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The Flame and the Arrow

By Waldo Salt

"We set this, our bond, in writing...
...so that all good men will know
our reason and our purpose.
From this night forward,
we will not rest...
...until we have gathered the strength
to free ourselves of the invader."
If we are agreed...
...then we better be starting back
to our homes.
Brave talk from old men.
Where are the young ones tonight?
I'm frightened. Frightened for us all,
young and old.
-Dardo.
-Dardo.
Hey, Bambino. Look who's coming.
Dardo.
-We didn't expect you until next week.
-I'll meet you at the tavern.
Dardo wouldn't miss
the Hawk's homecoming.
Dardo, shoot a cap.
-Caps ready?
-Yeah.
Let's go.
Further back.
All right, caps in the air.
-Whose hat did you pick?
-Fat Tony's.
I know why, I've seen his sister.
Dardo.
Papa Pietro.
We missed you at the meeting, Dardo.
Signor Apothecary,
you sound like his wife.
I'll leave the talking to you.
You're good at it.
We need you.
We're depending on you.
On me? Why? I don't depend on anyone,
why should anyone depend on me?
-Right, Rudi?
-A man of the mountains has to learn...

...that he can't depend on anyone
but himself.

-There, you see?

-He's your own true son, Dardo.

Each for himself

and devil take the hindmost.

Drink at the tavern with your own kind

the day the Hawk comes back.

Let the rest take care of themselves.

Apothecary, the herbs for your cures.

But don't try curing me. I'm incurable.

-Where's Alberto working today?

-The Vasselis.

Rudi.

Do you think

you can hit that chimney?

-It's an awful long way away.

-Go on, try it.

Pull it back close to your cheek.

Aim low, now.

-I hit it. I hit it.

-You certainly did.

Hey, what dirty-faced, son-of-toilet--

Dardo.

Benuto. Giovanni.

He's here again.

I'll meet you at the tavern.

It's true. The apothecary

talks too much sometimes.

But this time, he's right.

We just have to do something

about the Hawk.

You there, Dardo Bartoli.

Do you think people are made of money

to go buy new caps everyday?

And besides,

I haven't seen you in four weeks.

Women just don't understand,

do they, Tony?

Here, take my cap for the boy.

I'll get it back tonight.

What's it going to be like

if we let the Hawk back--

Why don't you let me alone?

A man can live his life two ways:

-With or without.

-Without what?

-Rudi, tell him.

-What?

-People and things.

-People get you into things...

...things get you into trouble...

...trouble gets you mixed up

into people.

-Then it starts all over again.

-My son.

Now, come on,

let's have some of Giulio's good wine.

-Can we all hang out?

-Dardo, what's up?

-Are we all here? The butcher?

-Hey, Giulio, the wine.

-The tinker.

-Bring out some wine.

Where's Piccolo?

Well, where's Piccolo?

I can't drink without Piccolo.

Hey, Piccolo, what's the matter?

Didn't you hear us?

Have you stopped drinking?

Are you sick?

What's on your mind?

Oh, the Hawk's coming.

-Run along. I wanna talk to Piccolo.

-We're not afraid of the Hawk, are we?

Run along and teach those city kids
some mountain manners. Now, come on.

You're not worried about the Hawk.

It's the boy's mother.

Look, I've told you before.

I'm through with all that.

It's been five years
since she went away.

Every man's wife leaves him sooner
or later...

...only some don't take their bodies.

Now, forget it. I have.

I just thought the boy ought to see

the Hawk, that's all. So come on.

Well, come on.

When you come to it, Francesca was
the only satisfactory woman I knew.
She left me alone.

Lucretia.

I don't know which gives more pleasure,
kissing or hitting you.

"Don't move until I come back."

A girl could starve
waiting for you to come back.

I'll see you tonight.

Tell Giulio we'll have a keg of wine,
a ham, chickens from the spit...

...another keg of wine
and six yards of bread.

-This fellow says he won't serve us.

-Oh, you won't?

Dardo, we're closed.

The Hawk is coming.

Dardo, the north bell is ringing
and the Hawk is already in the city.

Do you serve us wine
or do we take it...

-...and leave the money on your chest?

-Dardo.

You come here. And you too, Pietro.

Pietro, your wife wants us.

Lucretia, get the food.

Clear the square.

Nonna Bartoli, what's the harm
in a little drink?

At your age, Pietro,
it only takes a little drink.

I might have known you would be here.

Why did you come?

To see your beautiful eyes.

I know you

since you were no bigger than Rudi.

I know that mouth. You've come
looking for trouble and I don't like it.

-Why did you have to bring the boy?

-To meet the Hawk.

For the boy's sake, let it be.

