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# The Bride Wore Red

By Tess Slesinger

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'Make your bets.'

'That's all, no more bets.'

Number 30.

Number three repeats.

Armalia, your luck improves  
with every glass of champagne.

And, Rudi the champagne improves  
with every roll of the wheel.

Cash those for me.

Place your bets.

- Very superior, waiter.

- Thank you, sir.

Probably, very superior man.

Pity, no one let them know.

Please don't stop  
playing for my sake.

As a matter of fact

I happen to be up and gone.

I do nothing for  
anyone else's sake.

The last time I did,  
I got married.

I mean I could take a taxi home.

No, Rudi, these are not hours  
to be wasted in playing.

Into each life, there come  
a few nights, such as this night  
in which everything  
you touch is gold.

Everything you do is right.

Invariably followed the next  
morning by a severe headache.

What do I do with my power?

What do I do  
with my omnipotence?

Dine and debate with a  
love-sick young aristocrat  
whose only thought is  
of the model and the Tyrol  
and his lovely Maddalena.

You'll admit,

with all that to think of

I've listened very attentively

to your naive  
champagne philosophy.

Naive? What's so  
naive about it?

You promised we wouldn't  
go into it again.

I insist on knowing.

- Sir?

- Well, oh!

- You save money, young man?

- No, sir.

- Support a sick mother?

- No, sir, no one.

Perhaps you're working  
your way through school?

- No, sir.

- No ambition of any kind?

- No, sir.

- Good.

Here's a enormous tip  
for you, squander it.

- Yes, sir.

- What do you mean, naive?

Well, after all, all that about  
life, the great roulette wheel.

Life is a great roulette wheel.

And the human is a little ball,  
worthless in himself

bouncing helplessly

from slot to slot.

Where will he aim?

In wealth or poverty.

Is Rudi Pal

the desirable young aristocrat

or...is our friend the waiter?

Your number, my friend

didn't turn up, more champagne.

- And the check.

- Yes, sir.

Now, Rudi Pal and the waiter.

Alike at the start

and now so different.

You'll go on from there

about the one

where all men are created equal.

- Which they are.

- Which they are not.

Do you suppose there's  
anything to distinguish you  
from that waiter?

Except your clothes and the fact  
that you sit while he stands?

There's everything,  
the breeding.

Waiters are notoriously better  
mannered than those they serve.

Breeding means  
more than manners.

Nonsense. Rudi, as a favor  
to me, stand up.

Sit down, my friend, sit down.

You're a gentleman  
for the time being.

Waiter, pour the  
gentleman a drink.

This is not particularly  
embarrassing to me.

Think you're being deliberately  
cruel to the waiter.

'For the moment he is no waiter,  
he's much at home as you or I.'

Oh, no, my friend, you can do  
everything but drink.

That would be cruel.

Let's get out of here.

- Rudi, I have an idea.

- No more please.

I'm going home like a good  
little roulette ball.

The train for Turin  
leaves so early in the morning.

By that time I shall  
change a dozen lives.

Lead me till the destitute.

The destitute  
sleep after midnight.

Some other time, old man.

Now this very instant take me to

the lowest dive in all Trieste.  
The very lowest,  
the lowest of the low.  
This is a great honor,  
Your Excellency.  
I hope you will like  
my little place.  
Everything refined and tasteful.  
Is this the lowest, the  
most decrepit dump in Trieste?  
This is, Your Excellency.  
You won't find a more  
decrepit bar in the..  
- Nothing is decent here.  
- Including the champagne.  
It's all the matter of luck,  
Armalia.  
If that champagne had only  
bounced into the lucky slot.  
Oh, we have  
the most beautiful girls.  
That is the lowest, most  
decrepit creatures in Trieste.  
- Perhaps you would enjoy.  
- No, thank you.  
Why not?  
Not a ladylike enough, perhaps.  
If I were to take  
one of those poor things  
have her properly washed,  
dressed and coiffured  
you couldn't tell her  
from your own fiancée.  
Fiancée reminds me,  
I've really got to go.  
Goodbye, Armalia.  
Come up to Turin  
if you don't think  
Maddelena and I are too smug.  
And don't get too dizzy on that  
great big wheel of life.  
Get out of here.  
Let's always sing the praise  
Waiter.

Yes, Your Excellency.  
Bring a girl to my table.  
Washed if possible.  
- Perhaps, you would--  
- Surprise me.  
Anyone will do,  
anyone, the one that's singing.  
The one that's singing?  
Who wants love  
Love is a joy we borrow  
Pay back in tears tomorrow  
So who wants love  
Who wants love  
Something to fill  
your heat with  
So very soon to part with  
So who wants love  
Love is a dream I'm weaving  
Moonbeams and patterns rare  
Love is a child believing  
Stories of castle in the air  
So who wants love  
I'll go my way without it  
I know too much about it  
Who wants love  
Still good for me,  
ain't, duchess?  
Much too good.  
Well, count is he?  
Come to stare at  
the animals in the zoo?  
Good evening, sir,  
would you care to dance  
or shall I sing another song,  
perhaps an old--  
No thank you, let us just be  
two human souls in commune.  
- Now let's just talk.  
- Talk?  
Yes. Will you tell me  
all about yourself?  
Where you were born,  
all that sort.  
Thank you, I will sit down

since you insist.

My name is Anni Pavlovitch.

Born in Poland, age 25,

mother, Austrian.

And I'm not going to tell you

my father was an aristocrat.

- Didn't surprised me.

- Didn't surprised me either.

- You talk well.

- Oh, yes.

Guess, we breathe and sleep

and are hungry too.

- Very much like human beings.

- Naturally, senora.

Who was you mother,

who was your father?

How did you happen

to become a count?

Proud of you to come here, and

stay and ask me questions.

I know, I'd been told

it's all the matter of luck.

I had the good luck

to be born rich, while you--

I had the bad luck to be born.

You're absolutely right,

it's most unjust.

One is powerless

to protest one's fate.

- Powerless to stop--

- I'm hungry.

I'm sorry. Waiter!

Waiter, bring some hors d'oeuvre

for the lady

best you've got, caviar.

Caviar for the count.

Bring me a dish of stew,

with meat in it.

And remember

put plenty of meat in it.

Are you gonna drink some beer?

Champagne's good enough for me.

Ah, you didn't crook your little

finger, thank you for that.

Where did you learn  
such charming manners?  
I go to the movies, I watch  
the ladies of your world.  
Lots of simple and  
stupid and artificial.  
My world's bad luck that  
you weren't born in it.  
- Madam?  
- Yes, it it.  
How would you like a little  
holiday, Signorina Anni?  
Some of the fine hotels, say,  
have servants wait on you?  
Plenty of food, sunshine,  
beautiful clothes.  
I'm not going there so I can  
have a red evening dress.  
'Yeah, of course,  
anything you want.'  
I think I'll send you to Turin.  
- What's that? A sanatorium?  
No, it is a fashionable hotel  
in the Tyrol  
filled with the ladies and  
gentlemen of breeding.  
Give me two weeks,  
of it, two weeks exactly.  
Waiter, give me a pencil.  
I'll wire the hotel, the best  
room for my little friend.  
And Galli, I'm gonna get Galli  
for your dresses.  
I'd give you the money now  
rather than you make off  
with it.  
How soon can you go?  
Take me a week to close my town  
house, dismiss the servants.  
And change your name to  
Anne-Anne, Anne Vivaldi.  
The daughter of my very good  
friend, Lieutenant Vivaldi.  
Uh, naval officer, your mother



lives in genteel poverty  
'and you were brought up--'  
- In a convent.  
- Well.  
- In a convent.  
- Alright, in a convent.  
I'll wire the hotel myself,  
and here's a list of shops  
and I'll notify them  
to take care of you.  
And here's a little money  
for some tips.  
You're-you're sure  
you're not joking?  
I'm cheating, Anni.  
I'm fixing the great wheel.  
Fixing it, so that you can  
win for a while.  
Perhaps Rudi would say,  
I'm being miserably cruel.  
But I want to know,  
I want to know  
what makes a waiter, a waiter  
and Rudi, Rudi and a you, you.  
Or whether you could be a lady.  
And remember,  
if it turns out badly  
don't come and complain to me,  
in fact don't come to me at all.  
After all,  
by tomorrow, the next day  
I'll probably be sober again.  
Goodbye, Anni and good luck.  
Dolores, Consuelo, Felicia.  
Bring the articles I've selected  
for the Count Armiala's..  
Yes, daughter of Count Armalia's  
very good friend  
Lieutenant Vivaldi.  
Of course, is there  
anything in particular  
the signorina would like?  
I should like..  
Could I have

the blue coat on the window?  
Anything the signorina wishes.  
And I shall want  
a red evening dress with beads.  
Signorina, may I help you?  
Yes.  
Say, are you the driver  
from the hotel?  
No, signorina, but my cousin is.  
Doesn't the hotel meet  
it's guests at the station?  
- Usually, yes.  
- Oh.  
When's the next train  
back to Trieste?  
The next train for Trieste?  
Why Signorina Vivaldi,  
you've only just arrived.  
How do you know my name?  
I read your telegram  
for the train.  
I read all the telegrams,  
going and coming.  
You see,  
I'm telegraph operator here.  
Did you deliver my telegram?  
Over two hours ago.  
I sent it with my cousin.  
Well, the driver from the hotel.  
No, another cousin, Pietro,  
he's my assistant.  
He's very fond of blackberries.  
They are in season now.  
- How far is the hotel?  
- Four kilometers.  
You should see the blackberry  
fields, signorina.  
Like black clouds.  
Am I expected to walk  
four kilometers?  
You may ride to the hotel  
with mail and me if you wish.  
Do you think I'll ride in that?  
Well, I do.

