

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINA'S ROOM - NIGHT. SPRING

Outside a storm is raging. Thunder rolls softly across the surrounding countryside.

The storm rattles the window-panes, lightnings play on the curtains, which flutter in the draught, sending fitful shapes dancing across the wall. Sound asleep in bed is an eight year old girl (LITTLE DINA).

A terrific flash of lightning - and the windows fly open with a bang. The girl wakes with a start and sits up in bed. The open windows yawn before her like a gaping, roaring maw - and beyond them is the rain, the lightning - the darkness.

Little Dina gets out of bed and stands facing the black abyss, her expression impassive. She looks so thin and pale, standing there in her bare feet and her white shift - but she seems almost unmoved by the fearsome black abyss of the windows. She merely walks softly towards it.

Outside the world blusters and howls, but she gazes out at it fearlessly - drinking in the sea and the fear, swallowing it.

Just then the door opens and her mother, GERTRUDE, runs in, in her nightgown.

GERTRUDE

My dear child! What are you doing?

With a bit of a struggle, Gertrude manages to close the windows and shut out the storm.

Gertrude sits down on the bed with Little Dina in her arms. She strokes and pets her. Peace.

LITTLE DINA

I love you Mamma ... so, so much.

GERTRUDE

Sleep now.

LITTLE DINA

This much ... all the way to the ceiling.

GERTRUDE

I love you all the way to the roof.

LITTLE DINA

Up to the clouds, all the way up to the birds.

GERTRUDE

All the way up to the moon and back again.

LITTLE DINA

Up to the moon and up to the top of its highest mountain - that much.

GERTRUDE

All the way to the ends of the universe, through all the solar systems, round all the planets and back.

Little Dina is stuck. She can't beat this last image of her mother's.

LITTLE DINA

No, nobody can love that much. It's not possible.

GERTRUDE (SMILING)

Go to sleep, now.

LITTLE DINA

I'm frightened. I want to sleep with you and Pappa.

GERTRUDE

Oh, fiddlesticks. You're not frightened of anything.

Suddenly the windows burst open again with a crash and Gertrude and Dina scream with fright.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MANOR HOUSE. THE MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Dina is lying asleep between her mother and her FATHER. He is awake, leaning on his elbow, watching his family with a little smile. Tenderly he pushes a lock of hair back from Dina's face. A momentary flicker of worry in his eyes.

INT./EXT. MANOR. WASH-HOUSE - DAY

Little Dina is watching the maids sweating and straining, and her mother pouring cold water into mugs for them. The room is enveloped in a haze of steam and perspiration. Maids of all work are struggling with the heat and the dirty laundry, which is being washed and rinsed in huge tubs. In the middle of the room stands an enormous cauldron full of boiling lye that is heated by the glowing coals in the stove underneath it. It is suspended from a hinged bar, which can be released by pulling a lever, thus tipping it up and allowing the lye to run down into a shallow basin from which the maids can scoop it up in buckets.

Gertrude is issuing directions and working hard herself. A maid adds some shirts she has just finished to a pile. Gertrude checks them, finds stains. Shakes her head, smiles.

GERTRUDE

Greta, you're not serious ?

The other girls snigger.

Dina looks out of the window. THOMAS the stable boy is driving a flock of geese up the lane, he turns, sees her and waves. She does not wave back. Behind her, Greta walks across and grabs hold of the red-hot handle, a cloth wrapped round it for safety. Carefully she tips the cauldron and a narrow jet of boiling lye streams out of the pot, down a narrow runnel and into a bucket. The innumerable wheel cogs lock and she tips the cauldron back into position. Dina turns round and notices Greta walking away. She steps up to the handle, eyeing it curiously.

She grabs hold of it - and burns herself. Instinctively her arm jerks back and her sleeve gets caught in the cogs. Little Dina screams as, bit by bit, her dress is gobbled up by the ravening teeth of the cog-wheels and the cauldron slowly starts to tip.

LITTLE DINA

Oww!

At that moment, out of the corner of her eye, Gertrude sees what is happening

GERTRUDE

Dina! Get away from there!!

She strides across the room toward the child, cutting across the hollow in the floor beneath the pot. Just at that moment Little Dina wrenches her sleeve free of the cogs, the wheels unlock and the huge pot is free to tilt unchecked. Too late she realizes that the cauldron is on the move, tipping towards her.

A mighty jet of scalding lye pours down over Gertrude, knocking her to the ground. The maids scream. Gertrude falls back helplessly into the hollow, as the cauldron continues to tip, emptying thousands of liters of boiling lye over her.

Drowning, coughing, spluttering, screaming, Gertrude struggles to get out of and away from the scalding liquid.

Little Dina looks on, shocked by the awful sight. Screaming and crying, the maids grab hold of her clothing and manage to pull the screaming Gertrude out.

Stunned, little Dina backs out of the door, into the yard.

Gertrude's screams have brought everyone rushing towards the wash-house. Dina, in shock, takes off in the opposite direction. The screams fill the countryside, echo off the mountains in the distance and ring out across the fjord.

4, 5 and 6 OMITTED

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIBRARY Ñ DAY

A young housemaid throws open the door of the library. He has already risen from his desk - as if he was waiting for this. The maid is in tears. He stares at her, she tries to speak. Cannot.

DINA'S FATHER

I know.

EXT. MANOR Ñ DAY

The women carry the screaming Gertrude across the yard. Dina's father comes running out of the main house, crying out her name. He looks down on his ravaged wife. Her skin is strangely changed. Grey and pale and crinkled. Like porridge.

DINA'S FATHER

What happened?! Oh my God, what happened?!

MAID

Dina happened to touch the cauldron...  
and all the lye tipped over her

DINA'S FATHER

Dina!?

Dina's father tries to hold his shrieking wife, but cannot see how to get his arms round her. They lay her on the ground.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Gertrude...my darling Gertrude.

Little Dina stands a little way off, watching her father and mother. Dina's father looks up and his eyes meet those of his daughter. Little Dina is crying. Whispering to herself.

LITTLE DINA

Papa.

He gives her a crazed look, then gets to his feet and paces slowly, stiff-legged, towards her. He looks like a father going to his daughter to embrace her but all at once the set of his bulky frame alters ñ and he charges at her. She looks up, startled; he strikes her. The women race up and, with the help of a couple of the hired hands, manage to restrain the irate man.

Little Dina looks up at her father, who is struggling to get at his daughter. Tomas observes what is going on from a distance, terrified. Then he pulls himself together and runs up to Dina, dragging her away as fast as he can.

Gertrude is carried, screaming, into the manor house.

INT. STABLES. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dark and bare. Somewhere, the wind is whistling through a chink in the boards. Dina is so heartbreakingly alone. Gertrude's screams sound in the distance. Dina is trembling from top to toe. In shock.

LATER

The trapdoor opens. Dina pulls back from it in terror. Tomas sticks her head up. He sees the terrified child.

TOMAS

Are you alright?

Dina crawls towards him. She pulls herself, hand over hand, up his body, then runs her hands over his face like a blind person. She cries without a sound.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Wait.

He closes the hatch and disappears again. A rat emerges out of the darkness. Dina gazes at it, terror-stricken.

LATER

The trapdoor is pushed opened again and Tomas reappears. In his hand a pot of honey.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? Honey!

Dina takes it and starts to wolf down the sweet, runny honey.

Full to bursting, Dina gets down onto her hands and knees and throws up all over the floor. Tomas looks on in despair. An authoritative female voice calls out his name. Dina curls up in a corner.

HOUSEKEEPER (V.O.)

Tomas!! Are you there!?

He hurries off. The hatch is left open. The hatch is left open. Through it comes the sound of a resounding slap and her angry voice.

HOUSEKEEPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Didn't I tell you that Dina is to be left alone?

Dina watches with terror as a hand grasps the rim of the hatch and pulls it closed.

10 and 11 - OMITTED

EXT. MANOR HOUSE Ñ MORNING

It is growing light. The sun is rising.

INT. STABLES. ATTIC - MORNING

Dina gazes in horror at the rats gathered around the mess of vomit and honey on the floor, lapping it up.

Gertrude's screams hang in the air, long, endless, unnaturally persistent.

Then, suddenly, they cease. A deathly hush falls.

Little Dina looks up, a glimmer of hope in her eyes, and listens. Could the silence be a sign that Gertrude has recovered?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A sheet is pulled up over Gertrude's face. Dina's father kneels next to the bed, hands clenched, dissolved in tears.

One of the maids sits hunched on a chair, a basin in her hand. She is weeping. THE DOCTOR slumps down onto a chair.

INT. STABLES. ATTIC - MORNING

Little Dina stands in the middle of the room listening. Then she hears the faint sound of her father's weeping and realizes what has happened. She runs to the hatch in the floor, heaves and tugs at it, trying to open it ñ but it is too heavy. Strange, hoarse grunts escape from her throat. She screams ñ but no one hears her. The scream is silent.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MANOR. QUAYSIDE ñ DAY

Four hands have set to work on the wash-house with hefty sledgehammers. The building is levelled to the ground.

Dina's father walks past, carrying a suitcase. A sailing ship sits at anchor in the bay. An attractive man of his own age comes to meet him. This is JACOB GREENLOW. A tall, sturdily built man and a good friend. They shake hands.

DINA`S FATHER

Jacob... my friend in need.

JACOB

A trip to Bergen will do you good...

They step down into a large rowboat. Jacob gives the order and the ROWERS - among them ANDERS - set out towards the ship.

The walls of the wash-house collapse with a crash in a huge cloud of dust.

FADE TO BLACK

17 and 18 - OMITTED

**INT. MANOR HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM DAY**

Gertrude's bedroom looks just as it did on the day she left it. The bed is made up, the bedcover smoothed. The paintings on the walls, hairbrushes and combs, the jars and perfume bottles arrayed in front of the mirror. A magnifying glass rests atop a large book. The Bible.

Dina stands in the doorway. She wants to come in, but the room seems to look accusingly at her.

Dina takes a step into the room, walks over to the Bible and the magnifying glass. She starts "reading". The incomprehensible letters looks like small ants. She makes weird guttural sounds, as if reading out loud from the book:

DINA  
Babiuuu..babaaaa...uiiii...

She stops and listens. Hearing a distant scream growing louder. Gertrude's scream. Dina flees, terror-stricken, from the room.

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/RAVINE - SUNSET**

The mountainside. A fascinating and frightening spot.

Dina stands on the lip of the ravine and gazes down into it. She steps a few yards back from the edge, a thought seems to strike her. She pulls an old bit of rag from her pocket, ties it around her eyes. Then she wheels about - and stands still. Then she takes a direction, pacing it out with steady, measured steps.

Thomas appears, watches her in silence. She walks towards him, stepping away from the cliff edge at oblique angle. She pushes the blindfold up a bit and sees Thomas. Smiles. Motions to him to come over. Puts up her fingers to show

him: ten steps - 10! She runs a little closer to the edge again, pulls the blindfold down over her eyes again, whirls round. She starts to walk, Thomas counts - she's cutting an oblique course back to the edge, Thomas growing anxious. Dina manages to take her ten steps, stopping only feet from the edge.

Dina peeks out from the blindfold again, runs back to her starting point and begins all over again.

TOMAS

No, Dina... that's it ... no more..

Ignoring him, she spins round and stops. This time she is face-on to the edge. She starts to walk.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

No, Dina. Stop...

Dina continues towards the edge.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Stop!

The brink of the precipice is drawing closer.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Stop!!!

He races after her and makes a dive for her legs just as she is about to step into thin air. They fall to the ground.

One of her legs is dangling over the edge, she looks downward and smiles, lifts her eyes to him. Tomas is badly shaken.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you out of your mind!

She turns her eyes up to Tomas's shocked face, they flash teasingly.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Why did you do that ?

She gets to her feet and walks away.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Say somethin'...You can talk! You can,  
I know you can!

She turns and looks at him defiantly, then she runs off.  
Tomas looks after her.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
You're father's back. You're to come  
home!

EXT. MANOR Ñ DAY. SUMMER - OMITTED

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM Ñ EVENING

Dina's father and Jacob Greenlow are eating in the gloomy  
dining room, drinking wine. There is a knock at the door.

DINA'S FATHER  
Yes?

The door opens and the housekeeper and a maid come in.  
Between them they clutch a flailing, thrashing Dina.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Are you sure you want her brought in  
here, sir?

Dina's father nods. Dina is given a shove that sends her  
almost falling into the room. She comes to a halt in the  
middle. Dina's father motions to the two women to close the  
door behind them.

DINA'S FATHER  
Come here.

Little Dina does not budge. Dina's father eyes Jacob  
Greenlow anxiously, embarrassed by his daughter's failure  
to obey him.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
This is for you.

He holds out a doll to her. Still little Dina does not  
budge.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Come now. It's for you.

He holds a china doll out to her. Her eyes flick back and  
forth between him and it.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Take it.

Hesitantly, she puts out a hand and grasps it, with him still holding the other end. She's within reach now, and he seizes his chance. With his free hand he grabs her arm and pulls her to him. Dina does her utmost to wrench herself free. Her teeth close around his hand and dig in. He lets out a yell, loosens his hold long enough for her to roll off his lap, onto the floor and away. The doll flopping along behind her by one arm. He gazes hopelessly after her and sends Jacob a shamefaced look.

He pours himself yet another glass of wine and drains it in one gulp. Jacob regards him in silence. He fills his glass again, tries to pull himself together - but to no avail.

He breaks down.

JACOB

You drink too much.

Dina's father is falling apart. Emotional, tearful, heartbroken, and he does not try to hide it. Jacob lays a hand on his arm.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together now! You've got Dina to think of. She needs tutoring. She's like a wild beast.

DINA'S FATHER

I know what she is...when she stands there before me all I can hear are Gertrude's screams ... oh, how I curse myself!!

JACOB

She needs help!

Dina's father raises his tear-soaked face, turning desperate eyes to Jacob.

FADE TO BLACK

23 and 24 - OMITTED

INT. MANOR HOUSE. UPPER HALLWAY Ñ DAY

Dina is walking past Gertrude's room when she notices that the door is ajar. She catches a sound from inside and gives a start. Stops short and walks hesitantly towards the door. Puts a hand to it, pushing it a little further open.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. GERTRUDE'S ROOM Ñ DAY

Dina peers apprehensively into the room. Something or someone is moving about inside. A suitcase on the floor. A cello leaning against the wall. The sound is coming from behind the partition separating the bed from the washstand. A tune. A piercing falsetto voice humming a tune!

Then a figure comes dancing out from behind the partition, back turned to Dina. A little man in shirtsleeves and braces, waltzing around with a bust of Goethe. Tripping lightly, he swirls around and comes to an abrupt halt at sight of an astounded Dina.

LORCH

Hello.

Dina regards him impassively. LORCH is a neat, dapper little man; a round head with small round spectacles on the nose. He gives her a big, beaming smile.

LORCH (CONT'D)

My name's Lorch. Peter Lorch. Ah ...  
you must be Dina?

Dina says nothing. Just looks. This man has appropriated her mother's room. She spies her mother's Bible over on the table. She darts across, picks it up and hugs it to her chest. Lorch understands.

LORCH (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. I take you have no  
objection to my unpacking a few things?

Silence. He leaves her be. He whistles a little to himself. Picks up the cello, affixes the foot to it. Rubs some resin into the string of the bow. Tunes it.

Dina looks like an animal responding to a strange noise for the first time.

Lorch starts to play. We see how he sneaks glances at Dina out of the corner of his eye. Dina's face starts to dissolve.

Something strange is happening to her. She moves closer to him, looks at him and his instrument - spellbound. Slowly the tears begin to spill down over her cheeks. The first tears she has wept since mother died. Startled by it, Lorch stops playing.

Then Dina speaks. For the first time since Gertrude's death.

LITTLE DINA

No! More! More! Play more!

Lorch holds the bow out to her. Dina grabs this strange object. Lorch draws her towards him, nice and easy, sits her down on the chair and lets her wrap her arms around the instrument. He arranges the fingers on the strings in the correct position. She draws the bow across the strings and an exquisite, melodic sound escapes the instrument. Dina is dumbfounded.

Lorch repositions her fingers and a new melody is formed. Dina crows with delight. Amazed, enraptured. Happy.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIBRARY Ñ DAY

Down in the library, Dina's father listens to the music pouring down from the room. He can see maids in the hallway running up and down the stairs carrying towels and water. He is bewildered. Bustling housemaids. The housekeeper comes rushing towards him.

HOUSEKEEPER

She's talking...oh, dear Lord in heaven. Miss Dina is talking.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. GERTRUDE'S ROOM - DAY

In the room, Lorch is playing his heart out and before him, in the middle of the room, stands Dina, naked, in a tub of water. Between her and Lorch a Maid holds a blanket up in both hands. Along Dina hums to the melody, while allowing herself to be scrubbed by nimble housemaid fingers which at last - get to scour the grime off her pallid limbs.

Her father stands in the doorway. His face betrays no emotion. Then he turns and walks away again.

INT. MANOR. STABLES - DAY

The maids are milking the cows, sitting on little stools. A neat, clean little Dina hares down the aisle.

LITTLE DINA

Tomas! Tomas!

Tomas steps out into the aisle, right under her nose. They bump into one another, fall over ñ roll around in the straw and in between a couple of cows. They laugh. Dina is sprawled beneath a cow ñ she grabs one of its tits and squirts milk at him, then she aims the jet of milk at her mouth.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. GERTRUDE'S ROOM Ñ DAY

Dina is playing the cello, Lorch leans over her, guiding her fingers and hands. Rain batters against the window. Lorch straightens up.

