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We Live Again

By Maxwell Anderson

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Christ is risen from the dead,
trampling down death by death.
And upon those in the tomb.
Bestowing life.
When I will come to see you.
Rapid flow the dear rivers
I want you to carry away
all my sorrow.
With your fast waters.
On the fields
the girls were strolling.
Singing and picking up
corn flowers.
There they met the young fellow.
He gave them a look
as though he were superior.
Scarcely looked at them.
Scarcely looked at them.
Katusha!
Katusha!
What are you doing
in the fields again?
There was nothing more
to do in the house,
so I came here to help!
You'll catch it when they
find out you're in the fields again!
And what are you thinking of?
Don't you know he's arriving today?
He? Who?
Who? You numbskull!
The prince! Dmitri Ivanovitch!
He's on his way
from the station now!
I thought it was tomorrow!
Tomorrow! Go into the house
and put on your Sunday frock!
You dirty girl!
And comb your hair!
I will!
And don't forget
his welcoming gift!
Have you?

What are you smelling, Dmitri?
I don't smell anything.
Spring. You don't smell the spring?
Oh, that!
This air. It's wonderful.
It's going to be
a wonderful summer.
But there'll be
no loafing for you, Dmitri.
You'll spend the summer in study.
We shall be very disappointed if you
fail to pass your officer's examination.
Aunt Marie,
I don't like the army.
- What?
- I don't like what it represents.
I don't see why I should be
an officer, anyway.
Because your father was one,
and your grandfather!
Because the Nekhlyudovs
have always served their czar.
I don't know whether
I want to serve my czar.
- Dmitri, dear boy!
- What is this?
I want to serve my country.
That's why I'd rather go
into civil service.
Russia's in a pretty rotten condition.
- Dmitri!
- Dmitri!
We're going to have
a revolution if we don't look out.
Revolution in Russia? Ridiculous.
You think so?
Well, let me tell you.
When our rulers place yokes
around our necks...
When tyrants
grind their heels in our faces...
When oppression rules
instead of justice...
Where did you

pick up this nonsense?
I read it in a book.
Good morning. Good morning.
The prince must be
a big man now!
Oh, yes. Don't move all around.
Stand in one place.
Over this way.
- Ivan, you stand there.
- Yes, Anton Ivanovitch.
Here, you stand in line.
You get over there.
Welcome, Your Highness,
Dmitri Ivanovitch!
Come around.
Everyone, just as I told you.
Now one at a time.
Ivan.
- Welcome, Your Highness.
- Thank you. Thank you very much.
Oh. Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Thank you.
- May God bless Your Highness.
- Oh, thank you.
Thank you very much. Thank you.
Why do they give me food?
They need it, and we don't.
Hush! It's a custom...
It's always done!
Thank you very much.
But really, I don't like taking it.
Anton, His Highness
is tired after his journey.
Tell them to place
their gifts on the steps
and give them
His Highness' thanks.
But, Aunt Marie, I'm not tired,
and I should thank them personally.
Friends!
Dear friends!
And brothers in suffering!
That'll do, Dmitri. Come.

- Tell them, Anton.
- But, Aunt Marie...
Brothers in suffering, indeed!
Really, Dmitri!
Welcome, Dmitri Ivanovitch.
I wish you every happiness...
and... and happiness!
And I give you this for good luck!
Katusha?
No! Oh, my goodness, it is.
Why, of all the...
This is the most
startling thing I've ever seen!
I mean the way you've changed!
Why, six years ago...
I can't believe my eyes...
You were just a little girl
with freckles, wasn't she?
She has grown up.
You were just
a little freckled cocoon.
And now,
now you are a butterfly!
A beautiful
white and golden butterfly!
If our butterfly could manage it,
I wish she would serve us tea
in the sitting room.
You'll want to wash first, Dmitri.
You'll find your old room
upstairs ready for you.
I can't get over it!
She's become a raving beauty!
She's a very sweet girl.
She's a servant.
You're not forgetting that.
- What difference does that make?
- She's not to be treated as an equal.
Why not?
We practically grew up together.
Well, now, you are grown up.
You're not of the same class
and never can be.
Even though your Aunt Sophie

is teaching her French
and trying to make a lady of her.
Why, Marie,
I'm doing nothing of the kind.
I'm very fond of the child,
and she has
a natural aptitude for learning.
You will never make
a peasant into a lady.
I'm not so sure of that.
After all, what's the difference
between peasants and ourselves?
Suppose we all took our clothes off...
What?
Well, I don't mean
that we really should...
What I mean is,
figuratively speaking.
If...
Is there warm water in my room?
Yes.
Katusha!
- Where are you?
- With the cow!
What a book!
What marvelous thoughts
this writer has!
- You've got to read it.
- What is it called?
Look.
"Land and Freedom. "
The government
has suppressed it.
I've met Simonson, the author.
He's a great thinker.
The police are after him.
Is it an immoral book?
It's the most moral book
ever written.
It says that all people are equal
and that the land
should belong to everybody.
- Is there a love story?
- No, no, of course not.

- Love stories are for children.

- I like them.

They're all right in their place,
but before love comes humanity.

People.

But if people didn't fall in love,
there wouldn't be any people.

Well, yes, but... but you do believe,
of course, that we're all equal?