There's no reason he has to know.
-Would any of us tell?
-Not one.
Rudi's my son, Nonna.
We don't lie to each other.
What good can it do him
to know his mother?
Rudi.
Make way for Ulrich, count of Hesse.
Come. I want you to meet someone.
-Who is he?
-Dardo.
My uncle's indiscretions
come back on him.
Rudi, I want you
to know your mother.
There she is.
I want you to look at her...
...so you'll never feel
you missed anything.
Now you'll know what people
are talking about if they make remarks.
That's Count Ulrich, the Hawk, the man
she went away with five years ago.
So you see,
there's no real reason to hate her...
...just pity her for bad judgment.
As for him, I suppose you can pity a man
who has to buy a woman...
...to keep from living with himself.
We better start back
to the mountains.
One moment, please.
I'm surprised to find
you're still so foolhardy, Dardo.
I'm sure you're not so simple to think
I'd use the authority of the empire...
...to answer an outraged husband.
You killed the falcon.
Perhaps you don't know
the noble sport of falconry...
...is regulated and protected
by imperial law.
By mountain law, any hawk

is fair game for a hunter's arrow.
Yes, I am familiar
with that mountain law...
...and I know exactly what you mean.
However, I am...
...shall we say,
on the side of the hawk...
...and extremely jealous of the safety
of my birds.
Your hawks are safe...
...as long as they don't hunt
in my part of the mountains.
And just which is your part
of the mountains?
My niece asks
a most pertinent question, Dardo.
-Whichever part I'm in, milady.
-That covers a great deal of territory.
-So do I.
-You there, Rudi.
-What am I going to do with your father?
-Nothing. You better not.
He makes it difficult to stay patient.
We can't have everyone deciding
the hawk is fair game, now, can we?
Do you think I should
make an example of Dardo?
-No.
-No?
Well, then, I think you can help.
I shall invite you
to live with your mother at the castle.
I'm sure she wants that.
And I believe it will guarantee
the safety of the hawks.
Take the boy.
Run, Rudi, run.
Dardo, wait for me.
Dardo. Dardo, wait.
Halt.
-Who are you?
-Apothecary Manzoni...
...on an errand of mercy
with the Sister.

-He tried to get it out himself.
-Move him to the table.
Someone keep the coals pumped up.
I need hot iron to cauterize.
Easy.
Rudi.
Boy....
-What happened to the boy?
-Gave himself up to save your life.
Now lie down, Dardo.
Don't let him go.
He doesn't know what he's doing.
Anyone here gonna try and stop me?
Thank you, Sister.
And now, Sister, the soporific,
if you please.
The pain easement.
To be blunt, the jug.
This is purely medicinal.
I think we'll need it.
Bring me the hot iron.
Raise him gently. He'll be all right.
-You'll get your boy back.
-Soon as your wound heals.
-You gotta hide.
-We'll get in the mountains.
-We'll make a plan.
-We'll find out who's at the castle.
-We'll get him back, Dardo.
-No.
No, it's my boy, my problem.
Go home, all of you.
The Hawk will forgive you.
It isn't as easy as that.
-You're an outlaw with a price on you.
-A thousand pieces.
-And everyone who helped you.
-A hundred apiece.
We're outlaws together,
whether you like it or not.
Look, Dardo, I can't do anything
about your being outlaws.
You've taken care of that yourselves.
But I can ask you to think now.

Don't cause any more trouble.
Work with us.
Work for the day
when we can right all the wrongs.
When all of Lombardy
will be free again.
Senor Apothecary...
...I can't speak for the others...
...but I have no noble purpose.
I'm not out to right anyone's wrongs
but my own.
My boy won't sit waiting at the castle
until all of Lombardy is free.
I'm afraid you'll have to carry that arm
in a sling for a week or so.
If you'd called me sooner, Dardo,
all of this wouldn't have been necessary.
There's some things even a man like you
can't handle alone.
Looks like I'm not alone.
Like it or not.
It wasn't our fault, milady.
We were surrounded.
You mustn't ride into the woods.
Dardo's gang is out.
It's not safe in there.
There must be a score or more.
Dardo?
-Thank you.
-Thank you. If we can--
Oh, thank you, milady.
Well, now,
what have we here, Piccolo?
Is it a lady or a lad?
What do you think?
Either way, it's a puny lad
or a poor lady.
But a handsome horse,
don't you think?
Maybe we should take the horse
and leave the lady-lad to walk home.
Let go of my bridle, please.
Not so fast. You're in my part
of the forest, milady.

-We warned you.
-Maybe you could explain it to me.
It's a little difficult for a stranger.
Just which part of the forest
does he consider his?
As my good friend Piccolo says,
the sure sign is the birds.
They sing in my part of the forest.
No hawks.
You know,
you remind me a little of my uncle.
Are you the only one allowed to talk
in your part of the forest?
My friend Piccolo's quite a fellow.
He's got ears that can hear
ahead of the rest of us...
...like lightning before thunder.
See things you and I can't.
Track a deer by the smell,
pick out a poison mushroom by touch.
And he talks in a way--
But I don't think you'd understand,
milady Anne of Hesse.
You see, he was born without a voice.
If you'll turn around and go home
like a nice boy, I'll forgive you.
But the next time, I'll spank you.
And you might give Rudi a message
for me. Tell him I'll be seeing him soon.
I have no particular bond
with my countrymen...
...but you make it
so expensive for me.
Anne.
The Marchese di Granezia.
Milady.
This is indeed an unexpected pleasure.
You give me hope.
I had begun to despair
of our barren valley.
At last, a flower of the court
in our mountains.
A rose among our brambles.
You're unexpected yourself, marchese.