LORCH

Now, Dina. I think it's time for a little reading.

He crosses to the desk. Dina stops playing and walks over to him. She flings her arms around his neck and smothers his face with kisses. Then, roughly, she lets go of him, goes back and carries on playing.

Lorch has to look away. Blushing and moved to tears.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM Ñ NIGHT

Dina's father is dining with Lorch. Dina runs barefoot into the dining-room, her knees cut and grazed.

DINA'S FATHER

Dina, in this house we are expected to be on time for meals!

Dina takes her seat, starts to eat, paying no heed to him.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

And she ought to have something on her feet.

Lorch nods quietly. Greta passes, carrying the soup tureen. Dina's Father turns to her.

DINA'S FATHER  
See that she puts some shoes on!

GRETA  
Yes, sir.

DINA'S FATHER  
How's the reading going?

Lorch looks doubtful.

LORCH  
The reading. We-ell ...

Lorch gazes anxiously after Dina's Father, who gets up and fetches the Bible. He slams it down onto the table between himself and Lorch. Opens it and turns to Dina.

DINA'S FATHER  
Well? Read something, then!

Dina looks up at Lorch. Lorch gives her an imperceptible nod. She jumps down off her chair and drops her gaze to the open Bible. The maids hover expectantly in the doorway.

LITTLE DINA (READING)  
In the begin...ning God created the  
heaven and the earth. And it was dark  
and his...the God's spirit...the spirit  
of God under the...the...

Lorch is biting his nails, the father waiting impatiently. Dina continues reading in her own language.

LITTLE DINA (CONT'D)  
...daai du dada dei mamaaaa ku ladaa.

The maids in the doorway start to giggle. Dina's Father is having trouble controlling his growing fury.

DINA'S FATHER  
What is this! What're you teaching her,  
man?

Turns to the Maids standing in the background.

DINA'S FATHER

Take her to her room!

One of the maids comes over, leads Dina away. Lorch looks upset. They eat in silence. Lorch tries to remedy the situation:

LORCH

As a matter of fact we have been making great progress with her mathematics!

DINA'S FATHER

Girls don't need to learn how to juggle with numbers!

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Sit down!

Lorch smooths his hands down over his trouser legs.

LORCH

Mistress Gertrude. Dina's mother. I understand that she died under tragic circumstances?

DINA'S FATHER

It is not something we speak of here.

LORCH

Of course not. And not that it's any of my business, it's just that... that it might help me to understand the child a little better. To know what's going on inside her head.

DINA'S FATHER

She did it.

LORCH

I beg you pardon?

DINA'S FATHER

She caused the accident. The boiling lye that was tipped over my wife, it was Dina's fault. Not that she did it on purpose, I'm sure.

Lorch is suffering agonies on the stool.

LORCH

Oh, no, I'm sure she didn't.

31 and 32 - OMITTED

EXT. CHURCHYARD Ñ DAY. WINTER.

Little Dina pauses at the churchyard gateway. She's clutching a late rose. Lorch is waiting for her, he has already entered the churchyard.

LORCH

Come.

Dina stays where she is. Lorch goes back to fetch her. Takes her hand and leads her between the graves.

LORCH (CONT'D)

I'm sure she would want you to visit her.

DINA

No, she don't want to see me.

LORCH

Of course she does, your mother loves you.

DINA

Not anymore.

LORCH

Rubbish. Come now. Don't be scared.

Lorch looks at her. They walk on. Lorch spies Gertrude's grave and stops. Dina looks at him, scared.

LORCH (CONT'D)

Your mother is in Heaven. And she's not angry with you. Not a bit of it. Quite the opposite, in fact. She's happy.

Dina looks at him, puzzled.

DINA

What?

LORCH

I said, your mother is not angry with you ñ she's happy.

DINA

Is she?

LORCH

Yes. She's happy, because she's free of all the sorrows and cares of this world. That just makes her happy.

Dina listens intently and her expression alters.

DINA

Does it?

LORCH

Oh, yes. You see, everything that happens is in God's hands. Things happen because he has decided that they shall happen and some of the things which seem terrible to us ñ they can actually be blessings in disguise.

LITTLE DINA

So it was a good thing that happened to my Mamma?

LORCH

Well, er...

LITTLE DINA

Up there, there isn't any sadness, and no naughty girls. Nobody else knew how to send Mamma up there, but I did. I set Mamma free.

Lorch eyes her uncertainly. This is not the conclusion he had expected Dina to reach.

LORCH

Ah, yes. Hm, well...shall we carry on?

OMIT

EXT. DOWN BY THE FJORD. DAY. WINTER

Dina is wandering along the fjord. A tiny, glittering pebble catches her eye. She picks it up. A piece of crystal?

Little Dina's heart pounds in her breast. She clenches it in her fist.

LITTLE DINA (V.O.)

I'm Dina. My Mamma is here. She has  
thrown a little button from her dress  
to me.

She kisses the pebble.

When she looks up, Gertrude is standing there in front of  
here on the beach. She regards Dina with a faint smile on  
her face. Dina reaches out the hand holding the little  
pebble.

The hand with the pebble, close up. She looks down at it.

LITTLE DINA (CONT'D)

I have your button, Mamma - so now  
you'll never leave me again.

She looks up. Gertrude is gone.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING.

Little Dina is playing the cello, more divinely than she  
has ever played before. She's wearing a pretty dress and  
the little fingers trip neatly over the strings. Dina hums  
along to the music ñ lost in a world of her own. Lorch is  
accompanying her on the piano, keeping a close eye out for  
any little mistakes.

Dina's father and his dinner guests - among them Jacob  
Greenlow - sit scattered about the room, balancing dainty  
coffee cups and listening attentively. Dina's father sneaks  
furtive looks at his guests, as if trying to gauge Dina's  
worth. They seem well pleased.

The camera moves in on the cello, closer and closer. The  
music is played with increasing virtuosity.

The camera pulls back again.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM. SUMMER.

Pulls back to reveal that it is no longer little Dina who  
is playing the cello, but a grown-up Dina. A young and  
sensuous woman, 10 years older ñ at one with her  
instrument.

At the piano sits Lorch - a little bit thinner on top but  
otherwise pretty much his old self.

New dinner guests sit on the same chairs, in the same room, listening to the music. This time, however, Dina's father is on his feet, looking a good deal greyer and stouter. He stands behind a chair on which sits his new wife: DAGNY. An elegant, but pale and rather straitlaced looking woman. She holds his hand, which is resting on her shoulder ñ in an iron grip.

Dina's breasts rise and fall above the cello.

And one man is more intent on the breasts than on the music: Jacob. Never has Schumann seemed as seductive as now.

Dina lifts the bow off the strings and Lorch strikes the last chord on the piano. Applause. Indifferent Dina rises, crosses the room and drinks a glass of water.

Jacob cannot tear his eyes away from her, even though this means having to swivel round in his chair to an alarming degree to keep track of her. Dina turns to him.

DINA

You've gone grey, Jacob Greenlow!

Jacob is taken aback by this outspoken remark. He laughs.

DAGNY

Dina!

DINA

Well, what's wrong with being grey-haired? Old men do have grey hair. Your husband's hair is grey.

Dina's father flushes. Dina sets down her glass and marches out of the room. Jacob looks longingly after her. Dagny gets to her feet.

DAGNY

Well, ladies and gentlemen, may we invite you take your seats for dinner?

Everyone gets to their feet.

JACOB

Isn't Dina going to dine with us?

DINA'S FATHER

She takes her meals in the kitchen.

JACOB

Oh?

DAGNY

She's happiest that way.

OMIT

EXT. WOODLAND LAKE - EVENING

The lake is encircled by dark trees. The leaves rustle softly. Somewhere, frogs are croaking.

Tomas is standing up to his knees in the water, washing himself. His muscular body glistens wetly; from the waist up he is deeply tanned, the rest of his body is like ivory.

Dina stands back among the foliage, watching him. Her breath comes in short gasps, enthralled as she is by this night on mythological sight.

Tomas hears something, stands still and listens. Turns and looks in Dina's direction.

TOMAS

Who's there?

Dina steps out. She removes her jacket.

DINA

Time for a swim!

She takes off all her clothes and wades out into the water, towards him. He is shocked.

DINA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Tomas's face is scarlet. Dina turns to look at him and sees the way he stares in fascination at her scandalous nudity.

DINA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, Tomas!

Tomas hesitantly wades after her.

TOMAS

I...I can't swim.

DINA

I can teach you! First you have to  
learn to float. Come over here.

She tips him onto his back ñ Tomas looks worried.

DINA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I've got you.

Dina pulls him through the water, he does his best to  
relax, his face held just out of the cool water.

The look in Dina's eyes changes. She gazes down at Tomas  
with a strange expression on her face. Suddenly she lets go  
of him. His head goes under. He cannot touch bottom,  
struggles to get his head above water, goes under again.  
Dina just stands there, letting it happen. Watching,  
fascinated, as he fights for his life.

Eventually she grabs hold of him. She hauls him out of the  
deadly waters, eyeing him curiously. He regains his footing  
and stumbles, coughing and hawking, towards the shore.

Dina glances towards the bank. Gertrude is standing under  
the trees, staring fixedly at Dina. Dina keeps her eyes on  
her mother as she wades back to the shore with Tomas. Tomas  
looks at Dina in bewilderment. She looks towards Gertrude.  
Tomas follows her eyes. There's no one there.

40, 41 and 42 - OMITTED

EXT. MANOR. COURTYARD - EVENING

Dina's father and Jacob are standing outside the house,  
watching a stableboy leading away a big bull. Jacob's boat  
is moored alongside the jetty behind them. Anders and the  
crew are hoisting the sail. Dina's father gazes after the  
bull, looking pleased with himself. Jacob, on the other  
hand, seems very hot and bothered. They are both smoking  
cigars.

DINA'S FATHER

Its a great buy, Jacob. I promise you  
he'll produce the best offspring.

Jacob glances anxiously this way and that, then down at the  
ground.

JACOB

Yes, I know, I know. Listen, I need to  
talk to you...

Jacob stops. Dina's father is looking at him expectantly.

JACOB (CONT'D)

This thing is ... oh, God, how the hell  
can I say this!

He turns to Dina's father and, as he does so, catches sight  
of Dina who approaches from the other end of the courtyard,  
barefoot and soaking wet.

DINA

Good evening, Jacob Greenlow.

Her wet breasts are visible through the thin fabric of her  
dress. As she passes, his jaw drops and his cigar falls to  
the ground.

DINA'S FATHER

Well?

Dina catches Jacob's eye.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

You wanted to say something?

Jacob still focused on Dina on her way in, swallows the  
lump in his throat and manages to stammer:

JACOB

Evenin'... off to bed then, are you?

Dina turns. Her father eyes his friend curiously.

DINA

Yes, where else would I be going?

Jacob's eyes flicker back and forth. He looks like a  
naughty schoolboy.

JACOB

I need to talk to you!

Jacob, agitated, turns around and faces Dina's father.  
Grabs hold of his arm.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I want her!!!

DINA'S FATHER

What? Who?

JACOB

Dina!

DINA'S FATHER

My daughter?

JACOB

I MUST...I simply MUST have her.  
There's no way round it. Not since I  
lost my wife have I...I want to marry  
her!

Dina's father seems nonplussed, unnerved almost.

JACOB (CONT'D)

D'you hear me?

DINA'S FATHER

Alright. Take it easy, Jacob. Are you  
sure ?

Jacob nods emphatically.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Yes...well, I suppose I'd better try to  
have a word with her.

JACOB

Today. Promise me, you'll do it today!  
Do it now ñ this very minute!

Jacob rushes off, gets on board.

OMITTED

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIBRARY - DAY

Dina enters the library. He pulls himself to his feet,  
behind his desk. In another room, we hear Lorch playing.

DINA'S FATHER

I just wanted to let you know that  
Jacob Greenlow wishes to marry you.

Dina says nothing. Looks almost as if she has not heard  
him.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

And I have no objection.

DINA

You've put on weight. Your waistcoat's too tight. Those buttons could pop at any minute.

She makes to leave. He walks towards her.

DINA'S FATHER

Jacob owns the biggest mercantile establishment in the whole county. He's a wealthy man!

DINA

He can wipe his arse with his money!

DINA'S FATHER

DINA!

He clasps her wrists imploringly.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

You haven't a chance of finding anyone else like him.

DINA

Jacob's an old fogey.

DINA'S FATHER

You WILL marry him!

DINA

Never!

He loses control and deals her a searing blow to the cheek. But this time Dina does not budge an inch. She hits him back, if anything even harder. Astounded, he staggers back a couple of paces. Below them, the music rings out: a light-hearted piano accompaniment to the bizarre scene. Dina's Father glances at his fingers, realizes that his nose is bleeding. Then he lunges at her, lets fly at her with his fist, but Dina is too quick, she ducks, grabs him roughly by the waistcoat, sending the whole row of buttons flying. Then she slaps him again, but this time leading with her nails, lacerating the skin of his cheek. Dina's Father topples backwards to come down with a crash on chairs and floor.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

The banging and crashing reaches Lorch's ears through the music. He has a good idea of what is going on. He plays even louder.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIBRARY - DAY

Dina is sitting astride her father, with a stranglehold on his collar. He is staring up at her, terrified and bleeding.

DINA

Don't you ever hit me again!!!

She lets go of him. Then she leaves. Her father clutches his breast and bursts into tears. The music tinkles merrily on.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Lorch is sitting at the piano, concluding his piece. He looks down into the piano, brings out a tuning fork and key. Is on the point of adjusting a string when the door opens.

In comes Dina's father. Lorch gets up. Dina's father has a handkerchief pressed to his cheek, runs his eye over the room, perplexed.

DINA'S FATHER

Do sit down.

Lorch sits down.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Well, Lorch. You've been with us for quite some time now, eh?

LORCH

Ten years.

DINA'S FATHER

Ten years. Really? That long, eh? My, my. Ah, but now I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave.

Lorch doesn't know what to say. He stands up.

LORCH

Leave? But are you saying...?

Dina's father glances nonchalantly at his watch, lifts it to his ear, checking whether it has suffered any damage.

DINA'S FATHER  
Goodbye Lorch. The boat leaves first thing in the morning.

EXT. MANOR. FJORD - EARLY MORNING

Morning mist over the still waters. Lorch walks along the jetty towards the waiting boat and the sailor in it, who will row him away.

A figure emerges from the mist. Dina runs towards him.

DINA  
Lorch! Where are you going?

Lorch turns. His eyes are red with weeping.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Lorch?

She comes nearer.

DINA (CONT'D)  
You're not leaving?

Lorch does not answer. Dina breathes heavily. Lorch makes a vague gesture. Dina approaches him.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Answer me!

She grabs him by the collar.

LORCH  
Dina. Please. I can't stay here forever.

DINA  
Why not?

LORCH  
You're a grown woman now. I cannot teach you any more.

DINA  
Don't talk like that!

LORCH

You can't go on having a tutor for the rest of your life.

She gazes blankly at him. He carries on, a note of resignation in his voice.

LORCH (CONT'D)

You also have to learn to cope with loss.

Dina's hands are clasped loosely around his neck. Now she starts to tighten her grip. She whispers:

DINA

You musn't ...

She squeezes even harder. Lorch stares at her in astonishment, not trying to stop her. Dina is on the verge of strangling him. His face is growing red.

DINA (CONT'D)

You've got to stay.

Lorch cannot breathe. Further down the jetty, the oarsman clambers out of the rowboat, looking worried. Dina sees him - she loosens her grip and Lorch drops, coughing, to his knees. Dina steps back a couple of paces and a sobbing Lorch pulls himself back onto his feet.

He straightens up and puts his arms around her. Dina's arms hang limply at her sides and she merely stares blankly into space.

LORCH

I understand, I do understand.

Ashen-faced he turns to the boat and steps aboard, the oarsman pushes off. The boat is swallowed up by the mist.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE COURTYARD - DAY

The two windows of Dina's room stand open. A chair is hurled out of one of them and crashes to the ground. The servants are standing in the courtyard watching in horror. Tomas comes out of the stables.

Dina is in the process of emptying her room completely.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Dina's father and Dagny are standing by the windows watching the furnishings rain from the sky.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINA`S BEDROOM - DAY

Dina is sitting in the empty room on the floor exactly as she once did in the attic. The only thing left is the cello.

The sound of a horse neighing in the courtyard prompts Dina to look up. Her face lights up. The horse neighs again.

EXT. MANOR - DAY

Dina comes to the window. She sees Anders down below, with a big, black horse.

DINA  
Good-day to you ?

ANDERS  
And a good-day to you, Miss Dina. I've come from Reinsnes.

DINA  
How do you know who I am?

ANDERS (LAUGHING)  
Oh, everybody knows you, Miss Dina.

The servants gathered in the courtyard laugh.

ANDERS (CONT'D)  
My stepfather, Jacob Greenlow, asked me to bring you this fellow here. His name's Blackie.

The horse snorts.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Dina's father is standing at the window, listening, nervously biting his nails. Dagny notices this last and slaps his hand.

EXT. MANOR DAY

DINA  
For me?

