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A Woman 's Face

By Francis de Croisset

[GATE SLAMS SHUT]

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[CROWD MURMURING]

That's a fine trick.

You know the prisoner's afraid of fire.

Summon the witnesses.

CLERK:

All witnesses.

Consul Magnus Barring.

Bernard Dalvik, restaurateur.

Christina Dalvik, masseuse.

Emma Kristiansdotter, housekeeper.

Herman Rundvik, waiter.

Dr. Gustaf Segert.

Vera Segert, housewife.

You have been called in this case...

...in which the charge

is murder in the first degree.

The Crown v. Anna Holm, alias, uh...

ASSOCIATE:

- Alias Ingrid Paulssen.

What you may testify will determine

whether the defendant goes free...

...or pays the extreme penalty.

That is a grave responsibility.

As you remember it was Pontius Pilate...

...who said, "What is truth?"

And washed his hands of justice.

I hope in this case

we can do better than Pilate.

And without prejudice, arrive at the truth

and render a just decision.

So say we all.

JUDGE:

You will now take the oath.

Do you each and severally solemnly promise

and swear by God and his Holy Scriptures...

...to tell the truth withholding nothing

and adding nothing...

...as God is your help in life and soul?

ALL:

I do.

ASSOCIATE:

that you are not to discuss the case...

...while you're in the witness room

under penalty of contempt.

- Do you understand that?

- Sir, of that you may rest assured.

CLERK:

The court is open.

[CROWD CHATTERING]

Herman Rundvik.

Don't forget Pontius Pilate.

[SNIFFS]

Who's smoking in here?

Put that out.

You are well acquainted

with the prisoner?

I was, Your Honor.

Speak louder, please, Mr. Rundvik.

JUDGE:

- Wait... Waiter.

Well, Mr. Rundvik, your testimony.

Well, I wanna help you all I can, sir.

Is that loud enough?

Quite.

Now, this woman that got me

into this mess...

...she might think I was doing this because

I been promised immunity by the Crown.

- But I'm a loyal citizen. I've never...

- Yes, yes. Your story, please.

Well, I don't rightly remember

what day it was...

...but I know it was night.

It was in June just a little after midnight.

Now, the little place where I work

is about 15 kilometers outside of the city.

It's in that pine forest just off

the North Queens Road.

JUDGE:

of your little place?

HERMAN:

Perhaps you've been there, Your Honor.

JUDGE:

I have not. Describe the establishment.

HERMAN:

Your Honor.

No, it was just a quiet
little rural tavern...

... where people who loved nature
could relax in the bosom...

JUDGE:

HERMAN:

Oh, that night.

Well, I was working all alone.

MAN:

Waiter.

Waiter.

[PIANO PLAYING

AND WOMAN SINGING]

Cheer up, I think they're going.

[SINGING]

- How did you like that, Torsten?

- I like both of them.

Now, dear girls, sit down

and we'll have another drink.

You dance well together,

don't you?

HERMAN:

- Check? More wine, please.

Since Torsten will never break up
his party, I suggest...

It has been a lovely party, Mr. Barrington.

Come, come, Mrs. Segert.

What's the hurry?

- What's the hurry? Sit down.

- Yes, my dear.
Your distinguished husband
has a reputation of sleeping soundly.
That's a sign of an extremely
intelligent husband. I must meet him.
Oh, poor Gustaf. He's working so hard
at the hospital these days.
I do feel it to be the duty of every wife
to have breakfast with her husband.
Bravo, bravo. The spirit of the Vikings.
May I have the honor
of driving you home?
Oh, uh, thank you, Olaf...
...but I think Eric lives quite near me.
Don't you, Eric?
Just a few feet away.
[TORSTEN CHUCKLES]
Your pencil.
I'm sorry, Mr. Barring,
but I don't seem to have a pencil.
If you'll excuse me.
To our host.

ALL:

Our host.
May he reach heaven
before the final check arrives.
[ALL LAUGHING AND CHATTERING]
Ah, Mr. Barring.
- You enjoyed your dinner?
- I enjoyed my dinner.
Splendid. Splendid.
You see, Mr. Barring, I...
I see you no longer wish
to extend me credit.
Mr. Barring, if this were the first time,
or if it were I personally...
- You own the place, don't you?
- No, unfortunately.
I am but an employee.
Then tell your employer
that I want to find out...
...why the name of Barring
shouldn't be good...

...at a miserable after-hours roadhouse.

We are not operating this miserable roadhouse for the benefit of names.

Even the name of Barring.

You are the proprietor?

In a way.

Excuse me. Have you something in your eye? Might I help you?

It doesn't hurt, it's only a trick I learned from a friend.

She had beautiful eyes too.

- Did she?

- Yes, and now just hold still.

There we are. Is that better?

This is a most generous gesture.

I never make generous gestures, as these two will tell you.

Thank you very much, Miss Holm.

It's a name which might be of assistance to you.

TORSTEN:

Oh, really?

In certain quarters where the name of Barring has perhaps lost its magic.

Good night, Mr. Barring.

TORSTEN:

Good night...

...Miss Holm.

Charming lady.

Yes, isn't she?

Now I've seen everything.

- There you are.

- Thank you, sir.

- Tell me, are you married?

- Yes, Mr. Barring.

- Any children?

- A boy.

- And a girl.

- Uh-huh.

- And another on the way.

- Oh.

You love children.

I loathe them.

[CROWD LAUGHING]

- Let's all go dancing.

TORSTEN:

You have all had one more drink than I.

Allow me to catch up.

- Don't be long.

- Only one.

[VERA SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

Ask them along, hm?

Why don't you go with us, my dear?

I wish I might.

But you know the American proverb:

"Early to bed, early to rise."

I hate to take you away, Eric.

I have to be at the office early tomorrow.

Confound it.

- I say, this isn't my coat.

- I'm sorry, sir.

- Pardon me, you have the wrong...

- Oh, no this is mine.

No, no, this has been in my family
for years.

MAN:

I think it's about time.

TORSTEN:

MAN:

- That's my coat.

- Really?

Right you are, I should have looked
in the pockets for some money.

Now, girls, where are we going?

Have you lost something, sir?

Waiter, did anything drop out
of the pocket of this coat?

- Oh, no sir.

VERA:

- Oh, Eric, what's the matter?

- Oh, nothing.

Nothing.

ASSOCIATE:

And you didn't know what he had lost?

Oh, no, sir.

- Not then.

- But you found out later?

- Yes, sir.

- How?

I don't know.

But she can tell you better than me.

She was the boss.

PROSECUTOR:

The head of your band of criminals?

Yes. No. I mean, it wasn't my band of criminals.

I just got connected with it through a misunderstanding.

Tell me, before you became connected with this band of criminals...

...didn't you think what it might mean to your poor wife and little boy and little girl?

- No, I didn't.

ATTORNEY:

Because I'm not married.

ATTORNEY:

- Who said I had any children?

Well, I haven't.

ATTORNEY:

- You're welcome.

[CROWD LAUGHS]

[GAVEL BANGING]

JUDGE:

Call the next witness.

- Now me?

- Next witness, Bernard Dalvik, restaurateur.

Yes.

And no.

[WHISPERING]

Stop that.

[HERMAN COUGHING]

- It's my chest.

- Bad?

- Awful.