- Are we?

- Not yet, but we should be.

Then who would be servant
and who would be master?

There wouldn't be any servants.

We'd all be masters.

Who would do the work then?

Oh, you numbskull.

Katusha, you're only beautiful.

You're not bright.

Now look here. Stop that!

Who does the air belong to?

I don't know.

Do you have to pay
to breathe air?

No.

Now we are getting somewhere.

And the water,
who owns the water?

- What kind of water?

- There's only one kind of water!

Who owns it?

The man who owns the well?

No, no... the water in the ocean.

Salt water, let's say.

What is it good for,
except pickles?

You're hopeless.

But I'll make you
understand this if I have to...

Get up.

Come here.

Now kiss me.

Come on, I'm ordering you to.

Kiss me.

There! Now do you see
what I mean?

No.

- Why did you kiss me?
- Because you asked me to.
- Why did I ask you to?
- I don't know.

Well, I'll tell you why.

Because being a nobleman, I knew
that if I asked you to do something,
you'd have to do it.

Now why have I the right
to force you against your will?

Why should...

- Well, you didn't exactly force me.
- Keep quiet when I'm talking.

Who is it
that gives me that privilege?

God? No, no, no...

the accident of birth.

Why should that be the...

What's the matter?

First, you ask me to kiss you,
and then when I do what you ask,
you shout at me.

No, no, Katusha, don't cry.

Don't cry. I was only arguing.

I was just trying to show you
how unequal things are.

It was just
a philosophical discussion.

But you asked me to...

I know, but I was
just trying to put over a point.

That's all. I didn't have
any desire to kiss you.

No, no, nothing like that.

It was all pure reasoning.

I was just illustrating
an unjust social condition.

There, there. That's all it was.

Don't cry, Katusha.

They've been together
all the summer,

every opportunity they could get.

I don't think

there's any harm in it, Marie.

Every time I've seen them together,
they've been reading a book.

A book can always be put aside.

I'm glad he's leaving today.

Where are you going with it?

Oh, be reasonable, Katusha.

I can't let you have my hat.

The school will have my hide

if I came back without it.

It's part of my uniform.

- Come and get it!

- Please, Katusha! Please!

Here.

Now when you are gone,

I'll have nothing

to remember you by.

If I don't leave you something,
you'll forget me?

No, Dmitri Ivanovitch.

I'll never forget you.

It's been

a marvelous summer, hasn't it?

Next summer, when I come back,

that'll be a marvelous one, too.

Every summer after that.

Ten months

before I'll see you again.

- It's going to be hard to wait.

- For me, too.

Well, then, let's think

only of four years from now.

After I quit the army,

then we can be together all the time.

There.

You can remember me,

at least until these fade.

And forever after.

Where did you get violets

as late as this?

In the conservatory.

If your aunts

knew I took them...

They'd be angry, wouldn't they?

Yes.

They would be angry.

You will try and pass your
examinations, Dmitri, dear, won't you?

I will, Aunt Sophie.

You'll like army life.

Men always do.

Thank you, Aunt Marie.

It's been lovely.

You be a good boy,
and don't drink too much.

Yes, Aunt Sophie, I will.

- Good-bye, dear.

- Good-bye.

Good-bye. Good-bye.

- Good-bye!

- Good-bye!

Good-bye!

- Good-bye!

- Good-bye, dear. Good-bye!

- Yes, sir.

- Oh, relax.

I haven't come here officially.

I'm here because you've been making
a great fool of yourself, Lieutenant.

You were very rude
to General Davidoff's wife last night.

- Rude? I, sir?

- That's what I said!

She showed
every evidence of liking you.

And you avoided her
as though she had the cholera.

She's a married woman, sir.

She's the general's wife.

That's precisely it, young man!

She's the general's wife!

She can be useful.

She's helped a lot of
young men toward promotion.

Do you want to stay
a lieutenant all your army life?

- No, sir.
- Then confound it!
Do the things
that are done in the army!
Mix! Go to parties!
Learn to hold your liquor!
These are also the attributes
of a good soldier!
Get yourself liked.
You read too much!
Keep your nose out of books,
except those pertaining
to army regulations.
What's this? Land and Freedom?
I'm disgusted with you!
Continue the way
you've been going, Dmitri,
and you'll end up by being
cashiered out of the service!
Oh!
To fall asleep.
Forget myself forever.
And leave everything painlessly.
My life was a joke.
Crafty and evil.
I don't care if I will.
Part with life.
Silence, grief.
Silence.
Don't touch my old wound.
The tale of dear love.
Never will return.
Never.
My felt boots are very old.
And without soles.
When I put on my best shirt
I will look very good.
My white face
is blooming like a rose.
My white face
is blooming like a rose.
But better not to go too far.
And not to wear
all the rings and bracelets.

And not to wear
all the rings and bracelets.
Don't wear your presents.
Better have
your show boots fixed.
Better have
your show boots fixed.
Get out!
Discipline's good for them.
That's what they need.
But better not to go too far.
Don't wear your presents,
Better have your show boots fixed.
Better have your show boots fixed.
Better have your show boots fixed.
If we wait for him any longer,
we shall miss the services.
But his letter definitely said
he'd be here tonight.

