The Horseman on the Roof

By Jean-Claude Carrière
Angelo!
Angelo!
Run! Run!
What are you waiting for?
Godspeed!
THE HORSEMAN ON THE ROOF
- You want a room?
- No, only a rest.
But your horse looks worn out.
Put some wine in his oats.
My sister's ill...
Do as I asked!
Why are they ringing?
For the doctor. He's out,
but at least five people are ill.
The water's gone sour.
Is Manosque far?
You won't be there by tonight.
It takes a day.
Are you sick too?
Dear Mother,
You wanted me to live recklessly.
Today, I would make you proud.
Once again, I am fleeing.
I left Aix.
Don't write me there.
Austrian spies are in France.
They found our trail.
All Italian patriots are in danger.
I must find them in hiding
to bring word.
I am going to the town of Manosque
where many of our exiled friends live.
I hope this letter will reach you.
Are you still in Turin?
Italy seems so far away,
and there are so many perils.
Maggionari!
At Aix, they got Giacomo!
They nearly got me too!
No, not you, Paolo.
Maggionari, where are you?
I'm here!
Always fleeing!
When can I face the enemy,
so you may see your son's valor?
You taught me how to live,
and every day I thank you.
I hear your words of advice.
You are always present.
I want to free Italy single-handedly...
to make you proud and find you again.
Lay down! Lay down!
- Let go!
- Lay down!
- Are your legs cold?
- They're fine!
Stay calm! You're all white.
Show me your eye!
Do you feel this?
Stop. Stop it!
Drink this!
- What is it?
- I'm a doctor. Drink!
It's kept me standing for three days!
Were you in the village?
- Anybody ill?
- Dead people everywhere.
- Did you touch them?
- No, I...
Stay here! Mind the horses.
I'll take a look.
But they're all dead!
Some hide. One was in a pigeon coop.
It's the same all over!
What is the same?
What has happened?
Cholera! Asiatic cholera!
Where have you been?
It's the greatest epidemic ever!
Wait!
Let me... Can you see me?
You recognize me now?
Don't be afraid...
I'm going to cure you.
- Let me help you!
- No! Run! Don't stay here!
Who do you think I am?
Tell me what to do.
Well, hold him then!
Don't let him go!
God, it happens fast!
Why so fast?
Rub, that's all you can do...
to stimulate the circulation!
Hold him tight!
I knew them all, you see.
This is my valley.
I come winter and summer,
and now I'm losing them all.
I must go to La Gardiole now.
There's nothing left to do here.
I'm on my way now.
Maybe someone is still alive there.
What a curse!
Go free the animals,
or they'll starve to death.
Would you like one?
Why not, after all...
I've never smoked but now...
You smoke like a rich man.
And your boots... nobleman's boots.
I'm a colonel.
Oh, sorry.
Colonel in the Hussards.
Not here. In Italy.
Did you earn it in battle?
Never. My mother bought my rank.
The "mama" is generous.
Anyhow, I'm no one anymore.
An outlaw?
An outlaw, yes.
In Turin, I'm sentenced to death.
Poor Italy!
Austria's got her on a leash.
Get away!
Don't touch me! Get out of here!
Hurry north!
Stop! Calm down!
Drink!
Poisoner!
There!
- What did you put in the water?
- Where's the poison?
He took it from the bag!
Get off!
- Move back!
- Get up!
Leave him to us!
Hang him! Hang him now!
Murderer! Murderer!
Did the government pay you
to kill the workers...
and say it's cholera?
You're as good as dead, pretty face!
Look at his boots! A nobleman!
- Leon!
- Chief.
Find the box?
I'm sure it was there.
Someone's moved it.
No, it's no use. I already looked!
- What?
- Another one.
Fine. Put him there.
It's all right.
- Leon!
- I can't find it!
Holy Christ. Hurry up!
Look at that.
All ratting on each other!
Even in the same family. What a pity.
They blame priests, Jews...
The cholera's a bitch,
but this is far worse!
- I'm...
- I know.
A fountain prisoner.
You're the third since yesterday.
It keeps them busy.
They'll end up hanging me.
Some have seen angels,
bearded snakes, rats singing Hail Marys.
Why are you in this mad town?
To see a friend.
You still have friends?
It's cold in here.