- No talking about the case.

Why, of course not.

- He said watch out for the third judge.

- Not another word.

- And no smoking.

- Right.

What do you mean

"Look out for the judge?"

Be quiet.

JUDGE:

ASSOCIATE:

What was this relationship between
the prisoner and Mr. Torsten Barrington?

Well, we might refer

to the relationship as...

...romantic.

- Did or did not the prisoner...

...form this attachment

for ulterior purposes?

Yes, sir, at first.

The softer emotions

had never entered her life...

...and then, suddenly...

...like the unfortunate journeyman

in Deuteronomy, verse 17...

...she was hoist by her own petard.

In a word, sir, she fell for the gentleman,

bustle over teakettle.

[CROWD LAUGHING]

Well, sir, you may smile.

You may laugh at that.

And we laughed at first.

But it soon became no joke,

I'm telling you.

For instance, one afternoon,

shortly after she'd met Mr. Barrington...

- ... in our offi...

ASSOCIATE:

DALVIK:

of several financial irons we had in the fire.

ASSOCIATE:

All of which were perfectly legal?

DALVIK:

Oh, yes, indeed, sir.

HERMAN:

There. How do you like that?

DALVIK:

I don't like it at all.

You wouldn't be lucky

if you played fair.

- I suppose you play fair?

- I did.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Anybody want a massage?

- Where's Anna? In her office?

- She's out shopping.

Shopping? What for?

Another veil, another trench coat, huh?

What the well-dressed gargoyle

will wear.

[DALVIK AND CHRISTINA

SNICKERING]

We mustn't make fun of one

of this earth's unfortunates.

- She may have come in her own door.

- I don't care if she did.

Shh!

What about...

...where you've been?

Mrs. Dr. Segert was home

and I gave her a massage.

- Did you ever see such a beautiful face?

- Shh!

For heaven's sakes, Bernard.

Anna isn't here.

And if I wanna say a woman's got
a pretty face, I'm going to.

Not here, not here.

And speaking of faces, my dear wife,
look at yours.

- Fix your hair.

- What's the matter with it?

Where's the mirror? Oh.

- Never have any mirrors around here.

- Mirrors are verboten here.

Anna has a slight prejudice
against them.

Oh, she has, has she? Well.

DALVIK:

HERMAN:

DALVIK:

From the bottom of the pack, I suppose.

HERMAN:

DALVIK:

There. Is that more to your liking,
my lord and master?

Yes.

Now, what about Mrs. Segert?

Mrs. Segert swallowed the bait,
my turtledove.

- When will she be here?

- This afternoon, my pigeon.

- You wanna know something else?

- What?

- She has a pretty face.

- Shut up.

HERMAN:

Come on. It's your play.

What is this, a card game

or a family row? I'm sick and tired...

ANNA:

Is Mrs. Segert coming?

CHRISTINA:

This afternoon.

My dear, what a becoming hat.

[HERMAN WHISTLES]

What's the matter?

- It's beautiful, my dear.

- It's grand.

- Whiff of spring.

- It's lovely. Lovely.

I know all you dear, sweet people
are lying.

Even the moths were fed up
with my other hat.

CHRISTINA:

My dear, you never looked prettier.

- Really?

- It's divine.

Perfect.

- Christina.

- Yes?

I, uh...

I saw some blouses.

Lacey.

Look.

I bought two more of them
in different colors.

- No. Tsk-tsk-tsk.

- Yes.

HERMAN:

It's my lead.

DALVIK:

Here, 10 of diamonds.

HERMAN:

It was my turn. You played the eight.

DALVIK:

I never had eight in my hand.

ANNA:

- Anna, we didn't do it.
- You dirty, foul, loathsome swine.

DALVIK:

[GLASS SHATTERS]

TORSTEN:

- Oh, nothing. Nothing.

ANNA:

Why didn't you tell me Mr. Barring is here?

We didn't know.

I took the liberty of entering
by your private door.

Yes, of course.

And you're welcome to.

Your shopping venture
was extremely successful.

Come in, come in, won't you?

- That was a very funny joke of yours.

- Yeah, very funny. Ha-ha-ha.

- Three dead.

- She wouldn't have.

- Wouldn't she?

- She would.

Well, that explains the new hat.

Did you know anything about this?

What would Mr. Torsten Barring
have to do with her?

Yes. What would any man
have to do with her?

- He's handsome too.

- You think so.

Has she said anything to you about him?

Has there ever been any insanity
in the Barring family?

He couldn't be doing this for the police?

- Why, certainly not.

- No.

And why, my dear fellow, should
we have any concern about the police?

That's right. Why should we?

Yes. Why, indeed.

[BUZZER SOUNDING]

Mrs. Dr. Segert.

I haven't got a vase.

The only use I've ever had for one before
is to throw at those numbskulls out there.

[KNOCKING]

The client has arrived.

- I shouldn't come during business hours.

- It's been very interesting, Mr. Barrington.

I'm sorry, but some woman wants
to discuss her financial affairs.

- Do forgive me.

- There will be other times.

The exit from paradise.

ANNA:

TORSTEN:

[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

My masseuse directed me here.

She implied you might understand
my particular problem.

DALVIK:

My dear lady, I've devoted my life...

...to the understanding
of particular problems.

I don't quite know how to begin.

Possibly, I may assist you.

- You are married?

- And so happily married.

- My husband is a saint.

- To be sure.

To be sure.

- But, uh...

- Ah.

Some letters of mine were stolen.

I think at a roadhouse.

Oh, very unimportant letters, of course.

Of no possible value to anyone.

Some letters to your husband.

- No.

- Aha-ha.

- Oh, he's so stupid.

- Your husband. I see.

No. No, my friend.
To have lost them.
Some stranger
keeps telephoning me about them.
Incredible. Why should he do that?
He wants 5000 kroner.
Why, that's out-and-out blackmail.
Oh, what shall I do?
I haven't 5000 kroner.
Neither has my friend.
My poor dear woman.
[SOBBING]
Perhaps I can help you.
I have an acquaintance, I won't say friend,
he's a thoroughly bad lot.
But he might contact this blackmailer.
Perhaps in view of the circumstances,
ask for a reduction.
[BUZZER SOUNDING]
Please excuse me a moment.
My secretary.
Reduction. Reduction. You old fool.
- Now, Anna, a little milk of human kind...
- Shut up.
I want 10,000 kroner from that woman.
Ten? You said five.
- I want 10.
- What's the extra five for?
- Because she's pretty?
- Shut up.
The extra five is all for me.
- You mean...?

ANNA:

- You mean you won't divide?
- I mean just that.
I take 7000 kroner for myself.
And I want it tonight.
Anna, what's happened to you?
She's in love with a society man.
And she wants evening gowns
and furs and perfume.
I don't like it.
- I don't either.

CHRISTINA:

- It's too dangerous.
- Right. Right as rain.
Now listen, Anna.
Love is a beautiful thing...
You'll do as I say or I'll do it alone.
Come on, get out of here.
Now, here's what I want you to do.
And no milk of human kindness.
- Now look here, Anna...
- Be quiet.
You see, sir, we were all of us in danger of
becoming victims of this woman's passion.

JUDGE:

to obey her any longer?
Well, not exactly. I mean, I wanted to.
But I did go back to the unfortunate
Mrs. Dr. Segert...
...and make a rendezvous for someone
at her house at 8 that night.

