

ANNA KARENINA

Screenplay by  
TOM STOPPARD

Based on the novel by Leo Tolstoy

INT. POKROVSKOE—NIGHT

*CLOSE—Expert fingers—female, unlovely, capable—shape a small lump of dough which, with some shreds of cabbage, becomes a filled bun called a pirozbok . . . which is now placed on a baking tray to join rows of pirozboki ready for the oven.*

*CLOSE—One hand opens the oven, and, mittened by an apron, removes a tray of perfectly baked pirozboki, which the other hand replaces with the fresh tray . . . slightly burning itself on a knuckle.*

TITLE OVER:

FEBRUARY 1872

POKROVSKOE, KONSTANTIN LEVIN'S ESTATE

300 MILES SOUTH OF MOSCOW:

INT. KITCHEN, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Agafia sucks her knuckle and checks what's cooking on the stove-top. She is the cook-housekeeper.*

AGAFIA

He needs to come in if he's to wash himself.

*A Kitchen Maid at the sink obediently dries her hands on her apron. A dozing dog, Laska, pricks up her ears.*

EXT. YARD, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*It's snowing. The Kitchen Maid, shawled, with a lantern, makes her way across the yard towards the cowshed, a short distance, and pushes open the frozen door. Laska is at her heels, but is made to stay outside.*

INT. COWSHED, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*The herd stirs at the lantern light. The bull, Berkut, with a ring through his nose, snorts as the girl goes by. At the back of the shed a cow is calving.*

*Levin is midwifing, sleeves pulled back, blood and slime up to his elbows. He is 34. His steward, Vasili, holds up a lantern. Levin pulls carefully at the emerging forefeet.*

LEVIN

Good girl . . . good girl, Pava.

*The calf's head emerges.*

KITCHEN MAID

*(arriving)*

Agafia Mishaylovna says dinner's like to spoil.

*The calf enters the world like a diver. Levin is feeling great pride and pleasure.*

LEVIN

. . . her father's colour.

VASILI

Worth coming home for, Konstantin Dmitrich!

LEVIN

I stayed too long in Moscow.

*The cow nuzzles and licks her calf.*

INT. DINING ROOM, POKROVSKOE—NIGHT

*Cleaned up, in a smock shirt, Levin bites hungrily into a pirozhok, talking. He has a book on a book-rest. Agafia ladles soup for him. Three generations of family portraits look down on him.*

LEVIN

. . . She's a beauty. That's twelve cows sired  
by Berkut!

AGAFIA

So one of you is doing what the good Lord  
made you for.

*Levin evades, ducks into spooning up soup, finding his place in his book. Agafia goes out. Alone, Levin closes the book and stares into himself.*

INT. (MOSCOW)—DAY

*CLOSE—Expert fingers scrape a cut-throat razor across a lathered cheek . . . and again, skirting luxuriant facial hair on pampered skin.*

TITLE OVER:

**PRINCE OBLONSKY'S HOUSE, MOSCOW**

INT. OBLONSKY'S DRESSING ROOM, OBLONSKY  
HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*There is a door to the landing and a door to the bedroom.*

*Prince Stepan Oblonsky—Stiva to his friends—is 34 and liked by everybody. A barber comes in every morning to shave him. His valet, Matvey, is older and almost a friend. He holds up an enormous pear.*

MATVEY

What should I do with this?

*Oblonsky puts the barber on hold to have a look.*

OBLONSKY

Where did you find it?

MATVEY

In your hat. Your Excellency.

*Oblonsky thinks about it, lets the barber finish. He stands and removes his dressing gown.*

OBLONSKY

Yes . . . I picked it up somewhere for Daria Alexandrovna and the children.

*Matvey is ready with Oblonsky's shirt, which he puts over his master's head like a horse's collar.*

INT. "DAY NURSERY," OBLONSKY HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*There is a sloping lineup of five children, aged eight, five, four, three and two, dressed and brushed for presentation to their mother, Princess Daria Oblonsky, known as Dolly . . . who we now see is heavily pregnant. Standing by is a French governess, Mlle. Roland, and a Nurse. Mlle. Roland is buxom.*

*Dolly picks up the youngest, Vasya, to kiss him and hands him to the Nurse, and kisses the others in ascending order.*

DOLLY

Bonjour, Lili; bonjour, Masha; bonjour,  
Grisha; bonjour, Tanya.

Who's coming to see Grandmama?

INT. OBLONSKY'S DRESSING ROOM, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Oblonsky, dressed now and holding a cup of coffee, checks from the window.*

OBLONSKY'S POV—

*Dolly, in furs, the four youngest children and the Nurse, who carries Vasya, all wrapped up against the cold weather, have come out of the house to a waiting sleigh, as noisy as starlings, bickering, competing, reprimanding. The Oblonsky's Coachman assists, with a rug to spread across knees.*

*Oblonsky hands his coffee to Matvey and lights a small cigar. He detours to take a sugared almond from a dish of sweets, and leaves the room . . .*

INT. SCHOOLROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Tanya is at her lessons with Mlle. Roland. When Oblonsky's face appears smiling round the door, Tanya jumps up and runs to him, greeting him, laughing, kissing his face, hanging on his neck.*

OBLONSKY

My Tanruchoshka! Mind my cigar.

*He pops the sugared almond into her mouth and puts a conspiratorial finger to his lips. Mlle. Roland, who has stood up for him, clucks in reprimand.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

Be good today. I'm off.

*Tanya runs back to her seat and bends to her schoolbook. Oblonsky looks Mlle. Roland in the eye. He moves his head slightly, unmistakably asking her to come outside. Mlle. Roland moves her eyes at him in humorous reproach. Clearly, this is familiar ground. Oblonsky closes the door behind him.*

MLLE. ROLAND

(*pause*)

Read the chapter carefully. I'll come back to test you on it . . . Read it twice.

INT. (ST. PETERSBURG)—DAY

*CLOSE—Pretty fingers put on several rings, and then pick up a Fabergé jade paper-knife to slit an envelope and withdraw a letter.*

TITLE OVER:

ALEXEI KARENIN'S HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG

400 MILES NORTH OF MOSCOW

INT. ANNA'S BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*It is early in the day. Anna's maid, Annushka, has been dressing Anna. Annushka is young, loyal, modest.*

*Anna is at her dressing-table-bureau, which is host to at least two photographs of a small boy (Serozha) and a child's unframed drawing of "Maman." As she starts reading the letter, Anna's eyes frown.*

FLASH BACK, VERY SHORT, ALMOST SUBLIMINAL—

INT. (LINEN CLOSET)—DAY

*Oblonsky and Mlle. Roland in a passionate embrace, vertical, clothed.*

BACK TO SCENE

*Anna turns the page, reads on, concerned.*

FLASH BACK—SHORT, A BEAT OR TWO—

INT. LINEN CLOSET, OBLONSKY HOUSE—DAY

*Still kissing, Oblonsky hoists up her skirts.*

BACK TO SCENE

*Anna turns to the second page.*



FLASH BACK—SHORT

INT. BEDROOM LEVEL, OBLONSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*Oblonsky, coming in quietly and late from a night on the town, enters his dressing room. He stops. He smiles a foolish apologetic smile.*

REVERSE—(DRESSING ROOM)

*Dolly is waiting for him, shocked, enraged, holding out a billet-doux on pink paper: a love note.*

BACK TO SCENE

*Anna speaks as in exasperation to a naughty child.*

ANNA

Tsk, oh . . . *Stiva!*

INT. KARENIN'S STUDY, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

ANNA

. . . and Dolly found a note from the  
governess.

*Anna is speaking to her husband “confidentially.” Karenin, a busy man, drains his coffee cup and hands it (as with Oblonsky and Matvey) to his valet, Korney, who bows and withdraws. Karenin continues transferring papers from his desk to his portfolio . . .*

*Which done, he nods to his private secretary, Mikhail Slyudin, who comes forward to receive it, bows and leaves.*

KARENIN

Well . . . ?

*Karenin is twenty years older than Anna and a senior figure in government. He has an unattractive reedy voice and is pleased with himself as a model of probity. He has the habit of cracking his knuckles.*

ANNA

Stiva wants me to come to Moscow . . . to persuade Dolly to forgive him.

KARENIN

I'm to be deprived of my wife so that adultery may be forgiven? I can't excuse him just because he's your brother.

ANNA

It's for Dolly's sake too.

KARENIN

*(has to go)*

I have four committees today . . .

*There is another interruption: Serozha, aged seven and a half, and his tutor, Vasily Lukich, enter for a ritual "good morning." Serozha is a little frightened of his father, but the mother and son are in love. Anna goes straight to Serozha, her heart lifted, to bug him.*

KARENIN *(cont'd)*

Good, good!—I have the world waiting for me, there's never time to look at your exercises!

LUKICH

Sergei Alexeyich is doing very well, Your Excellency.

ANNA

*(a button missing)*

Tsk-tsk, who put this shirt on you? Never mind. I'll come and hear you read.

KARENIN

Tomorrow, perhaps. Thank you, Lukich—perhaps tomorrow.

*Lukich bows. Anna goes with Serozba, relinquishing him finally. She closes the door on them.*

ANNA

Alexei, do you think nine years of marriage and children should count for nothing against a . . . an infatuation?

*Karenin cracks his knuckles, concedes.*

KARENIN

No. Very well.

*(kisses her hand)*

But sin has a price, you may be sure of that.

INT. OBLONSKY'S DRESSING ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—DAY

*Oblonsky has been bunking down on his couch. He moans and groans. He gets up and tries the door to the bedroom. It's locked. He knocks timidly.*

OBLONSKY

*(piteously)*

Dolly . . . please think of the children . . .

*He listens hopefully. The other door, leading to the upper landing, is opened violently by Dolly.*

DOLLY

*You think of the children! Their lives are ruined now!*

*She slams the door behind her.*

INT. BEDROOM LEVEL, OBLONSKY HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Oblonsky comes out of his dressing room to see the main bedroom door slammed. He attempts to go in but the door is locked.*

OBLONSKY

Oh, Dolly . . . I beg you . . .

*Matvey come to the top of the stairs with a telegram.*

MATVEY

Telegram. Should I send up the barber?

OBLONSKY

No, just the razor.

*Oblonsky tears open the telegram.*

MATVEY

Don't worry, sir, things will shape themselves, you'll see.

OBLONSKY

*(relieved)*

My sister Anna's coming tomorrow. We're saved.

INT. OBLONSKY'S OFFICE, MOSCOW—DAY

*Inner doors open and Oblonsky comes out of his private office. He is his genial self. Everyone in the general office—minor officials, clerks—stands up for him and bows. Oblonsky is wearing government uniform—green coat with gold embroidery on the collar—instead of his own coat. Oblonsky is helped out of one coat into the other.*

DOORKEEPER

Some man came without an appointment,  
Your Excellency . . . waiting outside.

*Oblonsky opens the door to look. Levin is sitting waiting on a bench, wearing a sheepskin coat, cap and scuffed boots.*

OBLONSKY

Levin! Where did you disappear?

*He seizes Levin and kisses him.*

LEVIN

*(nervous)*

I'm very anxious to see you. I need your advice.

OBLONSKY

Well, then, come into my room.

*Oblonsky leads Levin back through the general office, where everyone stands up again. Levin's sheepskin and boots attract curious glances.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

This is my oldest friend, Konstantin Dmitrich Levin! Someone send word I'll be a few minutes late.

INT. OBLONSKY'S PRIVATE OFFICE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Oblonsky leads Levin inside and closes the door.*

OBLONSKY

I've been hard at it. Sit down.

*Levin undoes his coat and sits down.*

LEVIN

Hard at what exactly?

OBLONSKY

Why, we're overwhelmed with work!

LEVIN

Oh—paperwork.

OBLONSKY

Paperwork is the soul of Russia. Farming is only the stomach. When am I going to come and shoot some snipe?

*Seeing the clothes Levin is wearing, he laughs.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

Oh, but look at you, in Western clothes you told me you'd never wear again. Something's up.

LEVIN

Yes. I'm in love. I've come back to propose. Have you guessed who she is?

OBLONSKY

(*rolls his eyes comically*)

I have a suspicion. Why didn't you propose when you were here?

LEVIN

I decided it was impossible. Kitty is of the heavens, an angel, and I am of the earth—but then I thought and thought, and . . . there's no life for me without her! . . . Do I have a chance?

OBLONSKY

Of course you do. The Shcherbatskys are giving a soiree this evening. Get there early before the crowd. If I may suggest . . .