I've never been so cold in this season.
What does it mean?
Come on. Burn it up. Burn it all up!
Come on!
It's getting late.
Giuseppe?
There he is! That's him!
Hey, where did they come from?
He's here. I'm sure.
He's there! I see him!
I'm not dead.
Give me that.
You're a fearless cat.
My mother would like you.
Could you take a message to her?
These days she's in Milan.
You'll find her easily.
All the cats know her.
A duchess who talks only of revolution.
Tell her what is happening to me.
Coming?
Murderer!
Stop him!
Poisoner!
Come on, children! Hurry up!
Quick!
Are you right to like men?
Beware when they're scared.
You see the Austrian?
He came from Italy to kill me.
A long journey just to bring me death.
And, now, look.
Perhaps God wants to end it all...
with mankind, at least.
What will you cats do without us?
Stay here.
Come here!
Don't be afraid.
I'm a gentleman.
Why should I be afraid?
The whole town is afraid.
- You too.
- Me? No.
- Then why hide there?
- No, I...
It's a bit complicated. 
I ran all day across roofs, 
fleeing death. 
I haven't slept in two days. 
I came in the attic to rest. 
I know. I heard. 
I am sorry. I woke you? 
You must be hungry? 
I'm very thirsty. 
I was about to eat. Come. 
No, wait. 
What? 
I'm a mess. I'll frighten them. 
Who? There's no one. 
I won't intrude. 
You're not. I invited you. 
I'm really sorry. 
I look like a criminal. 
And you dare to welcome me? 
It's my aunts' home. 
They're... 
No, they left three days ago. 
Come. 
They only left tea, bread 
and some honey. Is that all right? 
It's fine. Perfect. 
The bread's stale. 
You must break it up. 
Why are you standing? 
You're tired. Please sit. 
- Is the cat yours? 
- Yes. 
Well, no. He follows me. 
He broke a glass. 
If I survive, 
my aunt will never forgive me. 
I'm sorry. 
Enough! Stay there! 
Wait for me! 
I'm making horrid noises. 
Sorry. My throat's dry. 
Stop apologizing.
You'll make me nervous.
- Sorry.
- I'll make tea.
Am I depriving you?
Nobody's depriving me.
You can't stay in this town.
You're alone, but you let strangers in.
You're very rash.
You think so?
I didn't open my door.
You fell from the sky.
You should have gone with your aunts.
Why didn't you?
Why?
I don't answer all questions.
- I'm sorry.
- Not again.
Are you always like this, so formal?
It's ridiculous?
Not at all. It's reassuring to meet
a person like you in these times.
I congratulate the person
who raised you.
Was it your mother?
How old?
Twenty-five.
That old.
I won't bother you.
What are you doing?
Thank you for tea.
Good-bye, madame.
- What did I say?
- I will not be ridiculed.
I didn't, at least not on purpose!
- You're so sensitive.
- Very.
Don't leave. Please...
stay a bit longer.
I'm scared too.
You hide it well.
Thank you.
I'll find it. Don't worry.
They always hide their plums and brandy.
My sweet aunts drive me crazy.
Put your hat on.
Angelo!
Giuseppe.
You devil.
Dear Mother,
Will this letter reach you?
There no longer is any mail here.
The roads and harbors are all cut off.
Cholera has struck, as you must know.
May God preserve Italy.
I braved the epidemic,
reaching Manosque,
to reunite with my friends in exile.
One of ours betrayed us.
A man I thought my childhood friend.
He sold us to the Austrians.
Maggionari. Yes, Paolo.
Remember, he would bring berries
in the summer.
He is the traitor.
I've seen the disease strike blindly.
It can kill us all, friend or foe.
The Austrians chasing us
are almost all dead.
What is the meaning of all this?
Do you know?
Is there some hidden message
that eludes me?
Some talk of a holy punishment.
But for what sins?
I was not prepared for this trial.
I try to be honorable,
but it's not always easy.
I seem to be changing,
to be seeking more from life.
- What's up? Move on!
- I'm exhausted.
It doesn't matter to me.
What for?
Stop! It's pointless.
We will die. All of us!
Shut up!
I hate this country. I want to go home!
What are you doing?
I'm taking what's mine!
You scum!
Leave? Where do you want to go?