ASSOCIATE:

- I don't know.
This woman never took us
into her confidence on all details.
I was just more or less
what might be called an innocent tool.

JUDGE:

Hmm. You may go. Call Vera Segert.
Just a minute.
Here are one or two details...
...which this innocent tool omitted.
It seems he served two years in jail
in Norway for impersonating a clergyman...
...and three years in jail in France for
operating a false massage establishment.
That testimony establishes
the criminality...
...of the associates of the prisoner.

ASSOCIATE:

this woman before today?
This lady, this charming victim
of circumstance...
...is none other than she who came to me
about her letters on that afternoon.
Best of luck, my dear.

JUDGE:

Now, Mrs. Dr. Segert...
...could you tell us what happened
after your visit to the preceding witness?
That night I...
That night I was at home alone.
As usual.

JUDGE:

Your husband left you alone every night?
Well, no.
But every other Friday he lectured
at the university.

JUDGE:

VERA:

And promptly at 8:00 the doorbell rang.
[DOORBELL RINGS]

VERA:

- I have an appointment with you.
- Is this your servant's night out?
- Yes.
We can talk in there.
You may, uh...
You may sit down if you wish.
You are pretty.
- Please?
- A friend of mine...
...who's a great judge of beauty
described you.
Really? Who was he?
Where did you get that dress?
I got it in Paris.
I believe that you have something to...
- To sell me.

- Yes.

Yes, I have something to sell you.

I hope I can afford it.

I'm sure you can.

The price is 10,000 kroner.

You can't. That's... That's...

I haven't it.

This afternoon he said 5.

This afternoon he was mistaken.

You have jewelry worth much more.

You wouldn't take my jewelry.

It's from my husband whom I love
more than anything in the world.

That isn't the way
you described him to Eric.

Give me those.

I wouldn't, if I were you.

Such silly letters. Such childish writing.

Such cheapness.

You call these love letters?

Have you ever read any real love letters?

George Sand? De Musset?

Keats? Browning?

Do you know anything about love
in that miserable soul of yours...

...that dribbles itself into these letters?

Can you imagine...

...Ioving a man so greatly...

...so completely...

...that you surrender everything
you have just to be near him?

Just to have him near you.

That's love as I know it.

So that's love as you know it.

[LAUGHING]

[WHIMPERING]

Now, get me the rest of your jewels.

And if you try any more tricks, there's
still one more letter in my friend's safe.

Hurry up.

[LOCK CLICKS]

Vera, darling. I'm back.

Vera.

Where are you, darling?

Vera.

[CRASH]

SEGERT:

VERA:

SEGERT:

VERA:

Well.

- Gustaf, what happened?

- We have a visitor.

- This is yours, isn't it?

- Why, yes.

You found them in the street, I suppose.

Came through the window to return them.

Those are mine.

I presume you want this back too.

Stand up.

I can't.

Oh, you can't, eh?

Well, perhaps the police can help.

Call them.

[WINCES AND GRUNTS]

- What is it?

- My ankle.

Oh.

- Why don't you call the police?

ANNA:

Yes, why don't you?

Darling, would you laugh at me?

She seems so miserable

and we are so happy, you and I.

[CHUCKLES]

Couldn't we let this poor woman go?

SEGERT:

you do get sentimental at times.

Maybe it's because next week

is our anniversary.

Well, splendid.

Shall I give her this too?

[CHUCKLES]

Let's fix up the ankle first.

Oh, must we?

Oh. I'll get the bandages, darling.

Well, if I do let you go...

...you can thank her.

Bless her dear, sweet, unselfish heart.

Well, let's put you

in some more comfortable place.

Those things can be pretty painful.

- Want a cigarette?

ANNA:

Here we are.

Steady, now.

Well, oh, what's this?

Mind your business.

When did this happen?

- I said, mind your business.

- My dear young woman, this is my business.

It would be a shame

to send a scar like that to jail.

It wouldn't matter.

I've served 22 years already.

Oh, where?

Wherever I am.

Twenty-two years. You must've been

a child, then, when it happened.

A rather beautiful child I should imagine.

And isn't it a pity?

Now that little girl is just a thief.

It is a pity.

- Don't. You're breaking my heart.

- No, no.

Oh, no, you're not as tough

as you seem to be.

Oh, no.

No, of course not, Dr. Segert.

Shall we talk about love and birds?

Or perhaps your anniversary.

Have you read any good

love letters lately, doctor?

You know, dear, some kind deity

must have sent this woman to me.

What are you talking about, Gustaf?
Love. Get my book for me, will you?
Yes, that one.
This lady's interested in love.
As who isn't?
Now here's a man you ought to meet.
Splendid chap.
Does he appeal to you?
Very funny.
Well, turn the page.
I did that in the hospital here last March.
That girl is my particular pride and joy.
I didn't mean to be cruel. Forgive me.
- Gustaf, are you crazy?
- Probably.
Look, my dear,
would you mind letting my wife?
She's very sympathetic.
- I'm sure she is.
- You're very kind. Thank you.
You know, Vera, there's one man
in Europe who could fix that.
No.
No, Gustaf.
Not you.
Nothing like having your
wife's confidence.
You couldn't...
You couldn't fix this.
I bow to the superior judgment
of you experts.
- Don't joke!
- I don't.
It won't be any joke for you, either.
I warn you now, it'll mean pain, agony,
weeks, months and then perhaps failure.
Perhaps leaving you worse off.
Worse off?
Than what?
You know, I might.
I just might.
So that someone could look at me...
...and I could look back...
...and see in those eyes.

Gustaf.

Gustaf, listen to me, please.

Please, Gustaf.

You mustn't do it. You...

I begged him not to do it.

I told him no good would come of it.

No good for anyone.

Well, you may stand down.

Call the next witness.

I'm so sorry, sir.

It's just that the recollection of that woman coming into our happy home...

Gustaf. Oh...

[CROWD MURMURING]

[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

This will help.

Thank you, dear.

I'm ready to testify, sir.

We've decided to call you later.

Will the prisoner now come forward and give her testimony?

Do you solemnly promise and swear by God and his Holy Scriptures...

...to tell the truth, withholding and adding nothing, as God is your help in life and soul?

I swear.

In your examination before the police, you were frank.

I trust you speak with similar honesty here.

Tell your story, if you please.

I was born in the north. We were poor.

My mother died when I was 3.

My father had a brilliant mind,

I am told, too brilliant.

He drank too much, constantly.

One night when I was 5, he was too drunk to know he'd set fire to my carpet.

When he came to,

he saved me but not himself.

For 22 years after that,

I cursed him for saving me.

No one could look at me without shuddering.

There was no place I could work, so on

my 16th birthday, I came to a decision.
The world was against me? All right.
All right, I'd be against it.
I came to the city.
I was able to get along fairly successfully.
You've heard how.
I had no friends.
I didn't think I needed any.
Then I met Torsten Barring.
For the first time a man...
You've heard about that meeting.
The very next day
I received a note from him.
An invitation to come to his apartment.

JUDGE:

came to your offices in the city?

ANNA:

my first meeting with Torsten Barring.

JUDGE:

as to the purpose of this visit?

ANNA:

JUDGE:

ANNA:

What was there for me to worry about?