There's a great  
difference between us.  
- Of course.  
- And..  
Ladies don't ride in  
donkey carts.  
It would be unusual, but then  
great ladies can do  
unusual things.  
I'll get your luggage.  
Is he dangerous?  
Not from that end.  
Another one of your cousins  
I suppose.  
Takes him a minute to  
make up his mind.  
He's alright after  
he gets started.  
Where are you going?  
Who's gonna drive the donkey?  
He knows the road.  
I have to sort the mail.  
Suppose he runs away.  
We'll walk very fast, catch him.  
The Archduke of Austria once  
rode in this donkey cart.  
My father was postmaster then.  
I got the position when he died.  
My grandfather  
was postmaster too.  
No wonder the donkey is tired.  
It's an important position,  
you know?  
Sometimes as many as 200 letters  
come through here in one day.  
Don't you ever think of  
getting away from here  
to someplace where you can  
amount to something?  
Well, I do amount to something,  
haven't I just told you?  
No, I mean, to become rich,  
important, respected.  
You mean ambitious.

I used to think it would be  
wonderful to go to Vienna  
Paris, Rome.  
'I got older.'  
'I see so many people  
at the hotel'  
'that come from those cities.'  
They are so rich  
and they are important.  
To be happy,  
you must be contented.  
To be contented, you must  
find your place in the world  
and stay there.  
Suppose you don't like  
your place, then what?  
Find a place that fits you.  
There's one for everybody.  
- What was that?  
- Car from the hotel.  
My cousin, Pietro must have  
delivered your telegram.  
- Why didn't you stop it?  
- How?  
Tell me, are these trees  
always this beautiful?  
No, signorina, yesterday  
they were less beautiful  
tomorrow they'll be more.  
You really believe that?  
You've lived here all your life.  
Well, when I was very young,  
I saw the pine trees in snow.  
I wanted to grow like that,  
tall and straight, and strong.  
And when I was older,  
I saw poplar  
and the sun, and the laugh.  
I wanted to learn  
to laugh like that.  
Do they never cry,  
these trees of yours?  
When it rains, they cry into  
the mountain streams.

When it stops and the raindrops  
shine on the leaves in the sun  
that's when they  
are most beautiful.

Like a lady's eyes, when they  
laugh and cry at the same time.

You are the strangest postman  
I've ever met.

Has the signorina  
met many postmen?

- Of course not.

- Doesn't matter.

I'd still be the strangest.

- But you think they'd stop?

- We are very near.

You'll see the hotel  
any minute now.

You did not meet her  
at the station?

Well, I have just returned  
from the station  
she's not there.

What would happen to my hotel  
if I picked up berries, huh?

I have instructions from  
Count Armalia to expect her.

I have the telegram  
from signorina herself  
sent from the train.

I have everything  
but the signorina.

- Now she must be somewhere.

- Here she is.

Signorina, a mistake,  
a thousand pardons.

I'm surrounded by idiots,  
so terrible this should happen.

- That's quite alright.

- You're not angry?

You will forgive me?

I don't wish to discuss it  
any further.

Listen to me, Cousin Pietro  
and look at me.

Telegrams must be delivered.  
But the blackberries,  
Cousin Giulio, they are ripe.  
I know, cousin, but you should  
have picked 'em on the way back.  
He'll never do it again.  
Thank you very much.  
Well, I have my salary  
from the government.  
Thank you, signorina.  
- Good afternoon, Signor Pal.  
- Good afternoon, Nobili.  
Lovely day, isn't it?  
In the north wing,  
I have a larger suite.  
- No, this will do.  
- Oh, thank you, signorina.  
Thank you, thank you.  
Oh.  
Who is it?  
Maid, signorina.  
May I unpack for you?  
Yes, please, come in.  
Which dress will the signorina  
wear to dinner?  
I think I shall wear..  
- 'Anni.'  
- Maria.  
Of all people to run into,  
it's you.  
What are you doing here?  
Anni, it's good  
to see you again.  
But they told me  
your name was Vivaldi.  
- Signorina and Vivaldi.  
- That's me.  
But how?  
Anni, you are not  
in trouble with the police?  
You're not hiding?  
Maria, you wouldn't believe  
what happened, it's..  
It's like those stupid wishes

we used to make  
when we had  
too much beer, remember?  
You used to wish you could find  
a purse with 10,000 lira in it.  
And I used to wish I could find  
a box with a red evening dress  
that's just my size  
and ready to wear.  
It's in there.  
Very red and with beads.  
But you haven't told me  
who and how.  
You're talking in riddles.  
I'm living in riddles,  
I don't know the answer.  
But who cares?  
For two weeks,  
I'm on top of the world.  
- For two weeks, I'm a lady.  
- And then?  
And then, I..  
Well, I'll think about it then.  
Oh, Maria, tell me.  
What brought you from  
Cordillera bar to Turin?  
I'm happy here, Anni.  
I sweep, wash dishes,  
scrub floors.  
Sometimes I help  
as a personal maid.  
I work from morning till night.  
And for the first time  
in my life, I'm truly happy.  
- Can you believe that?  
- No.  
One night at the bar,  
I-I looked into a mirror.  
I was frightened at what I saw.  
How heavy the rouge had become  
wrinkles I couldn't hide.  
Anni, I saw my finish  
in that mirror.  
I lied to an agency,

I forged references.  
Here I am.  
I love it here.  
If I had to leave,  
I think I'd die.  
I know, you want to grow strong  
with the poplars  
and laugh with the pines,  
or is it the way around?  
Oh, Maria,  
it's so good to have you here.  
I've had to be so careful,  
so correct.  
I feel like a fat woman,  
with her corsets off.  
Keep on being careful  
and correct.  
You'll have to watch out.  
'The very finest people  
stay here.'  
They don't come too finer,  
too elegant  
for Signorina Ann Vivaldi.  
I can't help it,  
I don't like it, Anni.  
I have a feeling someone's  
playing a dirty trick on you.  
Not on me.  
On themselves, maybe.  
Lay out my red dress with beads,  
I'll wear it to dinner tonight.  
Not this red dress.  
Not here.  
'You might as well wear a sign.'  
But when will I wear it?  
Perhaps, two weeks from now.  
- Signorina Vivaldi?  
- Yes.  
You've never seen  
Armalia like that.  
He's going to turn the  
whole world upside down.  
We were all little roulette ball  
and waiters would



become gentlemen  
and cabaret girls  
countesses and..

And..

I had a night like that once.  
I took the pants off of  
half the policeman in Trieste.  
It seemed to me that, uh..

That, uh..

Upto a moment ago  
we were dining with  
retired admiral, your father.  
And a not completely  
retired bachelor, your fiancée.  
We are now quite alone.

- Rudi, darling, remember me?

- Oh.

The girl you're engaged to,  
Maddelena.

Was here just a moment ago.

Think hard.

Where was I when I was  
so rudely interrupted?  
What would the signorina wish?

Oh, uh,  
something very light, I think.

Brodo caldo, perhaps.

'And then, uh, perhaps,  
frittata ponerte.'

I'd like that, yes.

'And then, a salad.'

Yes, a salad.

Thank you, signorina.

Rudi, while we're here,  
let's climb to the pines  
once in the early morning.  
They're supposed to be at their  
very best as the sun comes up.

You know,  
it's a very funny thing.

And if the sun comes up,  
I'm at my very worst.