The whole region is sealed.
We can't get out.
There must be a way.
The army is controlling the roadblocks.
Find me a good horse, I'll find a way.
You might.
Where would you go?
I want to go back to Italy, Giuseppe.
Italy!
You'll be denounced
when you cross the border.
Fine! Then I'll fight.
If I die,
at least it'll be for something.
Here, we will all die for nothing.
Find me a horse, Giuseppe.
I'm leaving for Italy in two hours.
It was decided tonight.
I will go to Milan, to deliver the money
gathered by our patriots in exile.
Giuseppe used to ship it to Genoa,
an impossibility now.
The epidemic has ended it.
Our brothers need this money...
for the fight that lies ahead.
You never told me
revolutions require money.
Milan... will you be there,
or will you have returned to Turin?
I wondered who would
deliver this letter.
In the end, it will be me.
You will read it on your terrace...
with your impatient flick of the hand.
Behind you, the tall poplar tree
I climbed as a child...
to overcome fear.
I don't care about papers.
You can't come through!
Don't stay here, children!
My father.
They've got my father.
I had to...
Is he dead?
- You knew him?
- Since childhood.
Madame! Come back!
They fear contagion.
I see.
And you?
- What about me?
- Don't I frighten you?
Here.
No, madame, no!
Friends?
I don't even know them.
I can't bear them anymore.
Why stay with them?
An officer might get passes for us.
No. There aren't any passes anymore.
He'll put you in quarantine.
To kill you faster!
Why say that?
I've been looking for a way out,
jeered at by drunken soldiers.
If you want to, come with me.
- Where to?
- That way, by the river.
I tried. There's a barricade.
- How many soldiers?
- Ten, maybe twenty.
Are there horsemen?
It should be easy.
- You need a horse.
- I have one.
- Where?
- Up there.
Well, then we can leave right away.
Go get it.
Do you have a bag?
Wait for me. I'll go with you.
You don't trust me?
As you please.
I would have loved to help you...
after what you did for me.
I didn't do a thing.
You gave me tea when I was thirsty.
- There are more.
- I'm worried.
- What?
- No sun.

What are they up to?
Go check, Maugin.
I'll go. Don't move.
- Where are you going?
- I can pay.
Nothing to pay for. Go back!
How much? Seven francs?
- So it's fourteen?
- Stop it!
Twenty then? Who do I pay?
- Dismount!
- More? Just say how much.
You better stop!
Sergeant!
Now!
Shoot! Come on! Shoot 'em!
- Give it to me!
- We can't see!
I was right, you see.
Always get the sun in their eyes.
Remember that.
I promise. You look like an officer.
I'm a colonel!
A colonel!
There are colonels as young as you?
Yes, in Italy.
- Your horse is admirable.
- Glad you like him.
- What is his name?
- I don't know. I stole him.
For Italy, you go through Digne.
We part now.
I'm going by way of Sisteron.
To Sisteron?
- Where to then?
- Towards Gap.
- But that is so far.
- I'll be fine.
Don't worry.
I'm running late.
Thank you.
It was a blessing meeting you.
Without you,
who knows where I would be.
Good-bye!
Come! Quick!
- Looking for us?
- Could be.
We didn't go unnoticed.
Don't take the valley.
You'd be arrested.
Go by the mountains.
I don't know the way.
- I will go with you.
- But it's out of your way.
I'll cross the Alps to Italy.
- A detour.
- I don't care.
No, I won't let you change
your plans for me anymore.
I can travel alone.
No.
You think I'm not able to?
I will not leave a woman in all this.
If I forbid you to follow?
I would anyhow.
It is my duty to help you.
That is how I was raised.
Tell me where you are going.
To Thus.
- Where is that?
- Near Gap.
Let's go.
I'd hate being your soldier.
So would I.
Here, too, everybody is gone.
The barn.
There'll be hay there. You can rest.
I'm fine. I can go on.
In an hour it will be too dark.
Run!
You are not sleeping?
No, I can't.
No fire, really?
- Are you cold?
- A bit.
Who'd see us?
We're far from everything.
We're not,
and I know those soldiers.
Tonight, there'll be many scouts out.
I'll make a fire at daybreak.
You're so organized.
Are you from a military family?
- I think so.
- What do you mean?
