating influence.
- 922/
923 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Travelling with, and shooting back along, the side of the train. The swirling mass of passengers now all on their feet. Each one, in their different ways, preparing to grab a place. Pandemonium.

- 924 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS, led by YURI, hurrying along at the rear of the crowd, with the moving train in background.
- 925 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Same as above but, the SAILORS marching headed by RAILWAY OFFICIAL. At a word of command from their leader they halt.
- 926/
927 MEDIUM SHOT. Shooting across the heads of the SAILORS and the milling crowd on to the train. It consists of goods and cattle waggons except for one regular passenger coach, decorated with slogans and Red Flags. The train stops, leaving it centre of picture. Those unlucky enough to find themselves opposite the passenger coach hurry off to either side leaving a gap for the SAILORS who march towards it.
- 928 LONG SHOT. The SAILORS pile boisterously into their coach. The train besieged on either side of them. Doors on the waggons being slid back, travellers fighting their way aboard, the pandemonium at its height.
- 929/
931 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS, less by their own volition than from the pressure of the mob about them, YURI and ALEXANDER on either side of TONYA, are swept into:

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

- 932 LONG SHOT. The interior of one of the cattle-waggons near the front of the train. Straw on the floor. Rough wooden bunks in three layers, some dozen of which already occupied by lifeless-looking men wearing red arm bands and patches. One of these is KOSTOYED, a mad-looking individual with an ascetic face and malignant eyes. There is an iron stove with some big cooking utensils which go over in the rush of feet. An ARMED MILITIAMAN is shouting:

MILITIAMAN

Fifty persons! Fifty persons only!

But he is swept aside by the influx.

- 933 CLOSE SHOT. YURI dashes to the far end of the waggon and secures three bunks, one above the other. TONYA puts SASHA into the middle bunk, ALEXANDER crawls into the one underneath, YURI scrambles to the top.
- 934 MEDIUM SHOT. The waggon is filled to over-flowing, every bunk occupied and many people sitting on the floor. The mob at the door, seeing this, turns and pushes out again, joining the battle on the platform which we can still hear raging.

INTERIOR MOSCOW STATION LOCATION NIGHT

935 CLOSE SHOT A Red Flag is being attached to the roof of the train by two SAILORS. CAMERA PANS down to disclose the special coach underneath: SAILORS lounging in comfortable seats.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

936 MEDIUM SHOT. The commotion has settled down somewhat. Everyone squatting in their places, only the MILITIAMAN on his feet. ALEXANDER looks up at TONYA above him (with SASHA) and YURI above her.

ALEXANDER
Charming accommodation.

KOSTOYED
Charming accommodation. Very good. I'm an intellectual.
(meaning: "Like you")

MILITIAMAN
Shut up you; "intellectual".

KOSTOYED
Shut up you; lickspittle.

He trails into a half-mad satisfied laugh. He shoves forward his red arm band for the ZHIVAGOS' inspection and, indicating the other dozen old men and boys in bunks about, says:

Forced labour.

The carriage jolts.

INTERIOR MOSCOW STATION LOCATION NIGHT

937 LONG SHOT. The locomotive has backed against the train, the rear thus becoming the front. The platform now comparatively peaceful.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

938/MEDIUM SHOT. Into our waggon a POLITICAL OFFICER enters heavily, carrying a board with papers clipped to it. He is a sedentary character, pale, tired, in a dirty raincoat, a hat with a metal badge on it.

POLITICAL
Attention Comrades! (He reads fast with dead, mechanical energy:) Your train will leave tomorrow morning.
Health regulations for the journey: Night-soil will be

938/ Continued
943

POLITICAL (Cont)

emptied every morning without fail. Straw (He stirs it with his foot) to be replaced at ten day intervals and old straw burned. In the event of fresh straw being unavailable, old straw to be turned. This is disinfectant. (Kicks an ugly-looking oil drum) Use it. In this waggon is a detachment of Voluntary Labour -

KOSTOYED (Very clearly)
Liar.

POLITICAL looks up, startled, encounters KOSTOYED's heavy eyes, looks to MILITAMAN; MILITAMAN taps his head. POLITICAL grunts and without interest:

POLITICAL

You are required by the Military Committee to show them all assistance. (Turns a page ringingly:) Carriage one is occupied by Sailors, of the heroic Kronstadt Sailors' Soviet - !

He pauses for applause and gets it, some genuine.

So you're in good hands.

KOSTOYED

They're idiots.

This blasphemy causes a stir, many looking to KOSTOYED.

POLITICAL

Attention, Comrades! In approximately eleven days' time you will pass through Urals Province, where White Guard Units, aided by Foreign Interventionists, and other criminal reactionary elements have recently been active.

A tense, listening stillness:

The Military Committee assures you that the criminals have been completely routed in that area. By Red Guard units under the command of People's General Strelnikov!

An odd silence.

KOSTOYED

There's a man. Clap him.

938/ Continued
943

Many faces turn to him. He claps, slowly, unaccompanied. The POLITICAL goes, saying:

POLITICAL

The line is definitely clear! ... Long live the Revolution!

944 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED calls after him.

KOSTOYED

Long live anarchy! Lickspittle! Bureaucrat!

945 LONG SHOT. MILITIAMAN helps RAILWAYMEN out on the platform to slide shut the door. (From now on, day and night, the waggon is lit by oil lamps.) He takes from his pocket a handcuff and makes towards:

946 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED, familiar with it, puts forth an emaciated wrist, sneering obligingly. MILITIAMAN attaches the handcuff.

TONYA (SOUND)
Is that necessary?

MILITIAMAN turns.

947 CLOSE UP. TONYA, her lovely face expressing nothing but disinterested compassion.

948 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED and MILITIAMAN.

MILITIAMAN (Stolidly, self-excusing)
Fifteen Volunteers I've signed for, and fifteen I'll deliver ...

He shackles KOSTOYED to the bunk post. KOSTOYED stares at TONYA. Then:

KOSTOYED

I'm a free man, lickspittle. There's nothing you can do about it.

MILITAMAN goes.

949 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA watch KOSTOYED with pity.

- 950 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED. In fact the fetters are distressing him terribly. Like a sad monkey he jerks at the chain twice. Then lying back, he says from the darkness:

KOSTOYED

I'm the only free man on this train ... The rest of you are cattle.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC "Red Banners", plaintive.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER - SNOW

- 951 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The TRAIN, its locomotive, fourteen waggons and the special coach with banners, traces like a pencil the otherwise invisible line between the grey-white sky, grey-white earth of a snow-covered, desolate landscape.
- 952 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT MUSIC UP. A Red Banner, now slightly ragged, streaming out against the grey infinity.
- 953 LONG SHOT TRACKING. CAMERA SHOOTING along the icy roof of the train towards the locomotive, the four streaming banners in foreground.
- 954 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The locomotive as seen from the roof of the front waggon. The dead straight line ahead disappearing into a misty horizon.
- 955 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Icicles hanging from the locomotive chassis sway above the passing track.
- 956 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The headlight of the locomotive, its frosted surface reflecting a distorted picture of the passing landscape.
- 957 LONG SHOT TRACKING. The line ahead as seen from the front of the engine.

CUT. MUSIC CONTINUOUS.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DUSK WINTER - SNOW

- 958 CLOSE SHOT. The headlight is switched on:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION NIGHT WINTER - SNOW

- 959 LONG SHOT TRACKING. The line ahead lit by the headlight.

960 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The icicles hanging from the chassis, now ruby red, lit by the glare from the fire-box.

CUT. MUSIC CUTS. NATURAL TRAIN NOISE INTERIOR.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

961 CLOSE SHOT. The stove in the cattle-waggon, red-hot for one third of its height, shedding a cheerful glow on filthy straw trampled and sticky, strewn with garbage. In the straw, sleeping figures, fully clothed under ragged blankets and coats, hairy faces, mouths agape, men, women and children mixed promiscuously. It has a sort of basic comfort; we feel at any rate they must be warm enough. Cooking utensils, filthy with constant use, swing and slop to the movement of the train. CAMERA PANS up slightly along the gangway. The straw like a stables, shrouded figures all asleep.

962 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER with a week's growth of beard asleep on his bottom bunk.

963 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA and SASHA, she a bit grubby, he spotless in the bunk above. CAMERA LIFTS to YURI in the topmost bunk, asleep and bearded like ALEXANDER.

964 LONG SHOT. The sleeping waggon swaying to the motion of the train.

965 CLOSE SHOT. A ragged middle-aged MAN, his eyes on the face of a fat PEASANT WOMAN sleeping against him. He raises his head and kisses her. Still asleep, she turns away. He goes towards her.

966 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED, awake and watching. At first a grin, then more serious.

967 CLOSE SHOT. The MAN is holding the PEASANT WOMAN's face in his hand, kissing her on the mouth. Still half-asleep she begins to respond.

968 CLOSE UP. KOSTOYED, watching. The waggon lurches, one or two figures stir in their sleep, SOUND changes into a metallic rattle:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SCANDINAVIAN UNIT DAY FOR NIGHT
WINTER

969 LONG SHOT TRACKING. The struts of an iron bridge flash by above a moonlit frozen river.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

- 970 CLOSE SHOT. YURI is wakened. The waggon gives another jolt. On SOUND the metallic rattle returns to normal. YURI looks down along the waggon.
- 971 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. The glowing stove, the filth it illuminates, furtive motion among the figures there.
- 972 CLOSE UP. YURI. He turns away, not condemnatory or disgusted but with more food for thought than he can digest. By him is a tiny thick glass window. With both hands he hauls it back, on SOUND the racket of the train increases, particles of ice fly in from the blackness. Screwing up his eyes he approaches his face to it.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SCANDINAVIAN UNIT DAY FOR NIGHT
WINTER

- 973 LONG SHOT. The vast expanse of a frozen lake gliding by. Distant islands and fir trees.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

- 974 CLOSE UP. The top half of YURI's face framed in the window, from outside. He raises his eyes:

PROCESS SHOT SCANDINAVIAN UNIT AND STUDIO NIGHT

- 975 MEDIUM SHOT. A white moon in a black sky over an icy landscape.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

- 976 CLOSE UP: YURI, looking up at the moon. On SOUND a mocking chuckle. He turns, sees:

- 977 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED. His eyes and bared teeth shine from the darkness.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC as before.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER - SNOW

- 978 LONG SHOT. The train making its way across a vast white landscape under a bruised sky.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC down, natural train noises interior.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

979 MEDIUM SHOT. Everyone awake. Cooking going on around the stove. A small group around the ZHIVAGO bunks grouped around:

980 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER on the middle bunk, legs elegantly crossed, reading in his expressive cultivated tones to SASHA who looks at his Grandfather's face, not understanding most of what he hears, but loving him.

ALEXANDER

"When Count Kalinin entered the ballroom, he at once saw Colonel Oblonsky, very much at his ease with Lydia, her two sisters and the brilliant Natasha Karlovna.

981 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA listening on the top bunk.

ALEXANDER (SOUND)

Towards this conspicuous group our hero made his way with awkward but determined steps" -

982 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER and SASHA.

- Now we're for it - (SASHA, uncomprehending, nods eagerly) Colonel Oblonsky slightly turned his back and Anushka hid a smile behind her fan - "

On SOUND a sort of muffled whoop, and the train noise suddenly softened. ALEXANDER breaks off.

983 CLOSE UP. YURI pulls back the window and gets a vicious faceful of driving snow.

984 CLOSE UP. KOSTOYED laughing delightedly.

CUT. MUSIC IN.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER - SNOWING

985 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. On the roof of the waggon thick snow teems at us past the streaming red banners, almost obliterating the locomotive up in the front.

986 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The locomotive as seen from the roof of the front waggon. Snow whips at us, up and over.

987 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING along the snow-covered rails from the side of the track. The train approaching with its

987 Continued

snow plough churning up a bow-wave - which envelopes us as it passes.

CUT

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION NIGHT WINTER -
SNOWING

988 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The front of the locomotive, the head-light on, snow streaking through its beam.

989 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT SHOOTING over the dark funnel of the locomotive into the swirling blizzard ahead lit by the headlight.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC OUT. Natural interior train noise.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

990 CLOSE SHOT. The filthy straw on the floor of the waggon is being swept and shovelled into a heap.

991 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER, TONYA and SASHA watching from a bunk, their faces covered above the nose by scarves and handkerchiefs.

992 LONG SHOT. The FORCED LABOUR MEN, rags round their faces, at work shovelling the mess towards the door. YURI sprinkling disinfectant. Everyone else standing back in the gloom watching, their noses covered. Two FORCED LABOUR MEN pick up a crow-bar and:

993 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Start working at the door with the crow-bar. It gives with a grinding of ice. Other FORCED LABOUR MEN pull it slowly back revealing a brightly lit second "door", a smooth curtain of translucent ice and snow. One of the men picks up a shovel. The others stand back as he aims a blow at it:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER-SUNLIT
SNOW

994 CLOSE SHOT. The shovel smashes a hole in the ice door revealing an almost blinding glimpse of sunlit snow.

995 LONG SHOT. The TRAIN all white now, fairylike, pants its way through a white Christmas Card landscape under a brilliant blue sky.

996/
997 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA low, SHOOTING out through the open door over a foreground of heaped straw. The last of the ice is broken down. The wind sweeps in. They start shovelling out the mess.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

998/
999 CLOSE SHOT. A group of TRAVELLERS wince, duck, turn their backs to escape the freezing blast.

1000 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. SHOOTING from outside. The shovelling completed, the men slide back the door with a thump.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY WINTER-SUNLIT
SNOW

1001 LONG SHOT. The train steams away from us out of a small cutting. It leaves behind in foreground the steaming heaps of filthy straw, like the droppings of a beautiful white animal.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

1002 LONG SHOT. In the waggon, for no particular reason, everyone is singing, rocking to and fro, hairy mouths agape, cheeks red, eyes shining.

1003 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA with SASHA between them, rock in harmony on the middle bunk. ALEXANDER standing by them contributes an ingenious bit of counter-point to whatever crude melody they are at. YURI and TONYA laugh, and she kisses him quickly.

1004 CLOSE UP. KOSTOYED not singing, watching. He turns away from them, bitter. On SOUND the train noise alters.

1005 MEDIUM SHOT. Brakes go on, the singing falters. A vat of potatoes slops on the stove with a cloud of steam. The couplings slam and jerk, everyone bracing themselves. Brakes go off, go on again.

1006 CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS. ALEXANDER holding on to the bunk. The train slows and slows, all looking with curiosity towards:

1007 CLOSE SHOT By the door two FORCED LABOUR MEN look to MILITIAMAN. He hesitates, but he too is curious as the train is now moving very slowly. He gestures permission and they go to drag back the door.

1008 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and ALEXANDER. Daylight floods over them.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY. BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER - SNOW. (2 CAMERAS for different POV for these burnt village shots)

1009 CLOSE SHOT. The door slides back to reveal a LONG SHOT of a slowly-passing white glare. Then something forms in it. Trees, the frozen carcass of a horse, a small house with its roof off, blackened timbers against the sky.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

1010 CLOSE SHOT. More and more travellers crowd into the door, among them YURI and ALEXANDER, looking out past CAMERA at:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER - SNOW.

1011 MEDIUM LONG SHOT TRACKING. Their POV. A huddle of huts, burned virtually to the ground. More animal carcasses; a village church, blackened below, half the dome gone like the shell of an egg, revealing a smoke-blackened fresco. The deed preceded the blizzard as all is well covered with snow.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

1012 CLOSE UP. TONYA, at the back of the crowd around the door, standing on tip-toe seeing:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER - SNOW

1013 CLOSE SHOT. The silhouetted heads of people in the doorway, village passing behind them, then without warning (train noise altering) dark station buildings obscure the whiteness.

1014 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Looking ahead, the platform sweeping by. Ruined and blackened buildings out of which emerge half a dozen dreadful looking MEN and WOMEN waving to the train to stop. The engine whistles warningly. On SCUND we hear it gathering speed.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

1015/ CLOSE SHOTS. TRAVELLERS watching, including YURI and
1017 ALEXANDER.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER - SNOW

- 1018 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A middle-aged and raddled WOMAN makes a run towards the waggon door. She is carrying a tiny child. As she draws level CAMERA PANS back with her as she gathers all her strength for the final effort.

WOMAN (Shouting up into the waggon)
Help me brothers, for the love of God!

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

- 1019/
1020 CLOSE SHOT. One or two men including YURI kneel into picture holding out their hands.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER-SNOW

- 1021/
1022 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The running WOMAN on the platform seen over the heads of the crouching men in the waggon door.

On SOUND the engine noisy now, gathering speed. They grab at her once - and miss. She falls back a pace or two. Everyone starts yelling encouragement at her. She gains on the train a little, holds out the BABY - someone grabs it.

- 1023 CLOSE UP TRACKING. The WOMAN running desperately. On SOUND yelling and train noise increasing.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

- 1024 CLOSE UP (Hand-held) Hands reaching out from the train. Blurred faces in background shouting.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY BURNT VILLAGE LOCATION DAY
WINTER - SNOW

- 1025 CLOSE UP TRACKING. The WCMAN near the end of her strength. A horrified look ahead:

- 1026 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The end of the platform sweeping towards her.

- 1027 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA near the end of the platform where, at the last moment, the WOMAN is grabbed by those in the open doorway Her legs swing out over the track.

1028 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Over the legs, heads and shoulders of those in the waggon we see the WOMAN screaming with fear, her rotten clothing tearing and someone clutching her hair, the track racing behind her. She is hauled up like a sack and lies on the floor unconscious.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

1029 CLOSE SHOT. YURI rises into picture face to face with TONYA who says:

TONYA
Yuri, the child's dead ...

The daylight fades. There is a crash as the door is slammed to.

CUT

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION SUNSET WINTER -
SNOW

1030 MEDIUM SHOT. The train approaches out of a red sunset. The headlight is switched on as the locomotive thunders by into:

1031 REVERSE SHOT. The black eastern horizon. The headlight tracing a travelling circle of white along the snowy tracks.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

1032 MEDIUM SHOT. In the waggon, night. The WOMAN is greedily eating from a can, seated on TONYA's bunk. ALEXANDER has the swaddled and bound body of the child on his knees. All ebullience gone, he caresses it with mindless pity, looking more than his age, his red-rimmed eyes full of tears. He is hardly hearing the talk about him, thinking of ANNA, wishing he were with her. TONYA has a pan from which she refills the WOMAN's can when the WOMAN thrusts it out. A ring of faces surrounds them. The WOMAN, a hard-faced, ingratiating, middle-aged peasant, apologetically cheerful:

WOMAN
It wasn't my child dear, and his little soul's in Heaven now, that's certain.

There is a good deal of sympathy for her. MILITIAMAN cautiously:

1032/ Continued
1037

MILITIAMAN
Who did it, Comrade, the Whites?

WOMAN
The Whites - ? (Senses a political delicacy here. Flatly:)
No ... Strelnikov.

A murmur "Strelnikov", and a discreet dispersal.

MILITIAMAN (Uncomfortably stern)
Well then, you must have done something.

WOMAN (Indignant for the first time)
It wasn't us, Comrade - the General said we'd sold
horses to the Whites - but it wasn't us - it was those
pigs in Kuniko - we told him. But he didn't believe us.

KOSTOYED
I expect you were lying.

WOMAN
As God's my witness -

KOSTOYED
But he isn't. (He stares her down; we realize she may
be lying) General Strelnikov is a great man. (To SASHA,
who is looking up at him, awed:) A General Sasha, and
he lives on bread and water.

SASHA (To YURI)
Does he?

YURI
I don't know. They say so.

KOSTOYED
It's true. (To SASHA again, rhetorical) No-one knows
where he comes from, and they never know where he is -

WOMAN (Laconic)
He's back up the line.

KOSTOYED
Yes? (With satisfaction) Someone's for it, eh?

MILITIAMAN and others move away, uneasy.

1032/ Continued
1037

SASHA (Puzzled)
Daddy ... Is General Strelnikov a good man, or a bad man?

KOSTOYED (Delighted)
Answer your son.

YURI
He's very good and very cruel.

ALEXANDER (Bitter)
A Bolshevik Saint.

KOSTOYED
He's no Bolshevik. The Bolsheviks will do for Strelnikov when he's done what they want for them. He's a free man; like me. They don't like that, the Bolsheviks ... (Looks at YURI) They don't like clever men, either ...