- Dmitri!
- Hello! Hello! Hello!
I'm sorry I'm late.
I was delayed.
- I'm in time for church, I hope.
- We can just manage it.

May I present
Lieutenant Schonbock?
- My aunts.
- Your Highness.

You are coming with us,
Lieutenant?
Thank you, Your Highness.
I just came in
to pay my respects.
I am scheduled to do my worshipping
a few miles away from here.
I'll drop in for you
tomorrow morning then.

- You're not leaving tomorrow?
- Yes, I must.

The army is off
to the border for maneuvers.
Remember, I'm in
His Majesty's service now.

Well, I must be off.

- Happy Easter to you.

- Happy Easter.

- Happy Easter to you.

- Thank you.

- Good-bye.

- Good luck.

I'll see you in the morning.

Dmitri, you ought to be
ashamed of yourself.

Two years,

and you haven't been here,
you haven't written... nothing.

Darling, if you only knew
how they keep my nose to my work.

It's a constant grind.

Anyhow, I'm here now,

and it's Easter Eve,

and it's a sin

to scold anyone tonight.

You're both as beautiful

as you've always been.

- And so is Matrona Pavlovna!

- Your Highness.

Katusha.

Look at her!

An angel in a white dress!

She made it herself!

No! I dare say the heavenly angels
themselves aren't that talented!

Come now,

we really must be going.

Yes. May I?

Tell me, has Katusha
been behaving herself?

She always does.

We're seriously thinking
of adopting her.

Oh, she's not married yet?

No, she's had several good offers.

But she doesn't seem interested.

Strange.

Enable us.

To glorify Thee.

With a pure heart.
Glory to the Holy,
Consubstantial, Life-giving.
And undivided Trinity.
Now and ever,
and unto ages of ages.

Amen

Christ is risen from the dead.
Trampling down death by death.
And upon those in the tomb
bestowing life

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bestowing life

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And upon those in the tomb
bestowing life

Christ is risen from the dead.
Trampling down death by death.
And upon those in the tomb
bestowing life.

In peace let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, have mercy.

Peace in Heaven

and salvation for our souls.

Let us pray to the Lord.

Lord, have mercy.

The day of Resurrection!

Let us be illumined,

O ye people!

The Passover,

the Passover of the Lord!

From death unto life.

And from Earth unto Heaven.

Hath Christ our God

brought us over.

From death unto life

Christ is risen from the dead,
trampling down death by death.

And upon those in the tomb
bestowing life

Christ is risen from the dead,

trampling down death by death.

And upon those in the tomb

bestowing life

Christ is risen from the dead,

trampling down death by death.

And upon those in the tomb

bestowing life.

- Christ is risen, Katusha.

- He is indeed, Matrona Pavlovna.

- Christ is risen.

- He is indeed.

- Christ is risen, Katusha.

- He is indeed, Dmitri Ivanovitch.

- Dmitri, Christ is risen.

- He is indeed, Aunt Marie.

- Christ is risen.

- Christ is risen.

- He is indeed.

- He is indeed.

- Christ is risen.

- Christ is risen, Katusha.

- He is indeed.

- He is indeed.

The Passover and the Atonement.

The Passover of all August-Christ...

The horse ran away

in a cloud of dust!

Well, it's bedtime.

Well, Aunt Marie, we never have
suppers like this in the army.

But you like

army life now, don't you?

- Oh, yes.

- I thought you would.

I knew it would knock

some of those ideas out of your head.

One grows older...

Your room is ready

as always, Dmitri.

Thank you, Aunt Sophie.

- Good night, dear.

- Pleasant dreams to you.

- Good night, Aunt Marie.

- Good night, my dear.

We'll all breakfast with you
in the morning.

Yes.

- Good night.

- Good night, Dmitri Ivanovitch.

- Good night.

- Good night.

But if he leaves in the morning,
I won't be able to see him at all.
You'll see him at breakfast.

Besides, you saw enough of him
at church and at supper,
the way you kept staring at him.

I looked at him because
I haven't seen him for two years.

Oh, I'm tired.

Good night, child.

Good night, Matrona Pavlovna.

He's handsomer than ever.

I do believe the army
brings out a man's good looks.

It certainly gives him dash.

- Good night, Marie.

- Good night, Sophie.

Dmitri Ivanovitch.

Katusha.

Are you glad to see me?

Oh, Dmitri Ivanovitch!

Dmitri Ivanovitch.

Have you forgotten me?

- You have.

- No.

I was afraid I wasn't
going to see you alone.

So was I.

Katusha!

We can't talk here.

Why don't you...

It's a beautiful night.

We can walk a little and talk.

Oh, I couldn't. It's so late.

We may not see each other
again for a long time.

Come, Katusha.

No, Dmitri Ivanovitch.
We'll talk here, like this.
Katusha? What is that noise?
You see? Please, Katusha,
just for a moment.
Do you remember our tree?
- Of course I do.
- Shall we go there?
No, it's too cold.
It's clouding up.
I know.
- Remember?
- Violets?
Oh, yes, violets.
No, Dmitri Ivanovitch, no.
We shouldn't do this.
Why not? When two people
love each other...
Love.
Remember when you said that
every summer we would be together?
Now two summers have passed.
Is everyone going to
scold me tonight?
Very well, then. I should have
come back or I should have written.
I didn't.
Now tell me because of that
you don't love me any longer,
and I'll go away.
No, Dmitri Ivanovitch, please, no.
Katusha, army maneuvers
aren't child's play.
I may be hurt,
perhaps even killed.
It's you who have changed, not I.
I'm just as I was... every bit as much
in love with you as before I left.
It's you who have forgotten me.
Don't say that.
Why, Dmitri Ivanovitch.
Matrona Pavlovna...
tell my aunts I had forgotten
I had to leave so early.