Darling, in all the years  
we've been coming here

and all the time  
we've been in love  
you've never asked Rudi  
to get up at dawn  
to see a pine tree.  
Please don't start now.  
Yes, sir,  
it's a very funny thing.  
You just said that, admiral.  
We're ready  
for the next sentence.  
I know that, young lady.  
I know well.  
Then by all means, father,  
ask her to coffee with us.  
- I'm sure she's very nice.  
- Well, of course.  
It's a very long time  
since we met.  
It must be years and years.  
She's 21 if she's a day.  
Do you doubt my word,  
young lady?  
Waiter.  
Something on which to write.  
You see that lady  
at the table alone?  
By the window.  
Signorina Vivaldi?  
Of course. Vivaldi.  
That was her name.  
Vivaldi.  
Give her this.  
The flag goes up.  
Uh, pardon, signorina.  
I was to give you this.  
The flag comes down.  
Would the signorina care  
for some hearts of artichokes?  
Stuffed egg?  
Yes, please.  
Some celery?  
Work from the outside in,  
signorina.

I'm sure the signorina  
will enjoy her coffee here.  
Is there anything else  
I can do for the signorina?  
No, thank you.  
And thanks for everything.  
Good evening, signorina.  
Good evening, postman.  
Or are you the official  
village flute player at night?  
No, signorina.  
But that is your  
grandfather's flute, isn't it?  
And his father's before him.  
Have you any reason  
for making fun of me?  
I'm not making fun of you.  
Tell me why did the music  
go away? I liked it.  
The dancing will start soon  
in the hotel.  
And besides,  
they preferred to go away.  
Tonight there's  
stars and a moon.  
And a picnic.  
What do you do on a picnic?  
The signorina never been to one?  
Unh-unh.  
We walk in the night air.  
In the summer, we swim, in  
the winter, we ride in sleighs.  
We have a basket of food to eat  
when we grow hungry.  
Sausage, beer and cheese  
on wet grass.  
Oh, I shouldn't like that.  
Cold chicken and wine.  
And when the grass is wet  
it smells of the earth,  
and the rain.  
And you sing and play and..  
...make love to your girl?  
Are you in love, postman?

'No.'

I'm surprised. Why not?

- 'Too busy perhaps?'

- Is the signorina in love?

That's none of your business.

Exactly, signorina.

It's none of my business.

And why is it  
that you feel privileged  
to question and examine me  
as if I were a three legged cow?

Pardon me  
if I have offended you.

No, postman!

'Pardon me, I..'

I-I should have known better.

'Please, signorina.'

You may ask me a question  
if you like.

Is the signorina in love?

No.

No, I'm not.

As long as I can remember  
there's been a balustrade  
between a terrace and a lawn.

I've always imagined  
it was to keep those  
on the terrace  
from falling to the lawn.

Now I realized  
it also keeps those  
in the lawn  
from rising to the terrace.

'Good evening, Giulio.'

Good evening, Signor Pal.

Goodnight, signorina.

Goodnight, postman.

Signorina Vivaldi.

You are the Signorina Vivaldi,  
are you not?

Yes?

I've come to apologize to you.

To me? Why?

- The note.

- Oh.

Well, that.

- You shouldn't have done that.

- I didn't.

It was my very good friend,  
the retired Admiral Monti.

He imagined

he knew you from somewhere.

From where?

'Oh, please

don't give it a thought.'

The admiral has

all the impetuosity

of a middle age man

with nothing to lose.

Tell him I accept his apology,

and thank you for bringing it.

Permit me.

Oh, I..

Again I apologize.

- I make a very poor waiter.

- Thank you.

I, uh, was also to ask you  
to join us to have liqueur.

Thank you, no.

Please don't be angry.

We're really

very pleasant people.

But I don't know you.

I'm not accustomed to sitting  
at strange tables on command.

My name is Rudolph Pal.

Counting this, I've apologized  
to you three times.

Therefore, I must have  
insulted you three times.

We must be

very old friends by now.

Well, at least

we know each other's names.

The peasant music again.

Oh, you'll get used to it.

Like the bullfrogs in the pond  
in the back of the hotel.

After a while,  
you don't even notice it.  
But I want to notice it.  
I like their music.  
You'll like it at first.  
They're, uh,  
having a picnic tonight.  
Soggy black bread and wet grass.  
It smells of rain, and of earth.  
It's still wet.  
Well, it's fashionable,  
I know, to think that  
the simple and humble  
things in life are best.  
They're nothing of the kind.  
In my opinion, most people  
prefer sardines to caviar  
simply because most people  
have never tasted caviar.  
I think you're right,  
Signor Pal.  
Everyone calls me Rudi.  
The music has started  
for dancing.  
Please.  
The infantry has succeeded  
where the navy failed.  
She is ours.  
May I present Signorina Vivaldi?  
'Contessa Di Meina,  
Signorina Monti.'  
- 'How do you do?'  
- How do you do?  
How do you do?  
The, um, admiral, of course,  
you know intimately.  
My memory's terribly poor.  
Forgive me, admiral.  
Why should you remember  
an old duffer like me?  
And how wonderfully well  
you're looking.  
I'm feeling much better,  
thank you.

I'm completely cured.  
Completely cured?  
Good. Excellent.  
'Won't you sit down, signorina?'  
Thank you.  
Is this your  
first visit to Turin?  
Yes, my first in many years.  
When I was a little girl,  
I came here with my father  
and Count Armalia.  
Armalia?  
Yes, he was  
my father's closest friend.  
I knew I remembered you.  
Why, I used  
to dandle you on my knee.  
You were little, uh..  
Little, uh..  
Anne.  
Anne! Of course.  
Anne Vivaldi, that's your name!  
Anne Vivaldi, been on  
the tip of my tongue all night.  
How cozy.  
Tell me,  
have you seen Armalia lately?  
Yes. I saw him  
about a week ago in Trieste.  
He recommended Ter.  
I was badly in need of a rest.  
You said Trieste.  
Perhaps we have mutual friends.  
Do you know the Reinhardt's?  
The Calman's?  
No. I'm sorry.  
With or without Armalia,  
it seems  
incredible that we've never met.  
Well, there are  
so many people in Trieste.  
But so few ladies  
as lovely as you.  
It's good for your conceit,

darling.

- Don't mind him, signorina.

- I don't.

I like him.

Will you dance, Maddelena?

No, thank you.

I'm a little tired tonight.

And you, signorina?

Yes, thank you.

Watch out, Maddelena.

You don't dance  
like a debutante.

Really?

And how does a debutante dance?

With stiff knees.

You dance beautifully.

Almost like a professional.

There.

You see, your praise went to my  
feet, Signor Pal.

You know,

it's going to sound silly  
your calling me Signor Pal..

...while I call you Ann.

I didn't know you were going to.

I forgot to tell you.

Any particular reason  
why you're alone?

I want to be.

Well, that's too bad.

What is?

You're not going to have what  
you want from now on.

You're not going to be alone  
much from now on.

- Maria.

- Huh?

What's a debutante?

- A what?

- A debutante.

They've got stiff knees.

I don't know.

Something to do with society,  
I guess.



That's what I thought.  
People nodded to me and said  
"Good evening, signorina."  
all over the place  
People I've never seen before  
in my life.  
'What?'  
Nothing.  
I'm so tired, I could die.  
But it's still better  
than carrying half the  
merchant marine around  
on your feet all night.  
Think of it. The night's  
just beginning down there.  
You think of it.  
Tell me, are Sophie and Toni  
still fighting  
over that night watchman?  
Sophie married him.  
He broke her jaw  
for a wedding present.  
Oh...it's wonderful  
to live like this.  
Listen to how quiet it is.  
It's always quiet.  
It's always wonderful.  
It'll be terrible  
when you have to go back.  
It would be nice  
to live like this forever.  
The best thing  
that could happen to you.  
Maybe I could get you  
a job like mine.  
Like yours?  
You're happy here with your  
silly trees and mountains  
and your stupid nights  
with stars  
and wet grass and sardines.  
But that's because  
you never tasted vintage wine  
and danced

to a wonderful orchestra  
with a handsome gentleman  
who kissed your hand good night.  
Anni, have you gone crazy?  
Maria, I'm never going back  
to the Cordolero bar.  
So, that's it.  
I knew that would come.  
Why shouldn't I stay as I am,  
on top with these clothes  
these people, this life?  
Am I any different from them?  
Do I look,  
do I act any different?  
No, Anni.  
But you are.  
I'm not, and  
I'll prove it to you I'm not.  
I don't know how or when,  
but I'll prove it to you.  
And I'll prove it to them.  
Look.  
The whole valley's  
like a sea of gold.  
And there's the lake down there.  
It looks like..  
...like a little drop of jade.  
I had a jade ring once.  
- What is it, Anne?  
- Oh, nothing. Just stupid.  
But something  
must have made you cry.  
I just thought of something.  
That's all.  
- Of what?  
- Nothing.  
Of what, Anne?  
Well, I just thought that..  
...I'll be gone next week.  
And I just thought that  
I'll never see the sun again.  
- What nonsense.  
- Oh!  
Please don't look at me, Rudi.