[PIANO PLAYING]

[BUZZER SOUNDS]

TORSTEN:

How nice.

Do come in.

No one saw me come here.

That's a pity.

It would have added to my reputation.

- Your reputation as what?

- As a most fortunate man.

Please, your coat.

- I'll keep it on, if you don't mind.

- But I do mind.

Last night you were the proprietor.
Tonight you are a guest.
And we Barrings have a reputation
for chivalry toward our guests.
Thank you.
I was playing when you arrived.
Are you interested in music?
- I am.
- Piano?
The piano, among other things.
Symphonies? Concertos?
Most symphonies. Some concertos.
And Chopin?
Yes, the early Chopin, before he was made
soft and sentimental by George Sand.
But really now, that's very interesting.
Have you read the love letters of Chopin
and George Sand?
I've read every love letter ever published.
[STRIKES KEYS]
That's what I think of all love letters.
But a wonder girl.
You play the piano too.
I play the piano and the violin.
The wonder girl has also tried
painting, poetry and alcohol.
What dirty work
do you want me to do?
But, my dear Miss Holm,
we were talking about music.
Please play some more.
I was invited here for one purpose.
I see no reason for pretending any other.
Might we not argue about that,
perhaps over a glass of liqueur?
Oh, no.
- You would need to drink too much.
- And you?
I don't drink anymore.
It's too dangerous in my vocation.
Restaurant keeping?
No, blackmail.
Restaurant keeping is my avocation.
I like you, Anna Holm.

- I don't enjoy being made fun of.
- I like you because I know you.
I don't care for pity either.
We are both proud.
Both wretched.
What sort of trouble are you in?
I don't think I am in any trouble now,
Anna Holm.
You might just be some kindly
deity's answer to my prayer.
The devil's answer, if you don't mind.
I don't know anything else.
You took Mrs. Segert's letters
out of that coat, didn't you?
Yes.
Skål, Satan.
So I took the glass
and I toasted him back.

JUDGE:

of your friendship?
- Yes.
- I protest at attaching...
...the name of friendship
to this relationship.
You were madly infatuated
with this man, weren't you?
I loved him.

PROSECUTOR:

body and soul, didn't he?
No.

PROSECUTOR:

to an operation on your face, didn't you?
I submitted to many.

PROSECUTOR:

- Yes.

PROSECUTOR:

assist him in your criminal pursuits.
No.
No, that wasn't the reason.

PROSECUTOR:

What was the reason?

Well, I...

I wanted...

ATTORNEY:

other women, didn't you?

Yes.

You wanted to be like other women,
not warped and twisted and bitter?

- Yes.

- There's no proof of that.

ATTORNEY:

take you to the hospital?

I went alone.

ATTORNEY:

Did Barring know you were at the hospital?

I was alone. Nobody knew.

ATTORNEY:

How many operations did you submit to?

Twelve.

SEGERT:

due only to the limitations of nature...

...or the inability of the patient to withstand
the severe nervous strain or physical shock.

But, gentlemen, it's not yet time
to speak of failure.

Within a month we may see...

...whether our rather extraordinary hopes
have been justified.

- What's that for?

- You'll find out.

It's today.

- I know it.

- Now, quiet down.

The bandages do come off today.

Now, you mustn't worry too much.

- Don't they?

- Dr. Segert's very hopeful.

How sweet of him.

- Good day, Miss Holm.

- Good day.

How do you feel?

It is today, isn't it?

Yes. How do you feel?

How do you think I feel?

- Well, let's have a look.

- Wait.

- Lf this isn't a success...

- We'll find out.

But if it isn't a success...

...I want you to know that...

- Well, that...

- Don't spoil it.

Don't spoil what?

Since the day I met you,
you presented a perfect picture...

...of the most ruthless, terrifying,
cold-blooded creature I've met.

It's been a picture
which has fascinated me.

Now, unless I missed my guess, you were
about to say something sentimental.

Something about gratitude and so forth?

Don't.

All right.

Now, as I was about to say,
I unveil my Galatea.

Or my Frankenstein.

All right, come on. Let's get it over with.

Tell me this, Miss Holm, I'm...

I'm worried.

You're worried?

If this operation's a success,
I've created a monster.

A beautiful face and no heart.

In distinction, I suppose,
to all other women with beautiful faces.

We'll remove the bandages now.

No?

Give Miss Holm a mirror.

JUDGE:

Will the prisoner take off her hat?
And then what?
Then, after two weeks,
I felt strong enough to leave the hospital.

ATTORNEY:

And it's as I said, you felt reborn.
Yes.
Yes.

ATTORNEY:

life was beginning anew.

ANNA:

Yes.

ATTORNEY:

with confidence to face a new world.
A world that would no longer
turn away from you.

ANNA:

Yes, sir. That is so.

TORSTEN:

No. Not really.
After this long silence.
I've been in Switzerland.
Well, am I welcome?
But of course, of course.
Even without flowers,
you would be welcome. Come in.
You were the first person
to ever bring me flowers.
And now we are even?
The account is closed?
Is that what you would wish?
I wouldn't blame you.
Well, I hadn't expected that my partner
would be quite such a silent one.
Now you're not even going to ask me
to take off my coat or my hat?
But of course. There must have
been some very good reason.

Yes, as a matter of fact, there was.
I should be very interested to hear it.
It did seem a little unfair. You see, I...
You were saying?
What's the matter?
Nothing.
Nothing.
[ANNA LAUGHING]
[BOTH LAUGHING]
[PIANO PLAYING]

TORSTEN:

Why didn't you write from Switzerland?
If the operation hadn't been a success,
I was going to disappear anyway.
Your friend Dalvik
and his merry little group...
...thought you had got the money
for the letters and skipped.
- Have you seen them?
- No.
And I won't.
Why not?
Don't worry.
I'm not on the side of the saints yet.
[CHUCKLES]
- What's that?
- An old weaving song.
It's supposed to represent the movement of
the shuttle through the threads of the loom.
I heard it first up at my dear
uncle's estate at Forssa.
- Nice.
- So is my dear uncle.
- Rich?
- Oh, very.
Who gets it when he dies?
Well, my dear, you present
an extremely interesting problem.
My uncle has a grandson, aged 4.
A charming little brat.
Rather frail.
If that child lives, he inherits everything.
And if he doesn't live?

But, my dear girl,
whatever are we thinking of?
Those are the falls on my uncle's estate.
Very swift.
Very dangerous.
I had a letter today inviting me up there
next month for my uncle's birthday festival.
I hadn't planned on going...
...but if there were someone there
I particularly cared about, I...
Perhaps the boy's new governess.
My uncle asked me
to recommend someone.
You don't know anybody, do you?

ANNA:

No.
I think you do.
My partner.
No.
No.

TORSTEN:

Yes.
Yes, my darling.
Yes.

JUDGE:

And you took the job as governess?
- Yes.
- Dr. Segert was right.
He had created a Frankenstein.
You went there to kill that child,
didn't you?
- Admit the truth.

ATTORNEY:

ASSOCIATE:

ATTORNEY:

JUDGE:

Did you go up to Forssa...

...for the purpose of doing away
with that child, Lars-Erik Barring?
Well, I...
But don't...

JUDGE:

Answer me.
Yes.