The waggon gives a violent sideways lurch. They cling to their bunks. Then the brakes begin to go on. A chorus of exasperated groans.

ALEXANDER (Quite shrill, near to breaking point)
Oh really, not again! What this time?

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT
WINTER - SNOW

1038 LONG SHOT. The train slides into an overgrown siding, in the moonlight, nowhere.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO NIGHT

1039 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER and TONYA. The waggon lurches to a halt.

TONYA (Soothing)
Never mind, Father. Get a good night's sleep.

ALEXANDER (His eyes on the bundle on his knees)
I know what I'm going to do.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAWN WINTER - SNOW

1040 CLOSE SHOT. Grey dawn. A small grave, a mound of black-brown

1040 Continued

earth in the whiteness. CAMERA PANS up along footmarks in the snow into a LONG SHOT of the train in the siding. Most of the passengers have alighted. Some walk about, others stand idly and shiver, morose, by the track.

1041 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS in a little group including the WOMAN. Someone says:

SOMEONE
Look!

Heads turn. TONYA picks up SASHA.

1042 CLOSE UP. TONYA holding SASHA.

TONYA
Sasha, look!

1043 LONG SHOT. A glimmering line of mountains on the horizon, revealed by the rising sun. On SOUND someone says:

SOMEONE (SOUND)
The Urals.

1044 CLOSE UP. YURI, the sunlight now pink on his face. On SOUND TONYA tells SASHA.

TONYA (SOUND)
That's where we're going darling. Through the mountains and into the Forest, and then it will be much warmer.

1045 CLOSE UP. TONYA and SASHA.

SASHA (Nervously)
Will there be wolves in the Forest?

A murmur of laughter. A MOURNFUL HOWL from the far distance - the siren of a train. TONYA and SASHA turn:

1046 LONG SHOT. SHOOTING up the centre of the main line. Passengers are running off the tracks, forming an avenue on either side, all looking at the howling but still tiny object approaching dead-centre of picture.

1047 CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS watching, on SOUND the approaching siren growing louder.

- 1048 LONG SHOT. From the roof of our train, framed in foreground by the drooping red banners, the main line and the rapidly approaching express.
- 1049 CLOSE SHOT. The WOMAN, frightened and backing slowly away.
- 1050 LONG SHOT. The express much nearer still, its siren continuous, louder and more strident. The rising sun emphasises a just-visible splash of red on the locomotive.
- 1051 CLOSE SHOT. A line of SAILORS beside their special coach. All seem impressed and excited.
- 1052 MEDIUM SHOT. The express hurtling towards us at speed - a red locomotive headed by some low-slung carriage - guns sticking out.
- 1053 BIG CLOSE UP. The WOMAN, now really frightened.
- 1054 LONG SHOT. From the roof of our waggons. The express rushes through the lines of passengers, bellowing. It is an armoured train, preceded by an armoured carriage and drawing four or five others in the middle of which is a passenger coach. With a bang it roars past.
- 1055 CLOSE SHOT. The SAILORS raising their clenched fists in salute and yelling, "Strelnikov!!" above the din.
- 1056 MEDIUM SHOT. From the roof of the waggons the armoured train hurtles away down the line, its slip-stream seeming to draw a crackling salute from the red banners on the Special coach for a figure on the observation platform at the rear.
- 1057 CLOSE SHOT. The WOMAN from the burning village.

WOMAN

Yes ... That's Strelnikov.

- 1058 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. STRELNIKOV on the platform. He has come out here to share the sufferings of the muffled RED ARMY SENTRY, who stands behind him. He seems indifferent to the icy blast which lashes at his black leather overcoat and whips his breeches about his legs; his black leather gloves are clenched on the guard rail. His pale, scarred, spectacled face is immobile. It is PASHA.
- 1059 LONG SHOT. His armoured train whirls away from us towards the mountains, glinting in the sun.

FADE OUT

INTERVAL
*****.

1066 CLOSE SHOT. KOSTOYED laughing up at YURI. The train lurches into a curve. KOSTOYED has to hold on tight.

1067 LONG SHOT. Everyone hanging on tight. The cooking utensils sliding slowly across the floor. The train levels out, the engine shrieks.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY MAIN UNIT DAY SPRING-FOG

1068 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA on top of first waggon, locomotive in foreground. We burst out of the tunnel into a wall of mist, glimpse the trunks of trees flicking past. The SOUND muffled.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY SPRING-FOG

1069 CLOSE UP. YURI awakes in darkness and silence. Into the silence, the SOUND of running water.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY FOREST SIDING LOCATION DAY
SPRING-FOG

1070 LONG SHOT. The train white with hoar-frost, in a Forest siding, the engine gone, shrouded in early morning mist.

1071 CLOSE SHOT. The window of the ZHIVAGOS waggon slid back and YURI'S eyes appear. He sees:

1072 A RED ARMY SENTRY drifts past among the shrouded trees.

1073 YURI shuts the window and lies back. CAMERA PANS down to the dimly lit bunk where SASHA lies beside his mother. He leans out of the bunk looking upwards.

SASHA (Plaintive)
Daddy ...

1074 CLOSE UP. YURI turns his head slightly.

SASHA (SOUND)
... What's that noise?

YURI (Whispering)
It's only a waterfall.

SASHA (SOUND. A pause, then:)
No, the other noise?

We hear the other noise, an unsteady spasmodic rumble.

YURI
Guns, Sasha.

SASHA
Are they fighting?

YURI
They must be. It's a long way away ...
Let's go to sleep ...

1075 CLOSE UP. SASHA disappears into the shadows.

1076 CLOSE UP. YURI. But he doesn't go to sleep. The sound of the waterfall, overcoming the guns again, is making him restless.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR RAILWAY FOREST SIDING LOCATION DAY
 SPRING - FOG

1077 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The ghostly trunks of trees, birdsong. A brief grumble of gunfire. The sun a white glow over all. YURI appears through the trees looking around for the waterfall.

1078 CLOSE SHOT. He stops, listening. The sound of the waterfall no nearer. He looks upwards, sees something and walks in that direction.

1079 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. YURI'S POV. The sun, just visible as a white disc, flitting between the trees.

1080 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI comes out of the trees, runs down a steep bank and finds himself back on the railway standing at a junction of two lines. He hesitates, selects one line and walks along it towards CAMERA which TRACKS back in CLOSE SHOT before him, trees, mist and birdsong all about. On SOUND there is a sudden hiss of steam. He checks;

1081 MEDIUM SHOT. The wedge-shaped snout of STRELNIKOV'S train confronts him.

1082 CLOSE SHOT. YURI cautiously takes a couple of paces sideways.

1083 MEDIUM SHOT. THREE MEN are just visible in the mist, talking to the DRIVER.

1084 CLOSE UP. YURI withdraws hastily but on SOUND:

ADC (SOUND)
 Stop him!

YURI runs. On SOUND several other shouts.

1085 MEDIUM SHOT. ADC and ARMYMAN running towards YURI from the train.

1086 CLOSE PANNING SHOT. YURI runs slap into a RED ARMY SENTRY who flings him expertly to the ground as another SENTRY runs out of the mist.

1087 CLOSE UP. YURI. His arms are twisted up behind his back.

YURI
Look ...

SECOND SENTRY rams his face into the ground. CAMERA PANS down YURI's body where FIRST SENTRY searches his pockets. ADC's feet come into picture.

1088 CLOSE SHOT ADC comes to a standstill. A middle-aged man, a promoted Sergeant. YURI's papers are put into his hands.

1089 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. SENTRY returns to the search; grunts as he feels something metal in a pocket, glances at YURI with something like respect. But all he pulls out is YURI's roll of knife, fork and spoon which he hands up to:

1090 CLOSE SHOT. ADC who takes them.

ADC
'That all?

SENTRY (SOUND)
That's all.

ADC withdraws the knife from the roll.

1091 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with YURI as he is yanked to his feet, his face scratched and bruised. His eyes travel downwards to:

1092 CLOSE UP. The ADC's fingers feeling the point of the knife.

1093 CLOSE UP. YURI, his eyes going back to the ADC. On SOUND:

ADC (SOUND)
Bring him.

YURI is hustled forward.

CUT

INTERIOR STRELNIKOV'S TRAIN STUDIO DAY

1094 CLOSE SHOT. Strelnikov's office on the train is austere and clean. PASHA sits at a table looking through YURI's papers, his other belongings before him. He wears even thicker spectacles than he used to, but looks tougher. The scar now an established feature of

1094 Continued

his face. Military smart, in command of himself and everything. He puts the papers on the desk and nods to:

1095 MEDIUM SHOT. The ADC standing at the door. He opens the door disclosing a glimpse of the rest of the coach, a military office where YURI stands guarded by the two SENTRIES. ADC motions to YURI who comes forward into the room. On seeing PASHA he looks startled, not quite sure whether or not this is the formidable rascal who took LARA from the SVENTYTSKY's Christmas Party. YURI comes to a standstill in CLOSE UP looking down at PASHA.

1096 CLOSE UP. PASHA. He looks at YURI penetratingly as ADC takes up a position behind him.

PASHA
Who sent you here, Zhivago?

1097 CLOSE UP. YURI

YURI
No one sent me here, General. I'm going to Yuriatin, with my wife and child. They're on the train from Moscow - (He gestures)

1098/ CLOSE SHOT. PASHA and YURI.
1100

PASHA
Yes, we've checked that. (He doesn't take his eyes from YURI)

YURI
Then - ?

PASHA
You put your knife with a fork and a spoon and it looks quite innocuous. Perhaps you travel with a wife and child for the same reason?

YURI (Horrified)
No.

PASHA
Yuriatin is occupied by White Guards. Is that why you're going there?

1098/ Continued
1100

YURI
No! We're going on, to Varykino.

PASHA
Not through Yuriatin. It's under shellfire.

YURI
General, I am not a White Agent.

PASHA
No, I don't think you are. All right, Kolya. Thank you, Comrades. Sit down, Doctor. Kolya, go along.

YURI sits opposite PASHA. ADC places a revolver on the table, PASHA picks it up, hands it back.

Take it, take it.

1101 MEDIUM SHOT. ADC reluctantly takes it, follows SENTRIES from the room.

1102/ CLOSE SHOT. YURI and PASHA.
1106

PASHA (His tone light but his glance unwavering)
It's not as silly as it seems. There have been one or two attempts. (Raises voice) And go away from the door! (He seems to relax) Are you the poet?

YURI answers cautiously throughout what follows, aware that whatever else it is, it is not a literary discussion.

YURI
Yes.

PASHA
I used to admire your poetry.

YURI
Thank you.

PASHA
I shouldn't admire it now . . .

YURI looks at him warily. His tone is discursive but his eyes are sharp, and he toys "idly" with the knife.

1102/ Continued
1106

PASHA (Cont)

I should find it absurdly - personal. Don't you agree?
Feelings, insights, affections. (He wrinkles his nose)
It's suddenly trivial, now. You don't agree. You're wrong.
The personal life is dead in Russia. History has killed it.
(A pause) I can see how you might hate me.

YURI (Mildly startled, then puzzled)

I hate everything you say; but not enough to kill you for it.

PASHA

You have a brother.

YURI (Surprised again)

Yevgraf?

PASHA

Yevgraf. Yes. The Policeman.

YURI

I didn't know that.

PASHA

Perhaps not. A "secret" Policeman. Did he send you here?

YURI

Yevgraf? No ... Yevgraf's a Bolshevik - (The faintest non-committal nod from PASHA. YURI senses deep water)
... I don't know anything about - these things.

PASHA

Or you know a great deal. When you came in, you recognised me. How? Has someone shown you photographs?

YURI

No.

PASHA

I am certain that you recognised me.

YURI hesitates, but there is nothing else for it:

YURI

I've seen you before, General.

PASHA flips a look, almost alarmed at him.

PASHA

When?

YURI

Six years ago.

PASHA stiffens.

1102/ Continued
1106

PASHA
Go on.

YURI
Christmas Eve. You ...

His voice tails. PASHA is looking at him in the role of Strelnikov.

PASHA (Very quietly)
You were there? (Hard) Or has someone told you this?

YURI
I attended to the man, who was injured by your wife.

PASHA (His look becomes relieved, malignantly triumphant).
Why do you call her my wife?

YURI
I met her again. We served together on the Ukranian Front.

Now in PASHA's dreadful stare comes an element of something frightened; and like most frightened men he looks dangerous. Very carefully:

I'm sure she will vouch for me, if she's with you.

PASHA's face goes stiff with pain for just one second, then he relinquishes the knife and with surprising clumsiness, distastefully shoves knife, fork, spoon across the table. YURI takes them, understanding that this means acquittal but waiting for the explanation. Rolling up the cloth he looks at PASHA warily.

PASHA
I haven't seen her since the War. She's in Yuriatin.

YURI does a horrified double-take. Looks out of the window.

EXTERIOR FOREST SIDING LOCATION DAY SPRING-
FOG

1107 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI'S POV through the window. The misty trees, the sun in the mist, the mist lifting. On SOUND rumbling guns.

YURI (SOUND)
Yuriatin!

PASHA (SOUND)
The private life is dead.

INTERIOR STRELNIKOV'S TRAIN STUDIO DAY

1108/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI and PASHA.
1111

PASHA

For a man with any manhood.

He is watching YURI with cold contempt as he folds up his things.
YURI rises; struggles to curb himself but:

YURI

We saw a sample of your manhood on the way. A place called Mink.

PASHA (A shadow on his face)

They'd been selling horses to the Whites.

YURI

No. It seems that you burned the wrong village.

PASHA

They always say that. And what does it matter? A village betrays us, a village is burnt. The point's made.

YURI

Your point. Their village.

PASHA (Rises swiftly, calls)

Kolya.

A beat of silence. They confront each other.

And what will you do, with your wife and child, in Varykino?

YURI (Looks away; he must curb himself)
Just live.

ADC comes in.

PASHA (Curtly)

Take him away, he's innocent. (Bitterly) Of everything.

CUT

EXTERIOR FOREST SIDING LOCATION DAY SPRING - FOG

1112 CLOSE SHOT. Armoured outside door of Carriage-Office crashes open and YURI, white-faced, tumbles out into the-thinning mist.
ADC descends and says:

ADC

You're lucky ...

And leads the way across the tracks, CAMERA PANNING with them.

INTERIOR STRELNIKOV'S TRAIN STUDIO DAY

- 1113 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA shooting up from outside the window of PASHA's office. He stands there watching YURI. Back rigid, hands behind him, STRELNIKOV. The misty sun reflected in the glass gives him a removed, wraith-like quality. On SOUND distant gunfire.

EXTERIOR FOREST SIDING LOCATION DAY SPRING-FOG

- 1114 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The locomotive, with steam up and icicles gone, is back in front of the train. It toot-toots impatiently. YURI and ADC appear through the mist.
- 1115 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER, his arm round TONYA at the open door of the waggon. Their anxious faces lighting as they see:
- 1116 MEDIUM PANNING SHOT. YURI and ADC hastening towards the train, the engine tooting impatiently. TRAVELLERS leaning out of waggon doors watching as YURI, still grim, reaches the train and is helped up by ALEXANDER, drawn with anxiety and patting his back wordlessly.

INTERIOR CATTLE-WAGGON STUDIO DAY

- 1117 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA waits in the darkness of the waggon, ready to faint with the release of pent anxiety. Holds out her arms to YURI. On SOUND the crash of the waggon door, leaving them in the too-familiar semi-blackness. He embraces her, kissing her hair, she clinging to him. They are jolted as the train starts. ALEXANDER steadies them, an arm on each, as the swaying, rumble of wheels and noise from the locomotive begin all over again. YURI raises his face from TONYA's head to say to ALEXANDER.

YURI

We've been diverted. D'you know where we're going?

ALEXANDER

Yes ... (A tired smile) Varykino halt.

YURI (Takes it in)

Oh thank God. (Bends to her again)

- 1118 CLOSE UP. KOSTOYED (who has been among the curious faces all about them) now skips back to his bunk. He shouts above the gathering train noise:

KOSTOYED

Comrades: ... (He grins expectantly, sly) There'll be three empty bunks here to-night!

- 1119 LONG SHOT. A pause. Then a rush of the bunkless. A weak-to-the-wall scrimmage of a dozen desperate people develops rapidly.
- 1120 CLOSE SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS, alarmed, make a dash towards the bunks.
- 1121 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA's bunk in foreground, the fighting PASSENGERS in background. SASHA crouches in a corner, frightened, as one man already in possession is hauled out by two other men who then fight between themselves. YURI grabs SASHA from the bunk, hands him to TONYA. Looks upwards.
- 1122 CLOSE SHOT. YURI's bunk. Another scramble for possession. The ZHIVAGOS things being thrown aside including the balalaika which YURI takes and holds up at arms length.
- 1123 MEDIUM SHOT. The FIGHT round the bunks. Chaos. On SOUND the train slamming over points beneath the yelling.
- 1124 CLOSE UP. KOSTOYED laughing above the uproar.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR VARYKINO HALT LOCATION DAY SPRING

- 1125 LONG SHOT. Varykino Halt. The train puffing away from the sunlit little country station leaving a blessed silence. The ZHIVAGOS marooned on the platform with their baggage looking around them. Sunshine and trees in bud. Barely opened daffodils and crocuses in the flower beds. No sign of snow. A tiny Red Flag nailed above the portico in obedience to some regulation merely emphasises the old-world nature of the rest of it.
- 1126 CLOSE UP. TONYA, looking around, breathing it all in with passionate gratitude.

TONYA

How lovely ...! Oh how lovely ...!

- 1127 MEDIUM SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS on the platform, the train now almost out of sight. ALEXANDER walks a few paces calling tentatively:

ALEXANDER

Hello ...? Hello ...?

No-one. Then sees:

1128. MEDIUM LONG SHOT. Running across the road from his cottage, struggling into his ancient uniform coat as he runs, the STATION MASTER.
- 1129 CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER, the others behind him, smiles wistfully.
- 1130 MEDIUM PANNING SHOT. STATION MASTER, a somewhat flustered and elderly person with a forked white beard, trots in through a wicket gate and stops in CLOSE SHOT with ALEXANDER, staring incredulously.

STATION MASTER
... Alexander Maximovich?

ALEXANDER, grubby, bearded scarecrow, smiles faintly.

ALEXANDER
Yes it's me, Petya. (STATION MASTER whips off his hat and kisses his hand) Now, now, now. That's all done with you know.

At which, much moved, they embrace. Then, coming apart.

How can we get to the house, Petya?

STATION MASTER has a moment's uneasiness, his eyes shifting uncertainly; then, determinedly:

STATION MASTER
As you always did, Your Honours!

DISSOLVE

SCENE NUMBERS 1131 TO 1132 CUT

EXTERIOR FOREST ROAD LOCATION SPRING

- 1133 A pony and trap, occupied by the FAMILY, driven by STATION MASTER, pulled by a mare accompanied by her foal, approaches up a sun-striped mountain road between tall conifers. Spring growths of grass and wild flowers on either hand. The road levels, a sudden sense of lightness, openness, sunshine, breeze on their faces, all turned one way. STATION MASTER reins in.

1134 Their POV. The wall of trees has dropped away from one side of the road, disclosing a Forest panorama below and beyond them. Plane after plane of tree-furred hillside recedes before them, modulating from green to blue, with the shadows of white clouds cruising lazily.

Their faces relaxed. But ALEXANDER grunts:

ALEXANDER
What's that, Petya? Forest Fire?

1135 Their POV. Above and beyond a distant hill, a column of smoke rises to form a hanging canopy. ON SOUND:

STATION MASTER (SOUND)
Forest Fire, Your Honour? That's Yuriatin.

1136 CLOSE SHOT. YURI'S reaction.

Poor souls. First the Reds, then the Whites - and now the Reds again. That Strelnikov ... his heart must be dead.

1137 STATION MASTER whips up the horse and the trap moves. SASHA looks from the grave face of his father to his mother.

TONYA (Brightly)
We'll soon be there now, Sasha.

STATION MASTER
Another five miles (He is looking uneasy again)

ALEXANDER
Is it that far? One forgets ... (Looking at STATION MASTER, curiously:) How is the place?

STATION MASTER (Awkwardly)
Well enough, Your Honour ... It's all locked up, you know ...