My nose gets so funny  
when I cry.  
Come on, let's wash  
our faces in the brook.  
Such a gloomy face.  
Have I made you sad, Rudi?  
Come, wash your face  
in the brook.  
It's a magic brook,  
it washes away your sadness  
and leaves little drops  
of happiness all over you.  
Some vintage wine perhaps?  
Hundreds of years old.  
Come and sit beside me, Anne.  
What's the matter, Rudi?  
I don't know.  
Perhaps you've been getting up  
too early in the morning.  
I know it hasn't been any fun  
for you to get up at dawn  
to see the sun on the lake,  
on the poplars  
on the fields, just for my sake.  
- You know that isn't so.  
- Well, how do I know?  
Because I still haven't seen  
the lake, or the fields  
or the poplars.  
I haven't seen the sun, Anne.  
I've only seen you.  
Oh!  
I don't know just what to say.  
It must be getting late.  
I wonder what's keeping  
Maddelena and her father.  
Anne..  
...I can't make you out.  
At the hotel, at tea,  
at dinner, or when we dance  
you're like everyone else.  
More beautiful, perhaps.  
More poised, more of a lady.  
Thank you, Signor Pal.

On mornings like these,  
you're like..  
...an animal suddenly set free.  
You try to run  
in all directions at once.  
You're all instinct and emotion.  
You cry at a sunrise.  
You laugh at some leaves  
in the wind.  
You're in love with something  
on mornings like these.  
At last.  
I'm a woman of mystery.  
You're the most exciting woman  
I've ever met.  
- Please, Rudi.  
- I don't want you to go, Anne.  
I don't wanna be here. I don't  
wanna be anywhere without you.  
You're engaged  
to be married to Maddelena.  
'Yoo-hoo!'  
'Rudi! Anne!'  
It's your problem, Rudi.  
You will have to face it.  
- Woo-hoo!  
- Come on down.  
I've run ashore here.  
I think my anchor is dragging.  
Here comes the morning mail.  
I never could quite understand  
Maddelena's mad passion  
for the postman.  
It's hardly that, darling.  
I think he's charming.  
I think the way he distributes  
morning mail is delightful.  
Quaint to the word,  
I think it's stupid  
and a little impertinent,  
don't you, Anne?  
I don't know. I've never  
thought about it much.  
You see, fortunately,

no one knows where I am  
so I never get any letters.  
You're just jealous, Rudi.  
You do think he's attractive,  
don't you, Anne?  
I think I agree with Rudi  
about his impertinence.  
Giulio sometimes forgets  
he's just a postman.  
'Signor Lacroix.  
One thin one.'  
Signorina Vivaldi.  
A letter for you.  
Apparently someone knows  
where you are.  
- I-I can't imagine.  
- Shall I get it for yo--  
No, no, I'll get it.  
It's much more fun.  
Her first letter in ten days.  
I'd give my one good eye  
to know from whom.  
Your first letter, signorina.  
I wondered why there were none.  
Surely a man like you  
must have more important things  
to wonder about.  
Well, are we ready  
for breakfast? I'm starved.  
But aren't you  
going to read your letter?  
Oh, never on an empty stomach.  
- It might be important.  
- From Armalia?  
Oh, it's probably  
full of gossip.  
Please, do read it, Anne.  
What does he have to say?  
- Oh, get it over with.  
- 'Yes, please do.'  
'Anything interesting?'  
'Oh, just the usual  
Armalia gossip.'  
As much of it as he thinks

I ought to know.  
He hopes I'm enjoying Turin  
and, uh..  
Oh, and he wishes to be  
remembered to all of you.  
And here's a special regards  
to you, Rudi  
and to the contessa.  
How nice, particularly as I've  
met Count Armalia exactly twice  
and we detest each other  
with a glowing hatred.  
He couldn't possibly.  
Not after  
all the wonderful things  
I've written to him about you.  
Thank you, my dear.  
I, uh, think it's my turn  
to ask.  
- What about breakfast?  
- Breakfast.  
That's the only intelligent  
remark I've heard today.  
Come on.  
- Coming, Anne?  
- In a minute.  
Is anything the matter?  
Can I help?  
No, please go along.  
I'll..  
I'll be there in a little while.  
Come on, Rudi.  
'Signorina.'  
I couldn't knock, you see.  
What do you want?  
- Can I help you?  
- Help me?  
What makes you think  
I need help?  
Your letter made you  
very unhappy.  
You didn't wish to discuss it  
with your friends  
and I thought,

perhaps with someone like me..  
You see, very often,  
it helps to talk.  
Is it part of your duty  
to discuss  
every letter you deliver?  
This has nothing whatever to do  
with my duty, signorina.  
I have no right even to be here.  
'Exactly.'

It was a letter from my very  
good friend, Count Armalia.  
It was a very amusing letter.  
I've read it over and over.  
Ten days ago, when you rode from  
the station in my donkey cart  
you were pleasant and kind.  
I thought you were the most  
gracious lady I'd ever met.

That night,  
as you sat on the terrace..  
...I thought I'd never again  
see anything so beautiful.

- You're being impertinent.  
- Please.

I've talked with you since  
every day  
and never once  
have you been even as pleasant  
as the first time.

I seem to...disturb you.  
Servants never disturb me.

I'm not a servant,  
and you don't treat me  
as you would a servant.

Your attitude is--

I'm not aware of any attitude  
toward you.

- But I am, signorina--  
- Then keep it to yourself.

Take it along to your picnics  
under the stars. I've got to go.  
I don't go  
to the picnics anymore.

Get out of my way.  
Ever since that first night..  
...I'm not hungry anymore.  
My cousins worry about me.  
At night,  
I stay alone in my house.  
My house is small,  
but it sits high on the hill.  
I have everything there  
I'll ever need.  
A cow, a garden,  
and some chickens.  
Even my telegraph station's  
there.  
It's my private world  
on top of this one we all share.  
Can you see the lake  
in the early morning?  
Like a shiny green dress  
with little sparkles on it.  
- And the valley too?  
- And beyond.  
The hills behind it.  
You'd like my house, signorina.  
No. No, postman,  
I would not like it.  
I'm used to so much more.  
'Anni? Anni?'  
Where are you?  
Oh, forgive me, signorina.  
I, I thought I..  
I thought I.. I was looking  
for Anni, the chambermaid.  
- Is she crazy?  
- She must be.  
There's no chambermaid  
named Anni.  
I see.  
Thank you for all  
your information, postman.  
Oh, not at all, signorina.  
If you'd wanted to,  
you could have left at any time.  
The arbor's open at both ends.



You idiot!  
They're waiting breakfast  
for you.  
How did I know I'd find you  
messing around with the postman?  
Oh, you've got  
such a beautiful, clean mind.  
My dearie, I know  
you must have been  
discussing  
your stamp collection.  
After all  
that wonderful work on Rudi Pal  
she takes up with a dolt  
that rides in a donkey cart.  
I haven't taken up with him.  
He doesn't mean that to me.  
Maybe he's teaching you  
the telegraph code.  
And don't you worry  
about Rudi Pal.  
- That's gonna be alright.  
- It better be soon.  
You've got less than a week.  
I may need more time.  
I may stay on a little longer.  
'How? You've got no money.'  
If I've got to stay,  
I'll stay somehow.  
He's got a beautiful yacht  
anchored at Trieste, Maria.  
You know, I wouldn't mind  
sailing past the waterfront  
on my yacht...  
on my honeymoon.  
- Good morning, Alberto.  
- Good morning, signorina.  
- Feeling better?  
- Much better, thank you.  
- Nothing serious, I hope.  
- Unfortunately not.  
The usual, signorina?  
Yes, Alberto.  
The usual, please.

We were just talking  
about the festa, Anne.  
Maddelena's in an uproar  
about her costume.  
It's a wonderful affair,  
all the peasants from miles  
around will be there,  
and we dress just like them.  
Even father wears  
his Tyrolean outfit.  
I-it's great for my gout.  
And everyone drinks  
too much new wine  
and makes too much love  
to the wrong people.  
It's the most romantic night  
of the year.  
What a pity  
you're leaving just before it.  
Anne, darling,  
you can't miss the festa.  
Oh, it does sound like fun  
and I've an important engagement  
in Trieste  
but if you'd all like me  
to stay..  
...I think it can be arranged.  
Well, it's certainly  
simple and modest enough.  
Maybe a little bit too much so.  
That ought to make it more  
attractive, don't you think?  
Oh, no, signorina.  
That would spoil the dress.  
I suppose  
none of your peasant girls  
ever wear  
their dresses like this.  
Oh, some of them do.  
Oh!  
Well, I want mine that way too.  
As you wish, signorina.  
The dress will be ready  
in two days.