LEVIN

Anything! What?

OBLONSKY

New boots.

LEVIN

Right. Anything else?

OBLONSKY

*(hesitates)*

We'd better have dinner together.

Come on, we'll meet later at l'Angleterre.

Or do you prefer the Hermitage?

*Oblonsky ushers Levin back into the general office.*

INT. GENERAL OFFICE, SAME TIME—DAY

*. . . Everyone stands up as before. The Doorkeeper produces Oblonsky's top-coat and helps him into it.*

OBLONSKY

No—five-thirty at l'Angleterre—I owe them more than the Hermitage, so it wouldn't be fair to withdraw my custom.

*(taking his hat)*

Boots, and a coat. And a proper hat.

*He ushers Levin out.*

EXT. L'ANGLETERRE RESTAURANT, MOSCOW—DAY

*Firstly, a Moscow street scene, busy with people going about their business, on foot and in conveyances.*

*Secondly, Levin approaches L'Angleterre in his new fur-collared coat, top hat and boots.*



INT. LANGLETERRE RESTAURANT, MOSCOW—  
NIGHT

*Oblonsky and Levin preside over the debris of three dozen oysters, with champagne in a bucket to hand. Oblonsky is in a maudlin mood, afloat on champagne.*

OBLONSKY

It's so unfair. You marry for love, you're a good husband. Children arrive. Years depart. And all of a sudden your wife is tired, her hair is thin, her body . . . while you yourself still have your . . . vigour . . . and you find yourself distracted by a pretty woman . . .

LEVIN

Forgive me, but I find that incomprehensible . . . As though I'd leave this restaurant and steal a roll from a baker's shop.

OBLONSKY

Well, you know, a freshly baked roll . . .

LEVIN

But I'm talking about love, and you're talking about . . . your appetite.

OBLONSKY

Easily confused. Now look, do you know Count Vronsky?

LEVIN

Who? No. Why?

OBLONSKY

He's your rival. He turned up from St. Petersburg after you left.

LEVIN

*(agbast)*

Who is he?

OBLONSKY

*(changing tack)*

You don't have to worry about him. He's one of those rich, good-looking cavalry officers who've got nothing to do but make love to pretty women . . .

*A waiter arrives to remove the oyster shells, while an Elderly Waiter places a bowl of soup in front of Levin and a lobster in front of Oblonsky.*

OBLONSKY *(cont'd)*

Cabbage soup?

ELDERLY WAITER

Potage aux choux a la Russe, as the gentleman ordered.

LEVIN

It's what I wanted.

*Oblonsky laughs. The Waiter departs.*

LEVIN *(cont'd)*

*(angry)*

Understand that for me, tonight is a question of life and death.

OBLONSKY

Oh, Kostya! Kitty would be mad to refuse you. And Dolly is on your side, you know. She says her sister Kitty was always meant to be your wife and will be.

*Levin jumps up in elation, collects himself, and sits.*

LEVIN

Dolly said that? I've always thought your Dolly's a gem.

OBLONSKY

Oh, she is, she is . . .  
*(thoughtfully)*  
I loved her to distraction.

INT. (ST. PETERSBURG)—NIGHT

*A little out of focus and further obscured by puffs of steam, the wheels of a locomotive and its tender plus a carriage or two, with part of the superstructure—the whole kit and caboodle turning out to be a rich child's table-top model railway—go by the Camera like a WIPE revealing the momentarily gigantic face of Anna . . . who is crouching down to watch the toy go by.*

INT. DAY NURSERY, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Serozha is at present snivelling.*

SEROZHA

But why?

ANNA

Because that's where Aunt Dolly lives.

SEROZHA

But why?

ANNA

*(patiently)*

I told you, Serozha. She's not well. I must go to see her.

SEROZHA

But why?

ANNA

Now, don't make Mama cry. I'll be back before you know, and bring you a present.

SEROZHA

Don't want a present. I want you to stay.

*Anna is on the brink of tears.*

ANNA

Oh . . . my little Kutik . . .

SEROZHA

What present?

ANNA

That's better.

*She dabs her eyes.*

INT. KARENIN HOUSE—NIGHT

*Kapitonich, the Karenins' Hall Porter, an "old soldier," comes out of the house to where a private carriage is waiting. The coachman is Konrad. Anna comes out with Annushka, who has a large soft bag containing everything her mistress needs for the journey. Kapitonich holds the carriage door for them.*

INT. MOVING TRAIN—NIGHT

*Anna has a window seat. Next to her is Annushka.*

*In the opposite window seat is Countess Vronsky, at sixty losing the battle to keep her youthful beauty. She has a lap dog (and perhaps a Fabergé-topped walking cane). Next to her is her Maid.*

*Anna is not happy to be leaving. She holds a small framed photo of Serozha, which she then puts away in her red bag. Countess Vronsky smiles at her. Anna wipes her eyes, explains.*

ANNA

It's the first time I've left my little boy.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

So you are leaving your son and I am returning to mine. I am Countess Vronsky.

*Anna knows the name.*

COUNTESS VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

I've been in St. Petersburg for the christening of a granddaughter—my elder son married Princess Chirkov. You're a charming creature. Why don't I know you?

ANNA

I've never been in Moscow society, really.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

But you know my name?

ANNA

I've heard you mentioned . . .

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Talked about, you mean. Ah, love!

*Anna, found out, smiles tentatively.*

ANNA

Was it love?

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Always. My sons are ashamed of me. But I'd rather end up wishing I hadn't than end up wishing I had—wouldn't you?

ANNA

I . . . I don't know . . .

*Anna looks at the snow on the window. She is unsettled by the conversation.*

EXT. SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE. MOSCOW—NIGHT

*A sleigh (i.e., a cab) brings Levin.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE,  
SAME TIME—NIGHT

*The Hall Porter lets Levin into the house. A Footman takes Levin's hat and coat. Levin is uneasy—he seems to be first to arrive. He decides he has come too early. He pulls his coat back from the Footman.*

LEVIN

I'll come back.

UP ABOVE

*Princess Ekaterina (Kitty) Shcherbatsky is eighteen. Eager to see who has arrived, she hurries from the direction of the reception room and looks down into the entrance hall in time to see Levin snatch his hat back from the Footman.*

KITTY

Konstantin!

LEVIN

I'm too early.

KITTY  
(pleased)

No! Come up!

DOWN BELOW

*Kitty runs off out of Levin's view. He flings his hat and coat at the Footman and runs up the stairs.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE,  
SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Levin hurries in and finds Kitty seated prettily in a “receiving” pose. She is alone.*

KITTY

Look at me! I’m receiving for Papa and Maman who are late to dress. It’s my first reception.

*Levin plays along, kissing her hand elaborately.*

LEVIN

Princess Ekaterina! Delighted, delighted!

KITTY

*(formal)*

I’m so pleased you were able to be with us, Konstantin Dmitrich!

LEVIN

*(dropping it)*

Kitty . . . you look . . . you look—

KITTY

Stiva told us you were back. How long are you staying?

LEVIN

I don’t know. It depends on you.

KITTY

On me?



*He has got ahead of himself. Doors are flung open and the hosts, Prince and Princess Shcherbatsky, and a crowd of guests who have arrived together, are greeting each other. Levin has to make a quick decision, and he makes the wrong one—to go on.*

LEVIN

What I mean to say—I came with only one purpose—I want to—will you be my wife?

*Kitty panics. A wave of Guests is almost upon her.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

I'm sorry—sorry—wrong moment—but will you?

KITTY

I can't. I'm sorry.

*Kitty flees. Levin seems stunned, surrounded now by greetings, laughter, and servants with trays of drinks.*

LEVIN

Yes. It was impossible.

*Prince and Princess Shcherbatsky receive a young married member of Kitty's set, Countess Nordston . . . and introduce Levin, who hears and sees nothing. He turns away, leaving the Countess hung out to dry.*

*Levin finds himself face to face with Burisov, a silky Officer in sky blue uniform, who introduces himself.*

BURISOV

Burisov. Are you the brother of Nikolai Levin?

LEVIN

Yes.

BURISOV

He's in Moscow, he's staying at the Unicorn  
in Khitrovka.

LEVIN

How do you know?

BURISOV

*(smiles)*

It's the sort of thing I know.

*He bows to Levin and turns away to greet someone.*

*Levin reacts, decides to leave. He makes for the door. He nearly collides  
with someone, gives and receives an apology, and suddenly understands who  
this man in Guards uniform must be. Levin turns.*

LEVIN

Count Vronsky?

VRONSKY

Yes.

*Levin pauses awkwardly. Vronsky hesitates, bows and continues on. Levin  
witnesses Kitty seeing Vronsky approaching, and sees her face light up.  
Vronsky kisses her hand.*

VRONSKY *(cont'd)*

*(bantering)*

Princess Kitty . . . It's been so long, and yet  
it seems like yesterday.

*His banter is lost on her. She laughs happily.*

KITTY

*It was yesterday!*

*Levin turns away and leaves.*

EXT. SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*Levin comes out of the grand house where several coaches are waiting. Humbled and angry with himself and the world, he takes off his top hat and considers putting his fist through it, but jams it back on his head. A horse-cab comes along. Levin waves it down.*

EXT. KHITROVKA, MOSCOW—NIGHT

*A mean street, an area of poverty and crime. Levin pays off his cab.*

INT. THE UNICORN, KHITROVKA—NIGHT

*Levin goes up a dimly lit, dingy staircase. Snatches of MUSIC and SINGING drift up the stairs.*

TOP OF THE STAIRS

*Levin knocks at a door, then louder. The door is flung open. Nikolai Levin is the spirit of consumptive, bohemian radicalism. He peers at Levin, surprised.*

LEVIN

*It's Kostya.*

*Nikolai roars with laughter which turns to wheezing.*

NIKOLAI

God, look at him! You look like a capitalist!

*(then suspiciously)*

What do you want?

LEVIN

Nothing. I came to see you.

*Nikolai goes back into the room, shouting for "Masha." Levin follows him.*

INT. NIKOLAI'S ROOM, KHITROVA, SAME TIME—  
NIGHT

*Levin sees that he is in a tiny apartment. A Young Woman looks at him fearfully from the inner doorway.*

LEVIN

Good evening, miss . . . madame . . .

NIKOLAI

Don't talk to her like that. It frightens her.

You sound like a magistrate.

*(shouts at her)*

More vodka for my brother, quick about it.

LEVIN

I don't want anything.

*Masha goes to Nikolai and whispers to him, calming him.*

NIKOLAI

I'm all right.

*He fills a wineglass with vodka and gulps it greedily.*

NIKOLAI (*cont'd*)

Who told you where to find me?

LEVIN

A colonel in the Third Department. They're watching you.

NIKOLAI

Good. They must think I'm dangerous.

*Levin involuntarily smiles at the self-puffery.*

NIKOLAI (*cont'd*)

What have you got to smile about?

LEVIN

Nothing.

NIKOLAI

That's right. The day is coming. I gave up my birthright for it. You're on the wrong side of history. Not because privilege is immoral but because it's irrational.

*Wheezing, he goes for the bottle again. Mascha tries to take it from him, appealing to Levin.*

MASHA

He is sick.

NIKOLAI

Let go or I'll beat your lights out.

*He pushes her away and pours himself more vodka.*

NIKOLAI (*cont'd*)

I took Mary Nikolova from a brothel but I consider her my wife. If her presence offends you you're free to leave. Are you married?

LEVIN

No.

NIKOLAI

Why not? Are you waiting to fall in love?

LEVIN

No.

NIKOLAI

Good. Romantic love will be the last illusion of the old order. You should marry one of your peasants.

*Levin's reaction is almost violent, surprising Nikolai.*

LEVIN

Yes. I damn well should!

NIKOLAI

*(toasts, casually)*

The brotherhood of man.

*Levin recovers himself. He takes out his wallet.*

LEVIN

Nikolai, you have to see a doctor. Then come and stay with me at Pokrovskoe till you get your health back.

NIKOLAI  
(scornfully)

With my wife?

*Levin becomes flustered.*

LEVIN

If you . . . or go abroad to a spa. I'll send you  
more if that's what you . . .

*Masha reaches for the money Levin has put on the table. Nikolai knocks  
her hand away. He throws the banknotes at Levin. He coughs himself into  
a paroxysm. Levin tries to embrace him. Nikolai throws him off.*

LEVIN (cont'd)  
(cries out)

What about the brotherhood of brothers?