I shan't be able to
breakfast with them.
Tell them I hope, however, to see them
when I return from the maneuvers.
Oh... please give this to Katusha.
Good-bye.
Good-bye, Your Highness.
Katusha. Katusha, wake up.
It's for you.
From Dmitri Ivanovitch.
Dmitri Iv...
- Is he gone?
- Yes.
He said he had to hurry off.
Oh, no.
No, no, no!
Why, Dmitri, I thought
I was coming to fetch you.
- Well, here I am.
- Oh, I see.
Well, I shall say
that's the best way to end it.
End what?
Why is it the best way?
Because it always
has been, my boy.
Kiss, and ride away.
That's the best way.
Katusha! Katusha! Where are you?
Look, he has hurt his leg,
and his mother is dead.
If I don't take care of him,
he will die.
The princesses are coming!
I think they know.
What are you going to do?
What can I do?
I'll talk to Dmitri Ivanovitch tomorrow.
He'll help me, won't he?
Oh, I hope he comes tomorrow.
It isn't absolutely
sure yet, you know.
- We wish to speak to Katusha alone.
- Yes, Your Highness.

Stand up.

It pains me
to speak of this, Katusha.
I have hoped against hope
that I was mistaken,
but now your condition
has become obvious.

- Yes, Your Highness.

- We had such hopes for you, too.

Well, when a girl gets herself
into trouble of this kind,
she must take the consequences.

Of course, we cannot
keep you here any longer.

Anton will give you
three months' wages,
and it would be better
if you left immediately.

- Oh, Marie, immediately?

- It is best.

That is all, Katusha.

Has it occurred to you
that it might have been Dmitri?
Dmitri is our own flesh and blood.
We must protect him at all costs.
Supposing he were to come back here
and find out about her?

He says he's changed,
but how can one tell?
You wouldn't like him
to marry her, would you?

Oh, what nonsense
you're making me talk, Sophie.
Of course Dmitri
had nothing to do with it.

- Well?

- They said I must go.

Today. Now.

I have just seen Anton.
Dmitri Ivanovitch isn't coming.
The orders have been changed.
The army goes through by train,
and that stops here
only for a moment.

But I must see him! Oh, I must!
When he knows about it, he'll...
Oh, Matrona Pavlovna...
I know he'll help me!
He'll help me!
He'll help me!
In the forge,
the young blacksmiths.
In the forge,
the young blacksmiths.
They are forging,
they are forging.
They are forging and telling.
Calling, calling, Dunia
calling, calling, Dunia.
Calling - conjuring,
calling - conjuring.
Let's go, let's go, Dunia,
let's go, let's go, Dunia.
Let's go, Dunia, to the woods,
let's go, Dunia, to the woods.
Let's go, let's go, Dunia,
let's go, let's go, Dunia.
Let's go, Dunia, to the woods...
Dmitri Ivanovitch!
- Got you that time!
- You're the devil's own luck!
Dmitri Ivanovitch!
The nightingale is a small bird.
The small canary
is singing very plaintively.
One, two, sorrow, we don't care.
You could always stay here,
but you know
what the village has been like.
Still, it may not be so bad in Moscow.
You may be happy there.
It's a pity we have to put him there
without holy words.
But what can we do?
You wouldn't tell them
who the father was,
so they wouldn't baptize him.
- Why did we stop dancing?

- I want to be alone with you...

if that isn't too bold
in a prospective husband.

Besides, I'm thirsty.

- Missy, I must warn you.

- What have I done?

You've looked at nobody
but me all evening.

People will begin to think you're
marrying me because you love me.

I'd never be able
to live that down, would I?

All right, darling,

I won't look at you again.

Now let's go back.

Oh, no, His Excellency,
the Judge, is in there.

- I'm afraid he may start in...

- You mustn't be unkind about Father.

I think people noticed
your expression

when he announced
our engagement.

My dear, he pronounced it
like a sentence.

He is rather preposterous, darling.

He's very fond of you.

He was only teasing
about your adventures
with the ladies of the ballet.

Oh, I'm all done with that...

that form of self-expression
by now, my dear.

- Your father should know that.

- I'll tell him.

But be nice to him, please.

He has great plans for you.

Plans? Look here, Missy,
I've served my time in the army.

Now I want to be free...

to plan my own happiness,
and yours, of course.

Father said if you want to be free,
you must be important.