'Oh, that's fine.'

Uh, will the signorina

let me have

the usual 100liras

in advance now?

'Just put the whole bill

on my account.'

But I'm not from the hotel.

My work

has always been separate.

There's always a first time

for everything.

- Isn't there, huh?

- Well, uh--

Yes, you will have the dress

on time now, won't you?

- Yes.

- That's very nice.

Thank you so much.

- Phew.

- Anni.

- What's up?

- Plenty. Everything.

You better get out of here

quick, that's all.

What are you talking about?

You know that maid

of the contessa's?

The one that's always

pumping me about you

wants to know why all your

clothes are new and all that?

Yeah, well, what about her?

Well, I was talking

to her a little while ago

and she let drop that yesterday

the contessa sent a telegram

to Count..

What's his name?

- Armalia?

- That's right.

Saying how much she liked you

but what a mystery you are

and would he please tell her

who you are  
and where you come from?  
Oh, dear.  
Now what, Signorina Viv--  
Oh, shut up  
and let me think for a minute.  
Thinking got you into this.  
Get out some other way.  
And how are you going to think  
your hotel bill into being paid?  
Your two weeks are more than up,  
you know.  
And the dressmaker?  
Think about her bill.  
'Will you stop screaming  
for just one minute?'  
Of course, I'm not mentioning  
the money you owe me.  
All my savings.  
I could have had more fun  
throwing it off a mountaintop.  
You'll get it all back.  
Every penny of it and more  
with a check  
signed by Signor Rudolph Pal.  
And when is he going to ask you?  
After the contessa  
gets her telegram?  
At the festa.  
He's got to propose  
at the festa.  
That means the contessa  
must not receive that telegram.  
I'll need more time, Maria.  
I've got to have more time.  
And now where are you going?  
To a little house on a hill.  
Ready, cousin.  
Remember, no blackberries,  
cousin.  
No blackberries.  
Wait a minute.  
I'll take it myself.  
Don't you trust me anymore,

cousin?

Well, I'm trusting you with  
the whole telegraph station.

That's much more important.

Take good care of  
the government office, cousin.

I will.

Remember,

no blackberries, cousin.

No blackberries, cousin.

- Hello, postman.

- Hello.

Well, you see,

I'm accepting your invitation.

Thank you.

It's been quite a climb.

This can't quite make up its  
mind whether it's a road or not?

It's a road.

It belongs to me.

Did you build it?

My grandfather cleared it  
himself.

It needs work again.

I may get at it tomorrow.

Or next week.

Or next year.

Did I ever tell you you were the  
strangest of all close to me?

Often. At times, I thought  
you were very strange too.

Well, do you want me  
to look at your little house?

I'll be honored.

- This is the outside.

- Yes, I imagined it was.

It's very nice.

How lovely the flowers are.

Who takes care of them for you?

They take care of themselves.

Plenty to eat and drink.

Mountain air to breathe.

The sun to keep them warm.

In the winter, they sleep.

People are cruel to flowers.  
They separate them stupidly.  
It's as though suddenly,  
all the men named Antonio  
must live here, and over there,  
all the men named Pietro  
and over there,  
all the women named Anni.  
And, uh, the inside,  
I'm anxious to see it.  
Please!

Because you're used to  
so much more than this  
it must seem like very little  
to have to live in.

No.

It's the only home  
I've ever known.

I was born in the room  
above this.

- Who cares the house for you?

- I do.

And Pietro,

he's the chambermaid.

We live here together.

Where is Pietro?

'I left him in charge  
of the telegraph station.'

'I have a telegram to deliver.'

These curtains need cleaning.

I, uh, thought Pietro  
delivered the telegrams.

There are too many blackberries.

This is an important telegram.

- For the hotel?

- Yes.

Why don't you deliver it?

It can wait a little  
while longer.

Tell me about where you  
come from. About Trieste.

The way you live there.

Why do you wanna know?

So many elegant

ladies and gentlemen  
come here from everywhere.  
I've often wondered  
what they left behind them.  
Well, it would be difficult  
for you to believe.  
It's so different from anything  
you've ever known.  
It must be.  
Well, we, we live in a big,  
white stone house  
my mother and I, in the very  
finest section of Trieste.  
It's a wonderfully big house  
with a driveway leading up to it  
and an enormous hall  
with marble columns.  
- Must be difficult to heat.  
- Oh, no.  
We, we have special servants  
for the cellar.  
Uh, we have two automobiles,  
one's a shiny limousine, and..  
...the other one's open  
for when the sun shines.  
We, uh, we have a chauffeur  
to drive  
and a footman to open the doors.  
Uh, they both ride up in front.  
The doors have my initials  
on them.  
In the harbor, we have  
a white yacht with two funnels.  
On nice days, we go sailing  
along the waterfront of Trieste.  
We had a sailboat here once,  
on the lake.  
One day, it turned upside down  
and sank.  
Downstairs,  
there's an enormous kitchen  
with a special baker,  
and cook, and scullery maid.  
We have, oh, I don't know,

how many butlers to serve  
our dinner with the,  
the very finest vintage wines  
you understand?  
And then sometimes,  
there's an orchestra. We dance.  
You have more servants  
than I have cousins.  
Then we have 20, uh, no, no,  
15 bedrooms in the house.  
I have one all to myself.  
I have an enormous bed  
with a swan at the head of it.  
And with white fur spread that  
we just cleared off the floor.  
Everything's in white.  
Even the telephone.  
And the parties, Giulio.  
The elegant people  
who come to our house.  
Dukes and duchesses.  
Princes even.  
When they come in,  
they kiss my hand.  
When they leave, they thank me  
for a wonderful time.  
Poor Anni.  
Poor, lost Anni.  
Believe me, it doesn't matter.  
I love you.  
What right have you to love me?  
You're a postman. I'm a lady.  
I've loved you  
from the moment I saw you.  
What you were the moment before  
that has nothing to do with it.  
I'm a lady, do you hear?  
You've got no right  
to talk to me like that.  
- You've got no right.  
- Careful, it's steep.  
Anni!  
Anni, are you hurt?  
I guess I'm alright.



Rather unexpected.

Ow!

My shoulder, it..

It hurts a little.

Let me see.

- Anni.

- Won't you ever learn to knock?

Too busy. I'm getting Cinderella ready for the ball.

- Birds have flown away.

- Oh, too bad.

Say, this is no time  
to worry about birds.

You've got work to do tonight.

They're waiting for you.

Oh!

- Maria?

- Scared a little bit?

If you saw a chance  
to come out of the gutter  
and live as you never dreamed  
you could live  
that half the things  
you never dreamed could exist  
you'd sacrifice anything to  
take that chance, wouldn't you?  
If-if-if you were me,  
you'd-you'd give up anything  
in the world no matter what,  
wouldn't you?

I think I would, Anni.

If I were you.

Oh! Wish me luck,  
and pray for me.

You know I will.

You see, signorina,  
Count Armalia engaged your suite  
for only two weeks.

I have a guest waiting to hear.

If you could let me know when  
the suite will be available.

Soon, Signor Nobili.

You, you shall know very soon.

In the meantime, send me another

bill. I've mislaid the others.  
Why, Rudi, no costume?  
No one but you, Anne, could  
be the most beautiful lady  
and the most beautiful peasant  
at the festa.  
Maddelena's waiting  
for us, darling.  
I'm sorry I'm late,  
but I couldn't get my dress  
to fasten properly.  
Oh, you're beautiful, Maddelena.  
Oh, you're just saying that.  
I'm not the type at all.  
But you really are gorgeous,  
right now, I can hear  
the peasant hearts  
breaking all over the festa.  
What you will hear  
are my knees knocking. I'm cold.  
Are we going? If not,  
I wanna put my pants back on.  
Yes, now that we've decided  
we all look divine  
except the admiral,  
who looks like nothing  
I've ever seen before,  
let's get it over with.  
You can knap  
both their heads together  
with one hand, Cousin Giulio?  
Well, the evening  
is still young, Cousin Pietro.  
Giulio, you are to choose  
the most beautiful girl  
of all the peasants here.  
Remember, I'm your cousin.  
Is it pleasant to have all  
of the most beautiful girls  
in the world in love  
with you, Cousin Giulio?  
One is enough, cousin.  
- Ride the merry-go-round, boy?  
- Well, you can take a ride.