JUDGE:

Go on with your story.
[CROWD MURMURING]
I went up to Forssa in November
under the name of Ingrid Paulssen.

ASSOCIATE:

Who recommended you as governess?

ANNA:

me to his uncle...
... who met me at the station himself.
[SLEIGH BELLS JINGLING]
Well, quite a change from the city,
Miss Paulssen, huh?
Yes, sir. But I'm quite warm, thank you,
Consul Barring.

BARRING:

That's our smelter.
We dig the ore right out of our hills
and smelt it on the ground.
The corner building was put up
in my grandfather's time.
Oh, he was a tight-fisted old tyrant,
I tell you.
My father built the rolling mill
and the rest is modern up-to-date.
I rather like this view, don't you?
Oh, those are the famous falls of Forssa.
- You must have heard of them.

ANNA:

Tell me, sir.
Do people ride in that car?

BARRING:

Of course they do. Of course they do.
Lars-Erik will take you riding in it
tomorrow.

[SLEIGH BELLS JINGLING]

Wickman, this is Miss Paulssen,
the new governess.

- What's that?

- The new governess.

She's got her work cut out for her.

Mind your business. Ha-ha, ha-ha.

I'm afraid you are going to find this
a rather strange establishment.

As you see, the servants
have no discipline.

We have never had locks on any doors.

But somehow we manage to get along.

Possibly it's because
we all rather like each other.

Emma.

So you finally got here.

Miss Paulssen,
this is Emma Kristiansdotter...

...better known as the terror
of Barring Hall.

But don't let her frighten you.

Beneath that grim exterior
is a heart of gold.

- You've been drinking.

- I have not.

But I soon shall be, thank heaven.

Clean your boots.

Miss Paulssen will have the room
next to Lars-Erik.

WICKMAN:

I know. I know.

Come in, come in, Miss Paulssen.

Get warm by the fire.

If Miss Paulssen wants to say good night,
she better come up now.

- It's past his bedtime.

- Splendid.

We'll present you formally
to his Royal Highness.

EMMA:

Now, don't get him all excited.

BARRING:

how to handle children.

EMMA:

BARRING:

And confidentially, I do.
You must help Emma protect the boy
against me.
- It will be a difficult task.

EMMA:

- What's the matter?
- He's hiding.
[HORN BLARES]
Lars-Erik, come here this minute.
I think I know where he is.
He hid from me two nights ago.
[BO Y YELPS]
I slipped.
You certainly did.

LARS-ERIK:

Mm, don't.
Take off those wet boots.

LARS-ERIK:

ANNA:

- Do you wanna catch cold on my first night?
- Yes.
- You're a mean one, aren't you?
- Yes.
Well, so am I.
What are you smiling at?
You couldn't be mean.
You're too pretty.

EMMA:

Lars-Erik. Come here.
Hide under the bed. Go on, quickly.

EMMA:

I can't find him.
[HORN BLARES]
[HORN BLARING]
[BARRING LAUGHS]
- Here.
- Lars-Erik.
Lars-Erik, come out of there.
Where have you been?
Hello, Granddaddy.
You rascal, you fooled us, didn't you?
- I did. I certainly did.
- Yes.
My boy, this is Miss Paulssen...
...whose unhappy lot it is
to be your governess.
How do you do, Miss Paulssen?
- How do you do, Lars-Erik?
- It's way past his bedtime.

BARRING:

Oh, yes. That's right. That's right.
In you go.
Will you see that Miss Paulssen
has everything she needs in her room?
Good night, you bad boy.
I fooled you, didn't I?
- Yes.
- Yes.
Come on.
Now I lay me...
Oh, let's see, what comes next?
- Down...
- Down on a tuffet.
No, no, no, that's "Little Miss Muffet."
Oh, I've got it.
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord
My soul to keep.
If I should die

BARRING:

Before I wake

LARS-ERIK:

BARRING:

- My soul to take.

- My soul to take.

Amen.

Now, come on.

Sleep well, my boy.

[KISSES]

- Good night, Miss Paulssen.

- Good night, sir.

- Miss Paulssen.

- Yes?

You didn't kiss me good night.

We're going to have fun, aren't we?

Good night, Lars-Erik.

Good night, Miss Paulssen.

Pleasant dreams.

Pleasant dreams.

[SLEIGH BELLS JINGLING]

[ORCHESTRA PLAYING]

[PEOPLE CHATTERING]

[PEOPLE LAUGHING]

Miss Paulssen, hurry up.

The dancing has started.

- Do hurry.

- How do I look?

Turn around.

I shall be very proud to escort
the prettiest girl at the party.

Thank you, sir.

[WHOOPING AND LAUGHING]

Why, Lars-Erik,

what are you doing down here?

Shall we have some refreshment,

Miss Paulssen?

- You know you're not...

- Take your hands off.

- I've been here for 32 years and...

- I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.
Please don't blame the boy.
I told him he could come down.
Well, well. What's this?
Miss Paulssen didn't have an escort
and she said I could be it.
- And why not? Why not?
- Why not?
Because you said
he couldn't come down.
- Did I? Oh, did I?
- Yes, you did.
But I suppose anything Miss Paulssen does
is all right.
I'm sorry, sir.
I didn't know she had asked.
Don't worry about Emma.
She's a little J-E-A-L-O-U-S.
And I don't blame her a bit.
Now, come on, my boy. I tell you what.
Will you let me be
Miss Paulssen's escort?
But nobody else.
Now, you go up on the stairs
and watch me dance with her...
...then go right to bed. Promise me?
- I promise, Granddaddy.
- That's right, my boy.
- Good night, Miss Paulssen.
- Good night, my escort, and thank you.
You know, I'm afraid I am going to have
to ask you to go back to Stockholm.
Lars-Erik told me this morning
that he wants to marry you.
- And now you're J-E-A-L-O-U-S.
- That's it.
Oh, come on. Come on.
We dance well, don't we?
Yes, it's fun. It's fun.
[MUSIC STOPS]
- What's happened to the orchestra?
- Let's find out.
What's wrong here?
[ORCHESTRA PLAYING]

BARRING:

Oh, come on.

Oh, no, sir. I couldn't.

You must.

It's our old weaving dance.

It isn't difficult.

Now, come on. Come on.

Good evening, Uncle. Our train was late.

- Oh, just in time, Torsten. Take my place.

- I will be glad to.

[DANCERS YELLING]

Good evening, Miss Paulssen.

- You told the orchestra to play this?

- Yes.

Consul, I bring you a modern miracle.

Dr. Gustaf Segert away from his hospital.

Now I don't want to return to the city.

Oh, we'll try to keep you, doctor.

Did that pretty wife of yours
come with you?

- No. Mrs. Segert is traveling.

- Oh, too bad.

I'm afraid we'll have trouble making up
for her with any of our local charmers.

[MEN LAUGHING]

- Excuse me, consul.

BARRING:

That girl over there.

That girl?

Sorry, doctor. That one's taken.

- My grandson's in love with her.

- Is that he dancing with her?

My grandson's only 4.

She's his governess.

Would you like some punch,

Miss Paulssen?

If you wish, Mr. Barring.

Do you find the work up here interesting,

Miss Paulssen?

Very interesting, thank you, Mr. Barring.

- I congratulate you, Miss Paulssen.

- On what?