DISSOLVE

SCENE NUMBERS 1138 TO 1149 CUT

(Revised 19.2.65)

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY SPRING

- 1150 EXTREME LONG SHOT. Varykino House, an old Hunting Lodge stands beside a distant group of silver poplars, alone and deserted on a vast Russian steppe. The road, which ends at the house, winds up through uncultivated grassland into foreground of picture where a weather-beaten shrine sticks up from the unreclaimed landscape. A covey of partridges whirs away as the horse and trap enters picture and trots off towards the house.
- 1151 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI and TONYA excitedly raise SASHA between them, the better to see the house. MUSIC mounting.
- 1152 LONG SHOT. TRACKING. Their POV of the house coming nearer.
- 1153 CLOSE UP TRACKING. ALEXANDER, deeply moved by the home-coming
- 1154 LONG SHOT. CAMERA PANS with the trap as it rounds the group of poplars, swings into the overgrown forecourt and stops in front of the house. Nobody moves for a moment or two. All sit looking around. The end of their journey.
- 1155 Their POV. In the gloom of the verandah something white flaps on the front door. ALEXANDER glances frowningly at the embarrassed STATION MASTER, prepares to alight.
- 1156/ 1160 CLOSE SHOT. The front door, a weather-stained notice affixed to it with rusted nails. The door secured by a heavy hasp and padlock screwed onto it with brutal disregard.

STATION MASTER (Foolishly, repeats)
... All locked up, you see ...

YURI and TONYA have descended from the trap and followed. ALEXANDER comes down the verandah steps. He is quietly enraged at being thus excluded, not from his property but from his memories. He says curtly:

ALEXANDER

A body styling itself The Yuriatin Committee of Revolutionary Justice has expropriated my house in the name of the People -

1156/ Continued
1160

He stoops and with surprising energy wrenches a big lump of rock from the ground. Advances towards the door saying:

ALEXANDER (Cont)
- Very well; I'm one of the people.

STATION MASTER, hat off again, arrests him beseechingly:

STATION MASTER
Don't, Alexey Maximovich - they'd call it counter-revolution.

ALEXANDER (Authoritative)
Petya, get out of my way.

YURI
Father, don't (ALEXANDER swings on him)
Petya brought us here. That makes him a counter-revolutionary too. They shoot counter-revolutionaries.

STATION MASTER nods eagerly to YURI, makes a helpless apologetic gesture to ALEXANDER, looking frail and vulnerable. ALEXANDER casts the rock away from him, stalks from them and stops, his back very stiff and still. STATION MASTER eagerly to YURI:

STATION MASTER
It's not the Reds in the Town, Your Honour, it's the Reds in the Forest.

his eye unconsciously wanders over the horizon. OVER

(SOUND) Partisans.

YURI (Softly)
Here?

STATION MASTER
Who knows Your Honour? They go where they want. (Sadly significant) And they do what they want ...

YURI
All we want is a roof, Petya, and a bit of garden. Is there nowhere?

STATION MASTER likes him for his understanding, uncondemning.

1156/ Continued
1160

STATION MASTER (Dubious)
They didn't lock the cottage ...

1161 YURI and TONYA turn. MUSIC.

1162/ LONG SHOT. The ZHIVAGOS, carrying their few
1164 possessions, YURI with STATION MASTER, TONYA following
with her arm through ALEXANDER'S, holding SASHA with
her other hand walk away from the house towards a two-
roomed wooden outhouse off the drive. It is neglected,
and the ground about it overgrown. But it was pretty
once and the sun shines on it now. STATION MASTER
pushes open the unlocked door.

INTERIOR OUTHOUSE LOCATION DAY SPRING

1165/ LONG SHOT. Dust falls as they enter. It is dirty,
1166 dark, forlorn. The windows are opaque with grime.
A table with a missing leg and a stove are all the
furniture. Gun racks, antlered heads - one hanging
crookedly - and a massive wolf-skin nailed to the
wall. (SASHA looks at this in silence) After a
pause:

YURI (Encouragingly, but quiet)
Oh yes, we can manage here.

STATION MASTER
This works (he rattles the stove). I'll
fetch you some sticks of furniture.

YURI (Tentative)
... and some seed potatoes?

STATION MASTER nods quickly, grateful for YURI'S
gratitude, avoiding ALEXANDER'S eye. He goes and
throws open a rear door. A small wilderness.

STATION MASTER (SOUND)
The garden's dreadfully run back.

1167 CLOSE SHOT. YURI looks out.

YURI
Yes ... Thank you.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY AUTUMN

- 1168 LONG SHOT. The outhouse, smoke rising from its chimney into a heavy Autumn blue. Against one wall a mountain of logs. The garden transformed into a well-cultivated plot. YURI, stooping from the waist is walking backwards lifting potatoes from the soil into a bucket. SASHA in background with diminutive hairy pony. YURI glances at him.
- 1168A CLOSE SHOT. SASHA is feeding the pony with a handful of fresh dandelion shoots (or some other titbit). They are old friends, the pony greedy and the child not nervous nor particularly excited.
- 1169 CLOSE SHOT. YURI comes to the end of the row, straightens himself. Though in shirt-sleeves, he retains his waistcoat and all in all, despite his work-blackened hands, looks nothing like a country-man. His face is calm but not relaxed; he has imposed calm on himself. He looks around, picks up another already filled bucket, and goes towards the outhouse.

INTERIOR OUTHOUSE LOCATION DAY AUTUMN

- 1170 LONG SHOT. Inside, the two rooms have been transformed with loving industry and are as nearly a home as possible, but an air of improvisation, precariousness persists; a discoloration of the walls shows where the wolfskin hung.

ALEXANDER is seated reading a battered book while TONYA is brushing earth from a hillock of potatoes and putting them in storing racks. Above her head hang ropes of onions. ALEXANDER looks up as YURI enters.

1170 Continued

ALEXANDER
Is that the lot?

YURI
Just about.

1171 CLOSE SHOT ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER
Well done my boy. I must say ... Scratch a Russian
and you'll find a peasant. I always said so.

1172 CLOSE SHOT. TONYA and YURI, who is now helping her. She speaks softly but is angered on her husband's behalf by her father's complacency:

TONYA
Well you're wrong. He's worked like a peasant but
he's not a peasant.

YURI a little startled. Looks up and says; sincere:

YURI
I don't mind it, Tonya.

She looks at him dubiously, knowing that there is something that he minds, wondering what it is if not this.

Really. It's a good life.

ALEXANDER enters picture, much relieved.

ALEXANDER
Certainly it is. I shouldn't be surprised if you two
look back on this time as one of your best.

TONYA glances at YURI, troubled. ALEXANDER gently kisses her.
Says to YURI:

Awfully glad about the expected new arrival, Yuri ...
Anna was born here you know.

YURI (softly)
Oh no I didn't. Oh I'm very glad.

On SOUND a horse snorts. ALEXANDER turns:

1173 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA shooting through the window where MIKULITSIN approaches carrying a bag, leaving his horse in the drive.

ALEXANDER (SOUND)
Ah, here's winged Mercury ...

1174 CLOSE UP. ALEXANDER as he reaches the window and peers through.

Looks a bit down in the mouth.

1175 LONG SHOT. MIKULITSIN enters, dumps the bag on the table, takes from it packets and packages, some his, some theirs.

ALEXANDER
What news from Yuriatin, Dmitri?

MIKULITSIN (plate-faced)
No lard, no sugar, oil next week perhaps; flour, salt, coffee, nails. (He remains motionless)

1176 CLOSE SHOT ALEXANDER AND MIKULITSIN

ALEXANDER (quietly, fearfully)
Bad news? (And as MIKULITSIN looks up at him)
Oh Lord, not another purge ...

MIKULITSIN
No. Strelnikov's gone.

1177 CLOSE UP YURI, attentive.

ALEXANDER (SOUND)
Well that's not bad news.

MIKULITSIN (SOUND)
No. He's in Mancuria; they say.

1178 MEDIUM SHOT MIKULITSIN pulls out a local paper, printed on grey newsprint.

That's the news.

He puts it on the table and goes. As the door slams everyone looks back at the paper. ALEXANDER picks it up and sits. YURI and TONYA also sit, looking at him. After a moment he lowers the paper, says quietly:

1178 Continued

ALEXANDER

They've shot the Tsar. And all his family ... Oh that's a savage deed ... (He looks down and up again; bursts out, bewildered:) What's it for?

YURI

It's to show there's no going back.

All three remain as they are, silent and still, while on SOUND the wind begins to moan and:

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR VARYKINO OUTHOUSE LOCATION DAY
WINTER-SNOW

1179 LONG SHOT. The outhouse in winter, bleak under a dull grey sky. A moaning wind blows little tendrils of ice particles over the frozen snow.

EXTERIOR OUTHOUSE STUDIO DAY WINTER

1180 CLOSE SHOT From outside we see YURI looking from a window whose casing is bound in bars of ice.

EXTERIOR OUTHOUSE LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

1181 MEDIUM SHOT. The garden obliterated as the graveyard was obliterated; a bunch of tumbleweed is blown across it as the wreath was blown from his mother's grave.

EXTERIOR OUTHOUSE STUDIO DAY WINTER

1182 CLOSE UP YURI at the window as before.

1183 LONG SHOT Inside the room ALEXANDER is gazing listlessly at the stove. He raises his eyes as YURI turns from the window and sits at the table near the window.

1184 CLOSE SHOT YURI at the table. On it lie an unused notebook and a pencil with which he toys absently. On SOUND a familiar thumping noise. He looks up at:

1185 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. TONYA "assisted" by SASHA is ironing, framed in the connecting door to the next room. Steam rises round her, as it rose round LARA in the hospital, but no sunlight falls on her, nor anywhere else in the little place. We

1185 Continued

feel now that their domestic improvisation, though heroic, is inadequate.

1186 CLOSE SHOT YURI turns back; starts doodling with the pencil. The iron thumps. The wind moans. On SOUND.

TONYA (SOUND)

Yuri, why don't you go into Yuriatin?

The pencil slips from his fingers. He doesn't know, for once, what to say. And before he can think:

ALEXANDER (SOUND. With disinterested benevolence)
Why don't you my boy? It'd do you good.

YURI (unconsciously defensive)
Why, what's in Yuriatin?

1187 CLOSE SHOT ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER

'T' isn't Petersburg; a very decent little library.
If it's still there.

1188 LONG SHOT

TONYA

I wish you would Yuri.

YURI (finally)

Oh no I don't think so. (Gets up) Anyway, the roads
are blocked ...

He wanders back to the window.

1189 CLOSE UP. He stands looking out of the window. On SOUND the moaning wind. CAMERA TRACKS slowly in to his face. His eyes have focused on:

1190 BIG CLOSE UP. The delicate patterns of frost on the glass. MUSIC. The patterns become brighter. CAMERA TRACKS closer. Sunlight begins to flash on the myriad tiny facets of the ice ...

DISSOLVE

MICROSCOPE SHOT

1191 CLOSE UP. A snowflake as seen through a microscope. A perfection of symmetry. It weakens, melts, runs, becomes liquid. The liquid becomes yellow - pure daffodil yellow filling the screen.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC INCREASING

1192 BIG CLOSE UP. The inside of a daffodil.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY SPRING

1193 A single daffodil.

1194 CLOSE UP. A group of three or four daffodils.

1195 CLOSE SHOT. A dozen.

1196 MEDIUM SHOT. Scores, waving in the wind under the silver poplars at Varykino. MUSIC full strength.

1197 CLOSE SHOT. YURI against a carpet of waving yellow. He looks up:

1198 MEDIUM SHOT. Silver branches already tipped with green, bending against a blue spring sky.

1198A TRACKING SHOT. The little pony, excited by the Spring, tosses his head as he trots joyously through the new-grown, wind-blown grass, wanting to be off.

1199 LONG SHOT. The house, the poplars and the carpet of daffodils in which YURI stands, waving in the wind. A cloud shadow moved by the same wind passes over them, followed by light.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC continues.

INTERIOR YURIATIN LIBRARY STUDIO DAY

1200 CLOSE UP. LARA, a shaft of sunlight across her face. She is sitting in the library at Yuriatin, but she is not reading the book before her. She is staring as one whose world has been tilted at:

- 1201 MEDIUM SHOT. Her POV. YURI is approaching the librarian's desk. He picks up an application slip.
- 1202 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA watching him.
- 1203 CLOSE SHOT. YURI filling in the slip. Formalities complete he is about to turn,
- 1204 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA looks down quickly, agitated. Then looks up quickly, feeling:

CONTINUE PAGE 201, SCENE 1205, AS IS.

- 1205 MEDIUM SHOT. Her POV. YURI has stopped dead and is staring at her in wonderment. He moves forward.
- 1206 CLOSE UP. LARA looks at him, smiling, frowning, shaking her head a little as though to clear it.
- 1207 CLOSE SHOT CAMERA PANNING with YURI as he comes up to her.

LARA
Zhivago?

YURI
Yes. (Smiling helplessly) How are you?

LARA (as though it were disastrous)
What are you doing here?

YURI
We're at Varykino.

LARA (bewildered)
Varykino?

The readers about them sh-sh for silence. They move.

CUT

EXTERIOR YURIATIN STREET LOCATION DAY EARLY SPRING

- 1208 CLOSE SHOT. A spinning circle of last autumn's leaves chase across a pavement. They disperse in a flurry as YURI and LARA's legs enter picture.
- 1209 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI and LARA, close together, walking quickly along a broken wall through which we see glimpses of rubble and other destruction. Both of them are radiant, expostulating at their helplessness but not resisting.

LARA (laughing)
But why Varykino?

YURI
Why not? We had to go somewhere.

LARA
Yes but here ... (rueful) I came to find my husband.
(wryly) The one who was reported killed.

And YURI, seeing it is not a tragic matter to her:

1209 Continued

YURI
Strelnikov. (She stares) I met him.

LARA
Met him?

YURI
Yes ...

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR YURLATIN PARK LOCATION DAY SPRING

1210 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. CAMERA shooting down on a barren piece of ground. Wind blowing a stream of old leaves and scraps in the direction YURI and LARA are walking, slower now, away from CAMERA.

1211 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI and LARA, the scampering leaves in a constant stream behind them.

LARA
Did you like him?

YURI
Strelnikov? (they walk) No. (they walk. Gently, discreetly) Did you?

LARA
I never met him. He wouldn't see us.

YURI (concerned)
You've been on your own?

LARA
... I don't mind. (but obviously she has minded very much. He puts her arm protectively through his)
You would have liked Pasha.

He nods, signifying comprehension and sympathy.

DISSOLVE

1212 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. Shooting down on YURI and LARA seated back to CAMERA on the steps of a dilapidated bandstand overlooking a grey asphalt space. Leaves and rubbish chasing each other in the cross-wind.

1213 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA, laughing again now, their backs to CAMERA against a whirling of leaves.

YURI

- Do you remember how I operated on the tail-board of a cart?

LARA (Looking at him, remembering it all)
Yes.

YURI (Chuckling)
The Germans were in the next village!

LARA
Yes.

YURI
My word we were lucky.

She nods her head in vigorous agreement. Then she looks at him, says gently and simply:

LARA
I've thought about you a lot.

YURI (Looks at her)
I've thought about you. (Looking away, remembering)
Oh such a lot.

They look at one another. A gust of wind blows their hair. He takes her hand. They get up.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT LOCATION. DAY SPRING

1214 MEDIUM SHOT. The CAMERA zooms in towards a window on the first floor of a dilapidated house. As it comes to rest in CLOSE SHOT:

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO LOT

1214A LONG SHOT. They are inside LARA's room. It is as we would expect. Clean, tiny, cold sunlight coming through the window. Slowly YURI takes his hat off, looks around.

YURI (Gently)
How long have you been living here?

1214AContinued

LARA (Quietly)
About a year.

YURI
Alone.

LARA
With Katya.

YURI
Where's Katya now?

LARA
At school.

YURI crosses to her, takes her and kisses her. It is done without hesitation on either part. They separate, looking into each others eyes, then:

CUT

- 1215 CLOSE UP. LARA. They kiss again, but now they are in bed. On SOUND the twitter of sparrows, the whistle of the wind.
- 1216 CLOSE UP. Their two heads. He kissing her as she rotates her head, her eyes closed. YURI draws away a little and looks at her, his expression a little ruthless. She opens her eyes. His mouth descends on hers.
- 1217 LONG SHOT. The empty sitting room. YURI's hat on the floor where he first kissed her, his coat over a chair. On SOUND the sparrows and the wind. The picture is flared by the slow-moving reflection of the sun caught in one of the window panes. The shifting beams of light move until the picture becomes clear.
- 1218 CLOSE SHOT. LARA lies quiet. She is looking at YURI, her face relaxed, but already her eyes shadowed with anxiety - anxiety for him. He is utterly relaxed, like her, but staring upwards.

LARA
Is Tonya with you?

YURI
All of us.

A pause.

1218 Continued

LARA
Sasha ... ?

YURI
Of course.

A pause.

LARA
What are we going to do ?

The calm leaves YURI's voice; we hear from it that he is for once up against a wall which he can see no getting past.

YURI
I don't know.

He turns his head to her. His expression alters. Her eyes have filled.

1219 CLOSE UP. LARA. A tear rolls along her nose and drops. We hear him throw himself towards her and as he appears on frame, LARA with her free hand plucks the pillow from beneath her head and wriggles down the bed a little, her eyes beneath the tears gone chaotic and her mouth open as YURI's head comes down. A stream of yellow appears as:

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAWN SPRING

1220 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. CAMERA tracking over the surface of the daffodils at Varykino. The track slows and stops as the CAMERA PANS upwards into a LONG SHOT of the outhouse at dawn.

INTERIOR OUTHOUSE LOCATION DAWN

1221 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and TONYA lie in bed. She is asleep. He awake, tormented by remorse. He rises, irresolute and restless.

1222 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA PANS with him as he wanders over to the window into CLOSE SHOT. He stares wretchedly at:

1223 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. The daffodils swaying in the wind.

1224 CLOSE UP. YURI at the window. The daffodils have done nothing for him - he looks hopeless now. On SOUND:

1224 Continued

TONYA (SOUND)
Yuri ...?

He turns.

1225 CLOSE SHOT. She is half sitting up, smiling an everyday smile of affection at him!

It's awfully early isn't it?

YURI (SOUND)
Half past six.

TONYA
(She is used to, and likes, his small addresses) What are you doing?

1226 CLOSE SHOT. YURI

YURI
Nothing. I couldn't sleep.

TONYA
(A little puzzled, but more amused, above all gently and tolerantly)
Shall I get some tea?

SCENE 1227 CUT

SCENE 1228 STARTS ON PAGE 207.

1228

YURI (Turning and kissing her)
Yes do.

She goes. MUSIC begins. LARA music. He leans his forehead gently on the glass, looking out at the daffodils. The MUSIC grows more insistent.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC continuing.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY EARLY SUMMER

1229 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The shrine and the road to Varykino as we first saw it when the family arrived, except that now the grass is long and sprinkled with wild flowers. Daisies and buttercups grow around the foot of the shrine and beside the road where YURI is trotting towards CAMERA on the little pony, its harness of the roughest (rope and canvas rather than leather) and he no expert in the saddle.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO DAY EARLY SUMMER

1230 MEDIUM SHOT. The CAMERA is shooting through a porchway on to a rather bedraggled courtyard and cul-de-sac. The entrance to LARA's house. YURI crosses the courtyard and enters the porch, a dark little place with an iron staircase leading upwards.

1231 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He stops at the foot of the stairs takes a brick from the wall and a key from the recess. Having replaced the brick CAMERA PANS with him as he mounts the stairs.

INTERIOR LARA'S LANDING STUDIO DAY

1232 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI comes up the stairs on to a landing faintly lit by a grimy skylight. There are four doors. He opens one and enters.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO DAY

- 1233 MEDIUM SHOT. He shuts the door. Silence. He stands for a moment, then wanders across the room, CAMERA tracking back with him, disclosing a table laid for three, roses in a vase, everything neat and clean. He sits on a plain couch. He doesn't look happy. Then he looks up, his face animated, hearing rapid footsteps on the stairs. He rises.
- 1234 CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and an eight-year-old girl comes in breathless. She has PASHA's colouring and an intelligent, vital face. She is pleased to see YURI, saying:

CONTINUE PAGE 208, SCENE 1234 AS IS

1234 Continued

KATYA (laughing)
Hello. You are silly - we called and called.