I had begun to think
there was nothing here but rock...
...and arrogant peasants.
These mountains breed arrogance,
even among the nobility.
-And now, if you'll excuse me--
-Don't go, milady.
I need your moral support.
I'm afraid your uncle
is annoyed with me.
I wish you to stay, Anne.
He seems to think I should pay my taxes
like everyone else.
-And why shouldn't you?
-Because I'm not like everyone else.
You're a very important man here,
marchese.
And that is why I can't allow you to set
a bad example for the rest of the valley.
I've been setting a bad example
for years.
And I have come back
to change all that.
That, my dear Ulrich, is your quandary.
This is mine.
If I should pay
your outrageous taxes...
...I would be left
without property or position.
Little more than anyone else
in this wretched valley.
I would scarcely be worse off
if you confiscated me entirely.
So at the risk of setting
a bad example...
...I am not going to pay you.
You set your example, marchese...
...and I'll set mine.
My uncle has already sent
several score to the pillory...
...and jailed a hundred more...
...for the same attitude
as yours, marchese.
As your uncle

may have heard, milady...
...during the Crusade I was imprisoned
briefly in several Saracen jails...
...but only briefly.
-And now, if milady will excuse me....
-Until we meet again.
You have just lost a husband.
-Send the march of the guard to me.
-I understand why you brought me here.
We can't afford
a military occupation indefinitely.
The emperor feels a marriage
between Lombardy and Hesse...
...would serve the empire.
You can tell the emperor--
I thought the marchese
would be an ideal husband for you.
We probably won't find another
as presentable.
Take a company of men to the castle
of the Marchese di Granezia.
Collect his taxes.
-And if he resists, my lord?
-If he resists, take him.
But I want him taken alive.
One step, two step.
Left foot, right foot.
Lightly, lightly, gay and sprightly.
Arch your back and curtsy slightly.
One, two, three, please.
Flex the knees.
Stop and bow and straight and now...
...it's one and two
and follow through.
And three and four
and bow once more and--
No, no, no.
It cannot be done.
Dancing must flow gracefully
and naturally from the spirit...
...as milk from a cow.
I cannot draw milk from a bull.
Rudi, really, try to pay attention.
Not many peasant boys

have the chance as you do...
...to grow up like a little prince
with servants to train you...
-...and take care of your every wish.
-I can take care of myself.
But then what would the servants do?
You sound like your father.
Don't you understand?
With Ulrich's influence,
you can be almost anything you want.
Oh, Rudi. I have a message for you.
Your father said to tell you
he'll see you soon.
The Marchese Alessandro of Granezia.
We're honored.
You are the sultan
of these tartar brigands?
Outlaws, marchese, outlaws.
I will take my possessions
and be gone.
Piccolo, untie the marchese
and his friend...
...so they can be gone.
I don't think you understand.
I will take my possessions and be gone.
I don't think you understand.
These aren't your possessions.
They were plucked from me
by the Hessians.
And we plucked them
from the Hessians, rudely.
I would like it clearly understood :
Where my possessions go, I go.
If they stay, I stay.
Oh, come now, marchese. You wouldn't
want to live among brigands.
Outlaws, as you say.
Since my castle's been burned
and my land confiscated...
...and the law seems powerless
to protect my person or possessions...
...then by all the saints, I'm outside
the protection of the law myself.
Outlaw. So you may have me.

You'd undoubtedly be a decorative thing
to have around.
But our number's limited.
We're more in need of men
than amusement.
So I'm afraid we'll just have to forgo
the luxury of your company.
I'm afraid this puts you in the
embarrassing position of keeping me out.
Now, you wouldn't want to spoil
your pretty clothes.
Why don't you go peacefully
like a nice boy?
I could best you at the lance.
You could probably
master me with the bow.
I suggest, therefore,
a man-to-man encounter, barehanded.
Marchese, you're gonna get dirty.
Piccolo.
Very good. Very good. Adroit.
Now having taken
each other's measure, we shall see.
I leave it up to the outlaws.
Is it worth the trouble to keep him out?
And there's just one thing
you should know.
-I have the last word.
-Haven't tried for the third fall.
-Until we do.
-Until we do, you have the last word.
Of course, understand one thing :
You take me and you take my minstrel.
I insist on music with my meals.
A couplet to convince your lady
your lies are harmless.
A rhyme to flatter yourself
on your birthday.
A ballad to exaggerate your manhood
for the sake of your friends.
A melancholy song to make yourself
think you're a man of deep thoughts.
I'm a useful fellow to have
when you're moody...