On how well you look in
our local costume.
There was an early saint
who came from this district.
Saint Gerda.
She was a patron saint of children.
In that costume
you amazingly resemble her.
Or perhaps I'm mistaken?

- You are mistaken.

- Indeed?

[MUSIC STOPS]

[PEOPLE APPLAUDING]

Would it reassure you...
...to know that I hate everybody here?

- You hate my uncle? Why?

- He's the nicest man that ever lived.

- Oh, that's just it.

Perhaps you would prefer
to dissolve the partnership, hm?

No.

No.

BARRING:

Ah, here you are, Miss Paulssen.
I have another dancing partner for you.

- How thoughtful of you.

- Dr. Segert...

...Miss Ingrid Paulssen,
my grandson's fiance.

Good evening, Dr. Segert.

Good evening, Miss Paulssen.

- And my nephew, Torsten Barring.

- How do you do, Dr. Segert?

I've had the honor of meeting your wife.

Is she with you?

No, my wife is traveling.

I've just been admiring your dance.

You would think she had been born
right in this district.

Indeed, yes.

But Consul Barring tells me
that you've been in Switzerland.

Geneva, mostly.

Do you know Switzerland?

No, I've never been there, unfortunately.

- Or should I say fortunately?

- That would depend, Dr. Segert.

- Indeed? On what?

- On what you are looking for.

EMMA:

Consul Barring.

BARRING:

Yes, Emma.

If you can interest yourself
in the other guests...

...they're almost ready
for the grand march.

Yes, I'll be right there.

You must help me, Torsten.

- Yes, certainly. Thank you for the dance.

- I leave you in good hands, doctor.

And don't forget,

she's promised to Lars-Erik.

[ORCHESTRA PLAYING]

- Well.

- Well, what?

Well, my cold-blooded,
ruthless, little Galatea.

I can't tell you how relieved I am.

Come over here.

Go ahead.

Mm-hm. Good.

Good.

- So that's why you're so relieved.

- Only partly. Only partly.

You had me worried. Imagine looking
fearfully into the papers each morning...

...to read of an outrageous crime
committed by a beautiful brunette.

My Frankenstein.

And now I...

I find...

You find what?

Perhaps you could tell me.

Oh, no, you're the expert.

Turn on your lights.
Unfortunately for humanity,
the light hasn't been invented...
...that could look into that interesting
heart of yours.
But perhaps I could issue a preliminary,
encouraging bulletin.
Encouraging?
Yes. Let's say, tentatively.
Say the patient has had
the intelligence to find a place...
...where her past life can't tempt her.
And the courage to go where her new name
might mean a really new life.
And let's say that my hopes...
...may have begun to be justified.
Because I know about your intelligence.
I've seen your courage.
And I...
I have hoped.
- Oh...
- Well, what's the matter?
First it's the old man
and then the kid and now you.
Can't you all leave me alone?
- How much longer?

ANNA:

- Then can I go skiing?
- Perhaps this afternoon.
Just be quiet.

SEGERT:

Oh, Barring. Torsten Barring.

TORSTEN:

SEGERT:

TORSTEN:

SEGERT:

- You said something about my wife.
- Why, yes. A most charming lady.

I've only seen her once or twice.

SEGERT:

her mentioning having met you.

TORSTEN:

That's my great tragedy, doctor.
I never make an impression
on beautiful ladies.

SEGERT:

Mr. Barring.

- Unless you don't consider Miss Paulssen.

TORSTEN:

She interests you?

SEGERT:

- You need have no fear, my dear sir.

I shan't say a word to your wife.

[TORSTEN CHUCKLES]

- This is your first visit to Forssa?

SEGERT:

Consul Barring has quite an empire.

TORSTEN:

Mm-hm. Built on iron.

SEGERT:

as I passed the falls.

[CLOCK CHIMING]

TORSTEN:

without those falls...

- Lars-Erik.

...there would be no smelter.

Lars-Erik.

- Lars-Erik.

LARS-ERIK:

SEGERT:

- It's the lamp, ultraviolet.

- It's hot.
 - How long?
- Four minutes over.
- His first treatment?
 - No, third.
 - What happened to you?
 - Well, I...
 - Is it bad?
 - Well, the boy isn't in any pain.

SEGERT:

No, it isn't serious. First-degree burns.

Another four or five minutes...

Come, doctor. There's no need to frighten Miss Paulssen.

Remember, she and Lars-Erik are engaged to be married.

Oh, you told him.

Who directed you to give these treatments?

- The local doctor. It's for his sinus.

- Oh.

- Get some Vaseline.

- Yes, doctor.

Tell me. Is that grandfather of yours awake yet?

Granddaddy's always up at 6, even when he's been drinking.

[TORSTEN AND SEGER CHUCKLING]

That's why this branch of the family is where it is.

- You don't live here all the time?

- No.

- I come only when invited by the consul.

- Or me.

That's right, my boy.

And I'm extremely grateful to you.

[FOOTSTEPS]

- Doctor, shall I put it on?

SEGERT:

- Then can I go skiing this afternoon?

- I don't see why not.

Thank you.

And please don't be cross
with Miss Paulssen.
She didn't mean to.
No. I'm quite sure she didn't.
This possibly explains why doctors
are always such welcome guests.
Yes, possibly.
Get your clothes on, Lars-Erik.
Come along.
I've got first-degree burns.
Hurry and get dressed
before you catch cold.
Your solicitude for the boy's health
is most admirable.

ANNA:

He might have been scarred for life.
For life, did you say?
Do I have to repeat what I said to you
last night?
Do I have to reassure you
every moment?
Do you have to follow me around
with a whip?
For heaven's sake, Torsten,
give me time.
I cannot give you more time. I have none
to waste. Before tomorrow night.
Before tomorrow night?
Why?
Because.

JUDGE:

Well, Miss Holm.
He said because?
Because what?
Answer me.
Because it was what he wanted.

JUDGE:

Was that sufficient reason?
- I couldn't argue.

JUDGE:

When he touched me.
When he was near me.
I'd never been in love before.
It wasn't love, I...
I know that now.
But I...
I didn't...
The witness will stand down.
Call Dr. Segert.
- Oh, here I go.

EMMA:

CLERK:

Dr. Gustaf Segert.
Gustaf.
Gustaf, you're so kind, so generous.
What's this about?
You don't know women.
Don't I?
- Well, not women like that murderess.
- Talking about the case is forbidden.
[DOOR CLOSES]
Anna certainly can be glad
you're not the judge.
- It's forbidden to discuss the case.
- Oh, sure.
- It ain't forbidden to hope Anna gets out.
- She can't. She mustn't.
- A woman like that must be punished.
- Be quiet.
- She's fooled you too. I know it. I know it.
- What's come over you?
- I have never seen you like this.
- Oh, you men.
I don't like you either.
You see, sir, I was torn
by conflicting emotions.
After the incident with the ultraviolet lamp
I felt that I should warn the consul...
...and yet I wasn't sure.
I wanted to give her every chance.
But that very afternoon,
while I was skiing...

... I happened to come
by way of the falls.

JUDGE:

SEGERT:

JUDGE:

Why?

SEGERT:

I wanted to talk the thing over with her.
But when I finally located her...
[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]

LARS-ERIK:

- I know. It was unfair.
I knew the bucket was quicker.