EXT. MOUNTAINS/RAVINE - DAY

Dina is riding bareback on the beautiful black stallion. She pulls to a halt at the edge of the precipice. She sits for a while surveying the grandeur of the landscape, then urges Blackie back a few paces. She tears a strip off her dress and binds it round Blackie's eyes. Then she gets the horse to do a couple of full turns before pulling it up short once more. Dina urges the horse forwards. Blackie makes straight for the lip of the precipice and Dina does nothing to stop it. She watches, tense and expectant.

Only inches from the edge, Blackie seems to sense the steep drop and stops short. Dina pats Blackie's neck and whips the piece of cloth away - Blackie leaps back a couple of paces, whinnying. Dina wheels around and rides off.

EXT. REINSNES - DAY. SUMMER

Dina wearing her wedding-dress. She sits hugging her cello case, contemplating her new home with a mixture of fearfulness and curiosity. Behind her is Jacob, looking very happy.

Reinsnes is in festive mood. The jetties are decked out with flowers, and lined by people eagerly scanning the waters, following the course of the newly-weds, who are now sailing into harbour. Boats have gone out to meet them, one carrying flowers, one with music, one with wine.

Reinsnes is an impressive and very beautiful landing-place for the whole district, and stands as a monument to the riches that flow in from the sea, with fish and soft fruits and game exported in bulk to the big towns to the south.

And there lies the estate. A fine-looking country house. The flag flies high over the lush trees and Dina feels compelled to stand up in order to take it all in.

EXT. REINSNES HOUSE. QUAYSIDE - DAY

Dina glances anxiously at Jacob and at Anders, who is carrying the cello. The cook, OLIVIA, and the housemaids, among them KRISTIN and TELA are lined up on the steps of the house to welcome them. They flock around the couple, congratulating them. Jacob kisses Olivia, making her blush, and the maids hoot with laughter. Jacob introduces a stately, elderly lady.

JACOB

My mother.

MISTRESS KAREN, clearly moved, kisses Dina.

MISTRESS KAREN

My dear girl. Welcome to Reinsnes.  
Olivia, come and meet your new  
mistress.

Mistress Karen ushers forward Olivia - an elderly woman, buxom and stoop-shouldered with large, gentle eyes and meaty hands. Dina gazes wonderingly at all the bowing people.

MISTRESS KAREN (CONT'D)

Here you are, Dina. This is the woman  
who rules the kitchen here at Reinsnes.

Olivia curtsseys meekly.

OLIVIA

I expect the young lady'll have her own  
ideas about the menus.

Dina looks at her not knowing what on earth she is talking about.

JACOB

I'm sure she will... and this is my  
other stepson... Dina, say hello to  
Niels.

NIELS stands a little way off, regarding her with a look that is hard to define, there's amusement in it, but possibly, also, disgust.

NIELS

I guess the groom's son is allowed to  
kiss the bride.

Niels elbows his way through - rudely almost - grabs Dina, pulls her to him and kisses her full on the lips.

JACOB

Watch it, young man!

Everyone laughs, except Dina and Niels. Dina spits, and wipes her mouth. Jacob laughs even more heartily.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Come. Let me show you the house!

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. LIBRARY - DAY

Jacob leads the way. Stops, shows her.

JACOB

My mother is a great reader. She's  
French, you know....we are French...

Dina does not reply. Jacob motions towards the stairs with  
his hand.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Would you like to see upstairs?

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. HALLWAY/BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob opens the bedroom door and Dina peers warily round  
it. Jacob swallows the lump in his throat. Dina runs a  
wondering eye over the stuffed birds in a glass-fronted  
cabinet.

JACOB

Stuffed in Paris.

DINA

I want to learn to shoot!

Jacob smiles, not taking her seriously. A strangely  
awkward edge has crept into the air of sophistication he  
has evinced until now. With trembling fingers, Jacob locks  
the door. Dina is standing by the bed. His face is clouded  
by desire.

JACOB

Oh, Dina...Dina, you're so beautiful,  
so beautiful. If you knew how long I've  
dreamt of this moment ...

He walks over to Dina. With clumsy fingers he starts to  
undo her wedding dress. Sounds of the wedding guests  
chattering and laughing drift up from the courtyard below.  
Dina seems quite at a loss, trying to figure out what this  
person is trying to do to her. Her dress falls to the  
floor.

Jacob is kissing her all over, forces her down onto the  
bed.

DINA

Stop it! Let go of me.

But Jacob throws himself hungrily on top of her. Dina starts to fight back. A hard slap to his face coincides with her bringing her leg up sharply and kneeling him in the groin. The poor man doubles up like a broken reed.

DINA (CONT'D)

Let me go!! You beast!

Half-undressed, she runs to the door. Jacob hobbles after her.

JACOB

No! Where are you going? Dina! Wait!

Dina wrenches the door open and rushes down the stairs, dressed only in bodice and silk stockings. Jacob races after her.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dina!

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

Dina comes charging down the stairs just as all the distinguished guests are gathering in the entrance hall below. The throng parts as Dina dashes straight through them - then she's off out into the courtyard and away.

Jacob is making his way down the stairs.

EXT. REINSNES HOUSE. QUAYSIDE - DAY

JACOB

Dina ... oh, come down, Dina, do.

All stand in a semi-circle around the ladder which has been put up against the warehouse. An amphitheater in the wide fan of stunned wedding guests and, halfway between them and the ladder, in perfect symmetry: Jacob, gazing beseechingly up at Dina.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dina, I beg you. On my knees, I beg you. Dear, sweet Dina ...

Her father steps forward, his face purple with rage. Behind him, Dagny is in tears.

DINA'S FATHER

Get down from there!! D'you want to ruin the whole wedding? D'you hear me girl, you come down from there, right this minute!!!

JACOB

Di-naaaa...forgive me, Di-naaaa...

By now Anders can no longer resist laughing out loud. His laughter cuts through the air, carrying first a handful of others, then everyone else along with it. Dina stares at the chortling spectators in confusion. To begin with Jacob merely circles round on himself, looking baffled. Then he, too starts to guffaw ñ louder than most of them. A couple of hands come up, carrying a ladder. This makes Jacob laugh even louder, and everyone else along with him. Jacob takes a couple of winning steps towards Dina. She regards him with watery eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dina! You come on down to me, stupid old goat that I am!

DINA

You beast!

JACOB

I know, I know!

DINA

You're like a stallion, you are!

JACOB

I couldn't help it. I'm very sorry, Dina. It won't happen again.

DINA (SCEPTICALLY)

Oh, no?

JACOB

I promise.

DINA

And you expect me to believe that?!

JACOB

I swear to God.

DINA

For that you'll need witnesses!

Jacob looks behind him, to where the entire party is waiting expectantly. Jacob turns around on the ladder and shouts.

JACOB

I, Jacob Greenlow, swear by Almighty God that I will never again carry on like a stallion!!

The crowd breaks into spontaneous applause and Dina looks down at him, solemn-faced.

DINA

Shift yourself.

Dina starts to clamber down.

OMIT

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The gold of the midnight sun stains the soft furnishings in the room. The window is open and the filmy curtains flutter gently in the breeze, casting embroidered shadows over Dina, who is lying on her elbows and watches with interest.

Jacob is hunkered down at her feet, easing off her white stockings. She falls back again. Jacob lays his head in her lap. Lies there, perfectly still. Sighs.

DINA

What's the matter?

JACOB

I don't know what to do.

DINA

Aren't you going to undress me?

Jacob doesn't move.

DINA (CONT'D)

Oh well.

She starts to unbutton the bodice herself. Jacob looks up.

She stands up, stark-naked now, and crosses to the window. The glow of the night pours down over her body like honey.

Jacob is witnessing a miracle. Carnal desire ousted by divine beauty.

DINA (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to take your clothes off?

Jacob nods. He gets undressed, climbs into bed. Pulls the quilt up around himself. Desperate. Torn. Unsure.

Dina comes over and sits down next to him. He feels like a schoolboy with the flu. Then, quite shamelessly, she pulls back the quilt and studies his body. And his penis.

DINA (CONT'D)

It's not like a bull's or a horse's.

Dina looks at him, without a trace of embarrassment. He is moved ñ his eyes fill with tears.

JACOB

Dina.

DINA

Why are you crying?

JACOB

Because you....

Dina sits astride Jacob. They look into one another's eyes. She eases herself down onto him and very carefully he slips inside her. Silence. Then Dina cries out, everything erupts and gives way to wild abandon.

EXT. REINSNES Ñ NIGHT

The estate buildings gleam faintly in the summer night. Cello music drifts out of the open bedroom window.

Tomas rides into shot on the black stallion, looks across at Reinsnes, rides down towards the huddle of buildings.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. DINING ROOM Ñ DAY

Dessert is just finished, but Mistress Karen, Anders and Niels are still sitting at the table when Jacob and Dina finally put in an appearance. Jacob wears a sappy grin that seems almost welded to his face. Today everything is hilarious, every passing thought makes him chuckle to

himself. Dina is more hungry and thirsty than anything else.

Mistress Karen raises one quizzical eyebrow. The maids who are clearing the table look at one another and snigger. Niels glances at them in annoyance.

JACOB  
Good morning!

Seeing their faces as he says this, Jacob has a fit of the giggles.

NIELS  
Good afternoon, you mean.

Jacob endeavours to regain his composure.

JACOB  
Good heavens, yes. What time is it, anyway?

Dina sits down wearily at the table, rumples her hair, lifts the water carafe, pours water into a dirty glass and drinks. She goes on doing this until the carafe is empty. Mistress Karen regards her with astonishment. Anders smiles to himself. Jacob reaches for the wine carafe and a glass. Dina runs a puzzled eye around the table.

DINA  
What?

Jacob raises his glass, drains it in one gulp and fills it again ñ following Dina's example. Dina reaches across the table for a bowl full of redcurrants, pulls it over and proceeds to nibble from the bunches of berries. Niels pushes his chair back from the table, gets to his feet.

NIELS  
Yes...well, a man can't sit here all day. There's plenty to be getting on with.

JACOB  
You don't say. And here I sit, drinking wine.

NIELS  
Yes, it was a different story when mother was alive.

Mistress Karen's eyes flash behind her pince-nez, but she keeps herself in check. She studies a list. Anders wipes his mouth and stares in fascination at Dina who is stuffing whole bunches of redcurrants into her mouth, munching on them and pulling the stalks from between her lips, stripped. Juice runs from the corners of her mouth. Niels stands waiting.

MISTRESS KAREN

Dina. I've made a list of things we should go over together.

DINA

Go over?

MISTRESS KAREN

We need to discuss how to divide up the household duties between us.

DINA

What duties?

MISTRESS KAREN

Well, what were you used to doing at home?

DINA

Most of the time I was out in the stables with Tomas.

MISTRESS KAREN

Yes, but I mean indoors. Running the house?

Mistress Karen looks to Jacob for support, but he has eyes only for Dina's mouth. He is hypnotised ... as is Anders.

NIELS

(TIL ANDERS)

Are you coming?

DINA

I don't know anything about that.

MISTRESS KAREN (SOMEWHAT SHARPER)

Well, then it's time you learned a bit about housekeeping.

DINA

As Mistress of the house, that's for me  
to decide.

This comes as a bit of a shock to Mistress Karen. Jacob's eyes are still on Dina's sweet lips. Anders and Niels walk out.

JACOB  
Dina plays music.

DINA  
But you don't have a piano.

Mistress Karen regards these two overgrown children. Then she comes to a decision worthy of Solomon himself.

MISTRESS KAREN  
Fine, Dina. We'll say no more about housekeeping. But we will get hold of a piano, and it will be your duty to give recitals when we have guests. Does that suit the Mistress of Reinsnes?

DINA  
Fine by me.

She stretches all the way across Jacob to grab a handful of berries from the bowl. She looks at him, her eyes challenging him. And when she crams the berries into her mouth, crushing them between her lips - there is no doubt as to what she has in mind. Jacob gawks at her, both appalled AND titillated by her.

JACOB  
Oh God. Not again. It's not possible.

They get up and run out of the room. Mistress Karen gazes despairingly after her son.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - DAY

Down at the quayside, fishermen are loading dried fish onto their boats. The whistle of a steamship sounds across the fjord. The Prince Gustav is moored offshore. Passengers lean over the rail. Dozens of smaller craft sail out to meet her.

INT. REINSNES. OFFICE - DAY

A fisherman counts some money out to Niels, who is sitting at the desk.

FISHERMAN

You're way too dear.

NIELS

Well, take your business somewhere else, then.

FISHERMAN

There isn't anywhere else. You know that very well.

NIELS

Oh, no...that's right.

Niels gathers up the money. The fisherman stays where he is. Niels looks up.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Yes?

FISHERMAN

My receipt.

NIELS

What is this? First you moan about the price and now you want a receipt! You do want to be able to shop here in future, don't you?

The fisherman turns on his heel and leaves. Niels shifts a heavy cabinet, prises loose a floorboard underneath it. In the hole in the floor is a chest. He lifts it out, opens it. It is full of banknotes - and a map of America. He stuffs his newly earned cash into it and replaces the floorboard.

He hears a sound at his back. Turns round in alarm to find Dina standing there. Flustered, he pulls himself onto his feet.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Oh. I didn't hear you knock?

DINA

Have you seen Tomas?

Dina stands there, wearing breeches, regarding him with total indifference.

NIELS  
Who's Tomas?

She glances away from him and through the door.

DINA  
There he is.

She leaves. Niels follows her. Tomas rides up, leading Blackie. Niels eyes him dubiously.

NIELS  
Is your stable-lad off home, then?

Dina mounts Blackie. Anders comes up behind Niels.

DINA  
Tomas will be staying at Reinsnes.

NIELS  
Ah-hah? And you're quite sure about that, are you?

DINA  
Are you so sure that you'll ever make it to America?

She digs her heels into the horse's flanks, rides off. Tomas follows behind, a smile on his face. Anders gives Niels a puzzled look.

ANDERS  
What did she mean by that?

NIELS  
Nothing.

He steps back inside the office, smouldering with rage.

67 to 74 - omitted

EXT. PRINCE GUSTAV Ñ DAY

The steamship is sailing down the fjord, smoke trailing like a long tail behind it.

EXT. PRINCE GUSTAV. DECK - DAY

Jacob is standing by the rail, looking less than happy. He glances to the side, then turns his tormented gaze back to the passing landscape. Dina's laughter ripples through the air, mingling with the gallant laughter of young men.

She is playing cards with a couple of Swedish lieutenants and a crowd of men has collected around her. Their eyes dont lie. The handsome lieutenants explain the rules of the game to Dina. They sort her cards for her, their hands brushing hers. Jacob has almost eaten up the cigar on which he is chewing. He pulls himself together and goes over to the party. He harrumphs.

Dina, sitting with her back turned, does not notice him.

The young men look up.

1. LIEUTENANT

Pardon me, Miss. I think your father wishes to have a word with you.

Dina turns in surprise, sees Jacob's affronted face and starts laughing. Jacob storms off.

INT. PRINCE GUSTAV Ñ EVENING

Jacob is sitting on the edge of his bunk, with his collar undone, his shoes off and a glass in his hand. Looking like a forlorn young lad.

Dina is standing in front of the mirror unbuttoning her dress

DINA

I'm so enjoying this trip.

JACOB

And enjoying the company too, so I see.

Jacob drops back onto the bed. Dina comes over and sits down on top of him. She undoes her clothing, whispering.

DINA

Is Jacob jealous?

Jacob enters her.

JACOB (GROANING)

Oh, my God.

Dina rocks back and forth on top of him. Their movements are suddenly more urgent, driving. There's not much space and they twist and turn in their efforts to get enough room to move. Someone in the cabin next door obviously doesn't feel like listening to this racket and bangs loudly on the thin wall. Dina only screams louder. Jacob is alarmed.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Sshh!

He draws Dina down and stifles her screams with his lips.

EXT. BERGEN - DAY

Dina's face. She has never seen such a big town. She and Jacob are standing in the bow of the ship, looking towards the bustling city. Boats by the hundred - sailboats, schooners, steamships - are clustered together in the harbour.

JACOB

Bergen. Largest town on the west coast of Norway. I was just a young man when I first came here. Met my first wife here, too. A widow-woman - but no shrinking violet, that's for sure. A tough businesswoman, she was - devilish tough - but she taught me a lot. Taught me a helluva lot. I'll show you how you fight for a good price in Bergen! They're wily buggers, so they are, wily as hell - but you just have to handle them the right way ... just you wait and see!

INT. BERGEN. MERCHANT'S OFFICE - DAY

A group of elderly merchants are sitting around a mahogany table in a large and lofty room. The place reeks of money: the carafes of punch and Madeira, the cigars. Jacob seems small. He sits facing them on a less comfortable chair.

Dina is wandering around in the background. Goes over to the piano, tries it out quietly while she waits.

MERCHANT 1

Oh-ho, Greenlow, if I could sell dried cod at that price, I'd make a fortune.

MERCHANT 2

Too true! The price you're asking,  
anyone'd think it was pure gold.

MERCHANT 3

Aye, aye, Greenlow. You pick us clean.  
Damned if you don't have a real knack  
for turning the screws.

The merchants are grinning at Jacob, who grins back, quite pleased with himself.

MERCHANT 1

Tell you what, Jacob. I've gone through  
your list, everything from rope to  
sugar ñ if you'll undertake to supply  
cloudberry to me, and me alone, from  
now on, for 12 shillings a pound ñ then  
dammit all: why don't we say you can  
have the lot for two thousand daler.

Everyone gazes at him in silence. An almost religious  
atmosphere permeates the room: a deal is being made.