...and I don't eat
more than twice my share.
Besides your wish,
since I can't sing to please myself...
...but only songs to suit the Hawk,
my music's as good as outlaw...
...and wherever my music goes,
I follow.
And now may I ask
when you villains eat?
Your new home, marchese.
A tomb of the ancient gods.
The roof leaks.
The glory of Olympus reduced
to a shelter for outlaws.
I think the ancient gods
lived a little like outlaws themselves.
That's right,
so why shouldn't we live like gods?
Besides,
it's the safest place we know.
Two more mouths to feed, Luigi.
Our good chef, baker
and major-domo, Luigi.
-The Marchese Alessandro of Granezia.
-Call me Lui.
You may just call me marchese.
-And his troubadour.
-I'm delighted to meet you.
-You have a name?
-Just call me Apollo.
Apollo, meet Hercules.
Make yourselves comfortable
and settle down.
Someone's sprung the tinker's trap.
It worked.
Papa Pietro.
Let's try that again.
-What's the news, Papa Pietro?
-That's a tricky trap you rigged.
-What about the boy?
-Oh, is my wife mad.
She's mad at the pigeons, at the boy,
at the duke, at the taxes, mad at me.

But you?
Oh, she'll never speak to you again.
What's the news about the boy?
I found out
about the people working at the castle.
First, there's Tonio.
You remember, ate the live toad?
-He works in the kitchen.
-Kitchen's no good for us.
Well, then there's Beatrice,
the one with the hairy mole.
Of course, there's Angela.
The redheaded Angela?
She works as maid
to the Hawk's niece.
Angela, the redhead, eh?
-Angela.
-The reason I told Papa I'd do this...
...was to have a chance to tell you
what I think of you.
-You get more beautiful.
-You think you're worth it?
-Where's the boy?
-In the great hall.
Weeks on end I don't see you,
but when you need me...
...here you are asking me
to risk my neck for you.
-Do you think you're worth it?
-It's a fine neck.
Well, maybe you are.
Smiling, smiling, always smiling.
Lift your feet, you little monster.
One and two, we're nearly through.
And now you bow, you little beast.
I congratulate you, Francesca.
You've made a fine courtier
out of him.
It's hard to believe
he's really Dardo's son.
As to that, you'll have to consult
Francesca, I'm afraid.
Now, Ulrich.
If I had an arrow,

I'd show you whether I was Dardo's son.

-Rudi.

-Dardo.

If anyone moves, I'll put this apple
in your mouth for the fancy pig you are.

This is quite foolish.

None of you will leave the castle alive.

I don't like to interfere
with mother love...

...but I'm taking the boy
where he belongs.

No, Dardo. You mustn't be selfish.

The boy's better off here.

Growing up a Hessian?

Do you want him to grow up like you?

Poor, dirty, a peasant to be spat on?

What can you give him?

What did you ever give me?

The boy is the only thing
you ever gave me...

...and I won't let you take that.

Piccolo.

No. No.

Take the boy.

Piccolo, the chandelier.

Meet you at the rope.

We must stay together, milady.

May I offer you my protection?

Allow me to escort you
to your chamber.

These corridors are very dark.

Most terrifying, milady.

I feel as if we were walking
through the heart of a deep forest.

Judging by the boy,

I'm sure no one is safe alone...

...while that mountain beast
is in the castle.

Who's there?

-What is it?

-Why nothing at all, milady.

The wind caressed the candle
too passionately, I'm afraid.

As I was saying, I hope

the mountain brute didn't frighten you.

-A wild animal is always frightening.

-But fascinating, milady.

-Who are you?

-Only your protector, milady.

-Milady is perfectly safe as long--

-Get out.

But I-- I don't quite understand.

I said get out.

I know, milady, but I....

I see. Of course, the Hawk's niece,
the Lady Anne of Hesse.

-I can understand you coming for your--

-Why didn't I think of this before?

What exactly are you thinking?

-A shame that pleasant conversation end.

-What are you going to do?

-I don't like to take a lady by force--

-No!

But I'm afraid we'll take you
as hostage for the boy.

No.

It's a fine boy you've got there.

We missed the boy, but we got this.

Aside from the face,
she looks just like my cousin Rosa.

I guess they're human.

You know, I never saw a real princess
right in the flesh.

Excuse me, princess.

-Duchess, not princess.

-Who can tell the difference?

-Dukes and princes.

-Open your mouth.

It isn't true.

They don't have pearls for teeth
like it says.

Milady.

This is an unexpected pleasure,
marchese.

In spite of certain family differences,
I defend the good name of chivalry...

...even here in this heathen temple
among outcasts.