Does that mean
I must become a judge, too?
Not a bad idea, my boy.
I'll see if I can arrange it for you.
Then you can
condemn others with impunity,
and do as you like yourself.
Prince Kortchagin,
I am not sure that I agree with you,
but I'm absolutely sure
that I don't want to argue about it.
Come along.
Don't forget
tomorrow morning, young man.
My court, nine o'clock.
I have never done jury duty.
Can't you get me off?
No, indeed, it'll do you good.
As a juryman, you can
consider yourself an embryonic judge.
Gentlemen of the jury.
Take your seats.
Everybody rise!
The court is coming!
Court is in session.
Bring in the prisoners.
If we stick to our story,
we'll be all right.
She won't have a leg to stand on.
Simon Kartinkin.
- Your name.
- Simon Kartinkin.
- Your class?
- Peasant, Your Excellency.
Religion?
Russian Orthodox,
Your Excellency.
And your occupation?
Waiter, in establishment
of Anastasia, Your Excellency.
You have been tried before?
No, Your Excellency.
Absolutely never.
You're aware

of the charge against you?

Oh, yes, Your Excellency.

But I didn't do it, Your Excellency.

- You see, Your Excellency...

- Sit down.

Euphemia Botchkova.

Kartinkin, sit down!

Kartinkin, sit down!

Kartinkin, sit down!

Your name.

My name is Euphemia Botchkova.

Peasant. Religion, Orthodox.

I'm a servant in

the establishment of Anastasia.

I have never been tried before,

and I know the nature

of the charges against me.

The third prisoner?

You will rise, please.

- Your name.

- Lubov.

What? What's this?

You're not put down as "Lubov."

- What is your real name?

- Your baptismal name.

Formerly I was called

Katusha Maslova.

Katusha... Katusha...

Katusha... Katusha.

- What class?

- Peasant.

- Religion?

- Orthodox.

And your occupation?

What was your employment

before your arrest?

I was in a place called

the establishment of Anastasia.

What sort of a place is that?

Oh, you know yourself.

Order! Or I'll clear the court!

You may sit down.

Simon Kartinkin...

and Euphemia Botchkova.

You are both charged
with having stolen money
from the suitcase
of the merchant Ivan Smelkoff...
and with having procured some poison
in the form of a powder.
And then, with having persuaded
the prisoner, Maslova,
to give it to the merchant Smelkoff
in a glass of brandy.
And thus, caused his death.

Do you plead guilty or not guilty?

- Not guilty, Your Excellency.

- Absolutely not.

- You see...

- You may sit down.

Katusha Maslova.

Your charge is more serious.

It is that you took the money
from the merchant Smelkoff
and shared it

with the other two prisoners.

And that later, you gave the merchant
Smelkoff poison in his drink...
and thereby caused his death.

You plead guilty?

If so, a full and free confession
will be of advantage to you.

I'm not guilty of any of it!

Suppose you tell us
how it happened?

Well, when he, this Smelkoff,
came to the house,

He was already very drunk.

There was no way
of managing him.

He became very difficult.

So I asked Simon and Euphemia
to help me to keep him quiet.

They told me they had
a sleeping powder.

So they gave it to me,
and I gave it to Smelkoff.

Then you do plead guilty

to having given the merchant
Smelkoff the powder in his drink?

Oh, yes, I did that.

Only I believed

what they told me...

that it was a sleeping powder,
and it wouldn't do him any harm.

How could I ever poison a man?

I never wished...

I never thought of such a thing!

- God as my witness.

- You may sit down.

The prosecution

may take up the case.

- We can't stay here all night!

- We are all agreed but you.

I am not convinced

as you all seem to be

of her innocence.

It is perfectly obvious

that she is innocent!

And that the other two
are thieves and murderers!

There isn't

the slightest doubt of it!

Well, gentlemen,

I won't hold out against you.

Perhaps you're right.

At any rate, let's get out of here.

Excellent, sir. Thank you, sir.

Then it's agreed.

Katusha Maslova, not guilty.

Wait, sir. That's not quite it.

She is guilty of

having given him the powder.

All right, we'll word it this way.

Katusha Maslova,

guilty of giving him the powder,

but without intent to rob...

Is that right?

- That's right.

- Call the attendant.

What is the matter

with those lunkheads?

Shouldn't have taken
two minutes to decide.
Girl's innocent,
and the other two are guilty.
Even the prosecuting attorney
couldn't make out
a case against her.
Trial by jury is stupid.
Jury have reached a decision,
Your Excellency.
- Thank heaven.
- Thank heaven.
The fools... look what
they've done. See here.
They meant to say she gave him
the powder without intent to kill.
Instead of which...
The verdict of the jury.
We find the defendants
Kartinkin and Botchkova
guilty of robbery.
We find the defendant,
Katusha Maslova,
guilty of giving the powder
to the merchant Smelkoff
without intent to rob.
Prisoners will hear the sentence.
By his Imperial Majesty's
ukase 1-2-5,
it is decreed that the peasants
Kartinkin and Botchkova
be sent to Siberia
for penal servitude for five years.
The peasant Katusha Maslova,
on the strength
of the decision of the jury,
in accordance
with statute three, section five,
will be sent to Siberia
to work at hard labor in the mines
for five years.
The court is adjourned!
But I am not guilty of anything!
I'm not guilty of anything!