JACOB (A LITTLE UNCERTAINLY)

Well. Yes...that sounds fair enough.

MERCHANT 1

I wouldn't do it for anyone else, mind.  
But for a friend...a special price.

MERCHANT 2

If you ask me, I think you're off your  
head.

MERCHANT 1

Ah, but Jacob's my friend. Cigar?

He holds out an elegant box to Jacob. Dina is standing at  
the piano with her back turned. She strikes a note.

DINA

Don't do it.

Jacob freezes, hand half-way to the box.

JACOB

I'm sorry?

DINA

The price he's quoting for cloudberries is much too low.

MERCHANT 3

Your pardon, ma'am, but we are trying to do business here.

Everyone falls silent, eyes flicker this way and that. Jacob is sweating. Dina turns to face them.

DINA

The deal you're proposing is based on the market price at the moment. But come the winter the price will be almost double that, is that not so, sir?

The merchant looks annoyed.

MERCHANT 1

Are you implying that I would try to cheat a good and long-standing business associate?

Dina strides fearlessly across to the group round the table.

DINA

No, it just strikes me that you are a more astute businessman than my husband.

Jacob stares at Dina in astonishment.

MERCHANT 3

Well, quite frankly, ma'am, I think that you should leave.

Jacob flashes him an angry look.

JACOB

My wife stays. Sit down, Dina.

She takes a seat, eyes the cigar box.

DINA

Oh, and I'd love a cigar.

The merchants look on, astounded, as the young lady takes a cigar from the box and bites off the end. She lights it

and a thick cloud of smoke billows up around her. She coughs and coughs as if she were about to expire. Then regards them all with streaming red eyes.

MERCHANT 2

Are you all right, madame?

DINA

Yes, yes, I'm fine. I like it. Hm ... it's good. Now, shall we get down to business?

EXT. BERGEN. HANSOM CARRIAGE. RAIN - DAY

It is raining heavily. Jacob regards her with a mixture of surprise and admiration.

People stream past them. Up ahead a crowd is forming, bringing traffic to a halt - and this despite the pouring rain. People surge down the street, amid shouting and yelling. Jacob calls up to the driver.

JACOB

What's going on?

The driver bends down to him.

DRIVER

That's the execution ground. One of them there anarchists is goin't to swing today ...

JACOB (TO DINA)

There's going to be an execution.

EXT. BERGEN. STREETS/EXECUTION GROUND - DAY

But she has already heard.

DINA

I want to see it. Cabbie! Drive over there, so we can see.

Jacob stares at her, aghast.

EXT. BERGEN. EXECUTION GROUND - DAY

The driver turns off the road and brings the carriage round, affording them a clear view across the heads of the

crowd. At the centre of this sea of humanity stands the scaffold.

JACOB

Dina, you don't really want to see this?

But Dina is gone. She has sidled right up to the window and peers out into the rain, until she catches sight of the wretched character who is being led through the cheering throng. Repelled though he is, Jacob cannot resist taking a peek himself. Dina seems mesmerized. Three men with black hats gaze intently at the man, as he is led past them. One of the men - LEO ZJUKOVSKIIJ - has long black hair, a scar across his chin. The eyes of the condemned man flicker desperately as he steps onto the scaffold and the yells of the crowd rise to a crescendo.

The condemned man catches sight of the other three men and his eyes lock with those of Leo Zjukovskiij. Leo gives him a barely perceptible nod. The man next to Leo raises his left fist level with his shoulder in a final salute. The condemned man has tears in his eyes.

A parson gives him a final blessing. Then the executioner places the noose around his neck and tightens it, produces a black hood.

Jacob looks away, his hand on Dina's arm. She tries to catch the condemned man's eye. She is whispering, softly, almost inaudibly.

DINA (WHISPERING)

Look at me...look at me...

The condemned man looks out across the heads of the crowd, then his eyes are drawn upwards and beyond the crowd ñ and there, there he sees Dina. Their eyes lock. The executioner makes to slip the hood over his head, but he will not have it, refuses to take his eyes off Dina's.

DINA (CONT'D)

Don't worry - let all the cares and sorrows of this world fall away from you...

Leo Zjukovskiij notices and turns his head. Behind him, he sees the young Lady held spellbound by this surreal scenario.

The condemned man gives Dina one last look, then: Silence.

The trapdoor beneath his feet falls away. A sigh runs through the crowd. The convulsions of the dead man's body are reflected in the ECU of Dinas eye. Jacob looks away, ill at ease. Leo and his comrades are shaken, one of them wiping a tear of his face, but Leo turns once more and stares at the young lady in the carriage. She has turned her head to look up at an open window in one of the houses.

There stands Gertrude, watching Dina. The curtain flutters in the breeze.

Leo follows Dinas eyes. He looks up at the window. There is no one there.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. REINSNES - NIGHT

Wind blowing through the trees, leaves swirling past. A faint light shows in a window on the upper floor of Reinsnes house. Strident cello music, a weird singing.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM/DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Dina is playing the cello, bowing it wildly, half-naked, curled right over the instrument, at one with it and humming loudly in time to the melody.

Jacob is trying to sleep, but eventually gives up, swings his legs over the side of the bed and sits there. Worn out, his face deeply lined, hair even greyer than we remember.

JACOB

Do you really have to play that right now?

She plays on. Jacob walks over to her.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Well?

Dina stops, looks up at him.

DINA

What?

JACOB

We cannot go on like this.

DINA

Like what?

JACOB

Staying up all night, playing, drinking  
and...and...

DINA

What else are we supposed to do at  
night?

JACOB

Sleep...for one thing!

Dina reaches for a glass of wine.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dina, the party is over! I do have  
work to do, you know. I have  
responsibilities. I....

But Jacob knows his words are falling on deaf ears. She  
resumes her playing and humming.

Jacob tucks a quilt and pillow under his arm, shambles  
across the room and into the little dressing-room. Here  
there is a small chaise-longue, on which he curls up. But  
the music penetrates even here. Jacob lies awake, gazing  
fretfully into the darkness.

The music stops. Jacob holds his breath, he hears  
footsteps. The door opens. Dina stands silhouetted against  
the light.

DINA

Jacob?

Jacob pretends to be asleep. Dina stands for a while  
watching him, then she turns away, shuts the door. In the  
darkness, Jacob breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. REINSNES/GARDEN PAVILION - NIGHT

An old lighthouse - with pavilion - sits on a hilltop  
overlooking Reinsnes.

Dina is in the midst of clearing the pavilion of litter and  
trash.

INT. REINSNES/GARDEN PAVILION - NIGHT

Dina is drunk. She has a wolfskin coat thrown over her nightgown. The bottle of wine on the table is almost empty.

Something catches her attention. The figure of a woman outside the windows, standing quite still, watching her.

DINA

Mamma.

Frost on the windowpanes. She puts her hand to it and the ice melts away. When she takes her hand away the image of Gertrude is even clearer.

DINA (CONT'D)

Have you seen Jacob? I don't know why he goes away like that. He oughtn't to do it. I need Jacob, you see. I need him.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING - OMIT

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROUND REINSNES.

A grouse wings its graceful way.

Dina takes aim with the shotgun and shoots. The grouse flies on. Tomas stands alongside her, grinning. He has dead grouse strung all the way round his waist. He takes the shotgun and reloads it. Stands close behind her, directing her. The air is cool. The steam from their breath mingles.

TOMAS

Cheek hard against it. And aim just a bit in front of the bird.

Dina takes aim.

DINA

D'you know where Jacob is?

Little pause.

TOMAS (INNOCENTLY)

Isn't he at Reinsnes?

DINA

When he goes off...you know where he goes, don't you?

Dina aims the gun again.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Remember...whatever you hear, you come  
and tell me. Right?

A grouse flies over. Dina swings the barrel round and shoots. It plummets to the ground in a flurry of feathers.

EXT. THE STEADING - EVENING. WINTER

Snow. White flakes whirl down over the landscape, but melt when they touch the ground. Light streams from a small cottage, smoke curls from its chimney.

INT. THE STEADING - EVENING

A mature woman, in her mid-forties - the WIDOW - offers Jacob a cup of steaming cocoa. He looks like a nice, contented little hubby, sitting there in the comfiest armchair in his stockinged feet, snuggled up in blankets and sheepskin. The woman runs her hands through his wiry hair.

WIDOW  
No one has sat in that chair since he died.

Jacob puts his hand out to her.

WIDOW (CONT'D)  
You're a handsome man, Jacob. D'you know that?

JACOB  
I'm an old man.

She kisses his brow, massages his temples. Jacob shuts his eyes and smiles contentedly.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Ah. Peace, perfect peace.

A drop of water hits him right between the eyes, shattering his peace.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
What was that? A leak?

They both stare at the ceiling.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dina is playing a quiet, deeply resonant piece on the cello. Suddenly there is a sharp splintering sound. She looks down. A narrow crack has suddenly appeared in the cello.

DINA

Oh.

She runs her finger over it. She senses something else in the room beside herself. Raises her eyes.

Jacob is walking towards her. He's limping, his face is twisted in agony. There is froth on his lips.

DINA (CONT'D)

Jacob?

He reaches out his hands to her as if begging her for something. The air throbs ñ the feeling of sounds out of phase. Weird, uncanny silence.

DINA (CONT'D)

The cello cracked...

She looks down at it and up. Jacob has disappeared.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - MORNING

A boy clambers up from a boat and runs for all he's worth towards the house. A stiff wind is blowing, the waves are choppy, he is soaked and shivering. He bumps into Anders.

ANDERS

Ho, there. Who are you when you're at home?

BOY (GASPING)

Come quick. It's Mr. Jacob, he's had an accident at my mother's house!

Anders's face darkens.

INT. THE STEADING - DAY

A doctor is bending over Jacob, who is stretched out on the bed. One trouser leg has been cut away and the doctor is worriedly examining the bloody bandages. Jacob's face is contorted with pain. He is shaking with fever and mumbling indistinctly.

The widow stands, pale-faced, in the background. Covered with shame, her head bowed. Dina is there, clad in breeches, standing tall and straight as a monolith.

WIDOW

He slid off the roof, he was going to  
...there was a leak...

Dina watches her, cool. Gives her no help. The doctor comes up to her.

DOCTOR

It's a rather tricky one, this. It's an  
open fracture. We may well have to ...

DINA

Help me get him onto the boat.

EXT. THE SEA. BOAT. RAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Jacob is lying swathed in furs in the boat. Anders is sailing. the waves run high. Dina sits, staring resolutely at the grey horizon. With every bump a look of unspeakable pain crosses Jacob's face. His lips are flecked with froth. He looks up at Dina, finds her eyes.

JACOB

I'm sorry...Dina, I'm so sorry.

She looks away.

INT. REINSNES. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Jacob's sickbed stands in the centre of the room. Tella is trying to give Jacob some soup, but she cannot take her eyes off his leg, which is badly swollen, bleeding and leaking pus. It smells none too good.

JACOB

What's this? WHAT? What is it - Soup?  
What in Hell's name makes you think I  
want soup. What do I want with soup!!

TELA (CLOSE TO TEARS)

But, sir... Mistress Karen says you  
have to eat something...

JACOB

I want rum! Will no one bring a dying  
wretch a cask of Rum?!! Oww Dammit!!  
Damn and blast you, you stupid bitch!!

Tela dissolves into tears and runs out of the room with  
Jacob yelling after her.

INT. REINSNES HALLWAY/DINING ROOM - OMIT

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Olivia is serving up soup, everyone in the kitchen hears  
Jacob's yells. Mistress Karen, Niels and Anders. Tela  
comes running in, in tears. The stench from the leg  
filters all the way down to them, and is indescribably bad.

Mistress Karen gets to her feet, takes Tela's plate, fills  
it with soup and marches purposefully out of the room. The  
atmosphere is strained. Niels runs an eye right round the  
room and the gathered company.

NIELS

I can't smell a thing.

He makes a show of sniffing the air, then carries on  
eating. Anders eats quietly, his face set. He lays down  
his spoon.

ANDERS

It's gangrene.

INT. REINSNES. DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Mistress Karen is sitting by Jacob's bed. He places the  
soup bowl on his stomach and stirs the contents listlessly.

JACOB

What's the point of giving me food?

MISTRESS KAREN

Now, Jacob, don't say things like that.  
We're going to take you to the doctor  
tomorrow, so that you can have proper  
care and get well again.

She stands up. With her back half-turned to him she  
produces a small bottle of perfume. Dina has come up and is  
standing watching through the door, which is ajar.

JACOB

It's no use, Mother. I'm never going to get well.

Mistress Karen surreptitiously dabs a little perfume under her nostrils.

JACOB (CONT'D)

They'll just cut bits off me, a little at a time, until there's nothing left.

She turns to face her son.

MISTRESS KAREN

Don't talk like that, Jacob!

She embraces him. They both weep. Dina watches them.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

Jacob is on the sleigh ñ his face ashen. Tomas holds Blackie's head. The horse stamps restively. Mistress Karen, Tela and Olivia are fussing over Jacob, getting him tucked in. Anders and Dina appear on the steps.

DINA

No, Anders. I'll drive him myself.

ANDERS

Tomas'll come with you.

DINA

I can take care of my husband!

She grabs the reins from Tomas, and climbs onto the box. Tomas has a hand on the sleigh, ready to jump up beside her. Dina gives his hand a sharp lash with the whip and he drops down into the snow, howling with pain. Dina shouts, and Blackie speeds of pulling the sleigh with Jacob in it. Tomas looks down at his hand, the whiplash has left an angry weal.

Mistress Karen waves tearfully after Jacob's forlorn figure, now fast disappearing.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/RAVINE - MORNING

We recognize the dangerous precipice and, a little way off, we hear a horse snorting. Its hoof scrapes the ground.

The mountains rear up like dark-grey monsters against the paler grey sky.

The horse is exhausted, its bit flecked with foam. The traces attaching the horse to the sleigh have come partly adrift. Dina is crouched down over Jacob. His breathing is laboured, eyes closed.

DINA

Jacob?

Jacob makes no response. She shakes him, but only a faint moan escapes his lips. Dina looks at him curiously, then eyes the ravine - and comes to a decision.

She pulls out a knife and lifts the traces that are still exact. She cuts through them. Then she gives the sleigh a hard kick, knocking it clear of the horse. She turns it off the track so that it is tilted towards the ravine.

Dina walks back to Jacob. She bends down and kisses his forehead. He opens his eyes and their gazes lock. Jacob makes no protest, he knows what is coming. In that moment of silence there is acceptance, then: she tries giving the sleigh a push, but it is too heavy. She gets down on the ground and pushes with all her might, but the ground just short of the precipice is too rough, the sleigh moves no more than an inch or so. She shoves again and it shifts forward a bit, but then suddenly it wedges tight between two rocks, a third of it hanging almost clear over the ravine. Dina is worn out. Then she sits down, bracing her feet against the sleigh to push it again.

She shoves off once, dislodging the sleigh slightly from the rocks, then again ñ and a bit more. Jacob looks at her. She pauses briefly and returns his gaze.

She kicks again ñ and this time the sleigh comes free and disappears over the edge.

Dina, exhausted, trudges over to Blackie. She pulls herself up onto his back and stares dumbly into space. Then she lets herself drop - heavily, coming down hard on the sharp stones. She lets out a scream. She gets onto her knees. She is bleeding from a cut on her head. She gets back on to the horse. Sits there for a while. Then slowly she loses her balance once more, and drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Dina howls in pain like a wild animal.

EXT. REINSNES - DAY

Tomas emerges from the stables, stops dead, stand there as if turned to stone.

Dina rides up on Blackie, bloodstained and exhausted. She slides off the horse - and collapses with a thud.

Tomas runs. Tela opens the door, looks down and screams. Anders comes out, followed by Mistress Karen. Anders gets a hold of Dina, lifts her up.

ANDERS

Dina. What happened? What happened,  
Dina?

Meaningless grunts issue from her lips.

EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM - DAY - OMIT

EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM - DAY

Close-up: A pale hand has frozen to a stone. The little finger juts up into the air, almost elegantly. A pair of boots enter frame. Tomas, Niels and Anders are gazing down at Jacobs battered body. They call out.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - DAY

Some of the hired hands set Jacob's coffin down in the boat. The lid is decked with juniper branches and wreaths. Other boats stand ready to carry the mourners.

Family, friends, servants and estate workers are all gathered on the quayside and all dressed in black. Mistress Karen looks round about.

MISTRESS KAREN

Where is Dina?

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Tela and Kristin edge warily towards Dina, who is clad only in her underthings. They are holding a black dress, looking like a couple of bullfighters creeping up on a raging bull.

TELA

Oh, ma'am, you really MUST get dressed now. They're all waiting for you.

Dina backs towards the window, fending them off with her hands. Moaning loudly. The two maids start to cry.

TELA (CONT'D)

Dear Mistress Dina, please ...

Dina's moans build into a hysterical wailing.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE. JETTY - DAY

Everyone can hear the loud screams from the house. Dinas father glances up at the house in alarm. Those screams are too much like other screams that he remembers from once long ago.

DINA'S FATHER

Someone has to make her stop that!

He starts towards the house. Mistress Karen restrains him.

MISTRESS KAREN

Leave her be.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY

The house is deserted. The tables in the spacious drawing room are already laid.

Footsteps break the silence. Tomas appears, carries on up the stairs. Under his arm he has a basket of firewood. Knocks on the bedroom door, not a sound to be heard. Turns the handle, cautiously opens the door.