1235/ MEDIUM SHOT. YURI's attention is on the open door.
1238

YURI
Did you? - I didn't hear.

KATYA
Well we did.

LARA enters the doorway looking stunning enough to justify the image of the daffodils.

YURI (Softly)
Hello, Lara.

They regard each other for a beat, radiant and lost.

LARA
Hello.

KATYA looks from one to the other. YURI senses this and looks down.

YURI (Taking her to the sofa)
How's Olya Petrovna?

KATYA (Darkly)
She gets worse and worse. She gave us C.I. and Arithmetic all morning!

YURI
C, I. ?

LARA (Flatly, with a shade of warning)
"Civic instruction".

By way of illustration, and waiting his attention, KATYA sits by him and shoves before his notice an exercise book, opened:

YURI (Looking at it with real admiration)
That's very good, Katya.

KATYA
It's the Tsar.

1239 CLOSE UP. A spirited crayoning of an ogreish monarch with pointed teeth and a tall crown, adorned with a teacher's big tick.

YURI (SOUND)
Oh.

1240 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and KATYA. She flips the book shut.

KATYA (With conscious virtue)
The Tsar was an enemy of the People.

YURI (Hesitant)
He, er, didn't know he was an enemy of the people you know.

KATYA (Considers it)
Well. He should have known, shouldn't he?

YURI (Considers it in turn)
Yes, he should.

KATYA (Amused)
Fancy not knowing C.I. Doesn't your little boy go to school?

A moment's awkwardness for YURI. LARA's voice on SOUND:

LARA (Gently)
Come on, you.

She bends into picture, picks KATYA up and CAMERA PANS with her as she is swung into one of the seats at the table, both laughing.

1241 CLOSE UP. YURI smiling painfully.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR CORNFIELD. LOCATION. DAY SUMMER

1242 LONG SHOT. CAMERA PANNING over a field of ripe corn. We come to rest on a CLOSE SHOT of YURI and LARA, side by side, hands clasped, lying on their backs quietly, the sun pouring down on them, surrounded by the golden stuff. YURI's eyes are closed. LARA looks at him dreamily.

LARA
What are you thinking about?

1242 Continued

YURI (Drowsily)
I'm not thinking.

LARA (Contentedly)
Good ...

She squints up at:

1243 LONG SHOT. The golden sun in a blue sky, fringed by the gently nodding heads of corn: On SOUND the singing of a lark.

1244 CLOSE UP. YURI AND LARA. She turns her head, looking at him with great tenderness. Then:

LARA
Now you're thinking.

He opens his eyes. We see his thoughts are painful. He turns to her not answering.

(Very simply)
Thinkings no good for us, is it?

YURI (Smiles a bit; shakes his head)
No ...

Moved by the same impulse they turn and kiss ...

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY SUMMER

1245 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA craning upwards through the branches and quivering leaves of a silver poplar, (enough to cover a longish dissolve from the previous scene) finally disclosing a LONG SHOT of the outhouse with the distant figure of TONYA working in the garden.

1246 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, framed in a window, his eyes rivetted on her.

1247 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. His POV. TONYA is bending down pulling herbs. As she straightens we see she is tremendously pregnant.

1248 CLOSE UP. YURI at the window. His eyes heavy with guilt and responsibility. He moves from the window.

1249 MEDIUM SHOT. TONYA comes towards the house. Brown and sturdy as a little pony, walking with her feet apart, holding the bunched herbs to her nose, smiling to herself.

1250/ CLOSE PANNING SHOT. YURI has come out into the
1252 garden to meet her. He comes to a standstill blocking her way, his eyes dark with admiration and liking. She is amused by the intensity of his regard raising her eyebrows and smiling enquiringly.

TONYA (Holding up the herbs to his nose) Smell.

YURI sniffs and nods obediently but still looks at her.

What - ? (But the unborn baby kicks)
Ooh! (Her eyes laugh excitedly. It
kicks again) Ow! This one's a prize-
fighter. (Yet again) Yuri - !

She takes his hand and puts it on her belly. They stand looking at each other, she proud, he dreadfully sober. On SOUND a heartbeat commences.

Wait a minute ...

Heartbeat continuing. He staring at her, she seeming to listen. Then:

There!

She lets his hand drop and almost flaunts away from him, CAMERA PANNING with her towards the house.

1252A ALEXANDER sits before the outhouse in overcoat enjoying the last of the year's sunshine. He looks over to his daughter and husband, approvingly. SASHA plays by himself, indifferent.

1253 CLOSE SHOT. YURI looking after her in an agony of emotion. On SOUND the heartbeat continuing.

1254/ CLOSE SHOT. TONYA, now in the house, the open and
1256 empty door to the garden in background. She picks
up a knife and happily begins to chop the herbs,
heartbeat continuing. YURI appears in the door.
She looks up a little startled. Heartbeat stops.

YURI
I'm going in to Yuriatin, darling -

TONYA
What? Now?

YURI
Er, yes. I want to get some morphine,
disinfectant ... (His voice dries)

TONYA (Gentle, chiding)
I shan't need morphine ...

YURI
Well - you never know.

He comes in and starts collecting hat and coat.
MUSIC begins.

TONYA (Beginning to be puzzled)
Well I shan't need it today?

YURI
No. But. It's pretty close. I
hadn't realised ...

She smiles puzzled and touched by his inarticulate
distress. He hurries out through the door, MUSIC
building.

TONYA (Calling after him)
You'll be back before it's dark?

YURI (Calling back)
Long before.

1257 ALEXANDER looks up as YURI half-walks, half-runs
from outhouse. MUSIC rising.

- 1257A CLOSE SHOT. With a clatter, YURI wrenches harness from hook in dark lean-to stable at the end of outhouse. MUSIC rising.
- 1257B CLOSE SHOT. ALEXANDER in mild surprise. MUSIC rising.
- 1257C CLOSE SHOT. SASHA looks up from play, stares gravely after his father. MUSIC rising.
- 1257D Their POV. YURI trailing harness, hurries towards the pony. MUSIC rising.

CUT. MUSIC full.

1258 MEDIUM SHOT. The pony, ridden by YURI at a fast trot enters picture and goes off up the road away from the house.

1259/ CLOSE SHOT. TONYA standing in the outhouse door
1260 watching. She is ready to raise her hand to wave to him but:

1261 LONG SHOT. He rides on up the slope without turning round.

1262 CLOSE UP. TONYA, ALEXANDER, SASHA, looking anxiously after him.

CUT. MUSIC cuts suddenly

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT. STUDIO DAY

1263 CLOSE UP. LARA looking up, streaming with tears.

LARA

Yes, yes, my darling, do what's best!

The expression in her eyes pity for:

1264 CLOSE UP. YURI clearly near to tears himself but seeming almost to be raging at her.

YURI (Repeats)
I'm not coming back!

1264 Continued

LARA (SOUND)
I understand.

YURI
But never, Lara!

1265 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. At this she can only nod a little, the tears pouring.

You understand? (It is himself
he is trying to make understand)

LARA can only help him by nodding more vigorously.
YURI turns the screw of his suffering the final notch:

Do you believe me?

She stares a moment, then shakes her head, now utterly overcome. He whirls away from her. On SOUND we hear his feet go to the door; and hear it open and shut with a bang.

CUT

EXTERIOR FOREST ROAD LOCATION DAY SUMMER.

1266 LONG SHOT. CAMERA rather high, looking down on the forest road where YURI is returning to Varykino. The pony's reins are loose, YURI utterly dejected. The pony slows, stops. Man and beast inert.

CONTINUE PAGE 214, SCENE 1267 AS IS.

- 1267 CLOSE UP. YURI, his head low, absorbed in thought. Silence. Then, on SOUND, a rising drumming and scuffling rapidly becoming louder. He raises his head, at first puzzled, quickly alarmed.
- 1268 CLOSE PANNING SHOT. HORSEMEN flicker through the trees.
- 1269 CLOSE UP. YURI turns his head to the other side of the road.
- 1270 MEDIUM SHOT. More HORSEMEN, breaking out of the forest.
- 1271 LONG SHOT. The HORSEMEN, expert, some seven in all, engulf YURI. There is a moment's check and he and they are gone into the Forest. His hat lies on the empty road.
- 1272 CLOSE SHOT. YURI's hat.
- 1273 MEDIUM SHOT TRACKING. (Hand-held) We are hurled at the gallop between trees. On SOUND the crash and thump of the riders.
- 1274 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) A glimpse of YURI between the HORSEMEN.
- 1275 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. Shooting forward and up through the racing tree-trunks. SOUND of the horsemen over. The sky appears as we approach a clearing. CAMERA whip-pans downwards.

CUT

FOREST CLEARING EXTERIOR DAY SUMMER

- 1276 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA whip-pans down on to two mounted men standing in a clearing. LIBERIUS and RAZIN. Behind them a column of men and horses. LIBERIUS, the Military Chief, is about the same age as YURI, well armed, physically tough and dressed in a shaggy sheepskin. RAZIN, the political Commissar, is older, unarmed, dressed in remnants of city clothes, a briefcase strapped to his pannier and not much of an expert with his mouth. Both men have their eyes on:
- 1277 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI and his captors approaching. They are not sinister or desperate, but good-humoured. Behind them are more men and horses, those unmounted are getting back into their saddles. YURI pulls up, hatless, breathing hard and desperately collect stares hard at:
- 1278 CLOSE UP. LIBERIUS grins.

LIBERIUS

Comrade Doctor, I need a Medical Officer.

1279 CLOSE UP. YURI

YURI (Curt and formal)
I'm sorry. I have a wife and child at Varykino.

1280 CLOSE UP. RAZIN. His face bitter.

RAZIN (Contemptuous)
And a mistress, in Yuriatin.

1281 CLOSE UP. YURI flashes him a look.

1282 CLOSE SHOT. LIBERIUS and RAZIN.

LIBERIUS
Comrade Medical Officer, we are Red Partisans:
(And as one who has said it many times before) - and
we shoot deserters. Hup! (And turns)

1283 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, his face shocked and set. MUSIC "RED COSSACKS". The PARTISANS begin to move past, big men on big horses. One of YURI's captors gives him a nod and leads his horse forward. Looking ahead he sees:

1284 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. The backs of LIBERIUS and RAZIN leading the way out of the clearing into the forest.

1285 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI looks to his side, past camera.

1286 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. His POV. More horses - and some mules loaded with machine and Maxim guns - all now on the move across the clearing.

1287 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI turns and looks ahead again:

1288 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. YURI'S POV. The horses in front already in the trees. As the CAMERA approaches the first trees it starts to crane upwards through the trunks.

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR FOREST. SCANDINAVIAN UNIT DAY SUMMER

1289 LONG SHOT. Shooting down from a height on to the Forest roof. The CAMERA PANS slowly upwards all the time, more and more trees coming into picture as it rises to the distant horizon. We understand for the first time that the Forest is limitless.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR FOREST STUDIO OR LOCATION SUMMER NIGHT

1290 CLOSE SHOT. By a small fire, YURI, RAZIN. LIBERIUS. The fire-light gleams on nearby tree-trunks. The blackness beyond picked out by other small fires each showing its own group of PARTISANS.

YURI (Steadily to RAZIN)
Where are you taking me?

RAZIN
To the Front.

YURI
And where is the Front?

LIBERIUS (Laughs)
Good question, Doctor.

1291 CLOSE UP. RAZIN. A flicker of contempt crosses his face but he keeps his eyes on YURI.

RAZIN
The Front is wherever there are enemies of the Revolution. Where there is one gang of White Guards, one batallion of foreign interventionists, that is the Front.

1292 CLOSE UP. YURI

(SOUND)
And wherever there is one resentful bourgeois, one unreliable schoolmaster, one dubious poet hugging his private life -

1293 CLOSE SHOT RAZIN AND LIBERIUS

that too, is the Front.

LIBERIUS silently makes the motion of winding a gramophone, grinning.

1294 CLOSE UP. YURI looks at LIBERIUS with surprise but turns back to RAZIN.

YURI (His voice betraying his feelings)
How long are you going to keep me?

1294 Continued

RAZIN (SOUND)
For as long as we need you.

CUT

EXTERIOR FOREST SCANDINAVIAN UNIT DAY WINTER-SNOW

1295 EXTREME LONG SHOT. A vast winter panorama of distant forest and frozen lakes. On SOUND the low moanings of wind. CAMERA PANS slowly downwards revealing a forest immediately below. MUSIC "RED COSSACKS" muted and tentative. The downward movement continues -

QUICK DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR FROZEN RIVER LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

1296 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. CAMERA craning downwards through trees, their trunks blasted by snow on the windward side. As the descent continues we become conscious that the shadows below are alive with mounted PARTISANS, all motionless, looking ahead. CAMERA comes to rest on a CLOSE SHOT of LIBERIUS. He too stares at:

1297 LONG SHOT. A frozen river with a black forest wall on the far side. Nothing moving except ice crystals tumbling over it in the wind.

1298 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI and RAZIN, both unarmed, behind the main group of PARTISANS with the baggage animals. YURI beginning to look haggard, wearing a ragged sheepskin. Beside him a mule carrying his medical supplies.

1299 CLOSE UP. LIBERIUS. His concentration building to a peak. MUSIC stops.

LIBERIUS
Now!!

1300/ (2 CAMERAS) MEDIUM SHOT. The trees suddenly alive with
1301 charging horses; on SOUND an eruption of muffled hooves and shouts.

1302 (2 CAMERAS) MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The legs and hooves of horses crashing out on to the ice, the SOUND suddenly metallic.

1303 (3 CAMERAS) MEDIUM SHOT. Shooting down on the white surface of the river, quickly obliterated by charging horsemen.

- 1304 (2 CAMERAS) MEDIUM SHOT. Shooting down on the river's edge. More horsemen crashing out on to the ice.
- 1304A CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LIBERIUS leading the charge, looking ahead at:
- 1304B MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) His POV. The forest wall approaching across the ice. On SOUND a sudden burst of rifle and machine-gun fire, the black wall fissured with flashing pin-points of light.
- 1304C CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A group of charging partisans. A horse crashes to the ice.
- 1305 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LIBERIUS charging.
- 1306 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) The forest wall almost on top of him.
- 1307 MEDIUM SHOT. From a high angle, the screen filled by charging horsemen. They vanish in a single wave into the black trees. Shouts and firing, receding. A beat of this, then CAMERA ZOOMS back to the glittering surface of the river, littered with motionless casualties. YURI and RAZIN come out on to the ice.

DISSOLVE

SCENE NUMBERS 1308 TO 1319 CUT

SCENE NUMBER 1320 AT TOP OF PAGE 220 ALSO CUT.

1320 MEDIUM SHOT. And they are off again, CAMERA PANNING upwards on their backs as they move towards the trees.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR CORNFIELD LOCATION DAY SUMMER

1321 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA PANNING upwards across the surface of a sea of red-gold corn. As CAMERA comes to rest on EXTREME LONG SHOT we see that tiny figures are advancing towards us in some sort of formation. On SOUND a sudden burst of firing.

1322 MEDIUM SHOT. On the edge of the Forest, behind an earth wall, the PARTISANS are firing across the corn. They are sunburned now, bearded, tough and ragged, expert with their rifles. CAMERA PANS along them into a CLOSE SHOT of LIBERIUS standing next the heavy Maxim gun which pounds and rattles, jerking. Behind him stands YURI.

1323 LONG SHOT. Through the corn, the tiny figures waver, go down like targets at a fair.

1324 CLOSE SHOT. LIBERIUS AND YURI. LIBERIUS frowns, examines them through his field glasses.

1325 LONG SHOT. (Long-focus lens) The distant figures running in panic, some huddling together in groups, a perfect target.

1326 CLOSE UP. LIBERIUS watching. The firing intensifies.

1327 LONG SHOT. (Long-focus lens) The little figures running in panic, falling out of sight into the corn.

1328 CLOSE SHOT. RAZIN watching.

1329 CLOSE SHOT. LIBERIUS and YURI. The firing peters out. LIBERIUS lowers his glasses. Grunts.

LIBERIUS

Hmp. Well that was easy! Come on Doctor, let's see what we've done.

CUT

1330 MEDIUM CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI, RAZIN, LIBERIUS wade in the middle of the limitless waving expanse. A dozen or so PARTISANS spread out in a rough line behind them. LIBERIUS gains on the others; comes into CLOSE UP, looking ahead:

- 1331 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. His POV. A beaten-down track through the corn. CAMERA follows it disclosing a flattened place where a boy in his early teens, dressed in an fanciful uniform, lies on his back there, dead among some poppies.
- 1332 CLOSE SHOT. LIBERIUS, YURI and RAZIN come to a standstill, looking down. LIBERIUS raises his eyebrows, frowns, moves on.
- 1333 LONG SHOT. PARTISANS advancing through the corn. Other places have been similarly flattened like nests, PARTISANS standing around them, moving on. LIBERIUS approaches followed by RAZIN and YURI. CAMERA PANS down with them to disclose a place where half a dozen boys in variegated uniforms lie on their faces. One moves; YURI hurries forward.
- 1334 CLOSE SHOT. The BOY is lying on his face, his back bloody. YURI bends over him, LIBERIUS helps to turn the child over. We see the lettered shoulder flash.

LIBERIUS (With bitter disgust, to YURI)
"St. Michael's Military Academy ..."

CAMERA PANS up with LIBERIUS as he straightens up, looks around.

- 1335 CLOSE SHOT. An OLD MAN with a saintly face and a flowing beard, two medals on his chest, a ridiculous sword in his hand. He looks magnificent.
- 1336 CLOSE UP. LIBERIUS, looking at him venomously.

LIBERIUS
You old ... bastard.

- 1337 CLOSE UP. YURI bending over the BOY who slumps back lifeless. Too full of pity and anger to react, YURI replaces kit in his box.
ON SOUND:

RAZIN (SOUND; his voice harsh)
It doesn't matter.

YURI looks up.

- 1338 CLOSE UP. RAZIN stands over him like a black-coated, implacable idol.
- 1339 CLOSE UP. YURI. with deep curiosity:

YURI
Did you ever love a woman, Razin ?

1340 CLOSE UP. RAZIN, a tremor of sorrow, rage - something human in his voice:

RAZIN

... I once had a wife and four children.

1341 CLOSE UP. YURI. Looks down, looks up again.

1342 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI'S POV. RAZIN wading away through the corn.

DISSOLVE

EXTREME RAILWAY CROSSING LOCATION DAY WINTER.

1343 LONG SHOT. The PARTISANS, now depleted in numbers, half of them on foot, trudging away from CAMERA along a country road leading to a ruined level crossing where the head of the column has stopped around a cart coming from the opposite direction. A few flakes of snow drift in the air.

1344/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The group around the cart. The cart,
1346 loaded with household goods, a horse in the shafts, a cow tethered at the rear, is driven by a PEASANT WOMAN. RAZIN is on one side of the cart. YURI and LIBERIUS together on the other. WOMAN says indignantly:

WOMAN

You say you're Reds, but how do I know?

And from her point of view the PARTISANS surrounding her by now look more like half-starved bandits than any kind of troops. But RAZIN leans down from his saddle:

RAZIN

Comrade, do I look like a White?

She flinches. Grumblingly, reluctant:

WOMAN

They were in Bulkarin on Monday?

RAZIN

Sure?

WOMAN (With sudden passion)
I should be.

1344/ Continued
1346

RAZIN (Nods, satisfied. Raises his voice, publicly.)
What did the White Guards do in Bulkarin, Comrade?

But the WOMAN is not willing for this to be made political fodder.
She glances at RAZIN and away; in a low voice:

WOMAN
Go and look.

RAZIN (Haranguing)
Marx says: defeated capitalism fights like a cornered
beast. (Looks about for effect. There is none.)

LIBERIUS (To WOMAN)
Where are they?

And even his sneer is muted and he does not address the WOMAN
directly, leaving her to tell RAZIN.

WOMAN (Shrugs)
North.

She points in the direction from where she has come. RAZIN moves
off, OTHERS following.

YURI
D'you know what's happened in Yuriatin?

WOMAN
Yuriatin?