Dardo. I must insist that we accord
our lovely guest...
...the respect due her position.
She'll get
what the Hawk's niece deserves.
Go pick her up, marchese.
But, of course, with the respect
due a lady in her position.
Tomorrow, Piccolo will have the honor
of taking our message to the castle.
By night, I'll have my boy back
and you'll be sleeping in your own bed.
In the meantime, the marchese trusts
you'll be comfortable with us.
-What are you doing now?
-I'm drying my leg.
And quite a leg it is too.
Just keep the chain tight
so I'll know where you are.
Yes, it's quite a leg for a princess,
countess, or duchess or whatever it is.
Tell me,
where'd you learn to ride like that?
Not at court. You learn to ride like that
in the mountains.
Maybe you're a peasant girl after all,
like Francesca.
I am Anne of Hesse.
My title is marchioness.
My father was Ulrich's brother.
But I was raised and learned to ride
in the South with my mother.
The country is very much like this.
You'll have to let the chain out a little.
I left my sandal down by the water.
Isn't it a little dull for you
after the court?
It must be lonely without the dukes
and counts and princes.
Tell me about them.
What are they like
when they take their armor off?
I learned a long time ago, milady...
...never trust a mountain cat

when she stops snarling...
...and never trust a woman
when your back is turned.
Why didn't we ever think of this before?
This is the life.
All those years I spent
sweeping other people's smoke...
...cooped up in chimneys,
looking at the sky through a square hole.
-Fresh air, I'm not quite used to it.
-Scarpa, my nimble-toed friend...
...tell me,
wouldn't it be easier to use your hand?
Yes, it'd be easier to live like animals
and eat with our teeth.
Be easier to walk around
in our bare skins, let our hair grow.
It'd be easier for you
to talk like other people...
...without rhymes and rhythms.
But we're civilized
and the art of civilization...
...is doing natural things
in an unnatural way.
I'm just more civilized
than the rest of you.
I salute a fellow artist.
Skinner, we have a love letter to write
to the Hawk.
Piccolo, don't go away.
Sit down and talk to me.
No, really. I can understand you.
You and Dardo have known each other
a long time, haven't you?
You like him, don't you?
Why do you like him?
He's a bird?
He's free as a bird?
Oh, he's a free spirit.
That's what you mean.
The birds do sing
in his part of the forest.
What about women?
He treats them badly, doesn't he?

Puts chains around their necks.
Do you think that's right?
Do you see any reason
why I should be chained?
After all, I couldn't go anyplace, could I?
The guards wouldn't let me.
Then if it's just a cruel whim
of Dardo's...
...couldn't you undo the chain?
Oh, marchese.
-Milady.
-When we said, "Till we meet again"...
...I'd hoped it would be
different circumstances.
So had I, but your uncle intervened.
And now to find myself
your prisoner....
-You'd have preferred me to be yours?
-No.
But I hardly expected to find
the Marchese di Granezia...
...as a stableboy.
It has certain advantages
over the dungeons of the castle.
But it's all
so unnecessary, Alessandro.
How's that, milady?
-If you'd been more reasonable--
-Paid my taxes?
You'd have had more than your taxes
back with my marriage settlement.
You'll forgive me, milady,
if I find your proposal somewhat sudden.
But it's not, really.
I'm quite sure such a pleasant idea
would never have slipped my mind.
My uncle had suggested it.
I can only say your uncle
has an alarming way...
...of welcoming me to the family.
The Emperor Barbarossa knows we can't
afford a military occupation indefinitely.
Therefore, a marriage between
Hesse and Lombardy seems....

But I can't help being a woman.
If I must be married
for reasons of empire...
...I wish it could be someone
I find attractive.
You overwhelm me, milady.
-Are you surprised I find you attractive?
-Not at all.
I'm surprised that I find myself
wanting to believe you.
It's a pity it's too late.
But it's not too late.
If I could tell my uncle that--
My dear Anne, if I may be so bold...
...you may tell your uncle
that I find you fascinating.
If only I could be sure you're as honest
as you are pretty.
But then, with a collar around
your lovely neck...
...it's hard to tell...
...whether your throat's blushing
from passion or deceit.
And now if milady will forgive me...
...I must get back to the stables.
"By sundown tonight."
-That all?
-That's enough.
I don't understand that.
I can't write a word.
Now that the ransom note's written,
I suggest I take it.
Piccolo's taking the note.
That's manifestly absurd.
He can't speak.
He doesn't have to.
He wouldn't know
what to say to Ulrich.
Everything's in the note.
I'm prepared to answer the count
in his own language...
-He'll understand.
-...and fight on his own terms.
Well, then, now the Hawk's

going to fight on our terms, marchese.
Dardo, we still have a third fall
to be settled.
There are more important things
to settle now.
No short stops at the tavern.
If you're not back by sundown, I'll--
I can't understand it, sire.
It's not like milady Anne.
Her bed's not been slept in
and her nightdress is just as I left it.
Every gown's in place.
I can't imagine what she had in mind.
The only thing she took
was a pillowcase and an apple.
-Impertinent youth.
-Your Grace.
It appears he has a message.
Release him
and bring me the message.
Sit down and take some wine.
You may go.
-Who is the hunter's nearest relative?
-His uncle.
An old man, a retired cobbler
known in the village as Papa Pietro.
I want you to build a gallows
in the piazza...
...and tie Papa Pietro under it
for all to see.
We'll hang him at dawn
for the outlaw.
So you're the dummy. Dardo's friend.
You can't speak.
An admirable quality
in one of your kind.
I assume that Dardo
intended to insult me by sending you...
...or perhaps he thought
there could be no argument.
If so, he's as defective as you.
He's blind. Or worse, he's witless.
His mind is confused
by his sentimentality.