TOMAS

Missis Dina?

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

Dina is sitting by the window where we last saw her, listless and limp. His entrance elicits no response from her.

TOMAS

Beg your pardon, ma'am. Mistress Karen said I was to stay back here at the

house, in case you should need any help.

She makes no move. Tomas sets the basket down next to the fireplace, places a couple of logs on the dying embers.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
You just say the word...

Dina drops forward onto all fours. Tomas doesn't know what to think. Dina starts to crawl towards him on her hands and knees, stops when she gets to the toes of his boots. She looks up. Tomas doesn't know what to do with himself. She pulls herself up his body, then runs her hands over his face like a blind person. He blushes. Steps back.

Dina grabs him by the waistcoat, hauls him back. Then she starts to undo the buttons.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
Uh, well I'd better be getting on. The horses...

But she doesn't let go. Starts kissing his bare chest.

TOMAS (CONT'D)  
No, no, no ...

Desire washes over him, she undoes his trousers, they slide to the floor. Then she undoes her own clothing and melts into him. The fire roars in the grate. Dina howls and weeps. For Tomas, the world erupts into shame, horror and desire.

106 and 107 - OMITTED

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Church bells toll in the distance. The funeral party has landed and is making its way up towards the house.

INT. REINSNES. BEDROOM - DAY

Dina and Tomas are stretched in front of the fire. Tomas lying back, relaxing. Dina strokes his face, he smiles - then he hears a sound. A door opening. He's off like a shot, gathering his clothes up in a bundle and running, stark naked, out the door.

OMITTED

EXT. REINSNES. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Tomas runs, half-naked, out of one of the side doors to the big house and across the yard. No one sees him, except Niels, who is left wondering.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Dina is lying on the bed, her eyes flicker uneasily back and forth. A NOTARY and an ASSISTANT are standing nervously behind her father, who's watching Dina lying on the bed.

DINA'S FATHER

Officially I should say that we are here in connection with the inquiry into the death of Jacob Greenlow...

He looks at her.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Dina! What in the world ... what do you look like.

He has the urge to take her hand, but cannot bring himself to do so.

NOTARY

Now, Constable, sir ... if it is true, as everyone says, that your daughter cannot speak ...?

Dina turns over in the bed, her head drooping like a ragdoll's.

DINA'S FATHER

She can if she wants to. Dina: What was it that caused the sleigh to break loose?

Dina waggles her head vaguely.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Was it the horse? Did it rear up?

Dina's lips part. She tries to speak, but all that comes out are a few inarticulate noises.

NOTARY

No hurry. Take all the time you need.

Nothing.

DINA'S FATHER

This is the law you're dealing with here!! Not your father. You SHALL answer these questions, Dina!

He walks to the window and looks out.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Were you going too fast?!

Dina kneels up in the bed and looks at him. She opens her mouth, really trying to form words. Her father sits down on the edge of the bed next to her, his body tensed. Dina clutches at her stomach - as if an enormous word were working its way up through her body. Her father waits, the notary takes a couple of expectant steps forward - and then - Dina throws up in her father's lap!

He jumps up from the bed, roaring in disgust.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

What the bloody hell!!

The notary and his assistant gaze in horror at this grotesque sight - they're leaving.

LATER

Dina is lying on the bed. The clock on the wall is ticking. The sound grows louder and louder, reaching almost to a deafening crescendo. It stops abruptly and Dina starts and looks round. There, lying next to her, is Jacob. He takes her.

EXT. REINSNES. DOWN BY THE FJORD - DUSK

Clouds scud across the sky. Dawn is breaking. Dina walks along the beach.

Dina uncurls her hand and looks at the little pebble she found. Gertrude is standing on the water. Dina watches her.

DINA (V.O.)

You called me, Mamma. You know I always come when you call - I'll never let you down again. Never. Jacob let me down - but now he's come back to me. I'm with you both.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. LIBRARY - DAY

Niels is searching frantically. All the books have been pulled off the shelves. Piled up in their thousands on the floor, with Niels sweating over them. Anders watching.

NIELS

It must be here somewhere, dammit.

ANDERS

If there is one, that is.

NIELS

For Christ's sake, man. He knew what the chances were..

Niels steps up to him. Red in the face.

NIELS (CONT'D)

If we don't find that will, everything automatically goes to Dina. We'll get NOTHING, Anders. Not a brass farthing.

ANDERS

Calm down. Things are as they are.

NIELS

Oh? They are, are they? What if someone WANTED Jacob to plunge down that slope?

Anders stares at Niels.

ANDERS

I don't want to hear any more of this madness!

NIELS

Oh yes, and that poor "someone" is left quite dumb with grief - and the whole affair has to...

He stops as he sees Dina appearing in the doorway. She is munching an apple. The Notary and Dina's father appears together with Mistress Karen behind her. Dina steps aside so they can enter the room.

MISTRESS KAREN

My dear, there is no will.



a stool and hurls it at him. The doctor retreats, startled. Dina picks up another stool. The doctor flees in panic.

EXT.REINSNES. STABLES - DAY

Tomas is holding Blackie's bridle. His eyes are fixed on Dina, who is walking towards him wearing her unbuttoned riding breeches. His eyes fix on the swell of Dina's stomach.

TOMAS

Shouldn't I put a saddle on him?

He nods at her stomach. She ignores him. He makes a basket with his hands and gives her a leg up. He looks up at her.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Mind how you go.

Dina wheels the horse round, digs her heels into its flanks and vanishes in a cloud of dust.

Niels comes walking with Anders, watching her, his eyes full of contempt.

NIELS

Haven't you been wondering...?

He stops, looking in her direction.

ANDERS

Wondering about what?

Niels is doing a quick calculation on his fingers.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Wondering about what, Niels ?

NIELS

It's July now. So Jacob would have to have done it when he was at death's door. How CAN she be carrying Jacob's child?

Thunder rumbles in the distance. Tomas gazes uneasily in the direction Dina has taken.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROUND REINSNES - RAIN - DAY

Tomas is riding, searching, looking worried. The dark clouds lend a gloomy cast to the landscape. Behind Tomas, on a smaller pony, rides a stable-boy. Tomas smells a storm brewing. He doesn't like it. Then, further on, he hears a sound. He rides over and finds Blackie, his reins trailing, restive and lathered with sweat. Dina is nowhere to be seen.

TOMAS

Hans! Come round this way!

They hear a loud scream coming from one particular direction.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Fetch help!!

It starts to rain.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - RAIN - DAY

Tomas leaps off his horse and runs over to Dina, who is lying on the grass, in labour. She's screeching like a wild animal.

TOMAS

Oh, no Dina...not here, not now!

The thunder crashes, and lightning cracks, flaring across the countryside. Between Dina's thighs, Tomas can see the baby's head already starting to push its way out. Dina screams. Tomas rips off his clothes, tries to make a warm, dry nest in the grass. Dina screams again. Lightning strikes down not far off. Tomas watches as the miracle unfolds before his eyes. Out slips the baby, and Dina bellows like a wounded animal.

The infant wails. Tomas holds it in his big, coarse hands, curling his body around it to shield it from the rain.

Tomas laughs out loud. Dina turns her face away. Her eyes are glassy with exertion and pain.

DINA

What is it?

Tomas stares at her, tears fill his eyes. She's talking.

TOMAS

It's a boy.

EXT. REINSNES. COURTYARD - AFTERNOON. SUMMER

A baby's high-pitched wails carry across the courtyard from the open windows.

A thin Lapp girl with big eyes and high cheekbones walks across the courtyard, stops, and sets the sack she is carrying on the ground. STINA.

Tela races out of the door and across to her.

TELA

Are you the wet-nurse?

Stina is so shy that she hardly dares to look Tela in the eye, but she nods.

TELA (CONT'D)

Come on!

She takes Stina's hand.

INT. REINSNES. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Olivia is walking up and down the floor with the howling baby in her arms. Mistress Karen following anxiously on her heels proffering a teaspoon of sugared water. Dina stands watching impassively from a corner.

OLIVIA

It's milk he wants!

Olivia looks up at Dina despairingly, tears in her eyes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, ma'am, I know you don't have any milk, but please try again?  
What'll we do if the wet-nurse doesn't come?

Dina shakes her head, seemingly in a state of shock. The door flies open and Tela comes in.

TELA

She's here!

Olivia turns and sees the stick-thin girl.

OLIVIA

She's too thin...

Dina straightens up.

DINA  
Take the baby!

Stina steps hesitantly across to Olivia, who sends Dina a worried look, then hands her the child. She may be thin, but her breasts are ripe and heavy and resolutely she brings out one and places the nipple to the infant's mouth. And there it stays. The boy sucks hungrily and a hush settles like a warm blanket of life over the room.

Olivia claps her hands at the wonder of it. Dina waves the others away and is left alone with Stina and the child at her breast. She regards them thoughtfully.

DINA (CONT'D)  
What is your name?

STINA  
Stina.

DINA  
You lost your baby, didn't you?

Stina nods.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Who was the father?

STINA  
Nobody from around here.

DINA  
Is it true he had a wife and children?

STINA  
Who says that?

DINA  
People.

STINA  
It doesn't matter who he was. The baby died anyway.

Dina eyes Stina sympathetically.

DINA  
You're right. It doesn't matter.

Stina lays the baby down between them.

DINA (CONT'D)

He's to be called Benjamin and you're to be his godmother. You're going to carry him into the church!

Stina stares wide-eyed at Dina.

INT. REINSNES. UPPER HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Tomas is standing in the gloom in the corridor outside Dina's room. He hears women's voices. Suddenly they both burst out laughing. Feeling left out, Tomas retreats. The door flies open to show Dina standing in the doorway. She comes out, shuts the door behind her and makes for the stairs. She hears a noise.

DINA (WHISPERS)

Jacob?

Tomas steps into the light. She gives him a puzzled look. Tomas's confidence wavers.

TOMAS

Dina, I...

DINA

Yes?

TOMAS

Well... I was wondering...

DINA

Yes?

TOMAS

The boy...Is he mine?

Dina looks challengingly at him, then turns away from him.

EXT. REINSNES. COURTYARD -- DAY

Benjamin, now a fine, plump baby, is lying in a Moses basket in the garden. Dina's father bends down close to him, gurgling and cooing, foolish baby-talk. Behind him stands a stiff-necked Dagny, embarrassed by this display of grandfatherly affection on her husband's part. Next to them stands Stina, looking down on the baby with an expression of pride and tenderness on her face. Dina's

father straightens up. Turns round. Further down the garden, Dina is sitting on a bench with a book in her hands.

DINA'S FATHER  
He's to be called Jacob, of course.

DINA  
(WITHOUT LOOKING UP)  
No he's not. He's to be called Benjamin.

DINA'S FATHER  
Benjamin!! No one in our family has ever been called Benjamin!

DINA  
You can bawl all you like, but it will be as I say. Lovely necklace you're wearing, Dagny.

Dagny comes to with a start at suddenly being addressed. She raises a faltering hand to the necklace.

DAGNY  
Why... thank-you

DINA  
It was my mother's

DINA'S FATHER  
And now it's Dagny's!

DINA  
It belongs to my mother.

Dagny is mortified, she glances uncertainly at her husband, tears in her eyes. With trembling fingers she starts to remove the necklace.

DAGNY  
This is too much! I am not a thief!  
Take it, for God's sake, take it!

She hurls it at Dina and dashes off in floods of tears. Dina smiles. Her father sends her a wrathful look and sets off after Dagny.

DINA'S FATHER  
Dagny, my dear! Dagny!

In his basket, Benjamin has started to cry. Stina lifts him and holds him up in front of her face. CU Stina:

STINA  
Benjamin, my sweet. Are you hungry?

CUT TO:

A boy of around eight years of age. Snot running from his nose. Shaking his head.

STINA (OFF) (CONT'D)  
Are you sure?

EXT CHURCHYARD - DAY - OMIT

EXT. REINSNES HOUSE. COURTYARD

Stina, eight years older - is hunkered down in front of Benjamin, who is impatient to be off.

BENJAMIN  
I know, I know, I know ...

STINA  
Benjamin, you won't grow if you don't eat!

But the boy is off and away. Stina straightens up, shaking her head and walks off. Tomas looks ruefully after the boy now sprinting away.

INT. REINSNES. STABLES - AFTERNOON

Benjamin and the STABLE-LAD are studying a spider's web spun across the window. A spider - nice and fat now, in the autumn - sits at the centre. Benjamin's fingers have a firm grip on the fly's wing. He places it on the web -they watch in fascination as the spider moves in on its victim.

EXT. FJORD LANDSCAPE - AFTERNOON. AUTUMN.

Dark clouds chase across the autumn sky. Migrating birds, flying in perfect formation, sweep in a wide arrow across it.

An anchor chain is hurled into the water. The Prince Gustav has arrived.

EXT. REINSNES STABLEYARD - DUSK

Benjamin and the stable-lad are sitting on the roof. The lad pulls out a cigar butt.

STABLE-LAD

See what I found.

Despite the wind, he manages to light the cigar butt with Benjamin watching gleefully. Then it comes Benjamin's way and it's his turn to try. He coughs fit to burst.

BENJAMIN

Yeeuch!

He throws the butt away, sparks fly up from it. The other boy is almost killing himself laughing. They jump down off the roof.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - NIGHT

A large rowboat is heading towards the shore, packed with passengers. Niels and Anders, Mistress Karen, Tomas, Tela and Kristin are waiting to welcome them. It's clear from the appearance of all of them that years have passed. An air of expectancy - always good when guests arrive.

Then something happens. There appears to be some sort of disturbance out on the rowboat. A man is halfway out of his seat, yelling. More people start to yell. Wave to those on the shore. At last Anders turns around and sees the cause of the commotion. Flames leap from the roof of the stable.

EXT. REINSNES STABLEYARD - NIGHT

Fierce flames flare up over the roof. People rush hither and thither, amid much shouting and yelling. The upper-class passengers from the Prince Gustav survey the utterly chaotic scene in the yard as if it were a show staged just for their benefit.

Dina, stepping into the middle of all this, instantly sizes up the chaotic situation.

DINA

Fetch more buckets!

Fearlessly, Tomas leans a ladder against the blazing roof and climbs up among the flying sparks, clutching an axe. Stable-lads drag the screaming horses and cattle out of the smoke-filled stables. A tall, muscular stranger appears on the scene, LEO ZJUKOVSKIIJ - he eyes the genteel spectators

from the Prince Gustav with a mixture of amusement and loathing.

LEO

What on earth do you people think you're doing! FETCH SOME BUCKETS AND FORM A CHAIN!

Dina's eye falls on the tall man, she is dazzled by his looks. He meets her eye. Tomas - dauntlessly and almost enveloped in flame - now proceeds to hack away at the blazing rafters on the roof.

Leo Zjukovskiij tugs the sleeve of an aristocratic older woman, gently; he doffs his hat and smiles at her.

LEO (CONT'D)

My Lady ! Do excuse me. You won't be needing this - but this....

He takes away her umbrella and replaces it with a bucket, gently pushing her towards the chain of people. She glances back over her shoulder at him, in stunned disbelief.

Buckets of water are passed from hand to hand along the human chain, horses mill around, bewildered and terrified.

Benjamin is hiding behind one of the buildings. He is crying, shocked by the sight he is witnessing, which he suspects is partly his doing.

Leo sees Tomas working alone on the roof and promptly throws off his jacket, grabs an axe, and climbs the ladder.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Olivia looks out of the window.

OLIVIA

Oh, mercy...mercy, me...come here, Kristin. What on earth are we going to give all these good people to eat?!

EXT. REINSNES. STABLEYARD - NIGHT

The pace of the water chain has slowed, people look up in relief. The flames are out. Tomas climbs down, black with soot and worn out. The tall, dark man stands on the edge of the roof and looks at Dina until she turns towards the man.

Then he drops from the roof to land on his feet in front of her. Then grabs her round the waist and before she can push him away, he kisses her with such force that Dina is lifted off her feet and everyone present gasps. Tomas looks on.

Dina stumbles back a step or two.

LEO

Not bad, lass. Not bad at all. But right now we need a drink, I have a devil of a thirst. Fetch me something.

Dina take a step towards him again, her eyes flashing.

DINA

How about this!

What he gets is a stinging slap on the face, and has to make do with seeing Dina turn on her heel and stalk off. Mistress Karen steps up. He bows low, kisses her hand.

MISTRESS KAREN

Good evening, sir. Yes, I am the Widow Greenlow, and this .. that was Dina Greenlow, the mistress of Reinsnes.

Leo stares, with ill-concealed surprise.

LEO

Leo Zjukovskij at your service, Madame - my apologies.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. CORRIDOR/LEO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dina is walking along the corridor in the guests' wing of the house. She stops when she sees Leo Zjukovskij come out of one of the rooms and walk away, his back to her. Dina walks up to his door. Inside there is some luggage on the floor. Engraved on a copper plate on one leather bag is the name: L. Zjukovskij. Dina glances over her shoulder and walks in.

His coat is hanging on a hook, she sniffs at it. She lays it over her arm. As she is leaving she stops and peers into the half-open bag. There is a gun in a leather holster at the bottom of it, and a book with a worn leather spine. She opens the book, sniffs at it. It is a volume of poems by Pushkin. She hears a sound out in the hallway and looks out. Jacob is standing down there, shaking his head.

Dina looks at him. Steadily.

DINA  
Go away, Jacob. Go away, damn you.  
Leave me alone.