She looks unconsciously at:

1347 LONG SHOT. HER POV. The line where the Arctic sun a silver
disc sits on the horizon. PARTISANS moving past in foreground.
On SOUND:

WOMAN (SOUND)
You're a long way from home, Comrade. There's
been fighting at Yuriatin.

1348 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. WOMAN. YURI, LIBERIUS.

(looks at YURI with sympathy)
Like everywhere else, eh?

1348 Continued

YURI looks longingly up the line. LIBERIUS, watching his look, says apologetically, even ashamed:

LIBERIUS

Hard times, Comrade ... hard times ...

YURI moves off.

1349 LONG SHOT. The PARTISANS streaming away following the direction indicated by the WOMAN. She starts her cart. Snow falling faster now.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR DERELICT BUILDINGS LOCATION DUSK WINTER-SNOWING

1350 LONG SHOT. Dusk. A group of derelict buildings, probably cattle shelters, on a snow-swept plain. One or two PARTISANS taking the last of the animals into the buildings.

1351/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Inside, the PARTISAN LEADERS are holding
1354 a COMMITTEE meeting, presided over by RAZIN. The extreme discomfort of their surroundings contrasts weirdly with the formality which RAZIN imposes. His brief-case, now a rag of rotten leather, is at his side, papers typed, printed and handwritten lie before him. YURI sits a little apart - present at the meeting ex officio.

LIBERIUS

He's been a good comrade.

RAZIN

He's been a good Medical Officer.

LIBERIUS

We took him from his wife; we took him from his child.

RAZIN

None of this matters.

LIBERIUS

What does matter, Comrade Commissar? Tell me, I've forgotten.

RAZIN (genuine disgust)

This is contemptible. The Doctor stays. (He begins to pack away his papers)

1351/ Continued
1354

LIBERIUS (Flaring)
I command this unit !

RAZIN
We command jointly. The Party Bulletin -

LIBERIUS sweeps the briefcase onto the floor. Dead silence.

LIBERIUS
I could have you taken out and shot!

RAZIN
And could you have the Party taken out and shot?
... Try to understand. As the military struggle nears its close, the political struggle intensifies. In the hour of victory the military will have served its purpose. All men will then be judged politically - regardless of their military record.

No-one dares look at LIBERIUS, on whom virtual sentence has been pronounced. Satisfied that his ascendancy is complete, RAZIN retrieves his briefcase. Packing papers into it:

Meanwhile, there are still White Units in this area.
The Doctor stays. That concludes the meeting.

DISSOLVE. MUSIC distorted and spooky.

EXTERIOR PLAIN LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW-MIST

- 1355 LONG SHOT. The PARTISANS plod through snow and mist, away from CAMERA, across an icy wasteland with no horizon. The irregular, apathetic and depleted cavalcade are now mostly on foot.
- 1356 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI, mounted near the rear, surrounded by straggling men and baggage mules.
- 1357 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LIBERIUS up near the front but no longer in the lead. He is looking ahead at:
- 1358 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. His POV, over the backs of walking men; RAZIN leading.
- 1359 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. RAZIN, bolt upright, looking ahead. Something catches his eye:

1360 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. POV RAZIN. Approaching through the mist a little crowd of refugees. They drift aimlessly across the frozen snow like spirits.

1361 CLOSE UP TRACKING. RAZIN peering ahead.

1362 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The refugees are all women and children. They have no belongings, inadequate clothes and are at Death's door.

1363- CLOSE SHOT. RAZIN. He stops his horse and dismounts.

1365 CAMERA PANS with him into A CLOSE SHOT with one of the WOMEN, a tiny thing with an emaciated face who may be quite young. He grasps her.

RAZIN (Gently but firmly)
Comrade; where are you going? (She makes no answer) Are you running away, Comrade?

EMACIATED WOMAN (Whispers)
Soldiers

RAZIN
Red soldiers or White Soldiers?

EMACIATED WOMAN
Soldiers ...

She points, like a child telling tales. RAZIN lets go of her. She is mad.

1366 MEDIUM SHOT. The group around RAZIN and the WOMAN. The PARTISANS look pityingly at the WOMEN and CHILDREN. The women and children stand among the horses without either hope or fear, having made their peace beforehand with anything that can happen. RAZIN mounts his horse, moves it forward.

1367 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He turns his head to look at:

1368 LONG SHOT. The arctic SUN, a silver disc low in the smoking mist. MUSIC, LARA theme. hesitant.

1369 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The men and baggage mules begin to move forward around him; he looks ahead at:

1370 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. RAZIN and the head of the column disappeared from view already.

1371 CLOSE SHOT YURI. The last few PARTISANS drift past him, each absorbed in his own misery. The WOMEN and CHILDREN shuffle by in the opposite direction. He looks ahead, waiting.

1372 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. The end of the column floats off into the mist.

1373 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The WOMEN and CHILDREN fade from view behind him. He turns his horse.

CUT. MUSIC. LARA THEME building.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET LOCATION WINTER-SNOW

1374 LONG SHOT. A stretch of desolate railway line points to the SUN, low on the horizon. YURI rides into picture, his horse going slowly and away from us, following the track.

1375 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI raises his head, looking at the pale sun. The LARA MUSIC "calls" to him. He smiles faintly.

CUT

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION WINTER-SNOW

1375A EXTREME HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. The line and the telegraph posts tiny, stretching from side to side of the screen across a limitless snow-white plain. YURI going slower now, the horse's head hanging lower.

CUT

1376 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. A deserted and snow-bound Halt. Prominent in foreground a goods truck against buffers. YURI pulls up his horse beside it and dismounts.

1377 CLOSE SHOT. YURI goes to the waggon where he pulls at some straw trapped beneath the door. Obtaining only a handful he uses all his strength to slide back the door a foot or so.

1378 CLOSE UP. YURI from inside the van. He reaches into the dark interior, scraping together an armful of the stuff. He stiffens, slowly raising his head:

1379 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI'S POV. Huddled in the darkness a family group of scarcely human creatures, pressed back against the wall. glaring at him with desperate fear.

1380 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He takes the straw and leaves them.

1381 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. As YURI goes over to the horse, the waggon door in foreground of picture, is slammed to from inside with a crash.

CUT

EXTERIOR TELEGRAPH POLES LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT SNOW

1382 LONG SHOT. A long line of telegraph posts stretching to the horizon. YURI riding very slowly away from CAMERA. The horse stumbles and stops. YURI dismounts and begins leading it onwards.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY SNOW-MIST

1383 LONG SHOT. Thin early morning mist shrouds a desolate section of line where a passenger train, complete with engine, lies abandoned. YURI drags his horse towards the train but after a few paces it stops. He drops the reins, goes over to the exhausted animal, unhitches his pannier and walks on a few paces.

1384 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He stops, turns back toward the animal, uncertain what to do. Then, with a glance as if for help towards the silent empty carriages, he takes out his revolver and walks out of picture towards the horse leaving a LONG SHOT of the train. A pause. On SOUND a shot.

1385 CLOSE SHOT. A carriage window is silently lowered. Children's faces, wild and dishevelled, appear.

1386 CLOSE SHOT. Another window, more children's faces.

1387 CLOSE SHOT. And another. All eyes peering suspiciously at:

1388 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI humping his pannier towards the train; the horse lying in the snow behind him.

1389 MEDIUM SHOT. The carriage windows filled with children's faces.

1390 CLOSE SHOT. YURI walking towards the train. On SOUND a babble of childish voices. He stops in CLOSE UP looking at:

1391 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The children pour from the carriages towards YURI in foreground of picture. They are of all ages from five to about twelve; they are as wild as birds and ferocious as tigers. Some of the older ones carry a club, a knife, a hatchet. When they reach YURI they stop, hesitant.

1392 CLOSE UP. YURI stares in horror at them. Then:

YURI
I -

1393 CLOSE SHOT. Over YURI on to the children. At once half a dozen of the bigger boys, with clubs or lumps of iron, rush at him. He goes down.

1394 CLOSE UP. YURI lying in the snow, his hands protecting his head against the stampede of flying feet. He glances upwards:

1395 CLOSE SHOT. The nightmare vision streams past him looking gigantic apocalyptic.

1396 CLOSE UP. YURI. The screaming horde passes by leaving him alone. He looks up after them:

1397 MEDIUM SHOT. His POV. The children swarming round the horse. The noise detestably like the noise of a playground.

1398 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI stumbles to his feet, his face less frightened than totally shocked. For the first time we see him at the limits of his self-control. He moves off down the line.

DISSOLVE

1399 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The mist gone. The tiny figure of YURI toiling along the line. He stops.

1400 CLOSE UP. YURI stands resting for a moment, his breath steaming in the cold air. His condition has deteriorated. Around his mouth and nostrils fangs of ice have grown into his beard. After a few moment he looks ahead at:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET LOCATION SNOW

1401 LONG SHOT. The SUN above the track. MUSIC LARA theme.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY SNOW

1402 CLOSE UP. YURI. He looks at the sun as if at some distant vision of hope and comfort. The MUSIC becomes poignantly more glorious until he walks out of picture and:

CUT. MUSIC cuts.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY CUTTING LOCATION DAWN SNOW

1403 CLOSE SHOT. THREE VILLAINOUS ARMED MEN stand round a little brazier beside a raiiside hut. They are looking stolidly at:

1404 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI approaching. We now see that they are in a narrow snow-bound cutting which forces YURI to skirt round them, fearful of attack, in no condition to defend himself. He flinches when one of the men makes a sudden movement but:

1405 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. The man has thrown him a black roasted potato which YURI catches. He nods, breaks off the blackened smoking skin, more grateful for the human gesture than the food.

YURI

I'm - (Coughs brokenly.) I'm going to Yuriatin.

1406/ MEDIUM SHOT. They look at him critically, doubting he will get 1409 there.

FIRST MAN

Long way.

YURI

Long way, yes.

They turn their backs wanting to be rid of him.

YURI

Actually I - (Voice fails again; coughs carefully)
Excuse me. I'm going to Varykino.

They don't turn.

FIRST MAN

Don't know it.

YURI

It's a little place.

No response.

Good potato.

No response.

Any news?

FIRST MAN turns his head, warily, asks flatly:

1406/ Continued

1409

FIRST MAN
What about?

YURI (Waving the potato)
Yuriatin. There's been more fighting there, eh?
(FIRST MAN shrugs) ... Where's Strelnikov?

And suddenly FIRST MAN is leaning against the hut, barring his way, SECOND MAN with him, THIRD MAN looking up and down the line. YURI's half-dead responses don't quite take it in. But he sees he is in trouble. He is fed-up with trouble. Feebly and unsuccessfully tries to push past.

FIRST MAN
You talk a lot, for a tired man.

YURI (With infinite weariness)
I haven't spoken for a fortnight ... You gave me a potato ... (He tosses it away)

FIRST MAN, not a ready killer, inclined to take him for what he is, but suspicious.

FIRST MAN
Strelnikov is on the run.

YURI (blinking, irritable)
Run ... ?

FIRST MAN
Mm. Strelinkov is an enemy of the Revolution.
Seems he always has been.

YURI looks at them with weary disgust. He takes them for G. P. U. men.

YURI
That's ridiculous ...

FIRST MAN
I know it is. I was Strelnikov's lieutenant.

His keen eyes bore into YURI's; he is ready to kill if need be.

YURI
Oh.

1406/ Continued

1409

FIRST MAN nods. Then quietly:

FIRST MAN
Are you alone, friend?

YURI
No. There are two battalions of Secret Policemen
coming up behind with food and Christmas presents.

He steps round FIRST MAN, who makes way for him, and shambles
off out of picture. THIRD MAN unslings his rifle.

1410 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI is clambering up a small ridge of snow across
the line. He stops but does not turn round.

YURI
Don't shoot me. I won't tell anybody, anything.

And shambles on up the ridge.

1411 CLOSE SHOT. THIRD MAN watches for a second or two, then re-
slings his rifle.

CUT

| | | | |
|------------------|----------|-----|-----------|
| EXTERIOR RAILWAY | LOCATION | DAY | SNOW-MIST |
|------------------|----------|-----|-----------|

1412 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. YURI wanders through thin mist towards a
place where the lines divide on either side of CAMERA. He halts and
sinks down.

1413 CLOSE SHOT. He considers whether it would not be best just to
stay there. But:

| | | | |
|----------------------|----------|-----|-----------|
| EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET | LOCATION | DAY | SNOW-MIST |
|----------------------|----------|-----|-----------|

1414 LONG SHOT. His POV. The SUN above the line.

| | | | |
|------------------|----------|-----|-----------|
| EXTERIOR RAILWAY | LOCATION | DAY | SNOW-MIST |
|------------------|----------|-----|-----------|

1415 CLOSE SHOT. YURI rises slowly out of picture, CAMERA stays
on his feet, his torn boots now bandaged with rags, plod on through the
snow.

CUT

EXTERIOR RAILWAY STATION LOCATION DAY SNOW

- 1416 LONG SHOT. An iced-up country station, once elegant, with flower beds, platform seats and trellis work. A frozen passenger train stands on the far platform along which YURI is walking.
- 1417 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI approaching along a rather grand carriage with frosted windows. As he comes into CLOSE UP he half raises a friendly hand, delighted and surprised.
- 1418 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) YURI'S POV. Seated opposite a LADY in a feathered hat, her back to CAMERA, a GENTLEMAN smiles out through the frosted glass of a compartment. The CAMERA halts in BIG CLOSE UP. The GENTLEMAN is stone dead.
- 1419 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI turns from the window, his gesture of greeting changed to a gesture of fear as he passes his hand over his bearded face. He walks on several paces not looking at the carriages, then turns his head:
- 1420 MEDIUM CLOSE TRACKING SHOT (Hand-held) YURI'S POV. The carriage windows passing by; here and there a suggestion of dead occupants. CAMERA PANS to the platform ahead; starving DOGS sniff and whine at closed doors.
- 1421 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI, his horror mounting. He suddenly raises his arm.
- 1422 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) YURI'S POV. The dogs drop down on all fours, half cringing, half ferocious.
- 1423 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. His attention is caught by a strange sound. He looks ahead at:
- 1424 MEDIUM CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) Big birds, kites or ravens, fly wildly out of the open window of a compartment, -searching.
- 1425 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI walks on looking up at the birds as they flap away. He avoids the open window as it passes by, keeping his eyes ahead:
- 1426 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) YURI'S POV. The last few doors of the last carriage are wide open. As we approach the first open door CAMERA PANS to the interior. It is empty.
- 1427 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI. He turns his head from the open door; looks down at the platform ahead.

- 1428 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) A ripped-open suitcase lies there in the trampled snow, a single high-heeled shoe and, further on, a silk hat. On SOUND childish voices float to us.
- 1429 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI fearfully raises his eyes from the platform to where the voices come from, somewhere ahead and to his left.
- 1430 LONG SHOT TRACKING. (Hand-held) YURI'S POV. Across the lines on the far platform a station building; open-fronted on the side nearest camera. As the track proceeds a group of wild children come into view inside the building. They are grouped around a fire, roasting something.
- 1431 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI gives a sob of horror; he is near breaking point.
- 1432 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI hobbles away from CAMERA half running. He scrambles down the end of the platform on to the track, fleeing ...

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET LOCATION DAY SNOWING

- 1433 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI. It is snowing. Ahead of him he sees:
- 1434 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. YURI'S POV. The backs of an OLD MAN, a SMALL BOY and a WOMAN clutching a BABY struggling through the snowfield ahead of him beside the line.
- 1435 CLOSE SHOT. YURI stops, staring at:
- 1436 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The backs of the receding figures ahead.
- 1437 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI. A terrible thought strikes him.
- 1438 CLOSE UP TRACKING. TONYA clutching the baby.
- 1439 YURI; an agonised shout:

YURI
Tonya!!

He runs.

- 1440 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. They turn, and seeing the scarecrow figure of YURI lumbering towards them they flee towards a tiny plate-layers hut beside the line.

- 1441 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with YURI, stumbling and shouting.
- 1442 MEDIUM SHCT The FAMILY disappear into the hut on the far side.
- 1443 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT (Hand-held) YURI running towards the hut, hysterical, triumphant
- 1444 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) His POV the hut approaching. As we round the corner we stop in CLOSE SHOT. The MAN, terrified and savage, stands in the doorway holding a kitchen knife. The FAMILY bears no resemblance to YURI's.
- 1445 CLOSE UP. YURI. He groans. The snow falls.
- 1446 CLOSE SHOT. The FAMILY. The MAN lowers the knife. Their eyes follow as:
- 1447 CLOSE SHOT. YURI is walking away up the line.

DISSOLVE

- 1448 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. YURI plodding along the line through falling snow; his hat, beard and shoulders white. He rubs his eyes and looks ahead.
- 1449 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT (Hand-held) His POV. The blurred image of the snowbound track.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR YURIATIN STATION LOCATION DAY SNOWING

- 1450 CLOSE UP TRACKING. YURI in lightly falling snow, against a darker background now.
- 1451 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (Hand-held) The blurred image of the track again, but now the lines are defined, the steel showing through the snow. On SOUND a sudden roar. Something black hurtles towards us. CAMERA jerks upwards:
- 1452 CLOSE SHOT. YURI sidesteps just in time to avoid being run down by a screaming engine which passes him.
- 1453 HIGH-ANGLE SHOT YURI is standing in the middle of the tracks between the platforms at YURIATIN STATION. The engine passes on down the line towing a repair train with a travelling crane. From the platform a little group of half a dozen people, including a RAILWAY OFFICIAL and a MILITIAMAN, look down at him

1453 Continued

curiously. He walks jerkily towards them. They draw back a little as if from some phenomenon.

1454 CLOSE SHOT Framed on either side by the legs of the group YURI reaches the platform. He stands looking up at them.

YURI
Is th - ? Is th - ?

MILITIAMAN (SOUND)
Yuriatin.

YURI nods. He examines the small height of the platform carefully. He manages to get one knee on it, and then the other.

YURI
What's happened at Varykino?

There is no reply. He scrambles to his feet.

1455 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT He stands looking at the group who form a semi-circle around him; each keeping their distance, a little afraid of the strange-looking figure before them.

YURI (agonised)
Varykino!

A COUNTRYMAN
There's nobody at Varykino.

YURI totters to him.

YURI
Yes. At Varykino.

COUNTRYMAN
The Moscow folk.

1456 CLOSE UP YURI nods, his face breaking into a smile.

(SOUND)
They've gone away. Went away. There's nobody at Varykino.

YURI's face is corpselike; his burning eyes wander and come back to the man. He wanders a few steps as if looking for guidance and, finding none, goes, leaves the group looking after him.

CUT

EXTERIOR YURIATIN STREET LOCATION DAY SNOW

- 1457 HIGH-ANGLE LONG SHOT. It is no longer snowing. YURI walks through a snow-covered street in Yuriatin. He approaches and turns a corner.
- 1458 CLOSE SHOT. He comes to a standstill looking eagerly upwards:
- 1459 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. His POV. The windows of LARA's apartment, snowed-up and no smoke coming from the chimneys. MUSIC LARA theme, hesitant.
- 1460 CLOSE UP. YURI stands looking up at the windows, his hope dwindling. He ambles on out of picture.

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO DAY SNOW

- 1461 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA shooting out through the darkened archway. The yard in a bad state of disrepair, the snow untrodden. YURI appears from the cul-de-sac. Resigned to defeat, he wanders to the doorway and enters the hallway. MUSIC stops.
- 1462 CLOSE SHOT. Two or three rats scuttle down the stairs and disappear into the dark.
- 1463 CLOSE SHOT. YURI comes to a standstill; looks around the dilapidated place hopelessly. The LARA MUSIC starts again, tentatively, seeming to draw his attention to:
- 1464 CLOSE UP. The brick in the wall which used to conceal the key
- 1465 CLOSE SHOT. YURI stands looking at it as at a souvenir of something long ago. The MUSIC becomes more insistent. CAMERA PANS as he goes over to the brick and takes it out. It falls with a crash from his weak fingers. He puts in his hand and his face changes. He pulls out a note, unfolds it cautiously, CAMERA tracks in to BIG CLOSE UP. On SOUND LARA's voice, breathless with delight and anxiety:

LARA (SOUND)

Lord what happiness! They say you are alive. Someone saw you near the Town. I take it you have gone to Varykino, so I'm going there myself with Katya. But just in case, I've left a little food, boiled potatoes mostly. Put the lid back on the pan or the rats will get it. I'm mad with joy.