I didn't kill him!
They told me
it was a sleeping powder!
Only a sleeping powder!
I told them the truth!
I didn't kill him!
Prince Kortchagin!
A mistake was made.
We agreed to find Maslova guilty
only of giving the drink
without intent to rob or to kill.
But unfortunately, Dmitri,
your written verdict doesn't say that.
"Without intent to rob."
That's all it says.
We didn't understand
the exact procedure, Your Excellency.
We are not lawyers,
and the technicalities escaped us!
Prince Kortchagin,
the decision must be reversed!
No, Dmitri, it cannot be reversed.
At least not in this court.
But you can't let
an innocent woman...
My dear Dmitri,
if you want to argue about it,
and I cannot imagine
why you should,
let us wait for dinner tonight.
We're due back in court
in about a moment,
and we have to try
20 revolutionaries simultaneously...
advocates of equality for all
or some such nonsense.
What's Prince Nekhlyudov
so excited about?
He isn't the one
who's going to Siberia.
Well, he's young.
Now, about these radicals,
we've got to show no leniency.
They're getting dangerous,

these fellows.

What, back again?

What have they done to you?

What happened, Katusha?

Siberia... hard labor in the mines.

Oh, don't they fear the Lord,

the cursed soul-slayers...

sentencing a girl for nothing.

- How many years?

- Five.

If you'd had money to hire
a good lawyer, they'd have let you off.

There's that one...

Oh, what's his name?

The hairy one with the long nose.

Why, he gets murderers acquitted

when they've got blood

wet on their hands.

Him? He wouldn't spit at you

for less than 3,000 rubles.

Have you any vodka?

- Can you pay for it?

- Yes.

That's better.

Now tell us how it happened.

I thought they were

going to let me off.

They all liked me.

I could see the men looking...

you know, the way they do?

But they sentenced me!

You should have made up

to some of them before the trial.

Then you'd have been all right.

What are you doing down here?

Did you smell the vodka?

Your chatter's not wanted, convict.

What are you?

Don't you come near me

or I'll murder you.

Fighting, eh?

Come here.

I'll teach you to maul each other.

All right, you.

- What are they giving us today?
- They call it potato soup.
How do they expect us to eat this?
- We fed better to our swine.
- Stop complaining.
You have food
and lodging here, of a sort.
Wait. Wait until you get to Siberia.
Hush! They've just sent her there.
What were you accused of?
Poisoning a man and robbing him.
I'm not guilty of either.
You're guilty of being poor...
as we all are.
In the eyes of our rulers,
that condemns us.
And they throw us into prison.
We have no money...
we can't buy our freedom,
and so we're sent to Siberia.
We're poor... therefore, we're lost.
Hush, Simonson! Hush!
- What is your name?
- Gregory Simonson.
Simonson...
- You wrote a book?
- A few.
Land and...
Land and... Freedom.
Land and Freedom!
I wrote that a long time ago.
Yes, a long time ago.
What did they get you for?
Talking.
That's a crime, too.
If you dare to raise your voice
against injustice,
you also go to Siberia!
Because sometimes,
speech becomes action.
Therefore, those who speak
must be destroyed!
Else they become too strong!
You've done it again, eh?

Come on.
How many times
have you got to be told
to stop that revolutionary talk?
- Soup! I want soup!
- You'll get your soup later!
Did you read his book?
No, but it was explained to me.
It said that all people were equal...
and I believed it!
And it started me
on my way to this place!
I should like to see
one of your prisoners...
Katusha Maslova.
Oh, that one.
- What's your name?
- Prince Nekhlyudov.
Yes, Your Highness.
Immediately, Your Highness.
Vlasoff!
Take His Highness
to the visitors' room immediately!
This way, Your Highness.
Tell them... tell them I'm dying!
- Take charge of His Highness.
- Yes, sir!
Maslova, Maslova
Is it me you want?
Do you know me?
Do you remember me?
I can't hear you!
Do you remember me?
You will have to speak louder!
This is ridiculous.
Nothing can be heard.
Your Highness,
the rules may be changed.
- I'll bring the prisoner into the office.
- Thank you.
Your gentleman's in there.
Take her in.
Five minutes is all
that you are permitted, sir.

Thank you.
Don't you know me?
Oh, yes. Yes, of course I do.
You used to
come and see me, didn't you?
Only I've forgotten your name.
I have a bad memory for names.
No, no...
Katusha, I am Dmitri.
- Dmitri Nekhlyudov.
- Dmitri Ivan...
I was on the jury.
It was all a dreadful mistake.
You were obviously innocent.
But we're going to
get you out of here.
Don't you worry about that.
Dmitri Ivanov...
How did you come to this?
Why did you leave my aunts?
Oh...
Who keeps a servant
that has a baby?
A baby?
Where is it now?
He died.
I went to Moscow.
I tried to find work...
Why wasn't I told
about the baby?
Where were you
that I could tell you?
Why did you come here?
Why don't you let me alone now?
Haven't you done enough to me?
- Katusha, I didn't know.
- Why do you ask me questions?
Why do you make me
remember again?
I had forgotten.
I had finished with all that.
Katusha, I must
make up to you somehow...
No, there is nothing

you can do now.
Yes... you can leave me alone!
Katusha, let me make
some sort of recompense.
You mean, give me money again?
Are you going to share
with the poor again...
Your Highness?
Do you still believe that water
and land belong to everybody?
- Is the air still free?
- For the love of heaven...
The foul air in this prison,
that's free to us... My Lord.
The pure air outside,
that belongs to you.
Well, go and breathe it then.
Leave this to us,
who deserve no better.
To me and to Simonson...
do you remember him?
- Believe me, I'll do all I can.
- He is here, too.
And the air he'll breathe,
and the water he'll drink,
and his lands...
they're in Siberia!
He's going there.
We're all going there!
Except you, Your Highness,
Prince Nekhlyudov.
You will find it
more comfortable here!
I deserve everything
you're saying, only let me...
I want to make amends now.
You're overwrought.
I can understand how you feel.
I'll come back another time.
Oh, no...
Don't come back. Ever.
Forget about it.
It's all over and done with.
Oh, you're back, finally.