I never knew my father.
He came to Italy with Napoleon,
then he left.
He may be dead or alive.
Nobody knows.
- Put these on.
- I have some.
- You must keep your legs warm.
- Wool stockings!
Do as I say.
This place is no better.
But the roadblocks?
Cholera doesn't stop for soldiers.
I am sorry.
Is all that money yours?
It's in my care.
To carry to Italy?
You came to France to hide?
Where were you?
In Aix.
Aix.
I spent three months there last year.
Were you there then?
We could've met.
- Did you go out a lot?
- Never.
Of course.
I love Aix.
I have many friends there.
Where are they today?
On the road like us,  
or locked in their houses,  
afraid to breathe?  
I can't help it,  
but I fear that everybody I love  
will disappear.  
One day this will end,  
but my world will be meaningless.  
Do you hear? Somebody's playing.  
Across the valley.  
Mozart... German dances.  
Calm down.  
It's over now.  
I'm sorry.  
I could hear him.  
He was just beside me.  
I was asleep, but I could hear him.  
It was like a voice softly speaking,  
seducing me.  
I couldn't move,  
as if I was accepting it,  
as though I agreed.  
I opened my eyes,  
it jumped on me... and pecked me!  
Where did it peck you?  
Here.  
Come!  
You found water?  
I can make tea.  
No, not here. Later.  
I hadn't thought about the birds.  
They don't fear men  
since they eat them.  
You touched it?  
The bird? Just a little.  
Get up. Stick your hands out!  
Rub. Rub them together!  
What are you doing?  
Don't get close! Stay where you are.  
Listen!  
I can hear you!  
No need to breathe in my face.  
- Where does that path go?  
- To the main road.
- That leads where?
- Anywhere!
But don't go there.
You'll be robbed by the soldiers.
And that way?
To Sorbiers.
Don't take that road either.
They're all dead!
They didn't want the cure.
What cure?
My cure! My elixir!
Want some?
Made with faraway herbs.
I've saved many lives!
- Do you sell it?
- You expect me to give it away?
Three francs.
Not much to save your ass!
I have given some for free,
but it doesn't work.
Got to pay for it to work.
Like everything.
Here.
I'll buy some and add ten francs.
Which is the safest route to Gap?
Gap is far away.
Two gold coins.
That's too much. Don't accept.
I accept.
It's a dirt track that leads to a fork.
There's a mill. Then, careful.
Take the right road, not the left.
The left goes to Montjay.
That's bad.
Montjay?
We're going there?
- No. Avoid it.
- Why?
Full of soldiers.
They haven't had a single case.
- They're sealed off.
- I have to go there.
You'll be quarantined.
Is there a Mr. Peyrolle there?
He's the mayor.
Do you know where he lives?
Well, that's a big detour.
May I?
May I speak with you?
No more Thus?
- Later. But, first, Montjay.
- Right now?
It's very important, you see.
No, I don't! It's full of soldiers.
Please keep going.
You've wasted enough time on me.
Your friends await you.
He'll take me.
Right? You'll take me to Montjay?
Well, it depends.
I'll pay. Can you get me in town?
Well, I don't know.
- It depends.
- Here!
Don't touch it!
You're out of your mind!
Two coins was too much,
but now you give your ring!
I have no money.
- How much to Montjay?
- Not that. I refuse!
I'm not leaving you with him.
He'll sell you out.
- So, how much?
- Hundred francs.
Get your box out.
In Marseilles,
odies are piling up!
People have gone mad,
yelling and running.
They say it's the flies.
Flies! What a laugh!
If it were only that.
In Saint-Cyrice it rained toads,
and at Motte a dog read the catechism.
Wait!
What are you doing?
Leave that behind.
Let's go.
They're here. I can see lights.
I'll be leaving.
  - Don't you touch me!
  - I'm not. It's not over.
  - You don't need me.
  - Stay with us.
  - But why?
  - Because!
  - Afraid I'll steal the horses?
  - Among other things.
I'm telling you.
It's really too much.
See! Thanks, Yvonne.
I love poetry too.
But not minced with politics!
  - You can't outlaw it!
  - Why?
When Hugo sobs over the worker's plight,

**I say:**
He's backing the rebellion!
Don't be fooled!
I beg your pardon.