She leaves, keeping the book.

INT.REINSNES HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Dina passes through the drawing room, past the ladies, who follow her with their eyes. She passes through the dining room where the maids are cleaning up the dinner table and walks straight up to the door into the library, where the men are seated and steps inside. Leo is there with the other male guests, smoking their cigars. Kristin serves brandy.

1ST MALE GUEST  
What say you, Mr. Zjukovskiiij. Surely  
Russian prices for salt cod are much  
lower ?

At sight of Dina they all stand to greet her. She takes a seat.

DINA  
Please, don't get up.

She kicks off her shoes, she is not wearing stockings. They stare as if bewitched. Niels is swigging back the brandy, following her every move - desiring her, much against his will. Leo regards her with a glint in his eye. She meets his gaze, unblinking.

1ST MALE GUEST  
What say you? Russian prices are much  
lower, are they not?

LEO  
Of course. You have much to learn from  
the Russian merchants.

1ST MALE GUEST  
Oh, such as?

LEO  
In Russia all our trading is quite  
impartial. Whether we are dealing with  
humans or salt fish. The principle is

perfectly simple: The people work like slaves - our prices are unbeatable!

2ND MALE GUEST

In this country we are not allowed to trade in human beings. More's the pity!

The company laughs. Leo laughs with them.

LEO

After all, that is probably the reason why YOU will survive - and your dear colleagues in Russia will not.

Jovial faces suddenly grow deadly serious. Leo is the only one still laughing. Dina regards him with interest.

FAT GENTLEMAN

You wouldn't be one of them damned revolutionaries, who want to steal all property and deliver it into the hands of the masses?!

LEO

You cannot steal property. Property IS theft.

1ST MALE GUEST

Do you enjoy being a provocateur Mr. Zjukovskiiij?

LEO

No, no. I suppose I'm just a man of my times. I happen to be the first of my generation as you are the last of yours!

Indignant muttering around the table. Dina smiles.

DINA

My, what great, good fortune for us old fogeys, to have the chance of dining with the future itself!

LEO

I cannot imagine a more beautiful representative of the past than yourself, Mrs Greenlow.

FAT GENTLEMAN

I say kill the devils. Damn anarchists spreading their disease all over Europe... Damn them. And who's to say that the masses really DO want a say in things? Excuse me young woman... what do they call you?

KRISTIN

Kristin, sir.

FAT GENTLEMAN

Kristin, tell me: Are you happy with your lot?

KRISTIN

Beg, pardon, sir?

FAT GENTLEMAN

What do you think about the latest political developments in France?

Kristin stares at him, aghast.

FAT GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

What can you possibly hope to gain by having a say in the way things are run?

Kristin blushes, the party is greatly amused. Leo is furious. Dina can see it. Kristin is on the verge of tears. The fat gentleman laughs.

FAT GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

You see! They've no idea what's going on!

KRISTIN (GRADER)

I'm sorry...

She runs out Leo is on his feet, standing over the fat gentleman. He grabs him by his collar, hauls him out of his seat.

FAT GENTLEMAN

Gentlemen!!?

LEO

Step outside and I'll show you who says what goes.

Dina gets up. Gets between the two men.

DINA

Now, now ... Mr. Zjukovskiiij, drink  
your brandy.

Leo steps back, the fat gentleman sniggers and straightens his shirtfront. Dina turns to face him, looks up and deals him a searing slap on the face.

DINA (CONT'D)

Get out. And don't ever show your face  
here again.

Shocked silence in the room. The man leaves the drawing-room with as much dignity as he can muster, opens the doors of the room next door to which the laides have retired. Dina gives a big smile. She, too, crosses to room, to the piano. she sits down at it.

Looks round at them all. Strikes a chord.

DINA (CONT'D)

Right. No more fisticuffs tonight.  
Well, don't just sit there! Make  
merry! Sing! Do something!

Leo gets to his feet and draws other with him. The ladies, drift into the dance. The maids cluster in the hallway. Leo sees to it that they too are drawn into the dancing, masters, guests and servants mingle freely. Niels turns his eyes to Stina and staggers towards her, but she turns to another dancing partner.

Soon the party is in full swing. A stable-lad appears with his accordion and joins in. Niels walks out. Little Benjamin is out on the floor, spinning like a top in his nightgown. Mistress Karen picks him up and dances off with him into the throng. Leo grabs Olivia and dances with her as she has never danced before. A carnival atmosphere!

EXT. REINSNES. STABLEYARD - NIGHT

The odd spark still flies up from the stable roof. Someone has to keep an eye on it, and that someone is Tomas. He gazes in anguish towards the lighted windows of the house, the sounds of revelry.

A pale shadow passes down the avenue, heading towards the water. Stina hums to herself. Tomas does not notice her.

EXT. REINSNES. OFFICE - NIGHT

A cigar glows in the darkness of the open office doorway.

Stina comes along, still humming. Niels steps out from the darkness and catches her by the arm.

                  NIELS

          Stina?

Stina is frightened.

                  STINA

          Yes, sir!

Niels's eyes devour her.

                  NIELS

          Did I scare you?

He pulls her to him. She resists.

                  NIELS (CONT'D)

          I didn't mean to scare you. On the  
          contrary.

He kisses her softly on the neck. She flinches. Stina struggles to break free of his clutches.

                  STINA

          Please let me go.

She forces an anxious smile. He pulls her close.

                  NIELS

          You want to, don't you. Oh, yes you do!

He pulls her inside the dim office.

                  STINA

          Let me go, stop it...please stop, no!

A hand over her mouth stifles her screams.

EXT. REINSNES\_ \_ . QUAYSIDE - NIGHT

Later. Leo is standing on the jetty chewing his cigar, humming to himself. A pale light falls through the door to the office. Leo hears a noise, like someone crying, then hears footsteps running. Sees the shape of a woman

disappearing into the darkness. Leo calls out to the figure vanishing into the night:

LEO  
Mrs. Greenlow?

Leo walks up towards the office. Niels appears in the door, breathing heavily. His surprise at seeing Leo turning to a smile.

NIELS  
Anyone who gets socked in the jaw by Dina Greenlow is a friend of mine. Come in, my Russian friend, come in and have a drink.

INT. REINSNES. OFFICE - NIGHT

Niels is pouring a last few drops of Vodka into Leo's glass.

NIELS  
Wait a second, I have another bottle.

Leo watches him as he gets down on to his knees and opens up his hiding place under the floor. Niels looks up at him, smiles. Produces the bottle. Eureka! Niels notices Leo eyeing the chest.

NIELS (CONT'D)  
Wondering about this, are you?

He gets up, brings the chest over and places it on the table.

NIELS (CONT'D)  
A fortune. I tell you. A fortune! All those fine friends of yours: the people - but the people don't know how to add up ...

He examines Leo.

NIELS (CONT'D)  
Aw, give over, will you. It's every man for himself in this life. And you're no different - you don't fool me Mr. Anarchist!

Leo laughs. Niels laughs too. They both laugh out loud. Niels opens the chest and bank notes literally explode into the air. Leo cannot help being impressed.

LEO  
You must have been saving up for a long time?

NIELS  
I don't intend to rot in this place for the rest of my life.

He raises his glass.

NIELS (CONT'D)  
To America!

Leo raises his glass. Looks at the money, smiles.

LEO  
To America!

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dina is reaching up over the stove, taking Leo's jacket down from where it has been hung to dry on a coathanger. She puts back into the pockets all the things that had been removed, including the book of Pushkin's poems. She turns sharply when she hears a sound. Leo stands in the doorway.

DINA  
Ah, there you are. I had your coat cleaned. It's almost dry already.

LEO  
Has everyone gone to bed.

DINA  
Yes.

He takes the jacket from her.

LEO  
That was very kind of you.

DINA  
Thank you. Kindness is not exactly what I'm best known for.

LEO  
Then I'm in luck this evening.

DINA  
I was in a good mood.

LEO  
Dancing puts everyone in a good mood.

DINA  
What do you do Leo Zjukovskiiij?

LEO  
I have a mission.

DINA  
Oh? So you have a mission? And what  
might that be?

Leo regards Dina, he crosses to one of Olivia's pots,  
lifts the lid, samples the contents.

LEO  
I'm afraid I really cannot talk about  
it.

DINA  
Is it so dangerous?

He nods. She studies him carefully. Holds out the slim  
volume of Pushkin's poems.

DINA (CONT'D)  
I see you read Pushkin.

She leafs through the pages. All of his attention seems  
suddenly to be focussed on the book.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Why have you drawn red lines under some  
words?

LEO  
Do you read Russian?

DINA  
No. Do you write poetry yourself?

Leo makes to take the book from her, but she hides it  
behind her back.

LEO  
No. Poets are such sensitive souls.

DINA  
And you are not?

LEO (SMILING)  
Oh, I have been known to fall into that trap. As Pushkin did. He was killed in a duel, a fight over some woman, so it was said, but in actual fact it was all a piece of political intrigue. Russia is rotten to the core.

DINA  
Where was he hit?

LEO  
In the stomach.

DINA  
A bad spot. Perhaps Pushkin should have sent you in his place? After all, you do go around with a pistol in your bag.

LEO  
For a woman, you seem to take all this talk of suffering and death very well.

DINA  
I'm not easily scared.

LEO  
Not even by death?

The conversation is starting to revolve around a subject that affects her deeply.

DINA  
Not even by that.

LEO  
You only really come alive when you start to fear death.

DINA  
Not me.

LEO

You do realize that we've met one  
another before?

She gives him a puzzled look.

LEO (CONT'D)  
In Bergen. I saw you in Bergen.

Leo is suddenly standing very close to Dina. She holds up  
the book.

DINA  
These are coded messages. I can tell.

He shakes his head, dismissing this idea. She whispers.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Why are you here Mr. Zjukovskiiij?

LEO  
I'm playing for time. It's not easy.  
I'm wooing you Dina Greenlow.

Dina basks in the warmth of Leo's body.

DINA  
Are you coming back?

He nods.

LEO  
Tomorrow, when I leave: Wave to me.

He takes her hand. Raises it to his lips. She pulls it  
towards her and bites it. Hard. Leo says not a word. Blood  
trickles from between her lips. She lets go, backs away  
towards the door of her room, steps out into the corridor.

Leo sucks at the blood from the wound in his hand.

EXT. REINSNES. PAVILION - NIGHT.

Moonlight. Dina is sitting in the Pavilion, breathing  
heavily, she draws the back of her hand across her mouth,  
sees the blood. Is knocked off balance. She looks down. In  
her hand she holds the book of Pushkin's poems. She kisses  
the leather binding, opens the pages to find them covered  
in an incomprehensible Cyrillic script. She notes the words  
underlined, forming a distinctive geometric pattern. She  
looks puzzled.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/RAVINE - MORNING

The steam whistle hoots across the valley. The boat sails out of the fjord. Dina sits astride Blackie, gazing across the magnificent landscape to the boat slicing through the water. She closes her eyes, trying to get in touch with the man moving out of her life as swiftly as he entered it.

DINA

Look at me...here I am...look at me...

EXT. PRINCE GUSTAV. DECK - MORNING

Leo weaves in and out of the other passengers. Scans the shoreline for a sight of Dina. No luck. Then - as if something were drawing his gaze upwards. On the hillside he sees a figure, a horse and rider and senses that it is her.

EXT. REINSNES. STABLES - DAY

Tomas holds a horse while Benjamin tries to groom it. Dina rides up on Blackie, gets off it and walks off towards the house. Tomas follows her with his eyes.

BENJAMIN

Is this alright?

Tomas doesn't answer.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Huh? Is this alright?

Now he looks down.

TOMAS

Longer strokes, Benjamin. Like this, see.

Tomas takes over. Benjamin looks in his mother's direction.

BENJAMIN (WONDERING)

Why is Mamma always so busy?

Tomas kneels down besides Benjamin. He places his hands on the boy's shoulders. Benjamin is looking to him for an answer. Tomas doesn't know what to say.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I wish I had a father like you.

Tomas hugs him. Tears in his eyes.

INT REINSNES HOUSE. LIBRARY

Dina is walking past the door when she notices a package sitting inside the library. It's a cello. She walks over to it, the sound of footsteps reaching her from the nearby sitting room, hears sounds of coughing coming from there.

DINA

Lorch?....Lorch??!

She hurries along to the sitting room, almost breaking into a run. She rounds the corner and there stands: her father.

DINA'S FATHER

Dina! Lorch is dead. He sent you his cello. And a letter.

He hands her the letter. Dina is quite speechless with disappointment.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

How are you anyway, Dina? Life being good to you, is it? We'll see you at Christmas, I suppose. Well now, I've done my duty, Goodbye.

But Dina is already engrossed in the letter.

INT. REINSNES. BEDROOM

The new cello rests between Dina's legs. She reads the letter.

LORCH (V.O.)

... by the time you read this I will be dead. Which means that now I am free, free to do anything, free to tell you how much I loved you, even though I know how unseemly it is of me to admit such a thing. It was an innocent love, and yet so strong that I wish you could have killed me on that day when we said goodbye. But the years have gone, and the memories with them and now my disease follows its relentless course, carrying me towards that freedom. I'm sending you my old cello, in my place.

Play Schumann for me. Your old friend  
and tutor, Lorch.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Cello music drifting down from above.

Mistress Karen and Olivia exchange glances.

MISTRESS KAREN

Listen.

OLIVIA

Oh my.

Tela enters. Amazed.

TELA

She's playing again!

Anders enters. They look at one another and listen to the  
melancholy music that fills the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. REINSNES. THE JETTY - MORNING. WINTER. - OMIT

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE/PRECIPICE. MORNING

Dina comes riding up the mountainside on Blackie. She looks  
longingly out to sea, scanning the waters for a ship, for  
Leo. She gets down from the horse and walks. Catches sight  
of a figure a little further off.

Stina. She has not seen Dina. Dina creeps closer, wondering  
what she is up to. Stina is standing disturbingly close to  
the brink of the precipice, she takes a step forward.

DINA

Stina!

Startled, Stina stops and turns round. She is dissolved in  
tears. Dina walks up to her. Stina buries her face in her  
hands and breaks into heartrending sobs.

DINA (CONT'D)

Tell me.

STINA

It's nothing.

DINA  
Enough of that.

STINA  
It's...I'm going to have a baby.

DINA  
Who by?

Stina shakes her head.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Tell me.

STINA  
I can't.

Stina's mouth tightens.

STINA (CONT'D)  
It's the master.

DINA  
Which master? The nice one or...?

Stina says nothing.

DINA (CONT'D)  
...the not so nice one?

Stina nods.

INT. REINSNES. OFFICE - EVENING

Niels is sitting at the desk, staring - pale-faced, but defiant - at Dina. He pours himself a large glass of Scotch.

NIELS  
It's a pack of lies!

DINA  
Oh, yes?

NIELS  
Absolute rubbish.

DINA  
At any rate she's pregnant, and I  
hardly think that the child was put

there by the Holy Ghost, that's not usually the way in these parts.

Dina glances round about. He drinks.

DINA (CONT'D)

I suppose it was in here you raped her?

NIELS

She's lying...who're you going to believe, me or a little Lapp slut - for Christ's sake, she's done it before!

Dina leans across the desk, her face almost touching his.

DINA

I'll give you a choice, Niels. Either you marry Stina, or you leave Reinsnes!

The silence matches the shock on Niels's face. Pause.

NIELS (HOARSELY)

I can't marry a girl like that.

Dina looks down on the desk in front of him. Niels tries to hide something. A map of America.

DINA

I didn't know you were going to America? A trip like that doesn't come cheap.

NIELS

I can dream, can't I?

DINA

Or maybe you have money?

NIELS

No, I don't.

Dina examines his face closely. It doesn't lie too well.

DINA

Off you go. I'm going to go over your latest accounts.

NIELS

Now?

His eye flicks towards the hidey-hole under the cabinet. Only a split-second, but long enough for it to register with Dina.

DINA

Out!

He walks out with as much dignity as he can muster. He turns round once. She shuts the door.

Dina looks down at the floor and the almost invisible chink under the cabinet.

INT. REINSNES. OFFICE - EVENING

Niels is sitting at the desk, staring down into the empty chest. He is pale, sweat on his forehead. He pulls himself up on to the chair behind the desk, gazes at the map of America and strokes it gently, tears in his eyes.

Church bells starts to chime.

EXT.REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - NIGHT - WINTER

Snow is falling on the black water. Churchbells in the distance.

A boat ties up at the jetty and a dark figure steps ashore.

INT.CHURCH - MORNING

The Church is decorated for Christmas. Candles burning everywhere.

Dina sits on the front row. Niels on the second. A broken man, empty-eyed. He looks at Dina, then turns around to Stina who is sitting directly behind him, comtemplating her swollen stomach.

Leo sidles through the door in the background, squeezes himself into a pew. The verger strikes the opening chords of the first hymn, the congregation bursts into song.

Leo sings exceptionally loudly. And it begins to cause a bit of a stir. Leo leans out and looks down the church, at Dina's back. She recognizes his voice, shuts her eyes and smiles.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The congregation has left the church. It's empty.

But Dina and Leo are still in their respective seats. CU of Dina's face, hearing footsteps coming down the aisle. He takes a seat directly behind her, leans forward. His mouth, his breath, are close to her ear. She shuts her eyes. She gets up and walks away from him. He sits still. She stops, doesn't turn around. Then he raises and starts walking after her. She walks on, up the steps to the organ.