A common disease
among a conquered people.
Does he seriously suppose that I would
sacrifice the interests of an empire...
...for the comfort or even the life
of a woman?
I assure you,
I have no such compunction.
You may tell your friend....
Oh, you can't tell him, can you?
Well, then,
since you haven't a tongue to talk...
...you'll have to deliver my message
in another way.
Take him below.
I'll join you immediately.
Troubadour.
What will happen if--?
If Piccolo doesn't come back?
Why would you
want to discuss it, milady?
-I'm the hostage.
-Exactly.
I used to sing a ballad concerning
the fate of the fair Zuleika...
...daughter of the sultan...
...who was taken hostage
on the Crusades.
But I don't think it would be
of much comfort to milady...
...under the circumstances.
Why did you do that?
You'll be going home soon.
Shouldn't Piccolo be back?
-He'll be back.
-I hope you're right.
I hope I'll be going home soon...
...that it works out as you planned.
I hope you get your boy back.
You miss your feather bed.
You've never slept
on the ground before...
...or ate out of a wooden bowl
or bathed in a mountain spring.

It's just I wanted you to know that
I respect you for wanting your boy back.
It's right that you should.
-Thank you.
-I mean...
...maybe I do belong at the castle.
It's my life, I suppose.
But it's not for Rudi.
You can't make a prince
out of a peasant.
He's like you.
My uncle says
your mountains breed arrogance.
Piccolo says it's free spirit.
I don't know.
But the boy
belongs in the mountains...
...in the forest.
Your part of the forest.
What do you want?
It's just that I wanted you to know
that no matter what happens, I--
Where's Piccolo?
Why doesn't he come?
It's so long after dark.
I'm frightened.
I'm frightened for you.
You're frightened for yourself...
-...but you're wasting your time.
-No.
You want to make love,
afraid he won't come back.
-Dardo.
-You're beautiful.
It's a lie.
-Your mouth is lying.
-I don't know.
What could you feel?
Feeling had to be burned out of you...
...with the first peasant's cottage
your uncle burned.
Buy a husband
with a marriage settlement...
...look for a stableboy

like your uncle found Francesca...
...because your own men
are as empty as you are.
-Yes, I lied.
-Get away.
-I'm glad.
-Get back until I decide what to do.
I'm glad it's a lie.
I'd hate for it to be the truth.
-Dardo.
-Dardo.
-Dardo.
-Dardo.
Piccolo.
Biggie, get some warm olive oil.
Go to the castle?
Square. Go to the city square.
-Look after him.
-Dardo.
Tie her up.
What does it mean? The gallows.
He hangs at dawn. For the outlaw.
Get your horses.
We're riding into the city.
Company alert. Stand guard.
Incoming from the west gate.
-Form your ranks.
-Company, on guard.
You rest here, Papa Pietro.
The apothecary will be here soon.
What is this? What is this about?
Are you afraid of me?
No. There's no longer any fear of you.
You can do us no more harm now.
I remember, Dardo. I remember when
you were born in these mountains...
...and your father ran away
to fight in foreign places.
We pitied the child.
We said he could never be blamed,
however he grew.
I remember when you came into town
as a boy.
We laughed at your matted hair

and your wild manners.
We made excuses for your mischief...
...because you harmed
nobody but yourself.
We excused you, I suppose, because--
Well, there's a little of you in each of us
that none of us dared show.
But now I know it's the devil in all of us
that we saw in you.
You're one of us,
you're of my own family...
...and I did what I could to raise you,
but we've come to take you back.
-We saved the old man.
-You saved Pietro.
Now there are five hanging in his place.
Tomorrow, there'll be ten.
It won't end till the Hawk
gets what he wants:
The outlaws in prison
and Dardo hanged.
Tell them to come quietly,
but if they don't...
...we're prepared to fight.
No.
No, there'll be no fighting between us.
-No one will hang for me.
-Nonna Bartoli.
Nonna Bartoli, I want to talk to you.
It so happens I was the one
faced death tonight and not you.
You weren't gonna be hanged
in the morning, but I was.
And with that rope around my neck...
...it would've been hard to convince me
Dardo put it there.
It was the Hawk, that's who did it.
Was it Dardo made skulking cowards
out of you all?
You wanted something to happen?
Dardo made things happen.
All right, he made trouble for us.
I'll be lucky if I come out of this
without rheumatism.