Are you sure you can spare me,  
Cousin Giulio?  
Don't fall off, cousin.  
- Thank you, sir.  
- Giulio.  
Oh, hello there.  
You climbed high  
for that edelweiss?  
Higher  
than I've ever been before.  
Higher than anybody's ever been.  
If I'd fallen...  
- Giulio, you'd do that for me?  
- No, for myself.  
I think I look very pretty  
when I wear flowers.  
Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no.  
Oh, please.  
- Oh, ho!  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening, Giulio.  
Edelweiss and so beautiful.  
Rudi, look.  
Some young lady's gonna  
be very proud of that.  
- Isn't it lovely, Anne?  
- Very.  
You may have it if you like.  
That's quite a tribute.  
He must have risked his life  
for those blossoms.  
I don't like to wear flowers.  
They look so lovely  
for such a little while.  
And they die and look ugly.  
No, thank you very much,  
postman.  
That looks like a nice table  
over there, doesn't it, Rudi?  
- Oh, none for me, thank you.  
- But you must.  
New wine never hurt anyone.  
Very well.

Oh!  
What interesting knees  
you have, admiral.  
- Those are knees, aren't they?  
- They were.  
What a wonderful background  
for Maddelena, Rudi.  
You really should have her  
painted in it.  
What? Oh, yes, certainly.  
After you're married, of course.  
I love portraits  
of young brides.  
They're always so clean-looking,  
sweet and stupid.  
Thank you.  
I was one myself.  
Three or four times.  
Look, Maddelena, the perfect  
image of that young duke..  
What's his name? Who followed  
you all over Vienna last winter.  
Duke in Vienna?  
We weren't in Vienna  
last winter.  
Well, then, Budapest  
or whatever it was.  
'I mean that young duke  
who sent you all those flowers'  
'and made such a fuss over you.'  
You never told me  
about that, Maddelena.  
Do you think  
she tells you everything?  
She can't sit at home  
very well and knit  
while you run around  
making a fool of yourself.  
He's such a baby, Anne.  
Gets himself constantly involved  
with all sorts of women  
and then comes running  
to Maddelena for help.  
Oh, I can't believe that.

I think Rudi knows  
what he wants.  
You've developed  
a taste for wine, I see.  
It's very nice.  
There must be many things  
I've never had  
that are just as pleasant.  
Oh, there's a fortune-teller  
over there.  
- I want my fortune told.  
- Shall we all go? Maddelena?  
No, no, that-that would be  
much too embarrassing.  
We'll be back as soon as  
I find out about my future.  
Too bad these fortune-tellers  
can't read past.  
Forgive me, dear. I'm a fool.  
But I do love you.  
I must seem  
pretty foolish myself.  
Loving him as much as I do.  
Rudi.  
I'm not sure that  
I want to be told my fortune.  
- It might be very good.  
- It might be very bad.  
- Are you happy this minute?  
- This very minute, mm-hmm.  
And this minute stretched into  
infinity shall be your future.  
- You sound very professional.  
- I am. I'm a witch.  
I've worn out many a broomstick  
in my day riding to the stars.  
The stars, but I thought you  
disapproved of them as common.  
I consult them  
for purely professional reasons.  
They supply the information,  
without which no--  
Tell me.  
Under the stars.

Wine.

Venus as you may or may not know  
is terribly jealous of Mars.

Matter of fact,  
she's much more in love with him  
than he is with her.

Who says so?

It's common gossip  
all up and down the Milky Way.

I'd much rather talk  
about your eyes.

The stars, Rudi.

The stars, Anne.

She'd pull the tail of any comet  
that even passed by.

Where did you get all  
this information? From Mars?

I know Venus intimately too.

Your teeth is so white, and you  
laugh deep down in your throat.

Stars, Rudi.

The stars, Anne.

Have you ever seen  
falling stars?

- Mm-hmm.

- You know what makes them fall?

- No.

- Venus.

She catches them  
winking at Mars.

Oh, look. Now you can  
point them all out to me.

Each star by name.

There are millions of stars,  
Anne.

I have a good memory.

There's Venus. See, how  
she glares at Mars over there.

What's, uh, what's that star  
over there?

- Over there?

- Mm-hmm.

Oh, he's just a star.

Comes and goes

every now and then.

No one pays much attention  
to him.

His name is Otto.

He never amount to anything.

Everyone says that

he's kind of a drifter.

Anne.

You better take me  
back now, Rudi.

I've enjoyed hearing about the  
stars. It's been very amusing.

No, Anne.

- Maddelena will be wondering.

- I can't help it.

- But I can.

- You can't either.

You can't go back now.

You can't leave me tomorrow.

- You're insane.

- Of course, I am.

I've seen you every day  
and every night

for as many days and nights  
as I can remember living.

- I'm in love with you, Anne.

- You love Madellena.

I love you.

You're going to marry Maddelena.

Anne.

Anne, why should my marrying  
Maddelena be a problem to us?

I was afraid

you felt that way, Rudi.

I wish you hadn't said it.

- Oh, forgive me, Anne.

- Forgive you?

That's all you can think of.

Yourself.

What you've been through,  
what you feel. What about me?

Haven't I been with you

those same days and nights?

Haven't I felt the touch of

your hand when it touched mine?

Haven't I looked  
into your eyes too?

- Listen to me--

- No, I'm sorry, Rudi.

I can't see it just your way.

Maybe I want  
what Maddelena wants.

To wear my love in the open.  
To be proud and happy with you.

It's too bad you never  
thought of me like that.

Or maybe you did.

Maybe that's just not enough  
of you to go around.

But I want you to love me.

I want you to marry her,  
and I want my love to haunt you.

To make you lie awake at night.

To burn your heart,  
to make you sick with pain.

I want you to think of me  
and to ache for me.

I want never to see you again.

- You can't leave me, Anne.

- You can't hold me.

- As my wife, you'd stay.

- Oh, careful, Rudi.

I might think you meant that.

I never meant anything  
in my life before.

Think, Rudi.

You don't wanna marry me.

- Marry me.

- And Madellena?

- What about Madellena?

- She'll have to understand.

- I'll tell her.

- When?

I couldn't tonight.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow.

'All the world has come  
to our festa tonight.'



The night in her bluest gown.  
The moon  
in his more silver face.  
There are pearls on the grass  
where tomorrow there'll be dew.  
And the signorina to blind  
them all with her light.  
Wonderful, Giulio.  
I've never heard you say  
that much before in a week.  
I've been known to say  
much less, signor  
and I've been known to say more.  
Fine, you've said just enough.  
Shall we go, darling?  
- Of course.  
- A moment, please.  
Since this is the night of the  
festa, signor, I beg permission  
for one dance  
with the signorina.  
Certainly not.  
Well, this is the one night  
of the year, darling  
when we forget about..  
Giulio is a harmless sort.  
I trust him with you anyway.  
I've never been known  
to damage the wing of a fly.  
- You're drunk.  
- Signor Pal says it's over.  
I'm harmless.  
- Drunk? I must be pitiful.  
- Where will you be?  
I shall have to bowl  
with the contessa  
and buy doves for Maddelena,  
and take the admiral home  
when his knees turn blue.  
- I'll find you, darling.  
- Be sure.  
- Take good care of her, Giulio.  
- As I would my own, signor.  
How much did he pay you

for that kiss?  
How much did he pay you  
for that kiss?  
You ask for a dance.  
Very well, let's get it.  
Don't look at me like that,  
Giulio.  
I-I-I can make you understand.  
I can explain.  
- Let me talk to you.  
- Talk, Anni. Talk?  
Where can we go?  
Where can we be alone?  
- Your house?  
- No, not my house.  
- Forgive me, Giulio.  
- There's a summer house nearby.  
We can go there if you like.  
- Please.  
- I better go first.  
- Festa must be very near.  
- Yes.  
- Giulio.  
- Why don't you look at me?  
Do you remember when  
I came to your little house?  
The day I received the telegram  
from the contessa.  
I came to your house  
because of that telegram.  
I planned somehow,  
I didn't know exactly  
to hide it, to steal it.  
I had to keep it  
from the contessa.  
And yet, I was afraid to come.  
Why?  
'Cause for a long time,  
I felt that I loved you.  
I felt it too.  
I've never loved  
like that before.  
Inside of me.  
Can you understand?