*Masha snatches up the banknotes.*

INT. STATION (MOSCOW)—DAY

*There is a scattering of people of all classes on the platform waiting for the  
arriving train.*

*By the entrance/exit gate, a Guards Officer stands holding a bouquet. The  
Stationmaster stands by. A strip of faded red carpet has been laid on the  
planks.*

STATIONMASTER

The private coach will stop opposite the  
carpet.

*The Guards Officer nods. He sees Vronsky arriving.*

VRONSKY

Hello, what's this?

GUARDS OFFICER

Austrian royalty on their honeymoon. I've got them for four days.

VRONSKY

Bad luck. What do they like? Art?

GUARDS OFFICER

Food.

VRONSKY

Here's the train.

EXT. PLATFORM, THE ARRIVING TRAIN, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Vronsky moves closer to the slowing train, scanning the windows going by.*

EXT. PLATFORM ENTRANCE GATE, SAME TIME—DAY

*The Guards Officer and the Stationmaster are disconcerted to see the obvious "private coach" stop seriously short (or long) behind luggage wagons, etc.*

STATIONMASTER

I'll see to it.

*He hurries away towards the engine.*

*Oblonsky hurries through, relieved not to be late.*



EXT. PLATFORM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky is saluted by his mother's Major Domo, a tall man in livery with a cockade.*

MAJOR DOMO

Second carriage, Your Excellency. I'll see to the Countess's luggage and bring it on to the house.

*Vronsky nods, and makes his way towards the second coach, against the flow of disembarked passengers.*

EXT. TRAIN (ENGINE), SAME TIME

*The Stationmaster speaks to the Engine Driver.*

EXT. EXIT/ENTRANCE GATE, SAME TIME—DAY

*The Guards Officer with the bouquet stands uncertainly while arriving passengers go past him.*

EXT. "PRIVATE COACH," SAME TIME—DAY

*The Royal Austrian Honeymooners peer anxiously through the window.*

INT. TRAIN, SAME TIME—DAY

*Countess Vronsky remains sitting. Annushka packs away Anna's blanket and pillow. Anna looks out of the window.*

ANNA

I'll come back.

*Anna moves to the door opening on to the "porch." Vronsky is on the point of entering. He steps back to allow her by. They barely exchange a glance as she passes him, but, simultaneously, each of them looks back. Anna looks away quickly. His look lingers before he turns away to enter the carriage.*

INT./EXT. PORCH—DAY

*Anna, from her vantage point spots Oblonsky, calls to him. Annushka, with her bag, comes onto the porch and descends to follow her mistress.*

EXT. PLATFORM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna steps down to the platform and embraces Oblonsky. They are delighted to see each other.*

ANNA

*(accusingly)*

You don't look ashamed.

OBLONSKY

*(contrite)*

I am, I really am.

INT. TRAIN, SAME TIME—DAY

*Countess Vronsky remains in her seat. Vronsky bends at the window, looking at Oblonsky and Anna.*

VRONSKY

Yes, of course. Oblonsky's sister . . .  
Karenina.

COUNTESS

Charmante, don't you think?

*(to her Maid)*

Wait for me in the carriage. I'll take Tosca.

*She takes the dog. The Maid leaves with her bag.*

VRONSKY

. . . You stayed longer in St. Petersburg.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Long enough for you to start a little love  
affair, I hear.

VRONSKY

I can't think what you're referring to,  
Maman.

*He glances back to the window, where Anna turns back to enter the train.*

EXT. PLATFORM, SAME TIME—DAY

*As Anna turns back, a Railwayman with a hammer for tapping wheels is in her way. He steps back for her with a bow and a "Madame!" Anna glances at him and moves past him. The man taps a wheel, making a ringing sound which means the wheel is okay.*

*As Anna mounts the steps, a Train Guard looks up and down the platform, holding a green flag.*

INT. TRAIN, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna enters from the porch.*

ANNA

There, Countess, you have found your son  
and I have found my brother.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Madame Karenin has a son, too. It's the first  
time they have been apart, so she frets about  
him.

VRONSKY

Excuse me for not recognizing you before.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

We passed the time telling each other about  
our sons.

ANNA

Yes, I've been hearing all about you.

VRONSKY

That must have been very boring for you.

*The ringing sound of the wheel-tapper's hammer is faintly audible in  
Anna's hesitation. Anna shuts off the gallantry.*

ANNA

Au revoir, Countess.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Au revoir, my dear. Let me kiss your pretty  
face.

*Countess Vronsky does so. Anna turns to offer her hand to Vronsky. As Vronsky takes her hand, the train lurches and moves, unsteadyng them both.*

EXT. PLATFORM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Oblonsky—and everyone still on the platform—is shocked by a dreadful scream and shouting. The train, having moved a few feet, stops. Oblonsky hurries towards the scene of the accident, right opposite the gate. The Station-master overtakes him.*

EXT. TRACKS, SAME TIME, DAY

*The Wheel-Tapper lies between the wheels, mangled.*

*Oblonsky joins the horrified onlookers. The Guards Officer arrives, too, with his bouquet. Then Vronsky arrives. He turns to the Guards Officer.*

VRONSKY

Keep your people inside until this has been cleared up.

EXT. PLATFORM AND EXIT GATE—DAY

*Countess Vronsky, Vronsky, Anna and Oblonsky, Oblonsky almost in tears, come towards the gate. A Porter follows with Anna's large suitcase, hat-boxes, etc. Annushka has the travelling bag.*

OBLONSKY

. . . the sole support of a large family, they say.

ANNA

Can't anything be done for them?

*Vronsky glances at her.*

VRONSKY

Wait for me, Maman.

*Vronsky retraces his steps.*

COUNTESS VRONSKY

*(to Anna)*

I've you to thank for that.

*She knows her son. Anna hasn't understood, but when Oblonsky looks back he sees Vronsky with the Stationmaster, taking money from his wallet.*

OBLONSKY

What a good fellow . . .

*Anna catches on, doesn't like it.*

INT. OBLONSKY COACH—DAY

ANNA

Have you known Count Vronsky long?

OBLONSKY

Did you like him? He's in love with Kitty.

ANNA

Oh . . .

*(pause)*

But we should be discussing you and Dolly.

*She scolds him like a naughty boy.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

What have you got to say for yourself?

OBLONSKY

I've said it all—on my knees—in tears . . .  
Now I need you to say it. I'm going to the  
office, so you'll have Dolly to yourself.

ANNA

(*severely*)

Don't be home late.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE,  
MOSCOW—DAY

*Dolly pours tea for Anna. Dolly smiles at her wanly—brightly.*

DOLLY

Kitty's coming by to see you. She's all  
grown-up, and a bit frightened of you—the  
belle of St. Petersburg society!

ANNA

Is that who I am?

Dolly . . . Stiva has told me.

*Dolly bursts into tears. Anna embraces her.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Dolly, I'm sorry from the bottom of my  
heart.

DOLLY

I don't know what to do.

ANNA

*(soothing)*

I know, I know.

DOLLY

I can't bear to be with him. And he doesn't care, he's got what he wants.

ANNA

What he wants is you. He loves you, Dolly. You and the children are everything to him.

DOLLY

Are we? And there is room for a governess?

ANNA

That was shameful, disgraceful. But it was not love. It was the animal in man, not the soul. Stiva's remorse is from the soul.

DOLLY

What about me? Does his remorse make it easier for me?—

ANNA

I know you are suffering. But, Dolly, you must tell me . . . is there enough love left in your heart . . . enough to forgive him?

DOLLY

When I think of them together, I can't forgive him, no!



ANNA

My poor lamb. So you'd rather accept your  
fate . . .

DOLLY

My fate?

*(outraged)*

But I haven't done anything! It's him  
who's—

ANNA

Do you love him, Dolly?

*Dolly nods tearfully.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

You love him, and he loves you, but you  
can't forgive, so your lives must continue  
like this for ever, with both of you wretched.

*She's winning.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—DAY

*Anna, Kitty, Tanya and Grisha are at a handsome card table where board games, dominoes, cards, etc., are kept. There is a spill of alphabet bricks, each with a letter printed in it. They are spelling out their names in alphabet bricks. Grisha is on Anna's lap pulling at her hair. The spelling business, including misspellings by Grisha, creates a noise of laughter and mock-rebuke. Tanya at the same time is trying to pull a ring from Anna's finger.*

*Kitty is not at all frightened of Anna now; enraptured by her, laughing.*

ANNA

Grisha, don't pull so hard, you're getting it all in a tangle—and look for another G for Grigori—

*(She takes off her ring for Tanya)*

—here, darling, you can wear it till you go to bed—

*Dolly sits apart, embroidering. She looks up at the sound of voices downstairs, Oblonsky coming home. The children hear their father and abandon the card table, running out to greet him. Dolly stands up to leave by a different door, giving Anna a collusive glance.*

*Anna pushes aside the alphabet bricks.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

Well, that's the end of that.

KITTY

Will you stay for the Bobrishchev's ball, Anna?

ANNA

Oh . . . I always feel dull at a ball.

KITTY

How can *you* ever be dull?

*Oblonsky arrives in the doorway with Tanya and Grisha hanging on him.*

KITTY *(cont'd)*

Stiva! Tell Anna she must come to the ball.

OBLONSKY

Of course she must.

*He cocks an eye at Anna: how did it go with Dolly? Anna moves her head: upstairs.*

ANNA

. . . and God go with you.

*Kitty catches the moment.*

OBLONSKY

*(leaving)*

You can introduce me to your new governess.

TANYA

She's old! She's a hundred!

*Which leaves Anna and Kitty alone.*

ANNA

I know why you want me to come. You want everyone to be there because you're sure it's going to be your night.

KITTY

How did you know?

*Anna's smile is her acting out a mock-mysteriousness.*

ANNA

I know everything.

*She has moved alphabet letters around to spell out VRONSKY. She laughs at Kitty's tearful, joyful nodding, genuinely happy for Kitty.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

Oh, to be your age again . . . surrounded by that blue mist, like mist on the mountains

that clears slowly to reveal the terrifying,  
beautiful valley you must enter to become  
grown-up . . . I was eighteen too, when I  
got married . . .

*A quiet note of regret hangs in the air between them for a moment before  
Anna dispels it.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*With only a lamp or two lit, and the door open, Anna sits alone at the  
card table, with a neglected book, one hand playing idly with the alpha-  
bet bricks. Their pleasant clicks are the only sound as she remains lost in  
thought. She closes her book, marking the place. She is going to go up to bed.  
She hears the sound of the doorbell.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, OBLONSKY HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky has been let in spattered with snow.*

SERVANT

. . . no, Your Excellency . . . He's just gone  
up. . . . The Princess retired early . . . Is  
there a message?

*Vronsky glances up and sees Anna looking down. Their eyes meet. A second  
passes. Vronsky is about to speak. Anna turns away and moves out of his  
view, towards further stairs, with her book.*

VRONSKY

No.

EXT. NEAR POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Levin is coming home in a sleigh, driven by his one-eyed coachman, Ignat. He is huddled under a bearskin blanket. The house is in sight.*

*The sleigh overtakes a Peasant Woman, Serafina, walking to the house carrying a big bundle of willow wands strapped to her back: a strong young woman with a handsome face. She stops and bows her head. Levin looks at her. She then looks him in the face.*

*Laska, barking joyfully, races from the house.*

INT. BATHHOUSE, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*The bathhouse has a stove which heats water. There is a brazier to create instant steam, but not now. Levin, almost naked, lies on a plank deck, thoughtful, staring at something . . . no, at someone: Serafina, who is putting on her clothes. Postcoitum. She has no angst. Dressed, she crosses herself.*

LEVIN

Will you go to confession?

*Serafina nods indifferently.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

God will forgive you.

SERAFINA

And you also, master. He is watching.

LEVIN

God forgive us then, for committing the act of love.

*She nods without irony.*

SERAFINA

He is merciful.

LEVIN

“Not according to my deserts, O Lord, but according to thy mercy”—that’s a fine prayer. But I’m full of doubt. Sometimes I even doubt that God exists.

SERAFINA

How can there be anything if God didn’t make it?

LEVIN

I don’t know. One day science will tell us.

SERAFINA

That’s sinful talk if the priest heard you.

LEVIN

Well, I won’t go to confession.

SERAFINA

*(sbrugs)*

Your father built the church. You’re confessed a while yet.

*Levin feels outplayed.*

SERAFINA *(cont’d)*

Will you bring me something from Moscow?

LEVIN

What would you like?

SERAFINA

Soap, the kind wrapped in paper to look pretty, and smelling like for a proper lady.