Who was that gentleman?

What's the matter?

Something terrible
is happening to me.

I'm coming alive!

I don't want to live!

To live is to remember!

I mustn't do that!

It hurts too much!

I'd rather be dead,
the way I was!

My dear boy, if you try to
get the decision reversed
in a higher court,
frankly, I'll fight it.

Why?

Well, I've never had
one of my decisions reversed.

I give them in strict accordance
with the letter of the law.

I did so in this case.

I can't permit you
to make me look foolish, Dmitri.

Preposterous!

To save your own face, you'd let
an innocent woman go to Siberia, eh?

Look at him.

Darling, anyone would think
the matter affected you personally.

That's what one of
my colleagues said this morning.

Why get so excited
about a woman of that sort?

A woman of that sort?

What about the man?

Why does he go free?

Oh, Kartinkin.

Well, we sentenced him, too.

I mean the man
who made that girl what she is.

Oh...

Legally, I doubt whether
we could do anything to him.

Of course,

if we knew who he was,
we could call him on the carpet
and tell him he was a dirty dog.
Very well, then, do it.
I'm the man.
She was a peasant
on my aunt's estate.
I had forgotten all about her.
Well, today...
Really, darling, I'm hardly sure
this is in good taste.
I've never before known you
to flaunt your lurid past
at the dinner table.
I am not flaunting it,
I assure you.
But, I... I... I...
Oh, my dear fellow,
you exaggerate your guilt.
If it hadn't been you,
it would have been somebody else.
Of course, Dmitri.
Besides, what could you
have done for her afterwards?
- Married her.
- Married a servant? My dear boy.
At least I could have
taken care of her.
Darling, women of that sort
take care of themselves.
Of course, if a girl in that position
gets involved with her master,
she must take the consequences.
Why must she?
If it had been a girl
of my own class,
I'd have been forced
to marry her.
Or be horsewhipped
out of Moscow!
True, but the world is composed
of different classes...
those who are served,
and those who do the serving.

You can't treat them equally.
I thought and lived just that
these last few years.
But what have we done
to earn the right to eat from silver,
and be waited on by men and women
better than ourselves?
Why better than ourselves?
Because they serve!
Dear, dear, he's gone socialist.
Darling, after we're married,
will you expect me
to do all the housework?
Shall I have to sweep out the rooms
and clean the silver myself?
If he allows you to keep
the house and silver, my dear.
A good socialist
shares with everybody.
Gives his lands
to the peasants, eh, Dmitri?
I thought that was
a good idea once.
Oh, the muddled ideals of youth.
No, Kortchagin,
I was right then, and I'm wrong now.
I was alive then,
and I believed in something!
Now, I... I'm a shell.
We're all shells.
We're mannequins.
We're destined for a short life
and a bad end!
We're gluttonous and surfeited,
while all about us,
millions go hungry!
I'm sorry.
You must excuse me.
Dmitri!
My dear Prince Nekhlyudov,
I can do nothing.
This is completely legal.
The girl is innocent,
Your Excellency.

In every request for a pardon,
we're always first assured
of the innocence of the condemned.
It would seem
that our courts do nothing
but send innocent people to Siberia.
I believe that's true.
I can do nothing for you,
Prince Nekhlyudov.
Oh, and so!
That's why you feel responsible.
But what has that to do with us?
Now, if we'd enjoyed
the acquaintance of the young lady,
as you have, we might feel it
necessary to do something.
But...
Since we have no such memories
to influence our decision,
we can do nothing but refuse you.
Why waste all this energy
on a peasant?
We must keep
that sort of person in her place...
even if that place
happens to be Siberia.
Your Highness, you can't be
entirely without pity!
My instincts, my dear boy,
are those of our class...
yours and mine.
We must protect what we have...
our wealth, our lands.
And we daren't show leniency,
because that's weakness.
If we're weak,
we may lose what we have.
Perhaps you've heard this before.
"It is easier for a camel
to go through a needle's eye
than for a rich man to enter
into the Kingdom of God."
I don't quite see the application!
No, you wouldn't!

It's you who have changed, not I.
I'm just as I was.
Every bit as much in love with you
as before I left.
- It's you who have forgotten me.
- Oh. Don't say that.
Please give this to Katusha.
It's the most moral book
ever written.
It says that all people are equal.
And that the land
should belong to everybody.
Yes. There.
You can remember me.
At least until these fade.
And forever after.
The Passover New and Holy.
The Passover Mystical.
The Passover and Atonement.
The Passover of all August-Christ...
Dear Heavenly Father...
give me courage.
I have so much to do...
so many wrongs to make right.
Give me courage not to fail.
Help me, Dear God...
to live again.
Oh, when are you sending
the prisoners to Siberia?
On the 25th, Your Highness.
That's two weeks from now.
- In the anteroom.
- Yes, sir.
Katusha, I can't get you out.
I've tried everywhere.
They won't do it.
Why did you come back?
I told you I wanted
nothing from you.
I told you I wanted
only to be let alone.
I've come back
to ask you to forgive me.
Forgive you?