It frightened me  
and made me angry.  
I tried to hate you for it  
and laughed at myself.  
That afternoon  
in your little house  
I knew a happiness  
I'd never known before.  
I was in love with you, Giulio.  
And I-I know only that  
the telegram wasn't delivered.  
You think everything I said and  
did that day was for a purpose?  
It must have been.  
I know what was in the telegram.  
But I love you now.  
Now be as cheap as you like,  
but not about that anymore.  
It's not our love now,  
nor yours. It's only mine.  
So leave it to me.  
- But believe me, I do.  
- But you can't.  
I have eyes to see with,  
and ears I can hear.  
Then hear this. I love you this  
minute more than I did that day.  
And as time goes on,  
I shall probably love you  
even more than now.  
- But how?  
- Giulio.  
What is it, Anni?  
I'm going to marry Rudi Pal.  
- But you just said--  
- I love you.  
That's what I feel.  
I can't help that.  
- Yeah, that's what I want.  
- But you can't want it.  
Why not? He loves me. He told  
me so. He asked me to marry him.  
But we love each other.  
You'll marry me.

There will be no lies  
between us.  
I know what you are.  
You know what I am.  
- We can be happy.  
- He'll make me happy too.  
He's got what I need  
for happiness.  
You don't know what you need.  
Were you happy at that bar  
in the waterfront?  
You'll be just the same.  
Your life will be just the same.  
And who will it be to love?  
And who'll love you?  
Who wants love?  
I've never had it.  
I didn't ask for it now.  
There's something else though.  
Something I've had all my life.  
Something I thought I'd have  
to die to get rid of.  
Have you ever been hungry,  
Giulio?  
Well, I have. They tell me  
it's as strong as love.  
Well, I'll tell you,  
it's stronger.  
All your life to want things  
you've seen and heard about  
and dreamed about.  
Things like, well..  
Like those lies  
I told you that day.  
You knew I was lying.  
I couldn't even believe myself.  
They were too fantastic.  
Maybe I'll never have  
all of them.  
Maybe I'll never even  
have one of them.  
But I've had a taste,  
and I've got a chance at more  
and I'm gonna take it.

Do you see?  
Oh, I see what you want.  
But everything you love  
in the world.  
Even the trees, the water,  
the wind..  
The wind comes a long way  
to see you.  
You should be here to greet it  
in the morning.  
I'll see to it that you are.  
We're leaving tomorrow night,  
Rudi and I.  
I won't let you marry him, Anni.  
You can't stop me.  
There's nothing you can do.  
- I can deliver that telegram.  
- But it's lost.  
It blew away.  
You couldn't find it ever.  
Every well-organized  
telegraph station  
keeps copies of its telegrams.  
You'd get into trouble.  
I'll report you.  
I'll tell them you should  
have delivered it days ago.  
Think of your family.  
Your disgrace.  
- You'll-you'll lose your job.  
- I've never been hungry.  
My love for you is stronger  
than anything in my life so far.  
Then if you love me, Giulio..  
And stronger even than you,  
Anni.  
- Stronger than both of us.  
- Giulio.  
Time for the morning mail,  
Cousin Giulio.  
How tiny the hotel looks  
from here.  
Must I remind you again, cousin,  
we are in government business?

We're late.  
A telegram?  
For the hotel, cousin?  
No, no, that's an old one.  
- What are you looking at?  
- Just looking.  
That's what I thought.  
Where do you want this?  
I said where shall I put this?  
Oh!  
Oh, anywhere.  
Just keep it.  
I can't tell whether you're  
going to be married or buried.  
You talk like  
you're just starting to live  
and you act as if  
you were going to die.  
That's the way I feel.  
Like a kid that all her life has  
been asking for a piece of candy  
and somebody gives her  
a whole store full.  
And she just looks at it.  
I oughta be happy, Maria.  
Jump maybe, and singing.  
Talking about everything  
I'm gonna do with my money.  
Keep you with me.  
Get Rose's appendix taken out.  
Buy a new mirror  
for the restroom at the bar.  
But I don't know.  
Suddenly, there isn't any fun.  
Suddenly I feel lost, like,  
like I don't know the way home.  
Maybe,  
you don't want this really.  
I'm not that lost.  
Come on.  
Let's get this packing done.  
I'm a bride  
and I'm gonna act like one.  
I'll even manage to blush.

I wanna be there when you do.

What about this dress?

Oh, keep it.

I've worn it already.

How would it look

if I wore the same dress twice?

I can remember

when happiness to you

meant finding a piece of meat

in your stew.

Come in!

'Come in, Alberto.'

You see, I'm packing.

I leave you tonight.

- So..

- Yes, I'm going to be married.

- You know to Signor Pal.

- So..

Yes, I wanna thank you

for being so kind to me.

You were very helpful.

After I'm married,

I shall send you

a very fine check

for your trouble.

That would not be necessary,

signorina.

Oh, but I would like to for

looking after me so wonderfully.

I looked after the signorina

because I-I was told to.

You see, I'm Giulio's cousin.

Come in!

Rudi!

- Rudi?

- Maddelena.

What is it, Rudi?

What makes you think

there is anything?

Rudi, I've known that look

on your face

ever since you ran my bicycle

into a tree.

- It's about us, isn't it?

- Yes, Maddelena.  
And Anne, it's about her too.  
I love her.  
I know. I've seen it  
in your eyes and hers.  
There wasn't anything  
I could do about it.  
You sorta used me..  
I thought it would be like  
all of the others and it lasts.  
I've loved you very much, Rudi.  
I can't help myself.  
You know that.  
Of course, you can't.  
Don't even try.  
When will it happen?  
Umm, we're leaving tonight.  
So soon?  
We're to be married in Orciano.  
Oh, it's very lovely in Orciano.  
Be sure to stay  
at the Villa Rose.  
It's so quiet and beautiful.  
We spent a summer  
there once, remember?  
You wore your first full  
dress suit.  
And I danced all over your..  
Oh, Maddelena.  
Please.  
Having felt  
properly sorry for myself  
we can all have dinner together  
tonight before you go, can't we?  
- Should we?  
- Of course, we should.  
I'd like to see Anne again.  
I'd like to tell her..  
I'd like to tell her  
that I think she's very lucky.  
Oh, please, Rudi,  
get out of here.  
- What time is it?



- **It's 10:**

- Oh, must be later than that.

- It's ten o'clock.

Oh, the day goes by so slowly.

What am I suppose to do

until nighttime comes?

Wait for it.

Why not climb up to your beloved

pinetrees with your future--

Oh, he's busy

making arrangements.

He might permit the postman

to walk with you.

So what if I never see

another pine tree again

as long as I live.

What if I never welcome

the wind in the morning?

- 'What did you say?'

- Nothing.

Tomorrow, I won't care

what time it is.

Starting tomorrow, I won't care

whether it's day or night

or whether...

pine trees grow like pretzels.

I'll be a bride.

Hey, Maria, look at Anni.

I'm a bride.

Here comes the bride

all dressed in..

Red! The bride wore red.

Oh, my wonderful red dress.

You wouldn't let me

wear it before, Maria.

You were afraid and so was I.

But now, I'm not.

But I still wanna wear it

because I'm a bride..

...and I'm a lady.

Well..

I've been trying to remember you

at the Cordillera Bar.

So have I, and I can't.

He'll send me flowers  
every night just like tonight.  
It's a pity  
they don't go with the dress.  
I love them.  
I'd like to wear them always.  
Flowers don't die on me  
like they do on other women.  
Nothing you touch  
will ever die, Anni  
and nothing you touch  
will ever live.  
- What are you talking about?  
- I'm afraid of you tonight.  
I thought I knew you.  
I thought you could love,  
and be hurt  
and grow like everything else  
that lives  
but you have no heart, Anni.  
You're like a fire that  
burns everything around it  
and destroys whatever it touches  
and in the end, destroys itself.  
You can't remember  
the waterfront  
because you're still there.  
This place,  
all of this hasn't touched--  
- Oh, shut up.  
- You're the same.  
You'll always be the same.  
I'm afraid of you.  
Have you gone crazy?  
Sure..  
Sure, I'm crazy I guess.  
I don't know what came over me.  
Nerves.  
These past weeks  
haven't been exactly  
a party for me, you know?  
Oh, but from now on, it's going  
to be a party, you'll see.  
Well, I couldn't have done

without you, you old horse.  
You know that?  
Here, that's better. Now, come  
on. Say goodbye to the bride.  
I'd hit you with an old shoe  
only...I'm wearing them.  
But good luck to you.  
Oh, no more of that.  
It isn't necessary.  
You see, Maria,  
I've got what I want.  
Yes, Anni.  
You've got what you want.  
- Good evening, signorina.  
- Good evening.  
Darling, it's been a whole day.  
- Well, how do I look?  
- You look..  
You always look beautiful.  
Oh, darling.  
Is everything arranged?  
We leave for Orciano  
right after dinner.  
We'll hurry dinner  
as fast as we can.  
It won't be much fun for me,  
what with Maddelena and all.  
Be nice to Maddelena.  
Understand how she feels.  
Oh, if she's nice to me.  
She understands how I feel.  
She will. Maddelena  
couldn't be any other way.  
Here she is,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
I'm sorry, I'm late  
but I had so much to pack.  
I want to wish you  
the best of everything, Anne.  
- I hope you'd be very happy.  
- Thank you, Maddelena.  
And I hope  
we'll always be good friends.  
I know we will,