*Levin is touched. He nods.*

SOUND OVER—MUSIC OVERLAP WITH THE BALL.

INT. THE BALL, MOSCOW—NIGHT

*Kitty enters the Ball, a proper lady.*

*This is a gilded affair, conducted by a Master of Ceremonies. The Host and Hostess are positioned to welcome each guest. Dancing has started—a waltz.*

*Kitty and her parents enter the ballroom and are received by their hosts. Everything has come together for Kitty—her dress, her hair, her skin, her moment. She radiates happiness. An Officer stands aside to let them pass, openly admiring Kitty, smoothing his moustache. A Youth having trouble with his white tie hurries past but turns back to Kitty.*

YOUTH

Kitty! May I have a waltz?

KITTY

You may, Boris. I'll save you the third just because it's your first ball.

YOUTH

*(thrilled)*

You're my first conquest.

*The Master of Ceremonies, Korsunsky, arrives and without permission sweeps her into the waltz.*

KORSUNSKY

It's a relaxation to dance with you, Princess.

*Kitty sees Anna arriving with Oblonsky and gives a little gasp at her God-given beauty.*

KORSUNSKY (*cont'd*)

But back to work! Where do you want to be taken?

KITTY

There.

*Korsunsky waltzes her brilliantly through the dancers and twirls her to rest in front of a small group including Anna and Oblonsky—floating Kitty's train.*

KORSUNSKY

(*bowing*)

So that your ankles may be seen.

*Anna appraises Kitty at a glance and gives her a tiny nod signifying top marks. Kitty glows.*

KITTY

How are you, Stiva?

OBLONSKY

Thanks to Anna, I am a happy man. Would you like to dance?

KITTY

No, ask Anna.



ANNA  
(*demurs*)

No . . . I don't . . .

*She looks up and sees Vronsky coming straight towards her.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Come on then.

*Just as Vronsky is about to bow, she takes Oblonsky's arm and he whirls her away. Kitty smiles for Vronsky but his eyes have followed Anna, knowing she cut him. He remembers himself after an awkward hiatus. Kitty's mother and father are watching from afar. Vronsky obliges. He invites her into the waltz.*

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

. . . this vile, idiotic matchmaking of yours . . .

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

For goodness' sake, what have I done?

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

Levin is a thousand times better than this Petersburg fop. If he had royal *blood* my daughter wouldn't need him!

*Vronsky's mind is absent and the waltz ends after only a few steps. He stand waiting for the music to start.*

KITTY

Is anything the matter?

VRONSKY

No. You look . . . as lovely as ever, Princess  
Kitty.

*The music starts and they dance on.*

*At the end of the waltz, Vronsky leaves Kitty with her mother, bows and  
departs. Princess Shcherbatsky is beginning to have doubts. She starts to ask.*

KITTY

*(sharply)*

Don't *ask* me, Maman!

*Boris the Youth pops up to claim his dance. Dancing, Kitty sees Vronsky  
talking to a couple of Officers. She is anxious but not disillusioned.*

*Grumpy Prince Shcherbatsky is dancing with Countess Nordston.*

COUNTESS NORDSTON

He'll dance the mazurka with Kitty, you'll  
see. I call the mazurka the now-or-never.

*Anna watches the dancing. She rejects an offer with a smile. She sees Vron-  
sky and to her discomfort Vronsky looks up and catches her looking.*

*She turns away at once, and notices that ladies are curtseying and men are  
bowing as the Host and Hostess escort an overweight but glittering young  
couple towards a decorative buffet in an adjoining salon: the Austrian  
royal honeymooners . . . attended by the Guards Officer from the station.  
Anna stands and curtseys as they pass by into the salon . . . where Oblonsky  
is roaring with laughter, champagne in hand.*

AUSTRIAN PRINCESS

. . . we were shut up in the train for an hour!

*Anna steals a sidelong glance towards Vronsky but he is no longer there. She looks for him among the dancers, smiles at Kitty going by with the enthusiastic, inexperienced Boris.*

*Suddenly, Vronsky is at Anna's side.*

VRONSKY

Dance with me.

ANNA

*(calmly)*

I am not used to being spoken to like that by a man I met once at a railway station.

VRONSKY

I dare say, but if I'm not to dance with you, I'm getting out of this operetta and going home.

ANNA

Then, for Kitty's sake.

*She gives him her hand.*

*Kitty looks for Vronsky, can't see him, then is taken aback to see him with Anna. Kitty watches Anna dancing. Anna says something which makes Vronsky laugh. Anna laughs. Anna blossoms in front of Kitty's eyes. Vronsky twirls Anna around and she comes smiling into his arms.*

*It goes on like that. Kitty watches them from within the arms of young men, old men, from the wall. Anna and Vronsky dance slow, they dance fast, gaily, solemnly, gazes locked.*

*Others are noticing too: Countess Nordston, Princess Shcherbatsky, and eagle-eyed matrons. Anna, oblivious, has found a release in herself.*

*Countess Nordston finds Kitty sitting alone. Korsunsky announces the Mazurka.*

COUNTESS NORDSTON

You're not dancing the mazurka? I won't have it.

*She pulls Kitty to her feet.*

COUNTESS NORDSTON (*cont'd*)

I'm engaged by General Glub—I give him to you.

THE MAZURKA . . .

*Korsunsky supervises a large circle of couples who change partners as they go round, with one couple dancing in the middle of the circle.*

KORSUNSKY

. . . the lady chooses a lady and a gentleman . . . !

*The lady in the middle beckons to Anna and the man who, changing partners, happens to be dancing with her. They enter the middle where they have their solo turn as a couple, while the original couple reenter the circumference. Anna is flushed with pleasure. Among the surrounding dancers, Vronsky has no eyes for his partner, only for Anna. Kitty, dancing, watches Vronsky incredulous.*

KORSUNSKY (*cont'd*)

(*addressing Anna*)

. . . and the lady chooses a lady and a gentleman . . . !

*Anna looks smilingly around the dancing circle and sees Kitty staring at her. Anna “wakes up.” Everything which made her drunk makes her sober in the instant. She waits until the change of partners brings Kitty and Vronsky together. She beckons them into the middle. Her own partner expects to re-join the circumference with Anna, but she makes an apology and escapes through the circle, running towards the door.*

*With a howl and clatter, the St. Petersburg express seems to crash through the ballroom.*

#### MONTAGE

*An abstract, nightmarish, discordant noise of clattering and howling accompanies unexplained flame—light on wood, glass, iron . . . blackness opens like a door on a blizzard of light, and slams shut.*

*Anna’s face, eyes closed, floats ghostlike.*

#### INT. TRAIN, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna comes to consciousness in the dimly lit carriage, making sense of what seems like a hallucination. Wind and snow batter on the window. The Carriage Stoker, in long coat and cap, deals with the stove, clears frost off a thermometer on the wall. He leaves, opening the door to snow and wind and slamming it behind him.*

#### EXT. RUSSIA—NIGHT

*The train “speeds” (35 m.p.h.) through a blizzard.*

INT. THE TRAIN

*Anna has a reading lamp hooked over her armrest, and a novel. She cuts a page with a paper-knife. But the book cannot hold her. She is reading without taking it in. She turns back a page and tries again, but almost at once she turns to the window where the dark reflection of her face looks back at her. Kitty's face staring as she stared at Anna, betrayed.*

*Anna turns away from the window. The Guard comes through the door, letting in wind and snow, and shuts it. He walks through the carriage.*

GUARD

Bologoye! Fifteen minutes.

*The train is slowing.*

EXT. BOLOGOYE—NIGHT

*The train clanks to a halt at a small station. Anna (and a few others) get down from the train. She wears a heavy cloak. The wind blows a few snowflakes through the station but the roof keeps off the snow. She is glad of the fresh air. Here and there, men are walking, smoking, laughing together. She feels better.*

*A tall outline of a man in a greatcoat and military cap emerges from the flickering gloom. She catches her breath. He salutes her.*

VRONSKY

Can I be of service to you?

ANNA

I didn't know you were . . . Why are you leaving?

VRONSKY

You know why. I have to be where you are.  
I can't not.

ANNA

This is wrong. If you're a good man, forget  
everything that happened, as I will.

VRONSKY

I'll never forget a single thing about you,  
not a word, not a gesture—

ANNA

That's enough!

*She climbs the steps on to the porch. At the door to the carriage she pauses.  
The encounter has left her feeling elated and frightened.*

EXT. STATION, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*The train arrives. Vronsky gets down from the train and starts to walk  
towards Anna's carriage. His German valet, Franz, runs up to him (from  
second class).*

VRONSKY

Take the luggage home.

*Franz runs back the other way. Vronsky walks on, then stops when he  
sees Karenin waiting on the platform, smiling and going forward to hand  
Anna down the steps. Kapitonich enters the carriage. Vronsky hesitates.*

ANNA

*(anxious)*

Is Serozha all right?

KARENIN

Oh, is that all I get? Yes, he's quite well.

*Vronsky steps forward. Anna knows he's there. She angles herself to avoid looking at him.*

VRONSKY

Did you have a good night?

*He bows to Karenin.*

ANNA

Yes, quite comfortable. Count Vronsky.

*Karenin extends a hand indifferently then dismisses Vronsky, drawing Anna with him.*

KARENIN

I have to get back to the Committee . . .

*He walks Anna away.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

Well—were you a success?

ANNA

I? Oh—Dolly and Stiva . . . yes, I think so . . .

*Vronsky watches them go.*



EXT. VRONSKY'S APARTMENT, ST. PETERSBURG—  
DAY

*A snowy St. Petersburg street. Vronsky arrives home by cab. He has a flat in an old apartment block.*

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Vronsky rings the doorbell. A Servant opens the door. A male voice shouts "If it's someone demanding money, don't let him in!"*

VRONSKY

I'll announce myself.

*Vronsky enters the main room. The occupant of the flat is a 2nd Lieutenant, Petrisky, wearing his greatcoat over shirt and trousers.*

PETRISKY

Vronsky! The master himself. Baroness, coffee from the new coffeepot for Count Vronsky.

*Petrisky indicates a pretty young woman in satin.*

PETRISKY (*cont'd*)

I hope you are pleased by this ornament to your quarters.

*Vronsky bows and kisses her fingers.*

BARONESS

I'll be off home if I'm in the way.

VRONSKY

You're at home where you are, Baroness.

BARONESS

Ah!—Pierre, you never say such pretty things to me. We were just discussing my husband. He won't divorce me, you see. And do you know why?

VRONSKY

No.

BARONESS

Because he likes eating off my family silver.

VRONSKY

Ah.

BARONESS

I want to bring an action. Just because I'm supposed to be unfaithful, I don't see why I have to eat off Pierre's crockery. Look at it.

VRONSKY

It's my crockery.

PETRITSKY

How was Moscow?

VRONSKY

Provincial.

INT. SEROZHA'S BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE—  
NIGHT

*Anna, her dress changed, lies on Serozha's bed, on her side, one arm under his bedclothes scratching his back gently. He lies quietly on his stomach, with his eyes closed, his face inches from hers. In the dim light of a night-light she gazes at him for long moments.*

SEROZHA

*(muttering)*

You've stopped.

*She resumes scratching. He grunts contentedly.*

SEROZHA *(cont'd)*

*(sleepily)*

Thank you for my present.

ANNA

Sssh . . .

*She kisses him and continues to lie there, gently scratching. He falls quickly asleep. She removes her arm and restores his bedclothes.*

INT. BEDROOM FLOOR, KARENIN HOUSE—NIGHT

*There is a suite of rooms: the Bedroom connects to Anna's Boudoir/Dressing Room; and thence to Karenin's small Sitting Room/Dressing Room, which connects to the rest of the house. The rooms—like the whole house—are lit by gas lamps but also by candles at key points.*

INT. KARENIN'S DRESSING ROOM, SAME TIME—  
NIGHT

*Korney, the Valet, gathers up a discarded shirt, etc. Karenin in a dressing gown is reading in a comfortable chair, by a candle lamp. Korney leaves.*

INT. BOUDOIR, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna is at her bureau. She frowns and tears up the letter she is writing.*

INT. DRESSING ROOM, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Karenin looks at the clock—nearly midnight—and closes his book. He blows out the candle. He comes to the boudoir announcing himself with a smile.*

KARENIN

Time for bed!

INT. BOUDOIR, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Karenin comes to put his hand on Anna's shoulder.*

ANNA

I'm writing to Dolly . . . and to Kitty.