LARS-ERIK:

We're going to see Granddaddy.
Are you? Good.
If you had told us,
you could have come with us.
Lars-Erik.
- Lars-Erik, wait for me,
- He'll be all right.
I'm going with Tom.
Come on, Tom, I'll race you.

SEGERT:

Quite a handful.
Lars-Erik seems to have taken
quite a liking to you.
And Torsten Barring?
Oh, yes. Yes, he came part of the way.
I saw that.
He's a strange one.
Did you know him before?
Only by reputation.
But evidently he knew you.
Why do you say that?
Because he recommended you for this
position. I didn't know that last night.

And?

- Now, look, Miss Holm.

- Miss Paulssen.

That remains to be seen.

You were saying?

I'm a scientist, not a clergyman.

I go by the evidence of things
as they are.

Not as I might like them to be.

I am, therefore,
considerable of a pessimist.

Go on, doctor.

- Is there any need?

- Yes.

- Miss Holm.

- Miss Paulssen.

- You know as well as I do...

- I know what?

Let's be scientific.

You have a bad record.

Very bad.

- I can't believe it.

- Why not? You're a scientist.

- You have all the facts.

- Don't.

Why shouldn't I take advantage of this
situation? I'm a bad woman.

[SEGERT SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY]

Oh, couldn't I? And why not?

- Torsten Barring means nothing to me.

- Torsten Barring?

Why, certainly. He's rich, isn't he?

Why shouldn't I lead him on if I want?

Why shouldn't I blackmail him if I can?

Go on, warn the consul.

Tell him I was a blackmailer...

...and that I came up here
just to blackmail his rich nephew.

Shove me out.

Kick me back in the gutter.

Why should you have any faith in me?

I'm your Frankenstein. A monster.

And I always will be a monster.

Go on, tell him.

JUDGE:

You told the consul that the prisoner...
...was seeking to trap Torsten Barring
in a blackmail plot.

- No.

- Why not?

I saw no reason.

I felt that her outburst came
because of my lack of faith in her.

And I was ashamed of my suspicions.

I felt the danger to the child
was a figment of my imagination.

- I see. I see.

- Sir, may I interrupt this testimony?

- You say you're a scientist, Dr. Segert?

- I try to be within reasonable limits.

And a scientist deals with facts,
not with emotions. True?

As far as possible.

Ah, as far as possible.

In other words, facts are not always reliable
when emotion enters the picture.

- Possibly not.

PROSECUTOR:

And from certain facts you became
convinced of her trustworthiness.

But tell me this fact, Dr. Segert.

When you saw the prisoner's hand reach
for the safety catch on that cable car...

...did she, of her own free will,
decide not to kill the child at that time...

...or did she refrain from that act because
she was aware that you were watching?

You've heard my testimony.

Yes. And I ask that that testimony
be stricken from the record.

JUDGE:

On what grounds?

On the grounds that this scientist's vision
is so obscured by emotion...

...as to make any of his so-called facts

completely unreliable.

- Emotion? What emotion?

- The emotion of love.

This witness, a married man,
is in love with the prisoner.

JUDGE:

to deny this charge.

I have no reason to deny the charge.

[CROWD MURMURING]

JUDGE:

Call Emma Kristiansdotter.

- You may stand down.

ATTORNEY:

- You're a married man?

SEGERT:

- In love with another woman?

- Yes.

Is it true that you had discovered grounds
for divorce against your wife?

It is true.

ATTORNEY:

attorney to bring suit against your wife?

- It is true.

- And good riddance.

[CROWD LAUGHING]

[GAVEL BANGS]

Silence. This is a murder trial.

We want no prejudices.

We want the truth.

I never told a lie in my life.

- Yes, I did too.

- Has it any bearing in this case?

Yes. I told the consul that I liked this
new governess.

- And you didn't?

- I hated her.

She was always making eyes
at the consul.

Poor old man.

Had you any other reason
to be suspicious of her?
Well, that afternoon,
the day after the dance...
...she'd gone down to the smelter
with Lars-Erik and Mr. Torsten Barring.
And she came back
with Lars-Erik and that doctor.
That was just like her. Men, men, men.

JUDGE:

Continue.
Well, just after she got back,
late that afternoon...
...it was the day
of the consul's birthday...
...and before he started to open
his presents...
... I went up to the attic
to get more robes for the sleigh ride.

JUDGE:

Why a sleigh ride?

EMMA:

always took a sleigh ride before dinner.

TORSTEN:

exactly what has happened...
...and I don't blame you,
of course, only...

ANNA:

Only what?

TORSTEN:

different, something strong, rare...
...exciting, above a stupid, ugly,
commonplace world.
I'm a woman.
Anna, you fool. You coward.
Do you want to sink back into the mob?
Into a dull, safe mediocrity?
Is that what you want? Safety?

Is that what happens when a scar is healed,
that one gets fat and forgets?

Yes, Anna, you are a woman.

And I have the right to say that...

...because I am the man who saw that
when no one else did.

- Or have you forgotten that too?

- No.

No.

You are a woman

but you are something more.

Or at least I'd hoped you were
before this heavenly transformation.

I could kill that doctor.

Why him?

Because he has changed my partner
into a dove.

A tame, cooing dove.

Soft and weak and full of love
for her fellow men.

For the old and the weak
and the unimportant.

You should love your fellow man, you.

Your fellow men loved you, didn't they?

People held out their arms, "Here is love, life
and laughter. Everything a woman wants."

- Oh, you know they didn't.

- I know they didn't.

But who else?

I saw the real Anna.

The hard, shining brightness of you.

There have been women like you before.

They became conquerors, queens,
empresses.

- Oh, Torsten, this is 1941.

- Oh, I apologize. I forgot.

This is 1941. Yes.

The spirit of love has triumphed. Yes.

God's in his heaven. Yes.

[TORSTEN LAUGHS]

No, no, Anna, the times are ripe...

...and I could be...

I could be greater than any Barring
has ever been...

...or ever will be.
You thought I was concerned
about my debts.
That I wanted money so that I, too,
could live safely and comfortably...
...like the other tame pigeons
on this ancestral estate.
You didn't know me, Anna.
No, no one knows me.
I have played
the charming, good-natured fellow...
...the amiable fool,
because I was waiting.
I was waiting to find someone like you,
who had also been cheated.
Yes, Anna, God cheated you
when he gave you that scar.
He cheated me when that boy
was born to take away...
...what was mine by right, because, Anna...
Anna, I can use this power.
What others have done in other countries,
I can do here.
Because, Anna, the world belongs
to the devil...
...and I know how to serve him
if I can only get the power.
Power.
You're hurting me.
Am I?
Forgive me.
I hope I don't have to again.
I don't think you will.

WICKMAN:

Emma. Emma. Where are you?
You are a fine one.
The guests are beginning to arrive.
- He's starting to open his birthday gifts.
- He can't.

EMMA:

Every year. Here, take these. Run along.

BARRING:

- Another pipe.

Thank you, Wickman.

I'll think of you every time I smoke it.

So will I.

May you live to be as old

as your grandfather...

...and he's going to live to be a hundred.

[ALL CHATTERING]

- That's all the gifts.

- Yes.

Good. And now everybody to their sleighs
for a good appetite.

- Where's Miss Paulssen?