There is nothing to forgive.
It's all forgotten.
It's finished.
No, Katusha, it's not finished.
I've thought things over.
I know what I must do now.
I must make up for my wrong to you.
Not in words, but in deeds.
I want you... to marry me.
To marry you?
You, a prince,
want to marry a convict?
Why?
If I have a soul left,
I should like to save it.
- I must do all I can...
- To save your soul through me?!
You disgust me!
Your prince's face
and your fat soul... they revolt me!
Do you hear?
I'd rather hang myself
than marry you!
Katusha, you must do
what I ask you.
We still have life before us.
We must do all we can
to raise ourselves.
Raise ourselves?
You can't raise the dead!
We won't live again.
Not you and I.
Katusha, whether you marry me
or not, I shall help you.
Can't you understand
when you're not wanted?
Go back to your princesses!
Work for them!
Go back to your estates,
your good food and your soft beds!
- That's where you belong!
- I belong with you.
Why did you come back?
I had learned to live

without happiness.
Now you come back
and say such things to me
and make me feel again!
Why do you torment me?
I can't believe it.
You're leaving me,
who loves you,
for a woman
who will love anybody?
- That's not kind, Missy.
- Are you being kind to me?
Dmitri, this isn't sane.
Your entire life is here.
Your friends, your possessions...
can you give them all up?
Yes.
I'm planning to give up
all my possessions, Missy.
My friends...
Without me, they shall still be able
to sip their tea and gossip...
while all about them,
a nation is dying.
And me.
Can you give me up so easily?
No, Missy, not easily.
But I've got to do this.
Won't you try to understand me?
I see things differently now.
I'm sorry, Dmitri,
but I can't believe that.
I've never heard of a man
leaving a woman for a principle.
He leaves her for another woman.
You... You're in love with that girl.
That's it, isn't it?
I did her a great wrong.
No, it's more than conscience.
I can see it in your face.
You love her.
Perhaps I do.
Then that's it.
And that I can't fight.

Section 14. Political prisoners.

- Stand up, you!

- He can't. He's sick.

Makes no difference. Stand up!

Attention!

I thought we weren't

going to Siberia for two weeks.

Why are they hurrying us off now?

Silence! Hold your tongue!

If we go off now,

your fine friend won't have

a chance to do anything for you.

Who, he? He won't do anything.

It's his conscience

he's trying to save... not me.

Attention!

Forward!

March!

Forward! March!

I feel the land should belong

to a man who works on it.

That's why

I'm dividing it up in this way.

Each of you gets

an equal amount of acreage.

I have the deeds here.

If you'll step up, please.

Pardon, Your Highness.

Now who do we pay the rent to?

You pay no rent.

And for how long is

the land ours, Your Highness?

As long as you live.

And after you're gone,

you may will it to your children,

and they may give it

to their children.

It's yours, for always.

- Thank you, Your Highness.

- No, no, don't do that.

Like this.

- Long live Your Highness.

- Thank you, Your Highness.

What's that?

That? That's the boundary mark.
When you pass beyond that,
you're in Siberia.
And there aren't many
who ever come back from there.
Did you hear that, Katusha?
What's wrong with you?
You haven't said a word for days.
I'd like permission
to see one of your prisoners.
Who are you?
- Visitors are a little unusual here.
- I'm not a visitor.
I've come to join this prisoner.
Get inside.
- Fetch Katusha Maslova.
- Yes, sir.
Maslova! Maslova!
Here!
Katusha.
Come on. You're wanted.
You have come here?
I have come here
to be with you, Katusha.
I have nothing now.
I've given away my lands.
I've given up my friends.
I have nothing
but the promise of a new life.
And how can I live, Katusha,
until you have forgiven me?
How can a man truly live
until he has tried to undo
some of the wrong that he has done?
And not only the wrong I did to you,
but all the cruelty and injustice
of the world that I have been a part of.
All I ask is to live again,
with your forgiveness, and your help.
And your love.
I have forgiven you,
Dmitri Ivanovitch.
But who am I to forgive you...
I'm not worthy!

Not worthy, Katusha?
All those who have been crushed
and insulted in life are holy.
Those who suffer and are innocent,
as you are innocent, are holy.
Innocent?
But I am not the Katusha
you once loved, Dmitri.
- That was long ago.
- No, Katusha.
That love has not died,
and will not die.
Now I know that all the years between
have been mistaken and empty.
It's the same love,
but now we are no longer children.
I didn't know it at the time,
but now I know that all my life
has been a search
for the happiness of those years.
The five years will soon be over.
Perhaps they back there
will be able to shorten them.
I shall go on with you, and wait.
Come on, you!
Forward! March!
Get in there.
Get in line there.
Christ is risen from the dead,
trampling down death by death.
And upon those in the tomb.
Bestowing life.