KARENIN

You are . . . good.

*Anna shakes her head and clasps his hand.*

INT. BEDROOM, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Candles each side of the bed. Karenin cracks his knuckles. He unlocks a drawer and opens a tin box lying in the drawer.*

*Anna, disrobing, registers these sounds.*

KARENIN

What are they saying in Moscow about the new Statute?

ANNA

What new Statute?

*Karenin takes a contraceptive sheath, made from animal intestine (re-usable) from the tin.*

KARENIN

The new Statute I carried in Council.

*Anna blows her candle out and gets into bed.*

ANNA

No one mentioned it.

KARENIN

Ah. Really?

*He comes to bed in his nightshirt.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

Here it made quite a sensation.

*He gets into bed. Anna waits dead-eyed. Karenin blows his candle out.*

INT. KITTY'S ROOM, SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE,  
MOSCOW—DAY

*Kitty, a hollow-eyed version of herself, in a demure nightdress, sits upright on a chaise longue with her legs stretched out. The Family Doctor deferentially removes one of her slippers as though it were an intimate garment.*

FAMILY DOCTOR

Forgive me, Princess, but I must . . .

*With a silver "fork" the Doctor tests the sole of her foot for a reflex. Kitty is miserably going along with a farce she despises.*

INT. OUTSIDE KITTY'S ROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*The Prince and Princess are hovering. The Princess flutters with anxiety, the Prince is in a temper.*

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

Am I the only one who knows what's wrong  
with her?

*But a Celebrity Doctor, as shiny as his own gold watch which he is checking, is bearing down on them, riding over a Footman's attempt to announce him.*

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

Oh, thank God, doctor—my friends say  
you're the only one who can save her!

CELEBRITY DOCTOR

Possibly, Princess, possibly! At your service,  
Your Excellencies. Where is the patient?

INT. KITTY'S ROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Kitty is sobbing with shame: the Celebrity Doctor has stripped her to the waist and is tapping her chest. The Family Doctor can't bear it and excuses himself.*

CELEBRITY DOCTOR

Come, come, Princess, we are not backward people—I handle naked bodies every day. Deep breath now . . .

INT. OUTSIDE KITTY'S ROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*The Family Doctor and the parents are in a huddle. The Prince is apoplectic.*

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

By God. I'll challenge the scoundrel!

FAMILY DOCTOR

It's the modern way . . .

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

*(to the Prince)*

You're not a doctor!

FAMILY DOCTOR

Her symptoms . . . loss of appetite, fast pulse—

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

Well, whose pulse wouldn't be fast if some brute of a—

*The Celebrity Doctor comes briskly out of Kitty's room, checking his watch.*

CELEBRITY DOCTOR

Nervous palpitations. We must treat the nerves. A tubercular cavity is suspected, too soon to tell. Soden water every two hours. I must see her again tomorrow.

*(he bows)*

Prince! Princess!

*He's gone. The Prince enters Kitty's room.*

INT. KITTY'S ROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Kitty is humiliated and triple-wrapped against the violation of her bosom.*

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

Don't you fret, my little Kate! You'll wake up one fine morning and say to yourself—"I feel well and happy and I'll go out for a walk with Papa!"

*The Prince is mortified when Kitty's sobs redouble.*

INT. ART EXHIBITION, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*The social set Anna now moves in is the brilliant circle with connections to the Court on one hand and to the demi-monde of artists on the other. A leading light of this set is Princess Betsy Tverskaya, a rich society beauty. Betsy's immediate circle includes Tuskevich, her "admirer."*

*Anna lifts her eyes to see Vronsky in front of her, talking to Betsy. Vronsky sees Anna and bows. She acknowledges him and kisses Betsy, and moves on, studying the next picture. Vronsky watches Anna move on. Betsy cocks an eye at him.*



INT. PIANO RECITAL, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*A few rows of chairs in someone's reception room, a mixed audience of guests, a flashy pianist . . . Betsy with a "toy" dog on her lap, Tuskevich on one side, Anna on the other.*

*The dog yaps and sneezes. Betsy hands the dog to Tuskevich, who goes to exit with the dog. As Tuskevich leaves, Vronsky comes in. Anna sees him. She turns back to the piano. Betsy glances at her.*

EXT. PARK, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*Anna and Betsy, on a bright snow-white day, are being driven through a park in Betsy's smart equipage . . . towards a horseman walking towards them: Vronsky salutes the little carriage as it trots by him. Anna keeps looking straight ahead. Betsy acknowledges Vronsky's salute.*

BETSY

I want to give a small dinner before the opera.  
Is there anyone you would like me to ask?

ANNA

Yes . . . Yes, the Metropolitan Bishop of St.  
Petersburg.

*Betsy laughs.*

INT. STAIRS AND ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN  
HOUSE—NIGHT

*Annushka puts Anna's opera cloak over her shoulders, while Korney stands ready with Karenin's cloak and opera hat. Karenin comes down the stairs to join Anna. Kapitonich stands ready to let them out.*

KARENIN

Countess Lydia tells me you haven't been to one of her evenings since you returned.

ANNA

The last one was to meet a missionary, the one before was for a lecture on the union of the Greek and Roman churches.

*(climbs down)*

I'm sorry—I know you're fond of her. Come on, or we'll be late.

*Kapitonich opens the door to let them out.*

INT. "FRENCH THEATRE," ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*This is a small theatre with a "promenade" area where a group of Guards Officers of high and low rank mix together to enjoy the chanteuses, the comedians and the can-can girls. Vronsky is with his Commanding Officer, Colonel Demin.*

DEMIN

Here's the thing, Vronsky. A posting has come up and there's a promotion in it for you.

VRONSKY

Thank you, sir.

DEMIN

The garrison in Tashkent.

VRONSKY

Tashkent? But . . . I would like to stay in Peter, sir, if you don't mind.

DEMIN

I don't mind. But your mother . . .

*The can-can music starts up, to many cheers. Demin claps enthusiastically. Vronsky is angry.*

INT. OPERA HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*An attendant takes Vronsky's coat and gives him a token for it. There is a performance going on within, resolving into applause as he mounts the stairs.*

*Karenin, an escapee looking at his pocket watch, comes down the stairs, goes down past Vronsky, looks back at him for a moment, and continues.*

INT. BETSY'S OPERA BOX—NIGHT

*Vronsky enters the box as the performance prepares to resume. It is the Tverskoy box, occupied by Princess Betsy and her husband, who is likeable, overweight and, strangely enough, looking at an antiquarian book; wearing white gloves. Vronsky bows to them and sits down next to Betsy. He takes her opera glasses and looks through them at the Karenin box.*

BETSY

You didn't come to my dinner.

VRONSKY

I had to see my Commanding Officer.

BETSY

“She” didn’t come either.

*Vronsky watches Anna through the glasses. Countess Lydia Ivanovna is next to her. Lydia is in her forties, sallow, no beauty, sincerely religious, and determined.*

INT. KARENIN OPERA BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

LYDIA

. . . work never ceases for great men.

Your husband is a saint and we must all cherish him for Russia’s sake.

*Anna winces a smile.*

LYDIA (*cont’d*)

I hope you can come on afterwards—Father Kristof’s report on the Chinese mission will be with lantern slides.

ANNA

I’m expected at the Tverskoys.

LYDIA

No doubt, but I’m sure Princess Betsy can wait for you, my dear.

*Anna glances at Betsy’s box and sees Vronsky there. The opera resumes.*

ANNA

Yes. In fact, I think I won’t go to Betsy’s.

INT. TVERSKOY OPERA BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky looks through Betsy's glasses.*

BETSY

You're caught.

VRONSKY

I'm afraid I am becoming ridiculous.

INT. BETSY'S RECEPTION ROOMS, TVERSKOY  
HOUSE—DAY

*Discreet Footmen move chairs to accommodate the guests who move to join one of the conversation circles that make a buzz in the room. Betsy sits by the samovar with her little court, including Tuskevich. The Guests include the Princess Myagkaya, stout, red-faced, outspoken, and two Society ladies, Lisa Merkalova and "Anna's Friend."*

*Vronsky arrives.*

LISA MERKALOVA

Now, there's a phenomenon, look— Anna's shadow has arrived before Anna!

ANNA'S FRIEND

I'm Anna's friend . . . but this making-up-one's-mind-to-it in public is not polite to a distinguished man like Karenin.

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

In my opinion Karenin is a fool, and Anna is the best of us.

LISA MERKALOVA

And we all love you for your contrary opinions, Princess.

*Vronsky looks around. He knows everybody in the room.*

BETSY

Alexei . . . You look desperate. That's not attractive.

VRONSKY

I'm losing hope.

BETSY

Hope of what? Persuading a virtuous woman to break her marriage vows?

VRONSKY

And how is Tuskevich?

BETSY

That's not attractive either. Besides, I was never virtuous.

VRONSKY

No—you're right. She won't come. I'm going home.

EXT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*The Karenin coach arrives. It's Anna arriving at Betsy's. She enters the house in almost unseemly haste. Several coaches are waiting.*

INT. CAB, ST. PETERSBURG, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky, in a state, lets himself be carried along. Then he changes his mind. He puts his head out of the window to shout to the Coachman.*

VRONSKY

Turn round!

INT. BETSY'S RECEPTION ROOMS, TVERSKOY  
HOUSE—NIGHT

*Anna enters. Faces turn to her. She glances around. She knows at once that Vronsky isn't there. Betsy beckons to her across the room. Anna, self-possessed, smiling, nodding to friends, pressing a hand held out to her, offering the other hand to be kissed, glides through a crowd of Betsy's guests.*

VOICES

Wasn't Nilsson glorious? One sees that she has studied Kaulbach, of course . . .

There's something Louis Quinze about Tuskevich . . . as if he came with the furniture . . .

*Betsy is smoking elegantly. She kisses Anna.*

BETSY

He's gone. But you're just in time for the surprise.

*There is a series of minor explosions outside and the darkness out there turns into an illuminated garden lit by fountains of fire, sprays of light. The guests react with cries of pleasure and applause.*

*Anna turns at once to the window near her, puts her face up against the glass, putting her hands to her temples as if to see the illuminations better.*

REVERSE

*Her self-possessed face, lit by fireworks, falls apart in misery.*

*The firework display continues for a short minute and is applauded. Betsy acknowledges the congratulations and sycophancy which are her due. Footmen come through the room with trays of ices.*

*Anna is still at the window, unaware that there is only darkness outside. In the room, Betsy notes the oddity: Anna alone with her back to the room.*

REVERSE ON ANNA

*Anna opens her eyes. She is lost for a moment, perplexed.*

VRONSKY (O.C.)

May I have the honour of bringing you an ice?

*Anna turns, understanding nothing.*

VRONSKY (cont'd)

Ices are being served.

ANNA

I would prefer to try a cigarette.

*She sits down. Vronsky takes out a cigarette case. He lights her cigarette. She tries it and coughs.*



VRONSKY  
*(in French)*

Courage!

*Anna smiles. Puffs delicately once.*

ANNA

Thank you.

*She gives the cigarette to him.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

I'll try another one sometime.

VRONSKY

When?

*She looks at him in surprise. He dunks the cigarette in an abandoned dish of ice cream.*

VRONSKY *(cont'd)*

Where?

ANNA

Just as I was thinking your manners have improved since Moscow. You behaved badly, very badly.

VRONSKY

And who was responsible for that?

*Anna gets up and walks over to Betsy's chair.*

ANNA

Give me a cup of tea.

*Betsy obediently gets up to fill a cup from the samovar. Vronsky follows Anna. This is watched by more than one guest. Betsy hands the cup to Anna.*

BETSY

How nice—Alexei Aleksandrevich has arrived.

*Karenin enters smiling. Lisa Merkalova and Anna's Friend share a delicious-malicious moment.*

LISA MERKALOVA

I'm not sure my nerves can stand another Alexei at this moment.

*As Betsy and Karenin move smilingly to greet each other, Karenin's radar picks up the two women's intimate laughter.*

*Karenin remains at apparent ease, as though unaware of people's glances at Vronsky and Anna, and he kisses Betsy's hand. Princess Myagkaya has meanwhile gone over to Anna. Anna likes her and is glad of the diversion.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

So the Schuzburgs asked us to dinner. The sauce was said to have cost a thousand roubles, and it was ghastly. We had to ask them back. I gave them a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks and it was a triumph.

*Anna and Vronsky laugh. Princess Myagkaya moves on.*

VRONSKY

Were you glad to see me or not?