I had myself convinced
up there in the gallows...
...that I was willing to die.
For the first time in my life,
I felt like a hero.
And you're not gonna
take that away from me.
If you're all so willing to fight...
...then fight the Hawk and his Hessians,
not Dardo.
Let's fight them and be rid of them...
...or die fighting, at least.
Papa Pietro,
you make me proud and ashamed.
-We'll fight.
-Easy.
We'll fight together now.
And we'll live together
to see Lombardy free.
Wait. Nonna Bartoli's right.
-First of all, I must go back.
-They'll hang you.
We can't let them hang
the five old men.
-So let them hang me.
-No.
Besides, it'll give us time to prepare.
-Your father disappoints me.
-He'll never surrender.
I should have thought his arrogance...
...would never allow others
to hang for him.
Let the execution proceed.
Stop. Wait.
-Let him pass.
-Let him pass.
Hold the rest.
-Send the boy away.
-No.
-There's no reason for him to see this.
-I think it will be a good lesson to watch.
That's why you're here, isn't it?
I've given up trying to fight you,
Ulrich, as a man.

Last night, my best friend was killed
along with the troubadour and skinner...
...to save one man from hanging.
Now there's five.
Release the five men.
Have you anything to say
before I hang you?
No.
Yes, wait.
Since you're here, Rudi, I want you
to learn the right lesson from this.
A man can't live by himself alone.
I was wrong.
But a man who has friends...
...like the three
who aren't here today...
...who are willing to risk their own lives
for someone else....
A man who has friends like that
will never really die.
You're going to learn
a lesson too, Ulrich.
When you kill a man,
you've done the most anyone can do.
And it's not enough.
Because a man
who knows what he's dying for...
...only seems to die.
Hang him.
No. No, Ulrich, not because of me.
Do you have to hang him?
Please, Ulrich, isn't it enough
for your pride of empire?
Proceed with the execution.
No, you can't do it!
Hang him.
The body may be claimed at dusk.
Take the outlaws to the dungeon.
Believe me,
I can quite understand...
...your attraction to a lusty animal.
I'm afraid it's a family trait.
You will forget him,
find yourself another.

-I'm going back to Germany, Ulrich.
-I don't think so. Not yet.
You haven't served your purpose here.
Or had you forgotten why you came?
-The buzzards are out already.
-Trust the Hawk to find death.
Now, pretty birdies,
don't be unreasonable.
Fly back over the body once more.
Just once more.
Just till Ulrich leaves the square.
Fly you mangy,
ugly-faced monstrosity. Fly.
Keep your grimy hands off me.
Before you make trouble for yourself,
let me warn you :
It might be worth your while
to inform your master...
...the Marchese
Alessandro di Granezia...
...would like to discuss a wedding.
Good mother,
could you direct the poor players...
...to the castle
of Count Ulrich of Hesse?
I can direct you to the devil.
Follow the marsh road
and the smell of death will lead you.
You know, I'm hungry.
You're all right.
Get me out of this contraption.
-There we are. Easy.
-Get the noose.
Must be an easier way of dying.
Plans are made for tomorrow morning.
The city's ready.
Shall we go?
Dardo can eat while we bury him.
Send the lady Anne to us immediately.
You may go.
Now, what are the details
of this uprising, Alessandro?
Tomorrow morning while you
are attending Allhallows services...

...a group of peasants will present
themselves at the castle bearing gifts.
A gesture of humility and defeat.
Once inside the castle,
they plan to overcome the guard...
...raise the portcullis,
lay siege to the castle...
...and be ready to meet you
on your return.
And who is to lead
this gallant little band?
The old man? The apothecary?
The philosopher?
Little Papa Pietro or his nagging wife?
You see, I know them all.
They needed Dardo.
Who else do they have?
His friend the dummy is dead.
Who is supposed to lead them?
You, marchese?
Dardo.
I'm afraid the outlaws have bewitched
and beguiled you, Ulrich.
Neatly and with some imagination,
you must admit.
At this moment, the town
is burying a coffin full of stones...
...while Dardo's corpse meets with
the ghosts of his three dead friends...
...to plan the assault on the castle.
Let them come. Let them attack.
We'll be ready.
It seems your countrymen must
learn their lesson in blood, marchese.
You sent for me, Ulrich.
I think you know
your husband-to-be.
-No.
-My dear Anne.
Ulrich, I meant what I said.
We are deeply indebted
to the marchese, Anne.
He has just told me
that hanging Dardo was not enough.

His foolish friends
intend to attack us in the morning.
Circumstances
and your most lovely self...
...persuaded me that my heart
and sympathetic self-interest...
...lie with you and your uncle.
You've betrayed them because of me?
Because of what I said?
Your Grace.
The impresario
of a players company...
...request your permission
to entertain in the great hall tonight.
Send him in.
We are celebrating tonight,
aren't we, Anne?
Yes. If you say so.
We are celebrating tonight.
The impresario Arturo of Milan,
Your Grace.
Bringing with him
from the far ends of the Earth...
...the Brothers Bulanos,
the bouncing Bavarians...
...Petrolini and his Indian bear,
almost human.
The greatest assortment of players,
acrobats, jugglers and clowns...
...ever assembled
for the pleasure of the court.
You're Nonna Bartoli?
I'm Anne.
-Anne of--
-I know you.
I had to come to tell you
Ulrich knows about the uprising.
Alessandro's betrayed you.
Why do you come to me?
-Last night it was your husband--
-Yes.
It was my husband
you were going to hang.
Let me talk to him.