He looks up from the note to the dark stairway. MUSIC building.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO DAY WINTER -
SNOW

- 1466 LONG SHOT LARA's room has a boarded window and less furniture but otherwise is as before. Everything is clean; everything that should shine, shines. The door opens and YURI enters shutting it behind him. He unconsciously takes his hat off and stands looking around the room taking it all in, his face quite stiff. He moves forward:
- 1467 CLOSE UP. The oil stove with the pan on it. A white plate and a shining spoon. A box of matches with one stick protruding from it. YURI's shaking hand enters picture and carefully takes off the lid. Potatoes.
- 1468 CLOSE SHOT. YURI replaces the lid and with meticulous care, strikes a match and lights the stove. A thought strikes him and he totters over to:
- 1469 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA's bedroom. He stands in the door, leaning against it for support, looking around the room. His eyes alight on something near to CAMERA and he moves forward. CAMERA PANS down to a CLOSE SHOT of LARA's simple dressing table. In front of the mirror neatly arranged brush and comb, pincushion, ribbon, hairpins and a pair of scissors.
- 1470 CLOSE UP. YURI looking down at them. He is showing emotion now; a feeble and half heart-broken delight. He looks up seeing:
- 1471 CLOSE SHOT. Himself in the mirror, red-eyed, filthy, with a ragged beard streaked with grey. He looks at himself with horror. His hand comes up in a futile attempt to adjust his collar.
- 1472 CLOSE SHOT. He takes off his coat, looking back over his shoulder at the door, not wanting to be discovered in this condition. He runs a hand through his hair, picks up the scissors, inexpertly begins to trim his beard. He sways a little, has to steady himself one hand on the table. MUSIC begins to distort. Finds himself looking at:
- 1473 BIG CLOSE UP. The ruin of himself in the mirror.
- 1474 BIG CLOSE UP. He stares at his reflection, his breath coming faster. The screen begins to diffuse and lighten. He lowers his eyes, breathing harder. MUSIC takes on a nightmare effect. He looks up again; a look of extreme horror crosses his face:

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET LOCATION DAY SNOW

1475 LONG SHOT. A diffused image of the distant figures of TONYA, ALEXANDER and SASHA running away from him across a white snowfield.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO DAY

1476 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI, now surrounded by whiteness. He shouts:

YURI
Tonya ...!

EXTERIOR RAILWAY SET LOCATION DAY SNOW

1477 MEDIUM SHOT. TONYA and ALEXANDER turn.

YURI (SOUND)
To-o-ony-a-a-a!!

They turn away and run.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT

1478/ BIG CLOSE UP. YURI lying on a white pillow, washed and in
1480 a clean shirt, in a freshly made bed. His lips do not move but we hear:

YURI (SOUND)
Tonya! Tonya. Tonya.

LARA (SOUND)
Yuri. Yuri. Yuri, darling.

His eyes resume a normal focus. CAMERA starts pulling back to reveal LARA bending over him. He looks up at her, unbelieving. He touches her arm, feels up it to her shoulder. She is there, and he is looking at her.

LARA
It's all right. They're safe. They're in Moscow.

YURI
In Moscow?

1478/ Continued

1480

LARA

Yes.

YURI

Tonya ?

LARA

All of them. They're safe.

He turns his head to say:

YURI

Safe ...

She looks down at him, speechless with happiness and pity. He is looking around the room seeing:

1481 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. HIS POV. The dressing table and the window. Night has fallen.

1482 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He looks back at her, quiet at last. On SOUND a sudden sharp burst of rifle fire, distant. His eyes widen with fear. She bends over him.

LARA

Sh ... Sh ... Sh ...

On SOUND, two more shots. Then another. LARA puts his arm under the sheets, and goes over towards the window; he watching her.

EXTERIOR LARA'S BEDROOM WINDOW STUDIO NIGHT
SNOW

1483 MEDIUM SHOT. From outside, looking up at the window from a low angle, we see LARA's silhouette pull the two curtains across the window.

EXTERIOR CUL-DE-SAC STUDIO NIGHT SNOW

1483A MEDIUM SHOT. Looking down on the cul-de-sac. A MAN stand there looking up at the window. He is not obviously a policeman, b

1483A Continued

has rather the air of a dogged shop-steward. After watching the window for a few seconds he strikes a match and lights a cigarette which is already in his mouth.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO DAY WINTER

1484 LONG SHOT. LARA's sitting room, shafts of sunlight streaking across it. She is sitting on the couch watching YURI who is pacing rather gingerly up and down trying out his legs. He is much recovered, shaved and wears an overcoat against the cold.

YURI (Making for the sofa)
Hoo! ... Ho!

He gratefully collapses beside her with a laugh.

1485 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA

YURI
Ha! ... Getting better.

LARA
You're still awfully thin.

His grin fades to a look of tenderness and gratitude; in a moment he will embrace her.

LARA (almost hastily)
Yuri. There's a letter for you. I've had it three months.

She rises and goes off.

(SOUND)
... and it was three months getting here.

1486 CLOSE SHOT. LARA opens the back of a defunct clock where she has been keeping it.

It's from Moscow ... I think it's from Tonya.

1487 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. We hear LARA crossing the room, then she puts the letter in his hand saying quietly:

LARA

1487 Continued

He locks up at her frowning

LARA (Cont) (Quickly)
She came into Yuriatin to find you when
you vanished. Someone sent her, here.

YURI
You met?

1488 CLOSE SHOT. LARA. She nods.

LARA
She's very fine.

1489 MEDIUM SHOT. As YURI examines the letter and opens
it, LARA goes slowly over to one of the windows and
stands in the sunlight, her back to him.

1490 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. As he reads we hear, on SOUND,
the voice of TONYA, quiet and dignified.

TONYA (SOUND)
My dearest dear,
I am sending this to Larissa
Antipova's because if you are alive, which
God grant, I think that is where you will
go. We have a little daughter Yuri, did
you know? Her name is Anna. Father sends
greetings. Sasha has grown quite a lot;
he is quite big now; whenever we speak of you
he weeps and won't be comforted.

A tremor in her voice here, a corresponding tremor
on YURI's face, then:

This is what I have to tell you. We are
being deported from Russia. We can't make
out if you would be allowed to join us. An
organisation in Paris which I mustn't name
will know where we are, but nothing is
certain and there is very little time. I am
writing this in haste. They are coming for
us now. Gos bless you.

He turns the letter to the second page.

I must honestly admit that Antipova is a
good person.

1491/ CLOSE SHOT. YURI, stupified with pain, begins to fold
1492 the letter.

1493 LONG SHOT. LARA at the window hears the rustle, turns and looks at him. He looks at her with burning eyes. She longs to help him, feels she shouldn't even if she could. A beat, then almost whispering, to get it all done with.

LARA
Yuri ... When they got away to Moscow she left something here.

YURI looks at her.

LARA goes and opens a tall cupboard, reclining at the bottom of it are:

A suitcase which we recognise, and the balalaika.

YURI flinches, then stares at the instrument.

DISSOLVE.

SCENE NUMBERS 1494 to 1498 CUT.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

1499 CLOSE SHOT. Night. From outside LARA'S sitting room window. YURI looks out into the darkness through the frosty window pane, his expression still blank with grief. In the background LARA looks up at him from some sewing. On SOUND a burst of rifle fire. LARA stands up, almost crying out. YURI too looks across the town, his eyes widening. A child's voice calls from the bedroom, nervously:

1499 Continued

KATYA (SOUND)
Mummy - ?

LARA
Coming Katya!

She goes. YURI turns his sightless gaze to:

EXTERIOR CUL-DE-SAC STUDIO NIGHT SNOW

1500 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI'S POV. The WATCHER's cigarette glows in the darkness.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

1501 CLOSE UP. YURI, framed in the window. His thoughts begin to return to the present situation.

CUT

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO DAY WINTER-SNOW

1503 CLOSE UP. A still-smoking cigarette butt lies in the porchway. It is daylight. CAMERA PANS up to disclose LARA approaching across the yard. She carries a small bag of shopping and some wood. She looks round nervously; nobody. She enters the archway not noticing the cigarette, CAMERA PANS with her as she starts the stairs.

1503 CLOSE SHOT. She stops suddenly and listens. Stealthy footsteps chime softly on the metal stairs, then feet on boards and silence.

LARA (Nervously)
Yes ... ? Hello ... ?

She moves on up out of picture.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO DAY

1504 MEDIUM SHOT The landing, LARA appears. She is now more puzzled than frightened, doubting the testimony of her ears. There is nowhere for anyone to have hidden. CAMERA PANS with her into CLOSE SHOT as she goes to her door. In the act of opening it she freezes:

- 1505 CLOSE SHOT. One of the other doors is slightly ajar, and the narrow aperture is darkened: it could be a man looking at her.
- 1506 CLOSE SHOT. LARA bursts into the sitting room and whips the door to behind her, panicky:

LARA (Whispering, stridently)
Yuri -

CAMERA PANS her across the room where YURI emerges from the kitchen.

- there's someone in one of the rooms.

YURI
What? Are you sure?

His question is answered by the sound of rapid footsteps across the landing and clattering down the stairs. CAMERA PANS with them as they rush to the door and open it.

- 1507 CLOSE SHOT They come out on the landing and stand looking down the stairs.
- 1508 MEDIUM SHOT. Their POV the stairs. Whoever it was has gone from sight but we can still hear them.
- 1509 CLOSE UP. YURI and LARA. She calls down pleading, then almost hysterically:

LARA
What do you want please? Why are you watching us?
... Please? ... We're not doing anything wrong! ...
Then why don't you leave us alone?

The footsteps have ceased. YURI puts his arm round her shoulder, but he too is jittery.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT SNOWING

- 1510 LONG SHOT. Night. Whirling snow chases through the cul-de-sac. No-one there. A light in LARA's window. A massive, unidentifiable figure labours into foreground of picture and goes towards the porch. In its shaggy fur coat, reaching to the ankles, it looks unpleasantly like some monstrous animal.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT SNOWING

- 1511 CLOSE SHOT. LARA appears in the frosted window and peers through looking for the WATCHER, as she has done many times before. Her eye is caught by the figure now almost below her. She quickly raises both hands to the glass to see better, staring downwards. What she sees brings a look of horrified incredulity to her face. She stands for a moment, then turns.
- 1512 MEDIUM SHOT Inside the sitting room YURI is stoking the stove. LARA comes from the window saying:

LARA
Yuri -

He stands upright and faces her. She hesitates. In the silence the sound of feet on the iron stairway. They both turn looking at the door.

Yuri - (He turns to her) It's -

- 1513 MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA SHOOTING down the stairs. KOMAROVSKY appears round the corner of the first landing. He is covered with snow. His moustache and beard plastered with it makes him look like a clown. (He was clean-shaven in the old days) As he comes up the second flight of stairs into CLOSE SHOT a light strikes across his face
- 1514/ MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the sitting room LARA has opened the door;
1519 we hear KOMAROVSKY's ascent. She backs nervously, glancing at YURI who looks back at her, serious and alert. KOMAROVSKY appears in the doorway. Slices of sleet slide from his coat as he regards them both, rather pleased by the effect he has created. The suspicion crosses our minds that he is not perfectly steady on his feet. But his firm, insolently commanding voice, quite quiet, reassures us.

KOMAROVSKY
Yuri Andreyevich, you've changed I think. Oh yes, decidedly. Larissa Antipova ... (A fatherly smile) ... remarkably the same. (Mildly, as recalling their manner: May I come in?

LARA goes right to YURI, standing by him so that they are touching. YURI smiles at her quickly.

KOMAROVSKY enters, shuts the door, sheds his coat onto the back of the chair at the head of the table, goes to a small mirror and begins to dry his hair with a handkerchief, saying:

1514/ Continued
1519

KOMAROVSKY

You wonder where I have come from ... I have come from Moscow. I am on my way to Vla -(A suspicion of a belch) Vladivostock. I am here(He turns) to offer you my help.

YURI

We don't want it.

KOMAROVSKY (sternly)

Speak for yourself, young man.

LARA

We don't want it.

He gives her an indulgent smile. Then, to YURI:

KOMAROVSKY

Yuri Andreyevich - (Breaks off) May I sit? (He does so) You served two years with the Partisans. Fifth Division; Commander Gregory Liberius; Political Commissar K. V. Razin. You have no discharge and so are a deserter. Your family in Paris, is involved with a dangerous emigré organisation. These are - (he belches, waves his hand) technicalities. Your style of life, everything you think and say, your published writings, are flagrantly subversive. Your days are numbered. Unless I help you. Do you want my help?

He takes out a cigar, a poor thing, but still, a cigar. YURI is considerably shaken, LARA appalled; but the set distaste on YURI's face remains.

YURI

No.

KOMAROVSKY has a moment of surprise, incipient anger, even alarm but is reassured by LARA's laying her hand on YURI and saying, quickly:

LARA

Wait Yuri.

KOMAROVSKY smiles, rummages in his greatcoat, dumps on the table a squat green bottle.

KOMAROVSKY

Larissa, three glasses.

1514/ Continued

1519

YURI reacts to his proprietary tone. To LARA:

YURI

No.

LARA hesitates between them, then:

LARA

Yuri you must see how serious this is.

YURI looks after her as she goes into the kitchen. He is recalled by:

KOMAROVSKY

Please don't underestimate me. Either practically - or morally. I am not the man you take me for.

LARA returns, puts three glasses before KOMAROVSKY, sits at the far end of the table - but still quite close to KOMAROVSKY - asks, quickly and quietly:

LARA

How d'you know all this about Yuri? How can you help?

KOMAROVSKY (pouring from the bottle into the glasses)
I do and I can. Isn't that sufficient?

LARA

No.

KOMAROVSKY makes no response. He holds out a glass to her and she takes it. Slides another to YURI.

KOMAROVSKY

Skol, Larissa!

LARA raises her glass, finds KOMAROVSKY smiling at her. He tosses off his drink, she lowers hers without drinking, her face clouded. YURI has seen this, understanding some reference has been made from which he is excluded.

Our Eastern Seaboard is an undeveloped area. (replenishes his glass, sits back) Our Commissariat for Foreign Affairs is setting up an independent state there. In short a puppet government. (tosses back the second glass, refilling it while:) It will afford a temporary channel of communications with the outside world. (sits back holding his third full glass) I have good commercial contacts in the Far East. I have been appointed Minister of Trade.

YURI
The Bolsheviks, trust you?

KOMAROVSKY
They trust nobody. They have found me useful. (he throws back the third glass) Here's how I can help you: Come with me to the Pacific Coast. From there you can go ... Wherever you like ... to Paris ... or (delicately) not ...

He has trodden with his unctuous delicacy slap into YURI's Holy of Holies - an already inflamed area. YURI looks at him with tormented eyes.

YURI
I think you'd better go.

KOMAROVSKY glares at him. He tosses back his fourth glass. He says quite quietly but with great intensity, shakily putting down his glass:

KOMAROVSKY
Your rarified selfishness, is (he belches), intolerable. Larissa Antipova is in danger too.

The disgust on YURI's face is wiped away by natural alarm. His attention thoroughly caught:

YURI
By association with me?

KOMAROVSKY (contemptuous in his turn)
You? You're small fry. By her association with Strelnikov.

LARA (looking at him with distaste)
I've never met Strelnikov.

KOMAROVSKY
You're married to Strelnikov; they know that.

LARA
I was married to Pasha Antipov.

KOMAROVSKY
I understand you. (he pats her hand which she withdraws) But they don't! You're being watched. Don't you know why? ... A husband's a sticky commodity my dear.

1514/ Continued
1519

LARA
Go away.

KOMAROVSKY (bellowing now)
More of this - (he struggles for words) high-minded lunacy! You have a child to think of! Look -

He rummages in his coat again, dumps on the table a damp bag, and says with maudlin resentment:

Sugar for the child.

LARA looks at him white faced, frozen with hatred and contempt.

LARA
I don't want it.

KOMAROVSKY
Who are you to refuse my sugar? (suddenly low and threatening) Don't look at me like that. (storming again) Who are you to refuse anything from me?

LARA bites her lip. YURI crosses quietly to KOMAROVSKY.

YURI
Now, you go.

It is a voice we have never heard before. "Beware the anger of a patient man". KOMAROVSKY slowly levitates. Having risen and got a little confidence he opens his mouth to protest but:

Go ... go ...

YURI thrusts the greatcoat into his arms, opens the door. KOMAROVSKY gets through rather quickly.

1520 MEDIUM SHOT KOMAROVSKY struggles into his coat on the landing. YURI stands watching him.

KOMAROVSKY
Very well. I came here -

YURI pushes him violently. He reels down the first flight of stairs to land with a crash against the wall there.

1521 CLOSE SHOT. YURI looking down at him.

1522 CLOSE SHOT KOMAROVSKY stares up at him; loses his temper:

KOMAROVSKY

Stay here then and get your desserts! Your desserts,
do you hear me?

The light goes off him. The sitting room door slams.

You think you are - immaculate! ...

He has made a violent gesture which sets him off balance and he goes flying, clattering down the stairs.

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT SNOWING

1523 MEDIUM SHOT At the foot of the stairs a few rats scuttle across the porchway. KOMAROVSKY lurches into picture and collapses on the floor, momentarily stunned. A rat darts over his hand and runs out into the falling snow. He heaves himself up.

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT

1524 MEDIUM SHOT YURI stands motionless inside the sitting room, turned away from LARA who is still seated at the table where the bottle stands. Hesitantly she lifts a shameful face and looks at him. KOMAROVSKY's voice comes up the stairs:

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)

You are not immaculate!

They turn to the door, listening.

I know you! ... Do you hear me? ... I know you!

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT SNOWING

1525 CLOSE SHOT KOMAROVSKY has mounted the first two stairs, his face is flushed and hateful, but oddly, also tear-stained. He bawls passionately:

KOMAROVSKY

We're all made of the same clay you know!... CLAY!!

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT

1526 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT LARA, in foreground at the table, looking at YURI, his back to her at the door. He lowers his head. She turns to the table as if having had sentence justly pronounced against her.

EXTERIOR LARA'S HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT SNOWING

1527 MEDIUM SHOT. KOMAROVSKY stumbles out through the porch into the flying snow, whimpering and rubbing himself as he walks away across the yard.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR LARA'S APARTMENT STUDIO NIGHT

1528/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA lying in bed. The
1529 room dark, the wind gusty outside. He is staring at the ceiling, she is curled up away from him. He turns his head slightly to look at her; looks back at the ceiling. The tension goes from his face and he turns looking at her tenderly.

YURI (A whisper)
Lara ...

LARA
...Mp?

YURI
He's rubbish, Lara.

A pause; she turns on her back, looking upwards.

LARA
Yes rubbish ... (Now she turns her head to YURI, softens at his look of tenderness.)
What are we going to do?

YURI
(As having thought about it) If we try to get on a train, they'll arrest us on the spot.

LARA
I don't want to stay here and wait, Yuri.

1528/ Continued
1529

YURI
No. listen.

He raises himself on one elbow, looking down at her.

We could go to ...

LARA
Varykino.

YURI
They'd find out sooner or later.

LARA
Yes but later. If our days are really
numbered, Yuri -

YURI
Yes. We'd better live them.

LARA
Yes.

Both of them are now smiling, but now with total
gravity.

YURI
Before we're parted.

1529 Continued

For a moment he fears LARA will be unable to accept this summing up, but then, quietly:

LARA
Yes.

They look at one another, their faces calm but their eyes troubled.

YURI (Softly)
Alright then; Varykino.

They kiss.