ANNA

This must stop. You make me feel as if I were guilty of something.

VRONSKY

What do you want me to do?

ANNA

I want you to go to Moscow and beg Kitty to forgive you.

VRONSKY

No, that's not what you want. Moscow? I can do better than that. Tonight I refused a posting to Tashkent. I can change my mind, and you'll never see me again.

ANNA

If you have any thought for me, you will give me back my peace.

VRONSKY

I have no peace to give. There can be no peace for us—only misery or the greatest happiness. You are my whole life now.

*She looks at him and nods slowly, as if in thought.*

*Betsy diplomatically leads Karenin to Anna.*

BETSY

Your husband is impossible!— his opinions are all wrong but he talks so brilliantly he wins every argument.

*Anna looks up at her, hearing nothing.*

ANNA

What?

*She notices Karenin, who kisses her hand. Vronsky acknowledges Karenin.*

KARENIN

I called to take you home.

ANNA

No, I'm staying. Send the carriage back for me.

KARENIN

Of course.

*He bows to Betsy. Ignoring Vronsky, he turns away.*

LATER

*Vronsky is with one group of guests, Anna with another. She is animated, excited, at a small table, involved in a game of cards—which she wins, to local applause. She speaks a “must go” to Betsy, and swiftly goes to the door.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, TVERSKOY HOUSE—NIGHT

*Dressed for outdoors, Anna comes down the staircase. The Doorkeeper sees her, opens the door and signals.*

EXT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*The Karenin coach moves to the entrance door, which is held open by the Doorkeeper.*

INT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna hears hurried footsteps on the stairs. She hesitates. She continues towards the door. Vronsky catches up with her. The Doorkeeper holds the door open.*

VRONSKY

Do you want me to go to Tashkent?

EXT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*The two horses are restless in the freezing air. Konrad looks to the open door. Nobody coming.*

INT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

VRONSKY

So I'll go to Tashkent.

ANNA

No. I don't want you to go.

*She turns and goes out. Vronsky follows her.*

EXT. TVERSKOY HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky opens the carriage door for her. She gets into the coach, he closes the door. He watches the coach go. His face.*

INT. KARENIN COACH, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Her face.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE—NIGHT

*Kapitonich lets Anna in.*

INT. KARENIN'S DRESSING ROOM, KARENIN  
HOUSE—NIGHT

*Karenin, reading by candlelight in his dressing gown, hears the sounds of  
Anna's return, all the way to her entrance. He cracks his knuckles.*

ANNA

Waiting up? How unlike you!

KARENIN

Yes, I stayed up to talk to you.

*Anna keeps going, to her dressing room/boudoir.*

ANNA

What about? It's late. Where's Annushka?

*He waits for her to return without her cloak.*

KARENIN

I sent her off.

ANNA

Well, if you want to talk, but we should go  
to bed.

KARENIN

I have to warn you about something.

ANNA

Warn me? It's really rather late . . .

KARENIN

I wish to warn you that you may inadvertently, by indiscretion and carelessness, give the world occasion to talk about you.

ANNA

I am not a committee. Please say what you want to tell me.

KARENIN

You and Count Vronsky attracted attention tonight.

ANNA

You don't like it when I don't talk to people, and you don't like it when I do.

KARENIN

I didn't notice anything, myself. But I saw that everyone else noticed. I consider jealousy to be insulting to you and degrading to me. I have no right to inquire into your feelings. They concern only your conscience. But I'm your husband and I love you. It's my duty to remind you that we are bound together by God, and this bond can only be broken by a crime against God.

ANNA

I have nothing to say to you, and I'm tired.

KARENIN

And you have a son.

*She returns to the boudoir. After a moment he follows.*

INT. ANNA'S BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Karenin finds her in her underwear, throwing aside her dress. He apologises for that.*

KARENIN

Forgive me.

*(turning aside)*

If I am wrong, I ask your pardon.

ANNA

*(lightly)*

I don't know what you're talking about, and  
it's really too late for this. Excuse me, please.

*Because she wants to undress, Karenin leaves her.*

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN'S HOUSE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna lies in bed next to Karenin, elated.*

ANNA

*(almost inaudible)*

Too late.



CLOSE—

*In the next instant, seemingly in her own bed, she gasps and jerks as though her body has taken a blow.*

*The CUTS are now between a fragmented narrative of voracious sex (“SEX AS BEFORE”) and “prelude to sex,” this being a sequence of shots starting with:—*

EXT. VRONSKY APARTMENT, DAY

*Anna arrives, heavily veiled, by cab. She enters the building.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY APARTMENT, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky opens his door to Anna. They don't speak. He takes her hand and brings her in.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY'S APARTMENT, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky leads Anna through the apartment to the bedroom.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY'S BEDROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky takes off Anna's outer clothes, slowly and carefully, starting with her hat and veil.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY'S BEDROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna, in underclothes, unbuttons Vronsky's shirt.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY'S BEDROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna and Vronsky are standing kissing passionately. He has no shirt.*

SEX AS BEFORE

INT. VRONSKY'S BEDROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna ends up half off the edge of Vronsky's bed, climaxing upside down and falling to the floor. Vronsky, also half off the bed, looks down at her. He reaches down for her. She grasps hold of his hand, huddled, hugs it to her, distressed to tears.*

ANNA

Oh God forgive me. It's the end of everything—I've got nothing left now, only you. Remember that.

VRONSKY

Anna . . . Anna . . . how can I not remember? You're my happiness.

*He draws her back on to the bed, kisses her face, her shoulder . . .*

ANNA

Happiness! You *murdered* my happiness.

*She tries to leave but he attacks her as a lover, and she gives way, responding.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Murderer. Murderer. Go on. Go on. Go on.

*She starts hitting him.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Yes. Go on. Go on. Go on.

EXT. SPRING MELT (POKROVSKOE)—DAY

*In sunshine, a large chunk of ice loses its purchase on winter and goes floating along a stream of tiny ice floes between grassy banks almost free of snow, with early aconites showing.*

EXT. POKROVSKOE—DAY

*The icy stream flows under a footbridge which has a broken handrail. Vasili, the steward, is on the bridge with a Carpenter. Levin, on horseback, is displeased.*

LEVIN

I thought that had been done.

VASILI

I gave the order. What can you do with these people?

*Levin rides on, into an expanded prospect of fields and woods, snow on the ground.*

LATER

*When Levin gets in view of the house, he is puzzled by the distant sight of a three-horse sledge arriving.*

INT. DINING ROOM, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*The new arrival is Oblonsky, enjoying his food.*

OBLONSKY

Ah—potage aux choux a la Russe!

*Agafia comes in with the roast fowl.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

Agafia!—if you opened up in Moscow, l'Angleterre would go out of business.

Do you want news of Moscow?

LEVIN

Of Babylon? No.

OBLONSKY

You're right, what do you care? You love the country—you've got it. You love agriculturing, and, Lord knows, you've got it. You love shooting—you've got it. You've got everything you want!

*Agafia, leaving, throws Levin a look (no wife).*

LEVIN

All right, go on, then. Have you stopped stealing bread rolls?

OBLONSKY

Ballet girl, oriental type. How can I help it?

LEVIN

So, nothing new to tell me. How is—how are the Shcherbatskys?

OBLONSKY

You mean Kitty.

LEVIN

I . . . Is she engaged now?

OBLONSKY

No. Vronsky went back to St. Petersburg.

*He waits for this to sink in.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

Kitty will be at Ergoshovo visiting Dolly in the summer. You could . . .

LEVIN

Oh yes, as if I had time in the summer! And I've got extra land this year at Kashin for the haymaking.

OBLONSKY

Kashin? That's on the Ergoshovo road, isn't it? Won't you call when Kitty is there?

LEVIN

(*beatedly*)

Especially not then. I humiliated myself once.

*Now it's a row.*

OBLONSKY

Damn you, Kostya, you love Kitty and you can't forgive her because, first, you fucked it, then you bungled it, then you ran away from an eighteen-year-old girl who was made a fool of by a uniform. It's Kitty I'm sorry for—not you!

LEVIN

Her heart told her no. Did you come to shoot snipe or criticize me?

EXT. COPSE (POKROVSKOE)—LAST LIGHT

*Levin and Oblonsky, with Laska, wait with their guns, a few yards apart. Levin has calmed down.*

LEVIN

For you, getting married is . . . a social engagement. Not for me. For me, it's the condition of personal happiness and living the right way. I'll never again be carried away by passion. I renounce it. I'll have to find another way . . .

OBLONSKY

Look out—here they come!

*A couple of snipe come drumming over the trees. The men fire simultaneously. One snipe falls.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

Bad luck!

*Oblonsky laughs. Despite himself, Levin laughs too. Laska retrieves the bird.*

INT. DAY NURSERY, OBLONSKY HOUSE—DAY

SPRING

*Dolly has had her baby. She is holding the infant, having just finished feeding him. Kitty is with her.*

DOLLY

There. Oh, I'm sore with his feeding! Would you like to hold him?

*Dolly gives the baby to Kitty, who takes him almost unwillingly. Dolly buttons herself. Kitty's maternal instinct won't engage. Dolly notes it.*

DOLLY (*cont'd*)

Well, don't hold him like a parcel . . . It's Aunt Kitty, darling. . . . Little face . . . little fingers . . . look at you . . . Doesn't he make you ashamed of dwelling on your troubles . . . ?

KITTY

I have no troubles.

DOLLY

That man wasn't worth the tears, believe me.

KITTY

(*irritated*)

I don't care about him. I don't even think about him. Or her. Except to hate her.

DOLLY

Then we'll never speak of it again.

*Dolly relieves Kitty of the baby.*

DOLLY (*cont'd*)

There are better men waiting for you. Stiva says . . . Kitty, my lamb, did Konstantin Levin . . . ?

KITTY

(*flares*)

What has Levin got to do with it? Anyway, I'll never get married. The whole business of . . . it's become disgusting to me . . . and look what it's done for you! Why do they call it love?

DOLLY

Because it's love.

*Lovingly, she settles the baby in his crib, her face filled with tender joy at the bargain.*

EXT. IDYLLIC COUNTRYSIDE—DAY

SPRING

*A lovers' idyll, by a stream on a warm day. Anna, lightly dressed, smoking a cigarette, watches Vronsky fill his wineglass from a tethered bottle in the stream. There is a pony trap which brought them. He comes back to sit by her. She kisses him.*

ANNA

I want you to. I don't care about it.

VRONSKY

You should care. You're not supposed to.



ANNA

Pooh! Who says?

VRONSKY

Everybody. Doctors.

*She laughs and throws her cigarette into the stream.*

ANNA

You're squeamish. You a soldier! Would you faint?

VRONSKY

Anyway, someone might be watching.

*Anna looks all around. Vast emptiness. She lifts a dock leaf to look under it. She looks up at the sky.*

ANNA

But I'm damned anyway.

VRONSKY

I'm not. I'm blessed.

*Anna pushes him onto his back and straddles him.*

ANNA

You love me.

VRONSKY

Yes.

ANNA

Only me.

VRONSKY

No.

ANNA

Apart from Frou-Frou.

VRONSKY

Yes.

*Anna holds his face between her hands and works her body on him.*

ANNA

But me more than your horse?

VRONSKY

Yes.

ANNA

Are you happy?

VRONSKY

Yes.

ANNA

And you love me?

VRONSKY

Yes.

ANNA

How much?

VRONSKY

This much.

*Anna drags the front of her skirts out of her way.*

ANNA  
This much?

VRONSKY  
Yes.

ANNA  
This much?

VRONSKY  
Yes.

ANNA  
This much?

VRONSKY  
Yes.

ANNA  
This much? And this much? And this  
much?

VRONSKY  
Yes.

ANNA  
(fiercely)  
And . . . this . . . much . . . ?

*She falls on him. He strokes her hair.*

*Her hand comes into view, the index finger bloody. She carefully paints his  
lips with it. She kisses his lips clean, and rolls off him onto her back.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

So this is love. This.

INT. KARENIN'S STUDY, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

SUMMER

*Korney brings Countess Lydia. Karenin comes from behind his desk to invite her to a chair.*

KARENIN

Countess . . . I thought you would be at Peterhof now.

LYDIA

I've come from there. I'm distressed that you haven't taken your usual house this year.

KARENIN

Anna wanted a change. She is spending the summer at Tsarskoe.

LYDIA

Near Princess Betsy. And . . .

*Karenin waits.*

LYDIA (*cont'd*)

The Guards are in summer camp at Tsarskoe.