- Yes, where is she?

Where is our guardian angel?

- Doctor, what have you done with her?

- Oh, why pick on me?

Come, come, doctor,

you spent the afternoon with her.

I saw her half an hour ago.

BARRING:

EMMA:

Why do you have to have her?

She wasn't here last year or the year before.

LARS-ERIK:

Here she is.

BARRING:

Well, we almost started without you.

I'm sorry I'm late, sir,

with my birthday present.

Many happy returns.

Oh, a pocket chess set.

Just exactly what I wanted.

How nice of you.

Emma, put this

among the other presents.

And now, off we go.

LARS-ERIK:

I'll be the first.
The consul suggested
that you and I drive together.
- I'll get a coat.
- Oh, there are some warm ones over here.
The consul gave me the chessboard and I
put it among his presents like he told me.
And that's that.

JUDGE:

You picked up the chessboard.
- That's all. That's all I know.
- And you didn't go on the sleigh ride?
No. I stayed and minded my business
like I've done for 32 years.
But your suspicions
were definitely aroused?
I've told my story.
Miss Kristiansdotter,
you haven't been dismissed.
For mercy's sake, why don't you call
the consul? He's old, waiting all afternoon.
- I tell you, I've told my story.
- Call Consul Barrington.
Emma Kristiansdotter,
you swore to tell the truth...
...withholding nothing and adding nothing,
as God is your help in life and soul.
You may stand down.
- If you please, Consul Barrington.
- Yes?
- The judge is waiting.
- Oh, good.
Good.
Emma...
...what's happened?
What's the matter?
The judge lean over and kiss you?
Maybe that means Anna has confessed.

JUDGE:

And then what, consul?
Well, of course my memory
isn't as good as it used to be.

It isn't bad though.
But as I would remember the events
of that sleigh ride...
[PEOPLE SINGING]
- There she comes.

BARRING:

I wish I were 60 again.
Tell the doctor to follow us.
Go on.
[SLEIGH BELLS JINGLING]
Where's Lars-Erik?

TORSTEN:

Hey!
- Lars-Erik.
- We're beating you.
Torsten, stop!
[SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY]
Torsten has a good start on our doctor.
Go after them, Wickman.
I like a good race.
[PEOPLE LAUGHING
AND CHATTERING]
[PEOPLE CHEERING]
[HORSE NEIGHING]
The falls.
- The falls. That's where he's going.
- He may be drunk.
No, not drunk. Insane.
But I found that out too late.
I found everything out too late.
I lied to you this afternoon.
I came up here to kill that boy.
But I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it.
I don't love Torsten that much.
I don't love him at all,
but now it's too late.

ANNA:

Torsten.
Torsten, stop.
Lars-Erik. Lars-Erik.
Torsten.

MAN:

Well, now.

[CROWD CHATTERING]

[WOMAN SCREAMS]

LARS-ERIK:

Granddaddy.

- Granddaddy. Granddaddy.

BARRING:

- What is it?

LARS-ERIK:

BARRING:

- She shot Uncle Torsten.

Lars-Erik.

You shot Uncle Torsten.

Sir, in my opinion there is no doubt.

The woman is innocent.

But Torsten Barring's horse could have
been running away in the course of a race...

...with Dr. Segert.

- Well, yes.

The motive might have been
to get rid of an accomplice...

...who'd become dangerous.

- I don't believe that.

- Such a deduction is possible.

- Well, I suppose so.

But Consul Barring,
you have evidence of my innocence.

- Silence.

- I'd like...

I beg that you let the prisoner speak.

Consul Barring, have you finished
your testimony?

- Yes, I believe so.

- Oh, but you haven't.

Tell them about the note

I put in your present.

- In the pocket chessboard.

- There was a note?

No. There was no note.

ANNA:

It warned you about Torsten.
He must have stolen it before the ride.
And we're to believe that also,
I suppose?

EMMA:

Consul. Consul.
I did it to protect you.
You can discharge me,
but I was right to do it.
You did what?
I took this letter
from that woman's birthday present.
I've kept it. I had a right to keep it.
- Have you read it?
- I don't read other people's mail.
But it's a love letter. I know it is.
It'll prove that that woman is bad.
- Emma. Be quiet.
- A bad woman.
Please read the letter.
"Dear Consul Barrington, when you read
this note, I shall have taken my life.
Before I die I should like to atone in some
measure and protect the life of Lars-Erik...
...from the insane hand
of his Uncle Torst..."
Would you care to read the rest,
Your Honor?
Thank you, consul.
I just want you to know that...
...I know that...
...I'm a silly old fool.
[CROWD MURMURING]
Silence. The court decrees...
...that the case of the Crown against
Anna Holm is suspended for consultation.

CHRISTINA:

- The case of the Crown v. Anna Holm...
...is suspended for consultation.

- What happened?

The judges are in consultation.

Consider yourselves dismissed.

- For good?

- That depends upon the decision.

Come on.

Pardon me, my dear fellow,

but is there another exit?

Next case Anna Holm v. Bernard Dalvik.

- Justifiable homicide.

- It's all right.

- The prisoner has left the courtroom.

- I'm not afraid but...

HERMAN:

Come on.

Au revoir, my friends.

The association has been most gratifying.

Just a moment.

[DALVIK CHUCKLES]

Gustaf. Gustaf.

Can't l...?

Can't we...?

I made such a mistake.

- I'm sorry, Vera.

- Oh, but, Gustaf...

Just for one tiny little mistake?

Which one are you referring to?

Why, that miserable little Robert.

Oh.

Who else were you thinking of?

I was thinking of George.

Oh, I hate George now.

And wasn't there a man named Erik?

But, Gustaf,

next week is our anniversary.

You celebrate it, dear. I'm afraid I can't.

Dr. Segert, will you come with me?

Oh, Gustaf. Don't go to that woman.

That criminal.

She's broken up our home.

You must try very hard to forgive her.

Then, perhaps, I can forgive you.

Goodbye, Vera.

You've been through a great deal today.

- So have you.

- I didn't mean to add to your worries.

Oh, you couldn't have meant
what you said.

I was under oath.

As God is my help in life and soul.

As God is your help.

- You'll need it.

- Will I?

Where's your mind, doctor?

Go, run. Don't look back.

No. Here I stand. I can do no other.

But you couldn't love me. You're crazy.

You're a romantic fool.

You don't think I've changed
from what I was, do you?

- No.

- No, of course not...

You don't think I've changed?

- Not a bit.

- You still think I'm the most terrifying...

...ruthless, cold-blooded creature
you've ever known.

- I didn't say that.

- Oh, yes. You said it once.

That wasn't you.

- It never has been you.

- Oh...

- You couldn't marry me.

- Have I asked you to marry me?

Well...

...no.

- And you mustn't.

- Why not?

Because I want to get married.

I've always wanted to get married.

I want to have a home and children.

I want to go to market and cheat the grocer
and fight with the landlord.

I want to belong to the human race.

I want to belong.

- Some day the right man will come along.

- The right man?

- Somebody you love.

- But I love you.

Only I don't know what to do about it.

Oh, well, I do.

In the case of the Crown v. Anna Holm...

...the judge is now ready to give his verdict
to the prisoner.

The prisoner's ready.

The judge also suggested that Dr. Segert
might like to come along with the prisoner.