CUT. MUSIC full

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION WINTER SNOW

- 1530 EXTREME LONG SHOT. Their sleigh sweeps by down the road to Varykino, distant across a brilliant white sunlit landscape, the MUSIC triumphant and splendid.
- 1531 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. MUSIC continuous. YURI, LARA, KATYA in the sleigh which is piled high with supplies, hay for the horse and equipment. They are laughing, YURI driving and brandishing the whip for the benefit of KATYA. The sleigh swerves as YURI purposely runs it into the banked-up snow beside the road.
- 1532 CLOSE UP. KATYA clutching LARA, a little frightened, then roaring with laughter.
- 1533 LONG SHOT. The sleigh swings round the clump of poplars. CAMERA PANS with it to disclose the HOUSE. MUSIC modulates. It has been transformed by Nature beyond the imagination of Man. Each twist of its architecture the occasion for a tottering fantasy of snow, a sweeping curtain of ice. Its beauty is so intense as to be sinister; the ice Palace of a Siberian spirit perhaps, no fit home for organic creatures.
- 1534 CLOSE SHOT. The sleigh comes to a standstill against the background of the frozen pond. No-one moves. They sit there, looking upwards, their laughter fading to awe.
- 1535 LONG SHOT. Their POV. The snow-covered roof and domes, weirdly beautiful against the sky.
- 1536 CLOSE UP. LARA, looking up towards:

- 1537 LONG SHOT The ice-hung tower at the end of the house.
- 1538 CLOSE UP. YURI He turns round in his seat to look at:
- 1539 LONG SHOT The OUTHOUSE. Only the half-buried windows reveal that it is a dwelling at all.
- 1540 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT KATYA scrambles out of the sleigh. LARA turns to see what YURI is looking at; looks back at him uncertainly; he smiles faintly and climbs out of the sleigh.
- 1541 CLOSE SHOT. KATYA yanks away a yard-long icicle from the verandah porch and staggers back laughing under the subsequent cascade of snow. Her cheery din provides the adults with courage or cover as they come up the steps.
- 1542 CLOSE SHOT. The front door of the house, half open, a broken padlock hanging. YURI and LARA enter.

INTERIOR VARYKINO HOUSE STUDIO DAY WINTER

- 1543/ LONG SHOT. The hall. A drift of frozen snow extends a long white
1546 tongue across the floor from the door. YURI and LARA enter and stand looking around. Walls and floor are naked and clean except for a litter of dead leaves along the skirtings. The place is utterly silent, emphasised by the now fading cries of KATYA. Tall windows frosted over and shadowed by the plunging icicles outside let in the subaqueous light. The walls of the hallway soar up to a high roof where glazed domes glimmer. The staircase would accommodate a coach and pair. The only pieces of furniture which have not been taken away are those too heavy to shift. Thus in the centre of the hallway stands a marble table of colossal size ornate, weighing tons. On the landing an enormous tallboy, also marble-topped. An antique goddess, bland and sightless more than lifesize (as though the furniture had been designed for her) stands on a ponderous marble plinth. All these objects are familiar to YURI but looking at LARA finds her downright scared. He gives her his hand and they walk along the corridor their footfall echoing. YURI opens a door.
- 1547/ MEDIUM SHOT. The living room. Completely empty except for,
1550 senselessly, a single leather fishing boot, thigh length, which stands in the middle of the floor, its top over. LARA doesn't like it. She and YURI move to the middle of the room, look at one another, horrified by the predicament they have created for themselves, and helpless. YURI draws her to him for comfort. They kiss, each holding the other desperately hard. She senses something in his posture and looks up. He is staring over his shoulder at:

- 1551 MEDIUM SHOT. An open door leads into the library. A desk stands beneath a huge frosted window.
- 1552 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He frowns and blinks assailed by a host of memories but unable to account for the attraction which the piece exerts. CAMERA PANS with him as he goes briskly to the door as one who will clear up a mystery.
- 1553 LONG SHOT. YURI enters the library, the ultimate room of the house, its walls covered by empty bookshelves. In the foreground of picture is the desk. YURI crosses to it and lays his fingers on it, and stands for a moment as though receiving a message. He turns and smiles uncertainly as LARA joins him, looking at him curiously. With deft familiarity he opens and shuts the drawers.
- 1554 CLOSE UP. The last drawer contains a sheaf of dusty yellow paper, with pen and ink.
- 1555 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He looks at her, an expression of puzzled pleasure on his face and then in answer to her questioning frown:

YURI

Anna taught me to write at this desk.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY WINTER

- 1556 MEDIUM SHOT. Out in the garden KATYA comes towards CAMERA stamping regular blue footholes in the immaculate snow, taking sensuous pleasure in it, her expression stern. At every step she gasps:

KATYA

Ho - ! Ho - ! Ho - !

She tramps off screen, leaving an irregular row of foot-holes.

CUT

INTERIOR VARYKINO HOUSE STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

- 1557 CLOSE SHOT Through frosted glass, the white half moon at night
- 1558 MEDIUM SHOT. The moon is shining into the living room. A little glow comes from the stove. Above the stove is stacked a clutter of utensils and provisions. On mattresses, smothered with rugs furs, even strips of carpet we find LARA and KATYA both asleep. YURI beside them, motionless.
- 1559 CLOSE UP YURI. He is awake. He is looking back at:

- 1560 CLOSE SHOT His POV. The blurred bright moon.
- 1561 CLOSE SHOT. YURI turns his head questioningly, as though in answer to some message in the moonlight. He rises on one elbow, looks across the room to:
- 1562 MEDIUM SHOT His POV, through the open door. The desk in the library; the moonlight falling on it.
- 1563 CLOSE UP. YURI turns his head again, his gaze softening as it lights on:
- 1564 CLOSE UP. LARA asleep, the travelling moonlight just beginning to fall on her.
- 1564A CLOSE UP YURI looks from LARA to:
- CUT MUSIC. LARA theme.
- 1565 CLOSE SHOT. The moonlit surface of the desk. A warm glow begins to appear. It is caused by the light of a candle which YURI's hand places on the desk.
- 1566 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He sits at the desk, pauses. Then briskly takes out paper, pen and ink. He pauses again, breathing deeply, his hands laid flat, the paper between them. He dips the pen. He writes:
- 1567 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT A single word of five Russian capitals at the head of the paper.
- 1568 CLOSE UP. LARA, the moonlight now full on her face. She turns in her sleep.
- 1569 CLOSE SHOT. YURI. He goes for more ink. MUSIC stops. On SOUND, the distant, primeval, utterly desolate howl of a wolf. He turns sharply, listening intent. The howl comes again and suddenly leaps in volume as we CUT:
- EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER
- 1570 CLOSE SHOT. Outside YURI emerges from the library through the French door. He peers about over:
- 1571 LONG SHOT. His POV the endless plain, flashing white in the moonlight. The wolf howl ceases.

PROCESS SHOT

1572 LONG SHOT. The half moon, incandescent, rides in the darkness. On SOUND the wolf howl again.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER

1573 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI walks round the end of the house past an arrested cascade of ice and snow, each bright granule darting points of light. He stops in CLOSE UP looking alertly about again, seeing:

1574 LONG SHOT. His POV. A clump of conifers laden with snow. Beyond the silent white plain under the fathomless black sky.

1575 CLOSE UP. YURI townsman, intellectual, not knowing what to expect, hardly what to look for, but looking. His expression changes and he instinctively stiffens. He has seen:

1576 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The WOLVES. They are at a good distance, not more than eight of them, aware of him, uneasy, their shadows more palpable than themselves.

1577 CLOSE SHOT. YURI takes a step towards them, gesturing with an upraised arm.

1578 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The WOLVES turn springingly and vanish.

1579 CLOSE UP. YURI looks shocked and thoughtful; they have troubled rather than frightened him. He looks about uncertainly; his gaze falls on:

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

1580 CLOSE SHOT. The library window behind him, the candle a small shifting glow behind the frost. LARA theme again.

1581 CLOSE UP. The paper with its heading lies on the desk.

1582 MEDIUM SHOT. The paper and desk in foreground. In background YURI enters. He kicks a roll of cloth against the door's foot. Standing by the door he looks at the paper. Then he crosses, sits, and without a moment's hesitation, writes, his face fierce with energy.

CUT. MUSIC CUTS.

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO DAY WINTER

1583 CLOSE SHOT. The SUN through frosted glass.

- 1584 CLOSE UP. LARA lies awake. She turns her head and her gaze softens as she sees:
- 1585 CLOSE UP. YURI lies asleep.
- 1586 CLOSE UP. LARA shifts her gaze and her expression changes as she sees:
- 1587 MEDIUM SHOT. Through the open door, the desk, with burned-down candle, pen and ink.
- 1588 CLOSE SHOT. On the desk a sheet of paper (surrounded by many other sheets scrunpled into balls and pushed to one side.) CAMERA tracks into CLOSE UP. On the paper a poem of four-line stanzas neatly written with the single four letter word at the top. A hand takes the paper.
- 1589/ CLOSE SHOT. LARA reading the poem in her hand. MUSIC
1591 commences softly and strengthens as her eyes walk, carefully over the lines. She blinks, frowns, incredulous; unconsciously she sinks into the chair never taking her eyes from the paper. She shakes her head a little in bewildered protest as she nears the end, but her face is radiant. Coming to the last stanza, she is startled to find that YURI has come on frame and stands beside her. She holds out a gentle half-arresting, half-caressing hand and finishes the poem, the MUSIC resolving to a finish both tranquil and strong. When she looks up her eyes are filled and her voice chokes as she says:

LARA

This isn't me Yuri. (She is almost horrified that he should so madly over-value her)

YURI

Yes it is.

LARA

No ... It's you.

YURI

Read the title.

LARA (Whispers)

"Lara ..."

CUT. MUSIC, LARA theme.

PROCESS SHOT

- 1592 MEDIUM SHOT. The MOON, now full rides in the black sky.

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO NIGHT WINTER

1593/ CLOSE SHOT. At the desk YURI is writing. There is now a small
1597 pile of finished poems to one side, and a litter of boshed shots before him. He works with terrific concentration, his eye severe and critical. As we watch he carefully crosses out one word, carefully substitutes two others and again considers. He looks more like an engineer than the conventional poet. On SOUND:

LARA (SOUND, sharply)

Yuri ...!

He turns and sees her, draped in blankets, standing motionless by the stove, her face alarmed, the door to their "bedroom" open behind her. YURI is startled. She says, almost impatiently:

LARA

Yuri, there's a wolf howling.

YURI (Rising)

Oh yes, I -

His words are cut off by the mournful note of the wolf, very distant, not a physical threat but the very voice of desolation. LARA looks at him wide-eyed. He is surprised by the degree of her fear and going to her says almost chidingly:

YURI

I've seen them. They're frightened. They won't harm us.

LARA

I know. I'm sorry. It's -

She claps her hands over her ears as the sound comes again, and seeing her extremity YURI takes her by the shoulders, but before he can speak she gasps quietly, but with enormous feeling, trembling, staring at him:

LARA

Oh Lord. this is an awful time to be alive.

YURI (Gently)

No.

LARA

It is. It is.

YURI (Gently)

No no.

She stares at him comfortless, hopeless. He takes her face in his hands, kisses her with great tenderness. She looks up at him again, a warmth returning to her eyes. He kisses her again. She responds.

1598 CLOSE SHOT. The poems on the desk.

1599 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA lie together in her blanket in the little glow from the stove. Tenderness is still the mood. He is gently kissing her face; her eyes are closed.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER

1600 CLOSE SHOT. An ice-encrusted tree with the incandescent moon caught in its branches.

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO NIGHT

1601 CLOSE SHOT. LARA is silently weeping now, despite YURI's frantic desire to comfort her. Her eyes are open and fixed on him as he strokes her cheeks. her hair and repeatedly kisses her.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER

1602 MEDIUM SHOT. One of the conifers outside the house releases its burden of snow with a "whump". On SOUND a wolf howls distantly.

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO NIGHT

1603 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and YURI exactly as before. Now a tear appears in the corner of YURI's eye too. The effect on LARA is galvanic. The comforted becomes the comforter. She takes his head in her hands and kisses his eyes again and again. Now tenderness becomes passion, passion becomes desperate. He pulls her towards him and instantly the full length of her body is jammed against his and they are kissing mouth to mouth.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER

1604 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The house and its surroundings, the far horizon, the moon spinning in its own brightness. Faint, forlorn, the howl comes for the last time.

DISSOLVE

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO DAY WINTER

1605/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Daytime. YURI and LARA at the desk, both
1608 fully dressed. They sit silently, unmoving, the remnants of a meal pushed aside. Their faces are empty. They have sat like this for some time evidently, and they continue so for several beats before:

YURI

How long have we been here?

1605/ Continued
1608

LARA
Thirteen days.

He makes no answer. Another silence. Then:

Wouldn't it have been lovely if we'd met before ...

She cannot listen: "... before Komarovsky, before Fasha, before Tonya, before the birth of our children" and breaks off.

YURI
Before we did ... yes.

Another silence ensues, but now they look at each other.

LARA
We'd have got married and had a house and children ..
(She says it wonderingly) If we'd had children, Yuri,
would you have liked a boy, or a girl?

She is still smiling and YURI smiling with her. He is inclined to join in the elaboration of the wish dream. But he receives an apprehension of what they are at. His smile goes:

YURI
I think we may go mad, if we think about - all that.

LARA (Her smile persists)
I shall always think about it. (He looks at her; she looks at the poems) ... Will you write today?

YURI
No, not to-day.

Silence. Neither moves. Hiatus. But after a little, on SOUND, they hear a distant shout (a driver to his horses), then the screech of sledge runner, approaching and near. They look up, look at one another, frightened. Another shout much nearer (as the driver stops his vehicle) Then the front door opening. Heavy footsteps. One of the inside doors is opened, shut. The footsteps again, and:

1609 CLOSE SHOT. The door opens. A RED ARMY MAN stands there.

1610 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA, frightened and forlorn.

LARA (softly)
Katya! Come to me darling ...

1610 Continued

RED ARMY MAN (SOUND)
They're here!

1611 MEDIUM SHOT. Looking down the passage we see another RED ARMY MAN standing in the hall. He turns and goes out of the front door.

1612 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA are joined by KATYA. LARA puts her arm around her. CAMERA tracks slowly in as on SOUND the SECOND RED ARMY MAN passes on the message, "They're here". Footsteps coming up on to the verandah, into the hall and along the passage - by which time we are in CLOSE UP of YURI and LARA.

1613 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY appears in the doorway where he stands looking at them.

1614 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. She says, in pure relief:

LARA
Victor - ! (Confused) We thought

1615 CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY and RED ARMY MAN

KOMAROVSKY
Quite. (Turns to RED ARMY MAN) I wonder if you'd mind, Comrade . . .

RED ARMY MAN shows scant respect for him but turns and goes.

1616 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He is watching her.

1617/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. KOMAROVSKY shuts the door and CAMERA
1620 PANS with him as he crosses the room pulling off his gloves and looking around the place. His manner is curt and dry.

KOMAROVSKY
There is a train, belonging to my Government, standing in Yuriatin. It has a carriage for myself and my assistants; a sleeping-car; you would travel in comfort. And safety.

Seeing written paper on the desk he has picked it up with insolent idle curiosity. Finding it to be a poem he tosses it back with genuine off-hand contempt and it falls accidentally to the floor. LARA retrieves it and puts it back on the desk as KOMAROVSKY sits in YURI's chair.

The train leaves tonight, with or without you. I should add that I am here for the last time.

1617/ Continued
1620

YURI (Slowly)
There is no question of my coming with you.

LARA (Quickly)
I'm not going without you. (To KOMAROVSKY, a bit breathless) So there's an end to it.

YURI
Lara -

LARA (Not meeting his eyes)
I can't go without you.

KOMAROVSKY rises with an odd groaning sigh, as one patient though tried beyond patience's limit.

KOMAROVSKY
Then I must have a word with Yuri Andreyevich in private. (Looking about) Where ... ?

He is looking at:

1621 MEDIUM SHOT. The open door to the bedroom.

1622 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI catches his look and leads the way over to the passage door.

1623 CLOSE UP. LARA, startled and wary. On SOUND the door shuts.

1624 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and KOMAROVSKY come to a halt half way down the passage. In the background the RED ARMY MEN watch them curiously.

KOMAROVSKY (Quietly)
Strelnikov is dead.

YURI
What - ?

KOMAROVSKY
Spare me your expressions of regret. He was a murderous neurotic and no loss to anyone. D'you see how this affects Larissa? You don't. You're a fool.

He glances towards the RED ARMY MEN and, the initiative his, takes YURI to a door which he opens.

1625 MEDIUM SHOT. A small butler's pantry. YURI and KOMAROVSKY enter. KOMAROVSKY shuts the door and faces YURI.

KOMAROVSKY

She's Strelnikov's wife. Why d'you think they haven't arrested her - that's the usual practice? Why d'you think they watched her in Yuriatin? They were waiting for Strelnikov.

YURI (Looking at him, wary, but beginning to breathe hard) If they thought that Strelnikov would run to his wife - they didn't know him.

KOMAROVSKY

They knew him very well. He was five miles from here when they caught him. (YURI stares, appalled. KOMAROVSKY calmly presses his advantage:) I'll tell you the manner of it. He was arrested on the open road. He didn't conceal who he was. Indeed throughout the interview he insisted that they call him "Pavel Antipov" - which is his right name - and refused to answer to the name of Strelnikov. On his way to execution he took a pistol from one of the guards and blew his own brains out.

YURI

Oh my God . . . (His gaze wonders, suddenly flashes in alarm:) Don't tell Lara this.

KOMAROVSKY

I know Lara at least as well as you do . . . This neurotic gesture at the eleventh hour is just the sort of thing that would unbalance her. But you see her position. She's served her purpose. Those men who came with me to-day as an escort, will come for her and the child to-morrow, as a firing squad.

KOMAROVSKY drinks in YURI's helplessness. The venomous resentment of what follows is the more frightening because it must be kept low

(Smiling)

Now. I know exactly what you think of me. And why . . . But if you're not coming with me, she's not coming with me. So are you coming with me? Do you accept the protection of this - ignoble Caliban -? (Softly) On any terms that Caliban cares to make? (He lets this sink in) Or is your delicacy so exorbitant that you will sacrifice a woman and a child to it?

- 1626 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. LARA seated in YURI's chair, KATYA on her lap. Both looking at:
- 1627 MEDIUM SHOT. The closed door to the passage.
- 1628 CLOSE SHOT. LARA and KATYA. On SOUND footsteps in the hall. LARA rises.
- 1629 CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and KOMAROVSKY sweeps in followed by YURI who goes off in the direction of the bedroom.

KOMAROVSKY (Taking out a cigar)
Yuri Andreyevich has been visited with a flash of common sense.

- 1630 CLOSE SHOT. LARA looks at him for a moment or two, then walks off towards the bedroom.
- 1631 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY watches her cross the room, lighting his cigar at the same time.
- 1632 MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the bedroom LARA finds YURI throwing things into a bag. In a low, shamed voice she asks:

LARA
Are we going with him?

- 1633/ CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. He rises from the packing, looking
1635 straight at her.

YURI
There's no choice.

They hold each other's eyes, paralysed.

CUT

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

- 1636 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. KOMAROVSKY's sledge drawn up outside the front door. A RED ARMY DRIVER seated, second RED ARMY MAN standing around at the side and FIRST RED ARMY MAN on the verandah. KOMAROVSKY comes out of the front door with KATYA. He leads her by the hand to the top of the steps and says ingratiatingly to RED ARMY MEN:

KOMAROVSKY
There are some bags to carry, Comrades ...

1636 Continued

They look at him contemptuously; one turns his back. YURI and LARA appear in the door.

1637 CLOSE SHOT. YURI and LARA. Both dressed in greatcoats and carrying bags. They cross the verandah and descend the steps not looking at anyone. LARA comes to a standstill in front of the sledge where KATYA is already seated. YURI puts down his own bags, takes LARA's from her, CAMERA PANS with him as he stows them in the back.

1638 CLOSE UP. LARA standing sightlessly in front of the sledge. We hear:

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
Get in.

She does not seem to register the request but YURI comes into picture and, CAMERA PANNING with her eases her up into the seat beside KATYA. As this takes place we hear:

RED ARMY MAN (SOUND)
How many?

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
All of us.

RED ARMY MAN (SOUND)
Not room.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND. Blustering)
Comrade, there's got to be room -

1639 CLOSE UP. YURI

YURI
It's alright. I have to bring our sledge.

He starts tucking up LARA with a rug, not looking at her.

1640 CLOSE UP. LARA looking down at him.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
Well hurry; this train can't wait; there are important people on it.

1641 CLOSE SHOT. YURI

YURI
You start; I'll catch you up.

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
Oh. Yes.

He continues the tucking up as if their lives depended on his excluding any chink of air, but still he cannot look at her.

1642 CLOSE UP. YURI hands the balalaika to LARA, not looking at her. She flashes a glance of almost pure fear at him; for a second they stare horrified into one another's eyes, then he resumes his tucking up of her. The moment has come and gone too quickly for us properly to apprehend it.