*Karenin waits.*

LYDIA (*cont'd*)

Alexei Alexandrovich, forgive me but you  
are too tolerant! Your wife . . .

*Karenin affects surprise.*

KARENIN

Oh, is this about my wife?

*He smiles at her.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

My wife is beyond reproach. She is, after  
all, my wife.

*Countess Lydia gets the message. She rises to go. Karenin kisses her hand  
and accompanies her to the door. She leaves him, and his social mask gives  
way to his disturbance.*

INT. DEMIN'S HOUSE, TSARSKOE—NIGHT

*The Commanding Officer is throwing a party for his officers: serious drink-  
ing, Soldier Servants, a crowded table on the large verandah, Soldier Sing-  
ers in white linen tunics performing operetta and folk songs. Vronsky, in  
party spirit, is with Petritsky and another friend, Yashvin, singing along.*

*An officer we don't know is, surprisingly, hailed as "Vronsky!"—he's  
Vronsky's elder brother, Alexander. He gestures "Later!" and goes to Vron-  
sky. The brothers embrace.*

ALEXANDER

Alyosha . . . a message from Maman. Her  
friend Princess Sorokina has a house here,  
and a virgin daughter, that's not part of the

message, but they'll all be at the races and you're expected to supper afterwards.

*The song ends and Demin, half drunk, climbs on the table, shouts for silence and a toast.*

DEMIN

Gentlemen—I give you—the regiment!

*General uproar. "The regiment."*

EXT. DEMIN'S GARDEN, TSARSKOE—NIGHT

*On a garden bench where the noise of the party is quieter, Vronsky and Alexander talk.*

ALEXANDER

I heard you turned down a promotion.

VRONSKY

That was Maman interfering.

ALEXANDER

Yes. And now she's come up with a princess for you.

*(seriously)*

Alexei—we're brothers, so don't take offence. Getting married puts the pack on your back—it leaves your hands free for climbing the ladder. Getting serious about a married woman is like carrying your pack in your arms.

VRONSKY

So they talk about me. I'm leaving, Sasha.

ALEXANDER

An assignation?

VRONSKY

Come on, I'll introduce you.

EXT. STABLES, TSARSKOE—NIGHT

*Vronsky with Alexander beside him clucks his tongue at the black opening of a stable and calls softly for Frou-Frou. There's a stir within and the mare's head appears. Vronsky opens the door.*

ALEXANDER

Beautiful. A man would come to no harm.  
Do you think you'll win tomorrow?

VRONSKY

Makhotin's Gladiator is favourite, sixteen hands—Frou-Frou looks dainty beside him, but she's got heart. Haven't you, my darling?

*He kisses Frou-Frou.*

EXT. MEADOW—DAY

*Vronsky sees Anna before she sees him. He pauses to look at her, struck by her beauty, full of love for her. She is lost in thought.*

VRONSKY

Anna.

*She has not been expecting him. She is concerned.*

ANNA

Alexei, what is it?

*He shakes his head: nothing. She comes to him and hides her face in his breast. He holds her tight, taking her hand and kissing it.*

VRONSKY

I couldn't bear not to see you before the race.

*She hugs him, kissing his tunic.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

What were you thinking about?

*She continues to hide her face. He lifts her face.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

Tell me.

ANNA

I'm pregnant.

*Vronsky presses her hand to his face.*

VRONSKY

Ah . . . My love.

*He kisses her brow and her eyes.*



VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

Well, love was never a game to us. Here's an end to living in corners, existing day to day on lies. Yes, now we can be together.

ANNA

How can we, Alexei?

VRONSKY

Tell Karenin everything.

ANNA

Do you think my husband will make you a present of me?

VRONSKY

Leave him.

ANNA

Leave him and be your mistress?

VRONSKY

Yes. Run away.

ANNA

I would never see my son again. The laws are made by husbands and fathers.

VRONSKY

What, then? I'll never forgive myself for your unhappiness.

*Anna looks into his face.*

ANNA

Unhappiness? I'm like a starving beggar  
who has been given food.

*She smiles rapturously.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

I unhappy? No, this is my happiness!

*She kisses him deeply.*

EXT. MAZE, KARENIN'S RENTED HOUSE,  
TSARSKOE—DAY

*It's a good maze. Anna and Serozha are running, laughing, between the hedges. It's a game. She is trying to find her way to him, chasing him. A hedge divides them. Serozha darts away from her, runs into a dead end, doubles back. She spots him, follows him, and now he has eluded her again.*

*Serozha finds his way out of the maze and is confronted by Karenin.*

KARENIN

How are you, young man? Your tutor  
doesn't seem to be in evidence. We'll have a  
look at your lesson books.

*Anna, coming out of the maze, sees Karenin, recovers.*

ANNA

Alexei!—you got away at last. Can you stay?

KARENIN

Why . . . ?

*Serozha looks scared to tears. Anna kisses him.*

ANNA  
Go and find Vasily Lukich.

*Serozha runs into the house.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)  
I have to change. Princess Betsy is sending her trap for me. Would you like to come?— she's taking me to watch the race.

*Karenin smiles coldly.*

KARENIN  
Races, surely. No, I'll come on later, and then I must get back to town.

*Anna returns to the house. She wipes her kissed hand on her skirt.*

#### EXT. THE RACES—DAY

*This is a rough-and-ready racecourse but the venue for a high society occasion, with a grandstand for top people and a grander section, ornamented for greater comfort, for members of the Imperial family. It is also a fashion parade for some.*

*The racecourse itself is an oval approached by a straight. There are nine fences, water-jumps, etc., of various difficulty. The "jockeys" are officers in the Guards, the Hussars and other regiments.*

*Among them is Vronsky, attended by a Trainer who is fussing over Frou-Frou's bridle and calming her. Vronsky looks with interest at a big powerful horse which must be Gladiator, with Captain Makbotin already in the saddle. Makbotin and Vronsky greet each other with a nod.*

KARENIN

*—arrives at the races . . . making his way towards the front, smiling, raising his hat to acquaintances . . . his eyes busy looking for his wife. He reaches the front and looks up at the Ladies' Stand.*

EXT. THE LADIES' STAND, THE RACES, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Anna and Betsy are here, and, not far away, so are Countess Vronsky and the Princesses Sorokina: the mother is a fading fortyish; the daughter is eighteen, blonde and pretty.*

*Below the ladies section is a planked standing area for gentlemen, who also may stand to watch the races from the stepped aisle of the seated section. Soldiers, Horse People and Locals watch from the turf.*

*A race is flowing towards the winning post, with accompanying crowd reaction, but it is clear from Anna's detachment, exchanging chat with Betsy, that this is not Vronsky's race.*

KARENIN

*—looks up to the ladies' stand. Betsy smiles at him in greeting, but Anna seems unaware.*

*Countess Vronsky appraises the young princess.*

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Exquisite creature . . . you really ought to be  
the spoil of victory today . . .

*The young princess smiles at her. Countess Vronsky turns her glasses towards the Starting Post.*

EXT. NEAR THE STARTING POST, THE RACES, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*. . . Vronsky mounts Frou-Frou. The Riders move to the starting line.*

KARENIN

*. . . watches Anna who is looking through her glasses towards the Starting Post while the current race finishes to cheers.*

KARENIN, SMILING AROUND, WATCHES AS:—

*Anna's anxious attention turns to a horse and rider who fell further down the course—and to the ambulance wagon (with a red cross sewn on it) . . .*

*Karenin mounts the steps of the aisle, raising his hat to ladies he knows. Anna ignores him.*

*On the wooden boards below, where gentlemen are watching, Oblonsky calls up to Betsy.*

OBLONSKY

Princess! A bet! What do you fancy in the next?

BETSY

Kusolev.

OBLONSKY

I'm on Vronsky. A pair of gloves?

BETSY

Done!

(to Anna)

Alexander Vronsky . . .

*In the aisle at the top of the stand, Karenin watches as:—*

*Vronsky's brother Alexander, escorting his wife, Varya, bows to Anna and Betsy, but significantly Varya succeeds in not noticing them.*

EXT. STARTING POST, THE RACES, SAME TIME—DAY

*The riders line up . . . and they're off.*

VRONSKY'S POV

*The stands and spectators are distant, the first fence coming at him, horses on either side. His neighbour falls at the fence but Frou-Frou is clear, with Gladiator half a length in front. The next fence is coming up. Gladiator and Frou-Frou jump cleanly but a following horse falls badly.*

EXT. LADIES' STAND, THE RACES, SAME TIME—DAY

*Spectators on either side of Anna and those behind and in front collectively react.*

KARENIN SEES THAT:

*Anna reacts not at all. Her gaze through her glasses stays unwavering on Vronsky. Karenin notes this, and from then on his attention is fixed on Anna. When the horses come opposite the stand, she lowers her glasses and follows Frou-Frou taking the lead from Gladiator.*

VRONSKY

*—eases Frou-Frou past Gladiator. The horses take the next jump.*

LADIES' STAND

*With one hand Anna grips her folded fan.*

*Karenin's face is a mask as he watches Anna unconsciously half-destroying it. She raises her glasses.*

ANNA'S POV THROUGH GLASSES

*Frou-Frou approaches the last fence with Gladiator half a length behind, on the near side to Anna.*

VRONSKY

*—working the reins, rising and falling in rhythm with the horse, looks ahead to the winning post, and before knowing it he makes an error, losing the rhythm, dropping back into the saddle and raising the horse's head, just as Frou-Frou takes off.*

ANNA'S POV (THROUGH GLASSES)

*Frou-Frou rises, Gladiator rises. Frou-Frou disappears. Gladiator clears the fence in Anna's foreground. Simultaneously, there are shrieks and exclamations all around her—OFF CAMERA—and the view through the glasses zigzags in search of Frou-Frou, impeded by horses jumping the fence.*

*She lowers the glasses and sees Frou-Frou on the ground, rolling over, and Vronsky on the ground.*

COUNTESS VRONSKY

*—sees this, too, her mouth set tight with contempt.*

KARENIN

*—looks shocked. Almost in the same moment he hears Anna's anguished cry, conspicuous in the hubbub that follows the crowd's exclamation.*

ANNA

Alexei . . . !

KARENIN

I'm here.

*This is adroit. He comes down several steps and pushes through to offer his arm, but Anna has lost control, trying to escape like a bird beating against its cage.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

Would you like to leave?

*Anna ignores him, puts her glasses to her eyes, searching out Vronsky.*

ON THE COURSE

*Vronsky extricates himself from his broken horse and, in terrible recrimination, tries to pull Frou-Frou to her feet by the reins. Frou-Frou struggles to get up but her back is broken. Officials, officers, and a doctor have come running.*



ANNA

*. . . sees an Officer hurrying to the Imperial party to report.*

ANNA

Stiva! What are they saying?

OBLONSKY

Vronsky's unhurt—but the horse . . .

*Anna relapses into sobs, attempting to hide her face behind her destroyed fan. Betsy gives Anna her fan.*

VRONSKY

*—is restrained by an Officer.*

OFFICER

Her back's broken!

*The Officer takes a pistol from his holster. Vronsky, enraged and in grief, takes the pistol from him.*

KARENIN

*—persists with Anna.*

KARENIN

I'm asking you . . . if you wish to go . . .

*He touches Anna's arm. She jerks it away.*

ANNA

No, leave me alone.

BETSY

I'll bring her home, Alexei.

KARENIN

*(smiling politely)*

Excuse me, Princess, but Anna is not well  
and I want her to come with me.

*A gunshot is heard from the course. Anna turns her tear-streaked face  
towards it.*

INT. MOVING COACH—DAY

*Anna's hysteria has solidified into a blank despair. Karenin seems to want  
to pretend that nothing important has happened.*

KARENIN

You know . . . they say the Emperor dis-  
approves of the races . . . the danger of  
injury . . . but I . . .

*Anna looks at him contemptuously.*

ANNA

What?

KARENIN

I'm saying there is a value in manly sport,  
for the military—

ANNA

I don't understand.

KARENIN

In my opinion, it's not the sport itself that's wrong, it's the spectacle, it's making a cruel spectacle out of—

ANNA

What are you talking about?

*Karenin changes tack.*

KARENIN

I have to tell you—

ANNA

Yes.

KARENIN

I have to tell you, you behaved improperly today.

ANNA

And how was that?

*She has raised her voice. He raises a warning finger, and reaches to close the communication window behind the coachman's box.*

KARENIN

By making plain your feelings when one of the riders fell. Your conduct was improper. It must not occur again. I have said it before.