He comes up and sees her sitting there on the organ bench. She plays a note, one-handed. He walks up behind her. She closes her eyes.

DINA

I knew it.

LEO

Knew what?

DINA

That you would come back.

LEO

Didn't I tell you I would.

DINA

But you might have been lying.

LEO

I'd never dare lie to you.

Then he lifts her up gently and turns her around. They face one another. They kiss passionately. He spread her legs and eases himself between them. They start to make love. Dina half-sitting on the keyboard of the organ.

A discordant inharmonious melody blares out in the empty church. Shots of Christ, the saints and angels as the atonal music fills the room.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Dina is playing the cello. Mistress Karen, Anders, Dina's father, Dagny, the Parson, Leo. He sits hunched forward in his seat. His affection for her is clear for all to see.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The staff are sitting round the table having dinner. Benjamin sits at the end of the table, his mouth full of cake. Even Stina, on the other side of the table, brightens up at the beauty of the music. Olivia wipes away a tear.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dina is seated at the table next to Leo, she strokes his thigh surreptitiously with her right hand. Mistress Karen looks at Leo. Everyone is gathered around the table.

MISTRESS KAREN

And how long will you be staying this time, Mr. Zjukovskiiij ?

Leo the centre of attention.

LEO

Oh didn't I tell you? I have to be on my way again tomorrow. I have business in Trondheim.

Dina looks up in surprise.

DINA

What?!

LEO

I'm sorry?

DINA

Why do you have to leave so soon?

LEO

I have to collect a prisoner there, and take him to Bergen.

MISTRESS KAREN

A prisoner?

Dina straightens up in her chair, trying to catch her breath.

DINA'S FATHER

So you transport prisoners, do you?

LEO

That's right.

MISTRESS KAREN

That sounds exciting.

LEO

Yes. It's an extremely enlightening business.

DINA'S FATHER

Enlightening? Spending time with criminals?

LEO

They teach me something about myself.

Anders regards Leo with some scepticism. The door slams open and a drunk Niels staggers into the room. Anders sends him an angry look. He finds himself a chair, a bottle and a glass, trying vainly to look dignified. Anders turns to Leo again.

ANDERS

And what might that be?

LEO

Pardon?

ANDERS

You said that the prisoners taught you something about yourself?

Leo glances at Niels.

LEO

That the things you do, are not always a measure of who you are.

DINA'S FATHER

Would you defend them?!! Thieves and murderers?

LEO

And yet we all have our secrets. How can you be certain that I'm not a murderer? And what sins might Mrs. Greenlow, or your good self, not have committed in the past? Who's to say that we don't all have some crime on our conscience?

DINA'S FATHER

Balderdash!

Dina's father snorts. Dina looks at Leo, her eyes dark. Dagny is horrified.

DAGNY

How awful. It makes my blood run quite cold.

Leo turns to Dina and meets her stare.

ANDERS

And where will you be staying in Bergen?

Dina's and Leo's eyes lock. Leo sees something there he has never seen before, something that strikes fear into his heart - and his face clouds over.

A figure - invisible to everyone except Dina - passes the open dining-room door and is gone: Gertrude.

LEO

I have quarters at the Court House.

Dina drags herself back from the land of shadows. Her eye falls on Niels.

DINA

Niels will also be leaving us very soon.

Everybody looks up in surprise.

MISTRESS KAREN

Where are you going, Niels?

Niels doesn't know what to say. He gets up and walks out. Leo studies Dina.

DINA

To America. If he can afford it.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door opens and in staggers Niels.

Everyone stops eating and looks up at him. His collar is hanging off. They all lower their eyes, no one can bear to look at him. A weird burbling sound escapes his lips.

NIELS

Stina?

Stinas eyes are fixed on the table. He takes a faltering step forward.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Stina. I've bin thinkin'...bin thinkin' a lot, and what I think...I mean, you're nothin' but a Lapp wench...but, what the hell. Well, everybody seems to think it's a good idea, so what I was thinkin' Stina, I think we should get married...

An awkward hush has descended on the room. Stina's chest is heaving, she wrings her hands.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Well, what d'you say, Stina? Say something! The Master's asking you to marry him!!

Deadly silence.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Answer me: will you marry him!? Answer me!! I command you to marry him!!

Stina, almost dead with fright, tries to speak, her lips part - and a sound flies out into the room like a little skylark.

STINA

No...thank you.

Niels sways slightly, does not understand.

She shakes her head. He glances round about. Everyone looks at the floor. Then he turns and totters back the way he came.

A little titter starts to run round the table. Olivia quells it with a wrathful eye, slams the ladle down on the table.

EXT. REINSNES. BEHIND THE STABLES. SNOW - NIGHT

Niels walks out into the snow, a broken man. He turns his face up to the rain, is struck by a thought, shrugs his shoulders - then he walks purposefully towards the stables.

INT. STABLES - NIGHT

Niels enters the stables. Sways slightly. Shambles over to Blackie, who is in his stall. He gives the horse a sour look.

NIELS

So long, Blackie, you big ugly brute.  
Here's somethin' to sleep on.

He hurls the vodka bottle at the wall where it smashes, broken glass falling into the straw under Blackie. Then he takes the horse's harness and wanders off down the passage between the stalls, coming to a halt beneath a tie-beam.

EXT./INT. REINSNES. PAVILION - NIGHT

Dina and Leo are making their way across the countryside towards the Pavilion.

DINA

Your boat's waiting out there.

He comes up alongside her and stops there.

LEO

In a couple of hours.

DINA

What am I going to do with you, Leo  
Zjukovskij? Devil that you are.

His manner is grave now.

LEO

They say you wear men out.

DINA

Is that what scares you?

He laughs.

LEO

How did your husband die?

DINA

The roof was leaking, he caught a drop  
on the head.

LEO

Word is that you fell off your horse  
and he went over the edge of the cliff.

DINA

Well, it comes to us all, doesn't it.

They reach the pavilion, step inside. The windows are half-frosted, half-fogged.

LEO

Did you love him?

DINA

The past is of no interest.

LEO

Not if one is afraid of it.

DINA

Do you love anyone, Leo Zjukovskii?

LEO

I DID love someone, once, when I was just a young man. But I lost her, she died ... no, love probably isn't the right word, but we were fond of each other.

DINA

Do you still see her?

Leo moves in very close to her. Whispers.

LEO

I don't have assignations with death. I prefer to let the dead mind the dead.

Dina looks at him. She has to struggle to get her next words out.

DINA

My father hates me ... he hates me because I killed my mother. She had thousands of litres of boiling lye tipped over her - and it was my fault.

Breathlessly, Leo regards her, his eyes full of tenderness.

LEO

Dina.

DINA  
But she's alright.

She stares fixedly at the floor.

DINA (CONT'D)  
We can't do without one another.

LEO  
I know.

She looks up at him in astonishment.

DINA  
You do?

LEO  
I feel death close by whenever I visit  
Reinsnes.

He sees her look out of the window. Outside we see the dark outline of a woman. Dina's pupils expand and she catches her breath. Leo turns around. Dina whispers.

DINA  
Can you see her?

LEO  
Yes.

For a split-second Dina turns to face him, stunned.

DINA  
Do you?

LEO  
She's walking towards us.

DINA  
She's never moved like that before!

LEO  
Do you know who it is?

Not a breath stirs. Dina watches as the figure comes closer and closer, stopping at the frosted glass panels in the door. The handle turns, the door opens. Dina holds her breath. Leo watches Dina. Dina's eyes are full of fear.

But it is Tela who stands in the doorway. Eyes brimming with tears.

DINA

Tela!!??

TELA

I'm sorry, Ma'am, but something terrible has happened. You have to come right away!

INT. REINSNES. STABLES - NIGHT

Niels is dangling from the tie-beam with the harness around his neck. Anders and Tomas are in the act of climbing up, trying to cut Niels down. Olivia, Tela and Kristin weep with their arms around one another. Stable-lads and maids watching, horror-stricken, from the doorway. Mistress Karen embraces Dina. Heartbroken.

The map of America is lying on the floor beneath Niels. Urine has streamed down all over the Mississippi Delta.

Stina is standing at the other end of the stables, with one hand to her mouth, the other hand on her stomach.

Leo stands in the background. He gazes wonderingly at Dina. She senses that she is being watched, turns and meets his gaze. There is death in her eyes.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - MORNING

Leo stands like a dark-pillar against the water. Behind him the boat lies waiting, lanterns sway in the dawn light.

Dina stands there, hard as stone. Expressionless.

LEO

Tell me, because I'm sure you know. Why did he do it?

DINA

Niels was finished.

LEO

You're a hard woman.

DINA

I am Dina, and Dina is a hard woman.

LEO  
And you drove him to it.

DINA  
He's better off now.

The ship's whistle sounds, behind him a voice calls out.

SEAMAN (OFF)  
Mr. Zjukovskij.

They look at one another.

DINA  
Your friend is growing impatient.

LEO  
Oh, by the way: our friend Pushkin.  
You wouldn't happen to have seen my  
book of his poems? It means a great  
deal to me.

She looks at him, shakes her head. He knows she is lying.

LEO (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't be holding on to it as  
security?

DINA  
Don't overestimate your own importance.

LEO  
I'll be back.

Abruptly he turns away, jogs down towards the boat and  
climbs aboard. Looks around, looking for Dina. She's gone.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM (FORMER SC. 161) NIGHT

Dina is lying on the bed. The clock on the wall is  
ticking. The sound grows louder and louder. Dina stares  
at the ceiling. She hears a sharp report, sees a fine  
crack gradually growing bigger and bigger. She is filled  
with fear. The crack opens wide and a shower of plaster  
and rats falls down on her. She cannot move. Somewhere up  
there Gertrude is screaming.

She wakes up with a shock. The hole in the ceiling is  
gone. She is breathing heavily.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MORNING (FORMER SC. 160) NIGHT

A light flickers in the warehouse. Tomas is stacking up winter bedding, to be taken up to the big house. He is sweating, despite the chill in the air.

Dina comes through the door. Sees Tomas and walks up to him. He turns, wondering what she wants. Dina grabs hold of his belt, pulls him towards her, urgently, imperiously. Tomas does not know what to think. Dina unbuckles his belt. She pulls down his trousers, pushes him back onto the heap of quilts and bolsters, pulls up her skirts, exposing her milky thighs. Dina rides Tomas, violently, he groans and cries out.

Dina rolls off Tomas, panting, sweat on her brow. She turns to Tomas. He gazes lovingly at her. Wearily she closes her eyes.

DINA

Tomas, Tomas, poor Tomas.

INT. REINSNES. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dina has lit a lamp. She sits at the table with the book in front of her. The red lines under the words. She writes a letter, we do not see the content of it.

She slips the book and the letter into an envelope. She addresses it to: "Mr. Leo Zjukovskiiij, The Court-House, Bergen".

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. REINSNES HOUSE. COURTYARD - DAY. SPRING

Alarmed looking stable-lads and Tomas look up, open-mouthed, at the house. Screams issue from an open window.

Tela hurries towards the house, lugging a bucket of hot water.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY - OMIT

INT. REINSNES. STABLES - DAY

Tomas is standing between the rows of stalls, staring stonily at Dina. Behind them, Blackie. Dina in her riding clothes.

TOMAS

You can't be serious!

DINA

It's an excellent arrangement. Stina's on her own, you're on your own and her child needs a father.

Tomas takes a step towards her.

TOMAS

And Benjamin needs one too.

She regards him. Coolly.

DINA

You're living in a dream world, Tomas!

TOMAS

Oh I am, am I?

DINA

You're always panting at my heels, like a hungry little pup, and I can't stand it!

TOMAS

So what does Madame wish? You know your wish is my command. Shall I take you from in front or behind?

Dina slaps him hard across the face. Blood streams from his nose and down over his partially bared chest. He lets it run. She hands him a cloth. He doesn't take it.

DINA

Clean yourself up!

TOMAS

You clean me up. It's your mess.

Dina steps close to him and wipes away the blood. A flicker of desire flares up between them. She turns away, takes a hold of Blackie who is standing behind her. Tomas calls after her.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Go easy with him. That cut isn't quite healed yet.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIBRARY - DAY

Dina's father holds a huge wad of bank notes in his hand.  
Dina is sitting on the sofa, drinking punch.

DINA'S FATHER

And where did you say all this money  
came from? I mean, its a fortune!

DINA

I want you to put it in the bank for  
me. One third in Stina's name, one  
third in Benjamin's and a third for me.

DINA'S FATHER

All this money for that little slut?

DINA

You're always so quick to judge. Now  
you're judging her almost as quickly as  
you judged me.

DINA'S FATHER

You? When did I judge you?

DINA

When I killed Mamma!

Her father looks pained.

DINA'S FATHER (TENDERLY)

You say the strangest things.

DINA

When she's feeling bad she screams. Do  
you still hear her?

Her father drops down heavily into a chair and looks up at  
her. He whispers, his words barely audible.

DINA'S FATHER

Yes I hear her, every single day.

Dagny comes in. Flustered and upset by this seemingly  
touchy situation.

DINA

Won't you ever stop hating me?

DINA'S FATHER

Dina...

DINA  
Tell me the truth!

Dagny leaves the room again, looking agitated. Dina's father shakes his head, he can't - he is speechless.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you feel, father!

DINA'S FATHER  
I ... feel ... nothing.

DINA  
Well, that's at least one thing we have in common.

Dina makes to leave. He watches her go, gets to his feet. He wipes away his tears with a handkerchief, it works wonders.

DINA'S FATHER  
Oh, by the way - have you heard anything from your dear friend the Russian? What was his name again ? Sjukov...Sjukovski something or other ?

Dina stops short, spins round.

DINA  
What have you heard?!

DINA'S FATHER  
Oh, but its quite tragic.

She stares at him in silence.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Maybe you do have some feelings after all, Dina ... I have some news for you which might just awaken them.

Dina silently shakes her head.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Ah, yes...you see it turns out that he was a spy. The man was an anarchist! He's sitting behind bars in Bergen, accused of having conspired against the

King. An anarchist - right in our midst! Made proper fools of us all.

Dina looks as if she is carved out of stone.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Some fool actually believed that he DID have some dealings with the Court House in Bergen and sent him a book full of coded messages. That's what gave him away.

Dina gapes at her father in horror.

DINA

What's going to happen to him?

Her father takes a cigar and cuts it.

DINA'S FATHER

He'll hang off course.

Dina turns on her heel and stalks stiffly towards the door. She opens it to find Dagny on the other side. She has been listening at the door. Her father calls sharply to her.

DINA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Dina!!

Apprehensively she turns to face him. He eyes her keenly.

DINA'S FATHER

Of course I don't hate you. I'm your father. I love you.

EXT.REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - DAY

Benjamin gazes tearfully out over the fjord, yelling at the top of his voice.

BENJAMIN

Mamma!! Mamma!!

Anders' boat is disappearing from view, all sails set. Benjamin's cries and sobs are quite heart-rending. Stina runs up and kneels down beside him. Holds him tight. Hugs him.

He runs away. Stina gazes at the boat sailing away.

EXT. BERGEN. STREETS - DAY

Dina races through the crowded streets of Bergen. Her face is flushed with despair and exhaustion. Anders keeps up with her as best as he can.

Finally she turns into the street where the Court House is situated. Runs up the front steps and through the main door.

INT. THE COURT HOUSE. PROSECUTOR`S OFFICE - DAY

The three men stare at one another in stunned disbelief.

THE PROSECUTOR

Do you realize what you are saying? You admit that it was you who sent that book to Mr. Zjukovskiiij. Which is tantamount to confessing that you have been involved in a conspiracy against the King and are thus guilty of high treason!!

DINA

No, you don't understand. There are NO coded messages in that book, at least, not the kind you're talking about.

The police officer comes in carrying the book by Pushkin.

DINA (CONT'D)

It was only a game, a game which Mr. Zjukovskiiij and I played for our own amusement. No more than that.

PRISON GOVERNOR

That's not what he told us.

Dina falters. They regard her gravely.

PRISON GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

He never so much as mentioned your name, not one word...rather strange, wouldn't you say, if it is all just a matter of "a game" - and the man is in danger of being hanged by his neck?

DINA

Mr. Zjukovskiiij is a gentleman. He has just wanted to keep me out of it.

THE PROSECUTOR

Well he did not have much luck there.  
So you do admit that you had a hand in  
creating these codes?

DINA

I admit that it was a very pleasant way  
of learning Russian.

THE PROSECUTOR

That is something which we find hard to  
believe.

DINA

Listen: If we were spies, or secret  
agents, or whatever you want to call  
it, wouldn't it seem rather stupid to  
deliver a top-secret document right  
into the hands of the very authorities  
which would now condemn us to death?

They exchange glances. Doubt growing. The Prosecutor takes  
the book.

THE PROSECUTOR

Mrs Greenlow. Are you in love with this  
man?

Dina looks up at him.

DINA

I cannot see that that is any of your  
business.

THE PROSECUTOR

It is my business, if I am wasting my  
time on lovesick women.

DINA

Leo Zjukovskii is a dear friend.

THE PROSECUTOR

There was a letter inside the book. A  
letter that consisted of nothing but a  
series of numbers - but if deciphered  
in the right way, these numbers formed  
a message.

Dina blushes as she sees the prosecutor produce a letter. He hands it up to her.

DINA  
Yes... it is a message.

THE PROSECUTOR  
If you would be so kind?

Dina realizes that she is expected to read the letter aloud. And this she does, falteringly.