that is if you don't mind  
my getting jealous  
every now and then.  
Let's all sit down,  
shall we? Anne?  
Look at that.  
'The we are, darling,  
Rudi, the wood chopper'  
'and his bucksome bride.'  
I'd tell you how thoughtful and  
how sweet you are, Maddelena  
but I'd have to talk  
about so many things.  
They are the most elegant  
bride and groom I could find  
on such short notice.  
What a shame  
they had to be peasants.  
Yet peasants fall in love,  
and stay in love.  
- I remember--  
- Of course, this..  
- I beg your pardon.  
- I beg yours.  
- Please.  
- I insist.  
- But, I really didn't--  
- Neither did I, honestly.  
Oh! Isn't this onion soup good?  
Wonderful. My favorite dish  
in all the world.  
- Again thank you, Maddelena.  
- Oh, it's just force of habit.  
You'll have so many things  
to remember, Anne.  
He likes his coffee strong,  
and his meat medium toward rare.  
His eggs three minutes,  
and none of the smelly cheeses.  
And chocolate's bad  
for him and..  
I can imagine nothing of less  
interest to the rest of us.  
Would you like me

to close the door, Anne?  
No, please, I like it open.  
It lets the night in.  
And I can hear the trees  
and the wind.  
Did you ever think how far  
the wind has travelled just to..  
- To what, Anne?  
- To make my life miserable.  
To everyone else in the world,  
the wind is the wind.  
To me, it's always the cold  
in the head.  
The peasant music.  
Giulio's flute.  
It's the first night in so long  
that he's played  
with the others.  
He sounds very sad.  
- And I know why.  
- Why?  
Because every night  
isn't festa night.  
He danced with Anne  
at the festa.  
How nice.  
Too bad I missed seeing you.  
Well, there was such a crowd  
on the floor.  
I saw them dance.  
They looked charming.  
Giulio had a little  
too much wine to drink.  
I'm surprised at myself  
for leaving Anne alone with him.  
That's more trust  
than you ever had in me.  
You never even let me  
near a bar.  
It's funny.  
I didn't feel afraid for Anne.  
I thought she could handle him.  
I'm sure she could.  
Rudi, would you close the door,

please?

Certainly, darling.

What about the night?

The noise of the wind.

It's chilly now.

Funny, Giulio seems  
to have left the others.

He's playing alone now.

Coming his way too,  
from the sound.

He shouldn't be allowed  
in the hotel grounds.

- Anne?

- Well, he shouldn't.

Oh, I'm sorry.

I've such a headache.

- Excitement and everything.

- Of course.

Perhaps you'd better go  
to your room.

But that seems such a shame.

Our last night together.

I wouldn't think  
of breaking up the party.

It's, uh, strange

I don't remember you, admiral.

Such a good friend of father's.

You were such  
a little bit of a thing.

Yes.

A sort of miniature  
of what you are now.

- And what am I now?

- May I answer that?

No, please. The admiral.

I want to know  
about myself as a child.

What I looked like?

What I said?

The clothes I wore,  
and the things I did.

- Well, now, uh..

- But you must remember.

- I was a beautiful child.

- 'Yes.'

And I wore

the nicest of clothes.

Made it specially for me

even as a little girl.

And I wore my hair long,

and-and braids.

And I was a well-mannered

little girl too, wasn't I?

- A perfect, little lady.

- Yes.

Perfect, little lady.

You speak of yourself

so strangely.

Almost as one

might speak of the death.

Or as someone

who had never lived.

A telegram.

I'll bet it's for you, darling.

- From your mother.

- No, it's for the contessa.

Telegram for the contessa.

How did you know?

- Anne, is this--

- Yes, it's true.

You should have known

you couldn't get away with it.

Well, I missed by

only a very few minutes.

I can't understand. I should

have had this wire days ago.

The days go quickly

with Count Armalia.

He probably didn't think it

very important.

Anne, you poor darling.

Oh, don't feel sorry for me,

Maddelena.

You should hate me

for what I've done to you.

But you won't.

You're the finest lady

I've ever known.

You're too good for Rudi.  
But then, you're in love  
with him.  
I guess love makes you  
to do crazy things.  
You're not broken-hearted, Rudi,  
any more than I am.  
You want to marry Maddelena.  
I know that.  
I've known it ever since  
you asked me to marry you.  
A miracle saved you this time  
but if you've any sense at all,  
there won't be a next time.  
You're very high class,  
contessa, and very smart  
but I'm just as smart,  
remember that.  
Admiral, will you ever forget  
how you used to dandle me  
on your knee?  
Maria?  
Maria?  
Anni.  
Oh, Maria.  
So he delivered the telegram?  
He waited all day for you to do  
it yourself but you wouldn't.  
So he did it.  
Because he loves you.  
And you love him.  
Because he thinks that's  
most important to both of you.  
You wish you could hate him  
for it, but..  
...cry instead.  
Maybe you're not crying  
about anything.  
Maybe you're just crying..  
...about everything.  
Because you can't play anymore.  
You can't have your own way.  
Now you've got to go back.  
So cry, Anni.



Cry all over your spilt milk.  
No more crying.  
No more tears.  
There's nothing left  
to cry about.  
Isn't it ridiculous, Maria?  
I should be hysterical now.  
Screaming  
at the top of my voice.  
Beating my head on the floor.  
Here I am walking up and down as  
though I have everything I want.  
Everything I want.  
How do I know what I want?  
How does anyone know?  
I guess you want  
what you haven't got.  
It's funny how light I feel.  
As if I've been carrying a heavy  
load for miles and miles and..  
...suddenly I could put it down  
and walk on without it.  
Oh, I wanna dance.  
Will you dance with me?  
You in your lovely red dress.  
Oh, it's such  
a wonderful red dress.  
Fit for a..  
Fit for me.  
It's really not beautiful  
at all, you know?  
It's too red, and too loud,  
and too cheap.  
I don't like it anymore.  
I don't wanna wear it anymore.  
It's yours, Maria.  
I hate it.  
I don't want it either.  
What would I do with it?  
Hang it on your wall and tell  
people it's a picture of me.  
Where is she?  
Where is whatever her name is?  
Inside, Signor Nobili. The..

The signorina  
is-is changing her clothes.  
Signorina? Signorina indeed!  
- Yes, Signor Nobili.  
- You're not to serve her.  
You have to stop this instant,  
did you understand?  
Go back to the linen room.  
She should be serving you.  
- Yes, Signor Nobili.  
- Well!  
Yes, Senor Nobili.  
You've had enough time to pack  
your things. Now, get out.  
Aren't you being  
a little bit loud?  
Loud?  
How dare you come  
into my apartment  
and yell like a fish monger?  
- Get out.  
- You get out first.  
I've some things to attend to.  
I'll give you five minutes.  
I may need six or seven.  
Also that slight matter  
of the bill.  
I've given some  
of my clothes to the maid.  
The rest  
you may keep as payment.  
Anni.  
The bird's nest is almost gone.  
They build a new one every year.  
Oh!  
- Where will you go, Anni?  
- I haven't thought.  
'What will happen to you?'  
I'd like once more  
to climb to the pines.  
Very high.  
The clearing on the top.  
To look down once more.  
- Anni.

- Only to look, Maria.

- I'm afraid.

- Well, you needn't be.

People are so wrong  
about that too.

It isn't the way out for a  
coward, but for a great courage.

- Great by far than mine.

- What about Giulio?

And in the morning,  
there's a train back to Trieste.

- I have my ticket.

- What about Giulio?

He wouldn't want me now.

He couldn't.

The way things happened with me  
because I want him so terribly.

Thank you, Alberto.

Did I ever tell you  
that the Archduke of Austria  
once rode in this cart?

It can't take me  
where I'm going.

- Where are you going?

- To the pines first.

From there,  
we can take you to the star.

- Giulio?

- Yes.

Giulio, you've shown me  
how strong your love is  
and how proud.

You couldn't want me now.

He's alright  
when he gets started.

All I bring you is this dress,  
and it isn't even faithful.

We won't worry about it,  
the dressmaker..

- Is my cousin.

- Is your cousin?