He's gone.
To bury Dardo.
Then, Nonna Bartoli,
you have to listen to me.
You have no business here.
We know of no uprising.
Then send me to someone who does.
Or go yourself.
Find them and tell them Ulrich is waiting
to slaughter them when they come.
Tell them to give it up.
The Hawk's niece said to give it up?
Believe me, the two of them are sitting
up at the carnival right now, celebrating.
Why should I lie?
Why should I come here?
Why did you come?
Because I'm ashamed of what I am.
And what I've done.
I can say it now
because my pride was hanged with him.
I came because I love Dardo.
-Go home, Anne.
-You must believe me.
There's nothing for you here.
Go home.
Please.
I believe her, Dardo.
Why should we believe her?
Maybe the Hawk sent her.
How do we know?
Give it up, she says.
Isn't that what he'd want us to do?
She loves you, Dardo.
I know you don't want to believe that.
You don't want to trust yourself...
...because you're afraid
you love her too.
That's a hard thing
for Dardo to admit.
Now, why are you so ready to believe
every woman loves you except this one?
You know what this means.
We attack tonight.

But how?
The carnival. That's right,
she said there's a carnival.
Can you do it? You're sure?
All right, we'll do it. Tonight.
A little more chameleon,
I believe, apothecary.
You'll find your head in my trunk
under the lion skin.
Do you have to keep grinning at me?
The very essence of the quintessence
of the clown's art.
Piccolo, look sad. Mad. Glad.
You, Dardo, on the other hand,
must have a touch of whimsical sadness.
And a bulbous nose.
Just so you hide my face.
A few drops of fish oil
on the nose wax now, apothecary.
Sprinkle of ground goat's foot.
Need a suspicion of powdered
whalebone for whiteness, and done.
Do you have to keep talking?
We have a war in 10 minutes.
Do you have to throw a knife
with your toes?
Respect the technique
of a fellow artist, then.
This takes me back to my youth when
I dreamed of leading my own troupe...
...before I worked
with the marchese...
...that double-dyed third cousin
to a spawn of pig's bile.
That jaundiced excretion
of a bilious toad's eye.
The city's ready when you are.
-Let's be on our way.
-Piccolo, your beard. My symbolorium.
We're ready.
Bulanos. Bulanos, get ready.
-Halt.
-You're not going to cause...
...more trouble for us. We're late.

You know how one cup leads to another.
Be good fellows and stand aside
for the four clowns.
Gentlemen, prepare.
Let them pass.
Brothers Bulano,
the bouncing Bavarians.
Your nose is slipping.
Rossi, can't you keep the bear
where it be--
I'm really a very friendly bear
if I'm not crossed.
I want you to announce
the Caramelli Brothers.
The greatest acrobats in all of Europe.
Stop.
Your noble Grace.
The most remarkable Brothers Caramelli,
acrobats supreme.
Never before seen performing
in all Lombardy.
I always said
we should have been acrobats.
Dardo.
Dardo. Dardo.
Lock the boy in the tower till I come.
So this was the plan, marchese?
Arrest him.
Surround the players.
Are we going to let them do this
to players?
-No.
-Well, then....
They have the Bulanos.
They have the Bulanos.
Mind the gate!
Piccolo, the prisoners.
Dardo. Dardo.
Hey.
Captain, hold them
as long as you can.
Dardo! Dardo, he's gone for the boy.
Your friends will be looking for you
in the great hall, marchese.

I'm afraid you're right, Ulrich.
I have lost the battle.
I trust you will grant me the courtesy
of facing my defeat alone.
But knowing you, dear Ulrich,
you've planned your escape.
You're going for the boy
and I'm going with you.
No.
The truth is I betrayed them,
so we're going together.
-We'd both be killed.
-I'll take that chance for us.
You're the only thing
standing between me...
...and the vengeance
of my countrymen.
You're no match for me
and you know it.
Where's the boy?
There's the man who betrayed you.
Why don't you kill him?
You need a sword. Take mine.
-He'll kill you first.
-But you will defend me, Alessandro.
As you say,
I am your only hope of escape.
I can't fight you with a sword.
Listen, you want to escape.
-I want my boy. I won't stop you.
-No, Dardo.
I'm sorry I can't wait for the outcome.
I wish you both the best of luck.
-Out of my way. I'm going for the boy.
-No, Dardo.
Unfortunately your son
is Ulrich's escape. And mine.
I regret that our happy days as outlaws
end like this, but I have to kill you.
Now, marchese, we're in the dark,
where a sword is just a long knife.
And hunters know all about knives.
You can't see me,
can you, Alessandro?

But I can see you.
Be careful,
you're gonna trip over the chandelier.
Now you've
got to come for me, Dardo.
If anyone interferes,
the boy will pay for it.
He'll hit the boy.
Rudi.
Piccolo.