Is Mr. Peyrolle in?
He just left. What is it about?
I'm Madame de Thus.
My God, don't stay outside! Come in!
I'm Mrs. Peyrolle. He'll be right back.
Go around. I'll open up!
Lucienne! No, Denise!
Go to City Hall. Tell him to come.
Oh, Lord! Hurry!
  - What about me? I wait here?
  - Jump!
Please forgive us.
Have you dined?
May I... Do you wish something?
  - No, please.
  - Lucienne! A plate!
Madame, could you...
Mother, sit there.
  - I'm Joseph Rigoard, the notary.
  - Monsieur.
Mrs. Rigoard.
-Madame!
Mr. And Mrs. Barthlmy.
We're very honored by your presence.
Joseph, let the marquess take a seat.
Sorry.
Adrien, did you greet
Madame de Thus?
Let him be.
Finish up. Then eat your cake.
When did you arrive?
- Just now.
- Really?
- Where from? Thus?
- No, Manosque.
From Manosque.
My God, it's hell over there!
You weren't in town.
I was. For nearly a month.
I'll never forget what I saw.
So much suffering,
such... such horror.
One cannot imagine.
Pyres burning night and day.
The stench...
unbearable.
Burning what?
Nothing.
No, Madame! Please. Please!
I don't understand.
How did you get here?
Through quarantine?
- God, no. I avoided it.
- Yvonne! Get up!
Move away from her!
Come! Come!
What's happening?
Set the fowl down, Lucienne!
Madame, you are...
It's beyond words!
It's... criminal, truly!
- Joseph!
- What?
She's not above laws!
You've no shame!
She's spreading the disease!
You're making noise.
I can do much more than that!
You'll hurt yourself.
You're irresponsible.
Women like you should be...
Should be what?
Should be what? Finish, sir.
I came from Manosque too.
Have I a story to tell.
I breathed the air and the flies...
and held the dying in my arms.
Where are you going? Stay!
Fear is the real killer!
Look. I'm fine.
I'm perfectly fine!
Come on. Don't stay here.
They insult you.
May I handle my own affairs?
As for me, I ain't hanging around.
Here, wait with him in the garden.
Some wine?
- Andr, please. Andr!
- Let me be!
Mr. Peyrolle!
- Isn't your husband with you?
- No.
- Where is he?
- Don't you know?
- How could I?
- You were with him.
A friend.
You were with him in Valence?
Come over here!
Hey, the bottle!
Don't talk about the Valence meeting.
It's a secret. His Highness was there.
I hoped to see you there.
Where's my husband?
Not in Manosque?
No, he wasn't!
He left to go get you.
- When?
- Ten days ago.
  My God!
  We had to end the meeting.
  Weren't you at your aunts?
  I waited as long as I could.
  I thought... I don't know...
  that he didn't get through
  and went back to Thus.
  The army emptied the town.
  I should've...
  I'm to blame if he...
  Come, sit. There.
  I saw him in a dream.
  He was on the road...
  with the black face of... cholera...
  that terrible stone-face.
  He was coming towards me.
  He held his hand out, and...
  and suddenly, he fell...
  and his face,
  his body burst into flames.
  He wanted me to come to Valence.
  But I didn't.
  I left on my own.
  Now, maybe he's...
  I know he is. It's my fault!
  Don't say that. Not you!
  I feel lost.
  Stay here a while.
  No, not here.
  Why? I'll watch over you.
  You have nothing to fear from me.
  I admire you.
  I'm devoted.
  You know that?
  You know it, right?
  - I'm leaving.
  - No, wait!
  Where to? At night?
  Are you going back to Thus?
  I don't know.
  So, listen. I'll take you!
  You'll be safe in the mountains.
  - If he doesn't return?
- He'll be back!
Men like him don't die of cholera.
At least he knows for whom he lives.
What's this? Get it out!
- Breathe in, Andr!
- You're choking us!
- We must disinfect!
- Useless!
- The priest said to.
- Stop it!
Let's not stay here. You're right.
I'll hitch the buggy.
No need.
Madame has an escort.
This way, Lieutenant! Quick!
You have horses?
Thanks.
And money?
Your saddlebags!
They're escaping!
- Andr, what are you doing?
- Let me be!