KOMAROVSKY
I'll do that. Get your sledge.

1643 CLOSE SHOT. YURI steps back; looks up at LARA.

1644 BIG CLOSE UP. LARA looking back at him. KOMAROVSKY says to DRIVER:

KOMAROVSKY (SOUND)
Right, Comrade!

LARA hurriedly, urgently, blurts:

LARA
We'll see you -

1645 BIG CLOSE UP. YURI

YURI
Yes of course.

1646 CLOSE UP LARA. The sledge starts. CAMERA PANS with her. She twists around in her seat looking back. KOMAROVSKY turns too; shouts:

KOMAROVSKY
Hurry!!!

1647 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YURI standing at the bottom of the verandah steps, a bag at his feet, looking after them.

1648 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. His POV. The sledge rounding the bend in the road past the outhouse.

1649 CLOSE UP. YURI raises his hand.

- 1650 LONG SHOT. We see LARA raises her hand just before the sledge is partially hidden by the clump of poplars.
- 1651 CLOSE UP. YURI slowly lowers his hand. Stands watching the progress of the sledge.
- 1652 LONG SHOT. The sledge recedes rapidly up the straight behind the trees.
- 1653 CLOSE SHOT. YURI, his face emptied of feeling. He half turns towards the house, looks back towards the sledge, has a wonderful idea, looks up towards the roof. MUSIC. He dashes up on to the verandah and into the front door.

INTERIOR VARYKINO STUDIO DAY

- 1654 MEDIUM SHOT. YURI runs through the hall to the stairs.
- 1655 MEDIUM SHOT. He pelts up the stairs and disappears from view.

INTERIOR VARYKINO BEDROOM STUDIO DAY

- 1656 MEDIUM SHOT. He throws open a door into a long-disused bedroom containing a dilapidated brass bedstead. He rushes to the window.
- 1657 CLOSE SHOT. YURI tries to unlatch the frame but it is stuck fast in the ice. He scrabbles frantically at the frosted glass with his finger nails but without effect. He looks about, sees the bed, CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to it and unscrews one of the knobs, his fingers spinning; he returns to the window, raises his hand.
- 1658 CLOSE UP. From outside the window we see the glass splinter, leaving a star shaped opening in the centre of the opaque surface. YURI looks through at:

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

- 1659 LONG SHOT. The sledge, tiny now, outlined against the sky where the road crosses a ridge.

INTERIOR VARYKINO BEDROOM STUDIO DAY

- 1660 CLOSE UP. YURI looking through the star shaped opening.

EXTERIOR VARYKINO LOCATION DAY WINTER-SNOW

- 1661 LONG SHOT The sledge glides out of sight over the ridge. MUSIC dies.

1662 CLOSE UP. YURI. He takes a sharp inbreath and makes an involuntary gesture as though to arrest it, unable to accept what he has done. With a barely perceptible sound the broken glass collapses, still further, leaving him framed within its jagged edges.

CUT

EXTERIOR YURIATIN STATION LOCATION NIGHT WINTER-
SNOW

1663 CLOSE SHOT. A railway signal clonks into the "Go" position.

1664 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. Yuriatin station. An unusual number of soldiers and officials stand beside the special train. The locomotive sighing rhythmically. A whistle blows; last minute handshakes for departing dignitaries. A window is lowered in foreground of picture.

1665 CLOSE UP. KOMAROVSKY peers out, looking along the platform. Satisfied, he pulls up the frosted window again.

INTERIOR SPECIAL TRAIN STUDIO NIGHT

1666/ MEDIUM SHOT. Inside the carriage KOMAROVSKY plumps down
1669 opposite LARA, who frowns him to silence, indicating KATYA asleep. He cannot hold his triumph, nor conceal an undertone of uneasiness:

KOMAROVSKY

Well I'm afraid that's it my dear. Your young man isn't coming.

LARA looks at him almost in wonderment.

LARA

You fool. (Proudly) Did you really think that he, would come with you ... ?

His face darkens as he registers the full force of the insult. With a bang and a jolt the train moves. Instinctively LARA turns to the window with precisely the same inbreath and half gesture of protest that YURI made. But at once she sinks away. The train gathers speed.

KOMAROVSKY (Sullenly resentful, unable to let it alone)
The man's an idiot! From Mongolia he could have gone to China From China he --

A little warmth, the product of pride, creeps into LARA's ashen face.

1666/ Continued
1669

LARA (To herself rather than him)
He'll never leave Russia.

KOMAROVSKY
Let him stay then.

He flings himself back in his seat, furious. He turns to look at her.
Viciously:

You've come with me, haven't you?

LARA (Whispers)
Yes ...

Her glance falls on the child. He follows it.

KOMAROVSKY
Ah to be sure. It was your duty as a mother.

She looks at him, very grave. Almost compassionately, and again
proudly:

LARA
That's right, Victor ... I'm carrying Yuri's child.

KOMAROVSKY stares, and this time his anger is deep; he is almost
scared; this is true defeat; he has merely been made use of. And
she looks back almost scared in turn, wondering what this is going to
mean to her, to Katya and the unborn child in the time to come.

EXTERIOR RAILWAY LOCATION DAY FOR NIGHT WINTER-SNOW

1670 MEDIUM SHOT. The wheels of the train sweep past. CAMERA lifts
slightly to show an EXTREME LONG SHOT of the train as it recedes
into the white distance. On SOUND we hear the voice of the GIRL at
the beginning of the picture.

THE GIRL (SOUND)
I was born out there, in the Far East somewhere ...

CUT

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

1671/ CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF and the GIRL in the hut at the dam.
1675 Bright sunlight now.

1671/ Continued
1675

THE GIRL
I think it was Mongolia. I don't remember ...

YEVGRAF
You were born in Mongolia. And you were born that
very year.

He has claimed her though gently; the brightness fades from her face
and she withdraws.

THE GIRL
So were a lot of other children, Comrade General.

YEVGRAF
Not many called Tonya, bearing the name Komarov, or
Komarovsky -

She looks harassed.

THE GIRL
- Komarov's a common name, so's Tonya.

YEVGRAF
--- with fair hair and grey eyes, lost at the age of eight
when the Civil War broke out in the Far East ... There's
something that you haven't told me, Tonya. (Very gently)
How did you come to be lost?

THE GIRL (Quickly)
I can't remember.

YEVGRAF
I don't believe that. You must remember something.

THE GIRL
No.

But her voice is almost shrill and YEVGRAF sees that she either does
remember or that the memory, repressed, is very near the surface.
He considers:

YEVGRAF
Shall I tell you how I met your mother?

She looks up, eager for more story, but remembers to say:

1671/ Continued
1675

THE GIRL

If she was my mother, Comrade General.

YEVGRAF

Listen and decide. I picked my brother up - literally picked him up - on a Moscow street. He had a fourth-class ration book and he was undernourished. He didn't seem to mind that or anything. I thought he was a happier man than me. (He smiles wryly, the Girl for the moment forgotten) He suffered me to buy him a new suit. And get him a job at his old hospital ...

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET DAY LOCATION SPRING

1676 MEDIUM SHOT. YEVGRAF is steering YURI, looking doubly frail in his thick new suit, towards a tram. YEVGRAF talking earnestly, YURI gravely nodding.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I saw him off for his first day's work. This was eight years after he and - Lara, parted.

THE GIRL (SOUND. Disappointed, tender:)
So he never saw her again?

They reach the tram in CLOSE SHOT; passengers getting on and off. YURI embraces YEVGRAF.

YURI

Thank you. You've been very kind to me.

He mounts the tram with assistance. The CONDUCTOR rings the bell and the tram jerks away. YURI calls back to YEVGRAF, eyes twinkling, but face straight:

You're right. It's a matter of self-respect.

1677 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF smiles, raises his hand.

1678 MEDIUM SHOT. From the back of the receding tram YURI waves back and turns inside.

1679 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF looking after the tram.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

He must have known how ill he was. The walls of his heart were like paper. But he kept it to himself. He kept a lot to himself. (He turns away abruptly) No.

INTERIOR TRAM LOCATION DAY

- 1680 CLOSE SHOT. YURI sitting in a single seat by the window. He looks out of the window dreamily.
- 1681 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. POV YURI. The busy pavements of the street ahead. A female figure appears and disappears among the passersby walking in the same direction as the tram. We recognise, or we think we recognise - LARA.
- 1682 CLOSE UP. YURI idly gazing, hasn't seen her.
- 1683 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT (Perhaps zooming in a little) The female figure again. As the tram gains on her she comes into profile. MUSIC begins. It is LARA. She too has aged eight years, is poorly dressed, but not in such terrible shape as YURI.
- 1684 CLOSE UP. YURI recognises her a moment after we do. The tram stops with a jolt. For a moment he just sits looking at her in amazement.
- 1685 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with LARA as she walks along the pavement, now gaining on us.
- 1686 CLOSE SHOT. YURI rises from his seat. The gangway is packed with solid looking people. He makes an effort to push through but new passengers are pushing forward from the entrance. The bell rings, the tram starts off again. YURI desperately returns to his seat.
- 1687 CLOSE UP. He presses his head against the glass, looking ahead.
- 1688 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. POV YURI. The tram is catching LARA up again. She is now very near as the tramway has closed in towards her pavement.
- 1689 CLOSE SHOT. YURI half rises; scrabbles desperately to open the window. It is jammed. He sits again.
- 1690 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. LARA is again almost level with the tram and only a few yards away. CAMERA PANS with her and leads us to a big CLOSE UP of YURI. He beats at the window as if in some claustrophobic nightmare, beads of perspiration on his forehead. Turns, fighting for breath, gathers himself for one final effort, rises.
- 1691 CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA PANS with YURI, now terribly white, as he fights and pushes his way through a sea of faces staring at him in the gangway. The bell rings. un-naturally loud. The tram stops again, everyone swaying. He pushes on.

- 1692 CLOSE SHOT. He reels onto the platform, looks wildly down at:
- 1693 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA walks by, almost underneath. Disappears behind the body of the tram.
- 1694 CLOSE UP. YURI tries to call her name - but can't. Lurches forward.
- 1695 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. He almost falls off the tram into the road. Staggeres a couple of steps, collects himself, looks ahead at:
- 1696 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA drawing away along the pavement.
- 1697 CLOSE UP. YURI. Looks desperately after her, moves forward.
- 1698 LONG SHOT. The tram in foreground of picture. The passengers all looking at YURI. He staggers a few steps after the receding figure of LARA, then falls to the ground. MUSIC stops. Passengers and other passersby run to him forming a little circle, so we see him no more. In the background LARA walks on unaware, and is lost in the crowd.

DISSOLVE

EXTERIOR CEMETARY LOCATION DAY SPRING

- 1699 CLOSE SHOT. Feet are passing along a well-kept path, varied feet in boots, shoes and pumps, or simply wrapped in rags.
- 1700 MEDIUM SHOT. In foreground, the people to whom the feet belong. Old folk mostly, the remnants of the old intelligentsia, but there is a sprinkling of earnest looking modern youngsters. They make their way quietly between the headstones of a sunlight cemetery, on their way from a new grave, well laden in flowers, in the background.
- YEVGRAF (SOUND)
I was astonished to find the extent of his reputation.
His work was unobtainable at that time. It was dis-
approved of by the Party. But if people love poetry -
- 1701 CLOSE SHOT. The flowers on the grave. Spring flowers, daffodils.
- they love poets. And nobody loves poetry like a Russian.
- 1702 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF looking down at the grave. Behind him a voice says:

LARA (SOUND)
Excuse me, Comrade ---

1702 Continued

He turns. CAMERA PANS slightly to include LARA. She says:

LARA

Are you . . . Yevgraf? My name is Lara.

1703 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF reacts with great interest while she, agitated, collects herself.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

I knew her name from the "Lara" poems which I had found among my brother's manuscripts.

1704 CLOSE UP. LARA

LARA

I knew your brother. I need your help.

CUT

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

1705 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF and THE GIRL in the hut.

YEVGRAF

That was how I met her, Tonya. She had come to Moscow, to look for -

1706 CLOSE UP. THE GIRL. YEVGRAF continues on SOUND:

- her child. I helped her, as far as anyone could.

CUT

INTERIOR ORPHANAGE STUDIO OR LOCATION DAY SUMMER

1707 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Children's faces, all of them girls, look up past CAMERA which is travelling along them at adult eye-line.

1708 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LARA, followed at a respectful distance by YEVGRAF and MATRON, is inspecting the little girls who have been lined up for her in a rather bleak orphanage. She is terribly moved by the unguessable predicaments of all these small people.

1709 CLOSE UP TRACKING. More faces of young girls passing by. Dark, blonde, tough, shy. All looking up at the beautiful sad lady with the intent, loving eyes.

1710 CLOSE UP TRACKING. LARA from the children's eyeline. A faint play of emotion, or a soft reassuring smile, a sudden gravity, a dawning hopelessness.

1711 LONG SHOT. LARA has come to the end of the line. She stops, turns to YEVGRAF and MATRON, shakes her head. MATRON claps her hands and the children run off.

CUT

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

1712 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF and THE GIRL.

YEVGRAF

But I knew it was hopeless ... In fact, you were still running wild at that time, weren't you?

THE GIRL (Subdued)

Yes, Comrade General.

1713 CLOSE UP YEVGRAF

YEVGRAF

I think ... I was a little in love with her ...

EXTERIOR MOSCOW STREET LOCATION DAY SUMMER

1714 MEDIUM SHOT. LARA is crossing a street, walking away from CAMERA. After a few paces she turns, still walking, looks upwards behind her and waves.

1715 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF in the window of a house looking down at her. He waves back.

1716 LONG SHOT. YEVGRAF'S FOV. LARA reaches the far side of the street and passes beneath a colossal poster of STALIN. holding on his arm a little boy, with the heads of children looking up at him trustfully.

YEVGRAF (SOUND)

One day she went away and didn't come back.

LARA begins to mingle with the passersby. By the time YEVGRAF has finished speaking she is lost to view.

I tried to trace her; but I couldn't. She must have been arrested in the street, as so often happened in those days,

1716 Continued

YEVGRAF (Cont)

and she died or vanished somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list which was afterwards mislaid, in one of the innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north.

CUT

INTERIOR HUT STUDIO DAY

1717 CLOSE UP. THE GIRL. She is moved to the verge of tears, her face puckered. She looks away, swallowing.

1718 CLOSE UP. YEVGRAF leans forward towards her.

YEVGRAF (Compelling)

Tonya, how did you come to be lost?

1719/ MEDIUM SHOT. A pause. She fights for control, can't achieve it.
1722

THE GIRL

We were running, in a street -

YEVGRAF (Quickly)

- we?

THE GIRL

My father ...

YEVGRAF

Not your father - Komarovsky.

THE GIRL (Wildly)

I don't know - ! (Now it must come; total recall; her distress uncontrollable) The street was on fire ... And there were explosions ... The houses were falling down. We were running and he - he - he let go of my hand.

This was the worst moment of her life. She is shaking:

He let go of my hand - (She struggles desperately with herself; looks away and squeaks:) And - (Shrugs) I was lost.

YEVGRAF (Moved, gently:)

Would a father, have done that.

1719/ Continued
1722

She looks at him and informs him, factually.

THE GIRL

Oh yes. People will do anything.

He knows it too well. He is moved. Takes refuge in harshness:

YEVGRAF

Where was your mother?

THE GIRL (A desolate whisper)

I don't know.

YEVGRAF

She was in hospital; she had typhus. It was Komarovsky.

This man was your father!

She looks down at the photographs. She considers wistfully what she obviously takes to be an attractive proposition.

Why won't you believe it? (Gently, puzzled) Don't you want to believe it?

THE GIRL

Not if it isn't true.

YEVGRAF (Looks at her, suddenly peaceful)

Ah ... That's inherited.

THE GIRL

Comrade General, when I was a child I wanted parents - ... Well, you can imagine how I wanted parents. I wanted to die when I was a child. You know? (YEVGRAF nods, attending carefully) But now ...

Her gaze wanders to the window and back to YEVGRAF. She concludes quite lightly:

I don't know ... (A little appeal) And I can't be of any use to them now, can I?

YEVGRAF

I was hoping I might be of some use, to you. Will you think about it?

THE GIRL (We sense she is in a hurry to be gone)

Yes.

1719/ Continued
1722

YEVGRAF
And will you take this? (The book)

THE GIRL
Yes. (Taking it)

YEVGRAF
And may I see you again? (She
looks at him, scared again). Well
think about it.

YEVGRAF rises.

EXTERIOR DAM LOCATION DAY SUMMER

1723 CLOSE SHOT. Outside the hut, the YOUNG WORKER, ADC
and POLICE are drowsy with waiting. The other
loiterers have gone. Background nondescript mountain
side. On SOUND a door opening; all look up at:

1724 MEDIUM SHOT. Shooting from behind them down onto
area of white concrete; YEVGRAF and GIRL descend
from hut. YOUNG WORKER walks forward, down into
frame. They meet at the bottom of the steps.

1725/ MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF looks at YOUNG WORKER
1727 very military. The boy swallows but sustains the
look. YEVGRAF looks to the girl for explanation
but she says to YOUNG WORKER:

THE GIRL
It's all right, David.

She takes the bundle from him, holds it in her hand.
YEVGRAF looks at the boy, a bit hostile, a bit
jealous. This wasn't part of his plan. They look
very defenceless, very proud, move close together.
But the GIRL looks sympathetically at YEVGRAF.
YEVGRAF likes them. He relaxes.

YEVGRAF
You work here?

1725/ Continued
1727

YOUNG WORKER
Yes Comrade General. I'm an operator.

YEVGRAF
What do you operate?

THE GIRL (proudly, pointing:)
That!

1728 MEDIUM SHOT. Their POV. A giant excavator, well used but in perfect condition. Behind it now, a glimpse of the workings - a lorry park say, with neat lines of ten-wheelers.

1729 MEDIUM SHOT. As before. YEVGRAF grunts. A moment of awkwardness. The Great Man facing the Young Things across a chasm.

YEVGRAF
David operates Goliath.

The official quip meets with obedient laughter. But they are liking him, though it doesn't cross the boy's mind to see him, as THE GIRL is beginning to, as a fellow human being. He is Authority. To release them YEVGRAF steps back a step or two, his hands behind his back.

YEVGRAF
You've promised to think about it, Tonya.

The boy looks at her not altogether happily, sensing a relationship from which he is excluded.

1730 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF. He raises his hand in a half-civilian salute, hesitates for one moment and walks away towards his ADC. After a few paces we hear, on SOUND, a little discord of musical notes. YEVGRAF stops, turns:

1731 CLOSE SHOT. THE GIRL and THE BOY. He is helping her hitch up her bundle. A rough peasant's BALALAIKA is strung to its back. They move off.

1732 CLOSE SHOT. YEVGRAF calls after them:

YEVGRAF
Tonya!

1733 CLOSE SHOT. The GIRL and the BOY stop and turn.

1734/ MEDIUM SHOT. YEVGRAF is coming towards them.

1737 CAMERA PANS with him into a CLOSE SHOT with the two of them.

YEVGRAF (Innocently)
Can you play the balalaika?

She stares back at him, his meaning beginning to dawn. But the boy takes it at face value:

YOUNG WORKER
Can she play ...!

YEVGRAF (Still looking at the GIRL,
and smiling now) She plays well?

YOUNG WORKER
Tell the Comrade General.

He gives her a little shove, but she simply moves away from him a little not taking her almost frightened eyes from YEVGRAF.

She's an artist!

YEVGRAF
An artist ... Who taught you?

YOUNG WORKER
No-one taught her.

YEVGRAF
Ah, then it's a Gift!

On which word, MUSIC, Balalaika, lyrical, dazzling, an irrepressible fountain of notes. YEVGRAF steps back.

- 1738 We see BOY and GIRL his POV. Their movement now brings onto frame the dam itself, a glorious curve of concrete soaring up to the floating clouds.
- 1739 CLOSE UP. YEVRAP watching them go. MUSIC playing louder, faster.
- 1740 LONG SHOT his POV. The BOY and GIRL recede, passing from frame diagonally. As they go the dam gates open. The roar of the water and the music compete. When BOY and GIRL have gone the plunging water, its arc of rebound and billowing spray occupy the screen alone, over which:

FINAL CREDITS.

T H E E N D