DINA  
"I loved you; and perhaps in love's  
dead embers, not quite extinguished,  
some few sparks remain. I loved you  
hopelessly, confession fleeing, Now far  
too jealous, now too shy to tell. With  
all my heart I love you, all my being -  
God grant another love you half so  
well."

Dina looks up at them with hate in her eyes.

THE PRISON GOVERNOR  
Why didn't you just sign yourself: "The  
Lovesick Widow" and be done with it?!

The men laugh. Dina swallows her humiliation.

DINA  
May I see him?

The three exchange glances.

169 and 170 - OMITTED

INT. BERGEN. PRISON - DAY

A GUARD accompanies Dina along the prison corridor.

GUARD  
Zjukovskiiij! Visitor!

The shutter of a small window in the door is pulled open and the guard steps aside. Dina steps up to the window. Leo`s face looms out of the darkness.

LEO  
Dina!

DINA

Leo...listen to me. I've spoken to them and explained it was only a game. I'm sure they were beginning to have doubts - and they cannot condemn you if there is any doubt.

LEO

This is not just about the book and the codes.

DINA

I don't know anything about you. Who are you?

LEO

No one. I'm no one, Dina. I am... my mission.

DINA

I cannot marry a man who does not exist.

LEO

Oh? Are we to be married?

DINA

Yes.

LEO

I don't recall being asked ...?

He brings his face as close to hers as possible. She whispers tenderly.

DINA

Leo...

LEO

I doubt if the prison chaplain can perform any service other than the last rites.

She gazes at him despairingly.

DINA

It must not happen.

LEO

Don't tell me you're beginning to fear death?

DINA  
I want to spend my life with you, Leo.

LEO  
Kiss me.

She presses her face up against the bars and their lips barely touch in a long lingering kiss. He keeps his face there.

GUARD  
Time's up!

LEO  
Give me your hand.

She tries to slip her hand through the bars of the tiny window, their fingers meet. The Guard comes closer. Dina notices and becomes desperate.

DINA  
There's something I haven't told you  
...

GUARD  
Time's up, Ma'am!

Dina cannot let go of Leo. The Guard is standing at her back.

DINA  
No! A minute more, please!

GUARD  
Afraid not.

DINA  
Just one minute!

He lays a hand on her shoulder and pushes her aside.

GUARD  
That'll do, wench!

Dina whirls round, wrenching herself free. She glares at the guard, eyes flashing. She screams at him as her fist flies up and strikes him right on the mouth, sending the

big brute of a man flying back against the wall. He puts a bewildered hand to his bleeding lip.

DINA

Do you know who you're talking to!!

LEO

Dina!

Just then the guard grabs Dina by the collar and delivers a terrible punch to her stomach. She doubles up like a sack of potatoes, falls to the floor where he lands a kick, again full in the stomach. Leo screams at the guard for all he's worth. His eyes are wet. The Guard slams the iron shutter closed in his face.

BLACK OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

The door opens and Dina is pushed into the arms of a bewildered Anders who catches her as she is about to fall.

ANDERS

What's all this ?

The guard's lip is still bleeding.

GUARD

Get her out of here, now.

INT. BOAT. CABIN - EVENING

In the cabin, things are being sent flying in all directions. Dina is hanging on to the side of her bunk. She presses a bloodstained sheet between her thighs and gives a loud groan.

She manages to crawl out of the bunk and across to the door. She pulls it open and water pours in, knocking her over. Dina screams.

DINA

Anders! Anders!!

Anders comes below, to find her writhing on the floor. He immediately sees the blood, manages to get her up and back to the bunk. The sheets are soaked in blood.

ANDERS

Good God!

He bends over her, appalled.

DINA (GROANING)

Help me, Anders...ah...something has gone, inside me... I'm losing...

ANDERS

I'll get help!

Dina digs her nails into his arm. She glares at him fiercely.

DINA

Not a word to the others. You'll help me!

She doubles up with pain. He looks at her and nods. Walks over to the cabin door, sticks his head round it and yells.

ANDERS

The mistress is sick! Hans, take over for me. Boil some water!

Anders stoops over the woman, her bloodied abdomen and thighs. He manages to pull the bloodstained sheets from under her. The sea heaves. There's a rattling at the door, Anders goes to open it. A cabin boy sticks his head in, a pitcher of hot water in his hand.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Out!

Slams the door shut again and proceeds to wash Dina. Amidst all the blood he spies a scrap of bluish membrane, a tiny form among all the red.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Dina!

He looks up at her, meets her eye. She nods to him. Acquiescing. He wraps the foetus in the sheet and starts to pack towels between her legs to stem the flow.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

You're losing too much blood.

He keeps this up - when one towel is soaked with blood he replaces it with another. The floor is awash with blood.

EXT. BOAT. OCEAN - EVENING

The ship is tossed about on waves twenty feet high.  
Lightning rends the sky apart.

INT. BOAT. CABIN - EVENING

At long last Anders sees that the bleeding has stopped,  
breathes a sigh of relief. Washes her, slides a fresh sheet  
under her. Dina is running a fever, drenched in sweat.

DINA

Anders...are you there?

He nods his head and takes her hand.

DINA (CONT'D)

Is he with the others?

ANDERS

What do you mean?

DINA

Leo. I washed him out, just like I did  
with all the others...are you there?

ANDERS

Yes I'm here, Dina.

DINA

Am I dead?

ANDERS

No Dina, You're alive.

She passes out.

LATER

Anders is asleep, still sitting by her side, holding her  
hand. He is woken by the gentler motion of the waves, the  
storm has subsided. Faint light filters into the cabin.  
Gently, Anders wipes the sweat from Dina's brow. She is  
burning with fever. Dina half-opens her eyes and looks at  
him intensely. Her voice, almost inaudible.

DINA

They all die - and the ones that don't  
die, I kill.

Anders looks at her in confusion. Dina's lips are trembling. She strokes his face.

DINA (CONT'D)

Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave, the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

ANDERS

Dina, my ...?

DINA

Leo...I need you to bury the dead.

She passes out again. He is weeping.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. REINSNES.BEDROOM - DAY. SUMMER

Dina is in bed. She looks pale and drawn. Water and medicines on the table next to her. Tela takes a plate from the table.

TELA

You're never going to get well if you don't eat.

DINA (IN A WEAK VOICE)

Out.

Tela goes out, shaking her head. Left alone, Dina lies there staring into space. She hears laughter down in the garden.

EXT. REINSNES. QUAYSIDE - DAY

Dina is watching from inside the house. Tomas and Stina are in the lovely flower garden, now in full bloom. They are talking, flirting, happy. Stina's baby, Hannah, is lying in a basket on the grass, she starts to cry. Stina picks her up. Tomas watches with interest, is given the baby to hold. Stina looks at him happily.

INT. REINSNES. BEDROOM - DAY

Dina steps away from the window, her face clouded.

There is a knock at the door.

DINA  
Come in.

Anders comes in, nods curtly.

DINA (CONT'D)  
When did you get back?

ANDERS  
An hour ago. How are you?

DINA  
Have you heard anything?

Anders lowers his eyes.

ANDERS  
I've made inquiries everywhere, from  
Bergen to Kirkenes. No one has laid  
eyes on him since his release.

She nods, disappointed. Anders looks at Dina with love in his eyes. The laughter of the young lovers in the garden comes between them.

DINA  
No, Anders.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT. - OMIT

INT. REINSNES. STABLES - DAY

Blackie has a large infected wound in his underbelly. He lies stretched out on the stable floor, his eyes bloodshot, restlessly tossing his head. Tomas, the stable-lad and Benjamin are standing looking at him. Benjamin is sobbing heartrendingly. Tomas gets up.

TOMAS  
That cut still isn't healing. The  
infection's spreading.

DINA  
I know.

TOMAS  
What are you going to do?

DINA

What I have to do. Take the boys  
outside.

LATER

Dina lifts Blackie's head onto her lap. The horse calms down as she strokes it. She pulls out a short, broad-bladed knife, gets a firm grip on its head with her other arm. then she stabs Blackie in the throat. The horse bucks and kicks, but she hangs on tight while the bloods pumps out over the straw in a cascade of red.

INT. REINSNES. WASH HOUSE - DAY

Clouds of steam rise from the large tub that Dina has filled with hot water. Her bloody clothes lie in a heap alongside it, she eases her body down into the water. Peace, perfect peace.

Dina hears a sound over by the door. Benjamin stands there, tight-faced, heartbroken. She looks at him.

DINA

Come here, give me a hand.

BENJAMIN

Why did you kill Blackie?

DINA

Because he wasn't ever going to get  
well again.

BENJAMIN

But why did you do it?

DINA

Because he was my horse and there  
wasn't anyone else who could have done  
it. Come here.

Benjamin walks over to his mother, the steam swirls up between them.

BENJAMIN

How come you're always doing wild  
things like that ?

Dina smiles.

DINA  
Benjamin, fetch that bucket of hot  
water over there and pour it over your  
mother ...

He smiles, fetches it, pours the water lovingly over her.  
The expression on Dina's face is strange - and serene.

EXT. THE FJORD - DAY

Dina and Benjamin are out sailing in a yacht. The wind  
fills the sail. On the horizon the Prins Gustav can be seen  
sailing in to Reinsnes.

DINA  
Okay, now you take the helm!

Benjamin comes aft and takes control of the helm.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Keep an eye on the sail.

The yacht heels over sharply and the waves are dangerously  
close to the rail. Benjamin gets a fright.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Turn into the wind!

He does as she says, the boat rights itself. Dina nods  
encouragingly to him and he laughs, proud of himself.  
Benjamin is sailing a yacht, on his own - with his mother.

A sudden gust of wind causes the yacht to gybe. The boom  
swings across to the other side of the yacht, striking  
Benjamin. The boat tilts. He falls into the water.

DINA (CONT'D)  
Benjamin!

He goes under. Dina jumps into the water after him.

EXT. PRINS GUSTAV - DAY

Passengers at the rail. Someone points towards the sailboat  
closer to shore. On the top deck is a man sitting in a  
deckchair. We see only his hands and the book he's reading:  
Pushkin. He draws a line in red under a word.

EXT. THE FJORD. UNDERWATER - DAY

Green stillness. Benjamin sinking. Dina swims down, grabs hold of him and swims up towards the surface on which the yacht floats like a dark shadow.

EXT. THE FJORD - DAY

Benjamin surfaces and gets a hand to the rail. He clings to it and looks round for his mother. She is gone.

BENJAMIN

Mamma!

EXT. THE FJORD. UNDERWATER - DAY - OMIT

EXT. PRINS GUSTAV - DAY

People are yelling and screaming. From the back we see a man throwing off his jacket. Making a run at the railing, vaulting over it, off the ship and into the water.

EXT. THE FJORD. UNDERWATER - DAY

Dina sinks toward the bottom, eyes wide open. Her mouth opens and the air leaves her lungs. There is music, like the sound of an orchestra tuning up: Grotesque, unreal.

Dina stares in wonder at the figures that appear before her eyes: Little Dina is smiling and looking at her. Dina gazes in bewilderment at herself. And there too, under the water, is Jacob, with a huge grin on his face, and to the right a smiling Niels with a noose around his neck; Lorch is sinking slowly towards the bottom, laughing and clutching a bust of Goethe in his arms; and there is Gertrude, with her bulging, swollen, scalded eyes. And the song of the violins turns to screaming.

Beneath the waves, Dina screams. Leo comes up behind her, solemnly puts his arm around her and drags her away.

EXT. THE FJORD - DAY

The sounds are harsh. Dina's face. The sun shining on it. Back to reality. Someone is shaking her, trying to bring her back to life.

VOICE

Dina...Dina...

Sounds of weeping in the background. Benjamin has thrown himself upon her, sobbing his heart out. Dina opens her eyes and sees Leo.

DINA  
Are you dead ?

Leo laughs. Benjamin looks up, eyes full of hope. They lie in the boat together, all three. Anders and Tomas are on their way out to them in a rowboat. Another boat has been launched from the Prins Gustav. Ashore, people are running down from the house onto the quayside.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM. - NIGHT

The curtains flutter across the open window, casting shadows on the ceiling. In bed, Dina caresses Leo's face.

DINA  
I didn't think you would come back ...I  
almost killed you.

He smiles.

LEO  
I forgive you.

DINA  
Do you? Do you really?

LEO  
Everything Dina, I forgive you  
everything.

She pulls him down on top of her. Dina's face beyond his. She is smiling

EXT. REINSNES - NIGHT

A light shines faintly in the open bedroom window. The strains of the cello fill the night.

FADE OUT

INT. REINSNES HOUSE. BEDROOM. - MORNING

Its very early. Dina opens her eyes. She turns to Leo. He is gone! She gets up and walks to the door, opens it, listens.

DINA

Leo?

She looks puzzled.

EXT. REINSNES HOUSE - MORNING

All is quiet, the silence only broken by the singing of the birds. Dina comes out of the house and walks barefoot across the grass in the morning haze.

DINA (V.O.)

I love you and with fury flame at my  
unhappy foolishness; and all this  
pointless pain and shame, kneeling  
before you I confess.

Searching.

INT. REINSNES HOUSE - MORNING

Benjamin is woken by the slamming of the door. Stands at the window, watching his mother walking across the lawn.

DINA (V.O.)

It does not suit my years or face; I  
should be wiser now, I know; but by the  
symptoms I can trace. The ill that  
makes me suffer so.

INT. REINSNES. OFFICE - MORNING

Leo's leather bag stands open on the desk in the office. Leo is down on all fours, in the process of opening Niels's old hiding place. He finds it empty.

DINA (V.O.)

When you're away, I yawn and mope; when  
you are here, I ache and pine; I  
recognize by every sign.

Leo hears the sound of breathing behind him and turns around.

DINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've lost my heart beyond all hope.

Dina is standing in the door, regarding him with frightened bewilderment. He gets up slowly.

DINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He shrugs his shoulders.

LEO

He had a bundle of money. You don't happen to know what's become of it, do you?

DINA

What do you know about Niels's money?

Leo gets to his feet and takes a few steps towards her.

LEO

He stole it from the people.

DINA

Is that why you came back? Because you needed money?

LEO

No. I came for you.

DINA

And now where are you off to?

She points to his bag. He takes a step towards her.

DINA (CONT'D)

Do you think you can come here, sow your seed - and then just up and leave again!

LEO

Sow my seed? For heavens sake, thousands of people are starving and here you and I are, talking about you and your breaking hearts, here at your bloody Reinsnes!

Leo walks past her and goes off leaving her alone. Dina's face is ashen. She eyes the open leather bag on the desk.

EXT. REINSNES. BRIDGE - MORNING

Leo is standing looking across the fjord. Dina comes up on him from behind, with Leo's gun in her hand. He turns around and sees it.

LEO  
What are you doing?

DINA  
You don't know me.

LEO  
If this is meant to be one of your proposals then it's a pretty poor way of going about it.

DINA  
I won't ever let anyone leave me again.

LEO  
Dina. This is no time for cosy domesticity, for babies and such. I can't hang around here, tied to your apron-strings.

DINA  
Then it's just as well that your baby bled away, out at sea.

Leo stares at her. Silence.

LEO  
What did you say?

Benjamin comes walking down the road from the house, stops.

DINA  
I've killed before.

LEO  
You said something about a baby. What baby?

Her finger tightens on the trigger.

DINA  
I won't let you leave me.

LEO  
Dina!

Dina pulls the trigger!

Leo is blasted all the way to the edge of the jetty, where he lands with a dull thud. Then silence.

Dina shrieks. She runs over to him, takes his face in her hands. His body is wracked by convulsions. Blood runs from the corner of his mouth. He gazes at her in astonishment, then begins to scream with pain and fear. He has been shot in the abdomen. Desperately she runs fumbling hands over his face and body, trying to get him to stop. Benjamin comes towards them, howling.

Dina puts her hands over her ears, but cannot shut out his screams. She is weeping now, bracing her feet against his body and pushing him over, into the water.

Finally silence. She looks down into the water in fear. He stares at her, mouth open.

BENJAMIN  
Mamma!! Mamma!!

EXT. SCENE IN THE BOAT. REPLICCA.

Benjamin is screaming.

BENJAMIN  
Mamma!! Mamma...wake up, Mamma...

Dina's eyes are closed. Then she coughs and water and mucus come pouring out of her mouth. Leo rolls her onto her side. She's lying in the bottom of the boat. Dina comes to. Benjamin throws his arms round her. Clings to her wet body.

DINA  
Leo?

He smiles, at Benjamin, at her.

DINA (CONT'D)  
You came back.

LEO  
And so did you.

DINA  
You're not bleeding anymore?

He gives her a puzzled look. A boat is being rowed towards them, in it are Anders and Tomas. A crowd has gathered on the shore. A boat has also been launched from the *Prince Gustav*. Dina tries to sit up.

DINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for shooting you in the stomach.

LEO  
Just try to rest.

He eases her down again.

DINA  
You're not going anywhere.

LEO  
Is that a question or a command?

They gaze solemnly at one another.

DINA  
Are you going to stay?

LEO  
I am always going to be leaving you,  
Dina - and I will always come back.

She looks at him, gives a little smile. Benjamin throws himself, sobbing, onto her breast.

BENJAMIN  
I thought you were dead.

Dina lifts Benjamin's face and gazes at his tearstained cheeks. The cold water sloshes about in the bottom of the boat.

DINA  
Not any more.

THE END