Out! Get out of here!
Never come back to my home! Out!
What?
There's no harm in trying?
Stop! Stop!
I didn't do anything!
I didn't dare wake you.
Thank you.
I'm leaving now.
Not before eating something.
I have corn flour for polenta.
Then we go.
- I'm not hungry.
- I insist.
You're pale. You must eat.
I've waited too long already.
I'll leave my teapot.
I won't forget what you did for me.
If you're back in France...
Wait. Where are you going?
Back to Manosque.
Wait a minute!
Wait and think.
I did all night.
You don't even know
where your husband is!
You want me to go home,
while he might be dying?
I can't endure that.
But you're safe!
Don't plunge back into the epidemic!
You're not responsible.
You've not a chance of finding him.
You know it's pointless!
I can see you've never loved.
Get off that horse!
I order you! Dismount!
Miss.
Or is it Mrs.?
What's your name?
I've been here the longest,
so I handle the chores.
They're mandatory.
Even for pretty ladies.
Thus. Madame de Thus.
Like the castle?
This name, Thus.
Was there one here?
No. I'd remember.
You're looking for family?
I'm a colonel
of the Piedmont Hussards.
I respect your laws
and want to go to quarantine.
Sergeant.
This way!
Move over!
Make room!
Out of the way!
Come on!
Will this spot do, Colonel?
Some other spot, sir?
There.
Do a good job.
It's cold by the window.
I'll get a blanket?
I have one.
- If you need me...
- I'm fine.
Your servant, sir.
I forgot! Soup's at 11:00.
- Did they take anything?
- My pistol.
I'll give you one of mine.
I have your teapot.
The food's not safe.
You did it on purpose.
Excuse me?
You got captured on purpose.
I couldn't leave you here.
There are 24 soldiers.
Some are ill. You saw their faces?
In the stairs,
I'll fight two at a time!
I forbid you to fight.
Fine.
And how will we get out, pray tell?
Get out... But to go where?
I have no courage left.
You? I don't believe it.
Before you came, I looked down.

**I thought:**
It's so easy to die, so brief.
- You just slip away.
- Be quiet.
We can't do a thing.
The disease is everywhere.
Maybe already in us.
That's not true.
Go rest. Sleep.
Don't you ever have doubts?
You are always so sure?
I do my best.
Why do you stay with me?
I could have infected you
just like anybody else.
I slept in your coat.
Cholera avoids me like the plague.
I don't even know your name.
Pardi. Angelo Pardi.
My name is Pauline.
Sorry, sir. I'm disturbing you.
I'm Mr. Petit, seed and feed dealer.
It's about those damned chores.
I can find a replacement.
Interested? Three francs a day.
For both of you, five francs.
Your servant, sir.
Don't! It's your friends' money.
I'll replace it. I've none left.
I have brought you nothing but trouble.
If you hadn't met me,
you'd have crossed the border.
You'd be in Milan with your mother.
Let me be.
Get away. Escape!
I'll make some tea.
Mozart... German dances.
He's a musician from Marseilles.
He was on the road, like us.
People protested.
Now they can't sleep without it.
Did I sleep long?
Pretty long, yes.
Since morning.
I didn't know I was so worn out.
I did. You wouldn't admit it.
You're always right.
It's annoying.
We're leaving tonight.
Fine.
You're ready to follow me?
You won't say that...
I won't say a word or ask anything.
I'll obey like a soldier.
Get up!
Wake up!
- Sir! You're mad!
- Pack up!
- Stop!
- Do it! We're going!
Help! Fire!
Come on! Hurry!
It's locked!
- I told you!
- What now?
- I don't know.
- Wait!
Let me! I'm strong!
Everybody, go back up!
Your rifle.
Let go.
Stand back.
Is that good, Colonel?
Where's my bag?
Careful! It's fragile!
Thus is behind that mountain.
Your country's not far.
I can see Italy from my window.
They say it's bad
down in the valley.
And here? Did you see any soldiers?
What would they do here?
Nobody's dying around here...
except the old folks.
Is it still far?
No, there's a village after the woods.
People know me there. They'll drive us.
This is your land.
My husband's.
Can I buy a house in Thus?
We'll give you one.
Will you leave tonight?
Yes.
Why?
If you wish to stay a bit...
No.
Whose place is this?
Do you know?
Thanks.
She's not happy to see me.
She hated you breaking her door.
Where did they go?
- You think...
- Come warm up.
Sit down.
Wait. I'll be back.
- Where are you going?
- The cellar.
- I'll come.
- Stay and warm up.
You're soaked too.
I'll try to make hot wine.
Don't put that dress on.
- It doesn't look nice?
- It's not safe.
This isn't cholera land.
This is my land,
where I dress in the evening.
Do you like the dress?
I don't know... Yes, I like it.
You know why I chose it?
Why?
It's like the one in Manosque.
I wondered if you'd notice.
I'll dry your jacket out.
- More.
- Not right away.
Yes, right away. Give me some wine.
I'm burning.
You drank a lot. It's not sensible.
Sensible. I admire you.
Always so sensible. Obstetrically so.
Isn't it tiresome, so young?
Sometimes.
It's strange.
You're both so young and so old.
Older than my husband who's
forty years older. He's never sensible.
So I gathered.
You don't even know him.
You don't even ask questions about him.
Normally, people gape
when I say how old he is.
What am I supposed to do?
Shout?
Am I nothing to you?
I know what people think.
A country doctor's daughter,
my husband's name and fortune.
They only think about that...
When I met him,
he was beside a stream,
a bullet in the chest...
nearly dead.
I ran to get my father.
We took him home.
I was 16.
My father saved him,
but I tended to him,
day and night, for weeks.
I didn't know who he was,
nor why he was wounded.
I didn't dare ask.
He was so mysterious.
My father cured him, and he left.
I was convinced he had forgotten me.
Six months later, he came back...
and proposed to me.
Stay! You never speak about yourself.
Tomorrow we part!
  - What's to say?
  - Talk to me.
About her.
  - Who?
  - Your mother.
What about my mother?
Is there anyone else in your life?
You're drunk.
She knows you're going back?
No.
She'll stop you from fighting.
Oh, no. She waited 20 years
for this revolt.
Isn't she afraid for you?
Never.
  - We must go.
  - Not now.
The storm's over.
I'm fine here.
I don't want to leave.
It's late.
Let's sleep here and leave tomorrow.
Come on.
Leave if you wish. I'm staying.
Fine.
You're really odd.
You followed me since Manosque.
You were my knight, my guardian angel.
And now you rush to pack your bags
like you're escaping.
I'm not running away.
I'm leaving before dark.
I can hear your mother:
"Never spend a night alone in a house
with a woman."
You're raving.
What's wrong?
It's the wine, I think.
My mother isn't like you imagine her.
For her, I...
I'm never crazy enough.
She's right.
Forgive me.
Will you find your way?
I'll stay a while.
I'm tired.
Don't lie in those beds.
Don't bother about me.
Pauline.
I'd rather die.
I covered you up. You were freezing.
I feel so weak.
You nearly died.
Give me your hand.
There's the marquis!
Laurent.
Dear Angelo, Where are you?
I'm writing to you in Turin...
where you said your mother lived.
I hope her name
is enough for an address.
But if she gets it,
will she know where to find you?
We heard about the uprising
against the Austrians.
Were you part of it?
I'm sure you were.
The news tells of war
spreading throughout your Italy. 
That is what compels me to write you. 
You must be happy in the revolution 
you so longed for, 
but the tales of battle 
fill me with worry. 
I implore you to write. 
At least tell me you're alive. 
It was a year... 
before the cholera disappeared 
as it had come. 
It reached Paris, and we feared 
it might spread over all of France. 
Last summer I went back to Aix. 
Everything looks the same. 
Yet nothing is. 
The plague ravaged this city 
more than elsewhere. 
It's impossible to forget. Seeing 
the carefree people, one wonders... 
where they were, who they lost. 
Where did you live in Aix? 
You never told me. 
You say so little. 
You talked about a place 
near the Bishop's Palace. 
This might sound strange, 
but I think I found the house. 
For a long time, 
Pauline's letter went unanswered. 
She'd given up hope, 
when, the following year, 
a letter arrived from Italy. 
Laurent de Thus knew before Pauline 
that memories of Angelo would not fade. 
He already knew 
that when she chose to go to him, 
he would open his hand... 
and let her leave. 
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