*Anna smiles faintly. He is misled by that.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

You are going to say my concern is unnecessary and ridiculous. You are my wife. I am wrong to think that . . . yes—perhaps I was mistaken.

*Anna looks at him despairingly.*

ANNA

No, you were not mistaken. I love him. I am his mistress. I can't bear you, I'm afraid of you, I hate you. Do what you like to me.

*Karenin is literally winded—gasping for breath, slowly getting his breathing under control. Anna huddles away from him in her corner. Karenin recovers himself only to the point of sitting stock-still, looking at nothing, not moving.*

*The coach lurches, unbalancing him so that he is pushed against Anna. He recoils as if from a contamination.*

*The coach slows. The coach stops. A Servant comes to the coach door, opens the door.*

KARENIN

Wait, please. Move away.

*The Servant backs off.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

I will not have a scandal. Therefore . . . You will not see . . . this man again. You will behave in such a way that nothing is known against you, by society or by the servants. In return, you will keep the privileges of a

wife—and the duties. Tomorrow you will return home. That is all.

*Anna gets out of the coach and runs into the maze.*

EXT. MAZE—NIGHT

*Anna comes to Vronsky. She is still shaken by the showdown with Karenin in his coach, but is now overtaken by concern for Vronsky after his fall.*

ANNA

Are you hurt?

*Vronsky shakes his head. He is moved by the sight of her, full of love and desire, but in her embrace he detects something new, a nervous exaltation.*

VRONSKY

What's happened?

ANNA

I told him I'm your mistress.

*Vronsky lifts her face, strokes her cheek. He waits.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

He thinks I can give you up and go on living.

*He embraces her for that, relieved, grateful, loving—understanding that she is not going to give him up.*

VRONSKY

No, you cannot.

INT. (ST. PETERSBURG)—NIGHT

*Imperial bands (the Tsar's for all we know) place over Karenin's head a broad red ribbon from which hangs a heavy medal. Karenin bows low.*

INT. IMPERIAL SALON, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*At an ornate doorway a Major-Domo announces.*

MAJOR DOMO

Their Excellencies Minister Karenin and  
Madame Karenin!

*Karenin, wearing his medal, and Anna smile their way into a party, to a patter of polite applause. Further grandees are being announced, but are not applauded . . . Prince and Princess Berghatskoy . . . Ambassador Chamberlain . . . Baron and Baroness Verdlov . . . Prince and Princess Tverskoy . . .*

BETSY

Alexei Aleksandrevich . . . congratulations.  
You're the only man my husband would do  
this for.

ANNA

*(To Prince Tverskoy)*

Tell me your latest find for your library.

PRINCE TVERSKOY

Not in front of the Princess.

*Betsy draws Anna away for a moment.*

BETSY

I can tell you're happy. You've put on a little weight.

ANNA

Both true.

INT. SEROZHA'S BEDROOM, KARENIN'S HOUSE—  
NIGHT

*Anna, in the same dress, kisses Serozha tenderly so as not to wake him, and leaves the room.*

INT. BEDROOM LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Anna enters the suite where Karenin, in his dressing gown, puts down his book. He is elated by his evening.*

KARENIN

Time for bed!

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—  
NIGHT

*Anna is in bed. Karenin is getting ready for bed. Anna listens apprehensively to the little noises of Karenin's pre-coital preparations.*

KARENIN

. . . not that I care for decorations but . . .

ANNA

Alexei . . . I can't . . . I'm sorry . . . But I'm  
*his* wife now.

*(she turns to him)*

I am having his child.

*Karenin stares at her. He turns back to the open drawer and puts things back the way they were. He locks the drawer. He puts on his dressing gown and leaves the room. Anna waits a moment and follows him.*

INT. SITTING ROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
NIGHT

*It's dark. Anna hears the crack of his knuckles and can see him faintly, sitting in the dark.*

KARENIN

Tell me what I did to deserve this.

EXT. HAYMAKING (KASHIN)—DAY

*A prospect: next to a country road, a large expanse of meadow is being mown forty swathes at a time by forty mowers swinging their scythes almost in unison.*

*CLOSER—Levin is suffering but keeping up, bathed in perspiration. His place is behind an old man, Theodore, who is scything as if without effort. Just in time for Levin, Theodore calls a halt and takes Levin's scythe to sharpen it with a whetstone. Levin attracts a few grins and comments.*



YOUNG PEASANT

Konstantin Dmitrich, you'll know your  
rows when the field's all done!

*Levin's row has stalks of differing heights between the even swathes on either side. There is some laughter, but the men are uneasy.*

EXT. HAYMAKING (KASHIN)—SUNDOWN

*It's time to stop for the day. More tomorrow. The Mowers with their scythes walk back across the large meadow of cut swathes. From the other direction, a crowd of Village Women are coming to meet them carrying food and drink.*

EXT. HAYMAKING (KASHIN)—DUSK

*A fire has been lit. The Mowers eat their meal in the company of women. Serafina tends to a cooking pot in the firelight. Levin watches her discreetly. He has settled down at a discreet distance from the men. His attention is caught by a grown-up Boy and his young Wife who have chosen to sit slightly apart. He is charmed by them, watching the girl serve her husband.*

*Theodore comes to Levin with a jug. Levin takes a swig.*

LEVIN

How many mowers is it, Theodore?

THEODORE

Forty-two, master. In your father's time it  
was work for two days for thirty men . . .

*(slyly)*

. . . though he never picked up a scythe  
himself.

LEVIN

The men don't like me for it.

THEODORE

They like what they're used to.

LEVIN

It settles me.

THEODORE

How is that, master?

LEVIN

When I'm mowing, I don't ask myself why I'm here.

THEODORE

You're here to be master, Konstantin Dmitrich, to be your father's son, and father to a son who will be master after you, as it has always been by the grace of God.

LEVIN

My father owned you, Theodore. My grandfather owned your father. Owned you like chattels, to be bought and sold. Was that by the grace of God?

THEODORE

It was. Those were good times when your father had the keeping of us. That's my youngest you were looking at there. His young life is perilous now since the Freedom came and work must be found.

LEVIN

It's true I was looking at him.

THEODORE

*(laughs)*

At his wife too, I dare say.

*Levin is abashed, foud out.*

LEVIN

They look happier than I've ever been. Is it  
living simply that I'm looking for?

EXT. HAYMAKING (KASHIN)—NIGHT

*Night under the stars. Some of the men have gone, some have settled in for the night. The cooking fire is burning out. Levin remains where he was, watching, thinking: drawn to "the simple life."*

EXT. HAYMAKING (KASHIN)—DAWN

*Levin wakes . . . woken by hoofbeats and the jingle of harness.*

*Levin sees a coach coming towards him. The coach comes nearer, leather boxes strapped to the roof.*

*Levin sees that a young woman is looking out of the side window, holding on to the white ribbons of her bonnet. He sees that it is Kitty, on her way to Ergosbovo. (Princess Shcherbatsky is also inside, dozing.)*

*The coach passes on, leaving Levin lovelorn, the dawn light on him. The sight of Kitty has turned him round again.*

INT. STATION, ST PETERSBURG—DAY

AUTUMN

*Vronsky stands at the entrance to the platform holding a bouquet, waiting for a train. He looks pretty fed up.*

INT. "FRENCH THEATRE," ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*As before, the set-up is a small stage, a small auditorium, and an area for drinking, cruising, etc., a combination of music hall and a bar with a few tables. Vronsky is here as the escort of a Foreign Prince (an Indian), watching a "risqué" show with Can-Can Girls, much relished by the visitor.*

*Vronsky's glance casts about in the gloom. The champagne is flowing. Vronsky spots a trio—Lisa Merkalova, Betsy, and Stremov, a politician and Karenin's rival.*

*Vronsky catches Betsy's eye. She beckons him. He excuses himself to the Foreign Prince, who doesn't notice, and goes over to the other table. Under the music, he is introduced to Stremov, and kisses the hands of the women. He takes the empty chair.*

VRONSKY

He's some kind of prince at home. Exhausting. Where is Tuskevitch this evening?

BETSY

Why ask me?

*At which moment, Makhotin appears at the table. Vronsky relinquishes his chair.*

VRONSKY

Captain Makhotin . . .

*Vronsky bows to the women.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

I must leave you. I'm on duty tonight.

MAKHOTIN

Lucky woman. Give her my respects, and to Karenin if you see him.

*Vronsky freezes in anger.*

BETSY

Don't. Would you compromise me? And Lisa?

*Lisa and Stremov are enjoying it. Vronsky turns away. The Foreign Prince is applauding enthusiastically when Vronsky rejoins him.*

STREMOV

(*smirks*)

I only say that a man who can't govern his wife has perhaps gone as far as he can go in government.

INT. BEDROOM, VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG—  
DAY

*Vronsky wakes. He has fallen asleep in his clothes. A note has been delivered, propped up by the bed. He reaches for it.*

EXT. KARENIN HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*A cab brings Vronsky. The Karenin coach is waiting outside. As Vronsky approaches the door, it opens and Kapitonich comes out with a folded rug. Kapitonich is wrong-footed by seeing him. Karenin comes out of the door, into the gaslight. When he sees Vronsky he hesitates for a fraction but continues. Kapitonich is holding open the door of the coach. Vronsky bows, Karenin, expressionless, touches his hat and gets into the coach, taking the rug. Vronsky walks into the house as the coach moves off.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Kapitonich comes in, closing the door. Vronsky gives him his hat and coat.*

KAPITONICH

Good evening, Your Excellency.

*Kapitonich is uneasy. A Footman comes from a service door. He sees Vronsky and looks to Kapitonich.*

VRONSKY

I am expected.

*Kapitonich nods to the Footman.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Anna, six months pregnant, is seated almost formally. The Footman lets Vronsky in and retires closing the door. Anna runs to Vronsky.*

ANNA

No!—no. I will not live like this!

*He holds her, calming her, hushing her.*

*He leads her into a Winter Garden conservatory off the Reception Room.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Waiting hour after hour while you're drinking champagne with naked actresses—don't think I don't know!—Lisa Merkalova still calls on me.

VRONSKY

It's punishment enough that I'm on escort duty, without . . .

ANNA

Yes—I'm sorry—it's my demon, I can't help it.

VRONSKY

You wrote that you were ill.

ANNA

Did I? Well, I am!

(*gaily*)

But don't worry! It won't be for long, I'll soon be out of your way—soon!

VRONSKY

Stop.

ANNA

No, it's true. I was told it in a dream.

VRONSKY

There, it was only a bad dream.

ANNA

Yes, and I'm only going to die having your baby.

VRONSKY

That's all nonsense!

*She kisses him all over his face.*

ANNA

Tell me it is, tell me it is. You love me. Only me.

VRONSKY

Your note said your husband would be out.

ANNA

He was late. Serves him right. And you. Why do you call him my husband? He isn't my husband—he's a clock, a wooden doll—

VRONSKY

But it was awkward . . . a matter of your honour. You made an agreement.

*Anna flares up again.*

ANNA

Do you think of my honour when you're sharing whores with your Hindoo!

VRONSKY

Your demon again!



ANNA

I'll be glad to die, before you start to hate me!

VRONSKY

Anna . . .

*Anna gives a gasp. She laughs.*

ANNA

Put your hand there. There! Did you feel  
him move!

INT. COMMITTEE CHAMBER, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*"The Committee" is in session. Stremov has the floor. He is referring to a map of Russia on an easel, splotted with colours. Karenin is there but not listening, his thoughts far away.*

STREMOV

I must respectfully ask Minister Karenin whether his proposals for the regulation of these colourful Gypsy tribes, of these scholarly God-fearing Jews, and of—but I'm afraid I have lost the Minister's attention . . .

*All turn to look at Karenin, who sits staring at nothing, unaware even of the pause. He wakes. For a beat he hardly knows where he is.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE—NIGHT

*Kapitonich lets Karenin in. Karenin is brisk.*

KARENIN

Who is here?

KAPITONICH

Only Madame, Your Excellency.

*Karenin goes up the staircase. There is an urgency in him, a fury.*

INT. ANNA'S BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*Karenin walks in and goes to her bureau, empties out little drawers and receptacles, looking for the key to the main drawer. Anna comes in from the bedroom, alarmed, in her nightdress.*

ANNA

I wanted to see him because . . .

KARENIN

I do not wish to be told why a woman wants  
to see her lover.

*He pulls furiously at the locked drawer, then looks around for an implement.*

ANNA

What are you . . . ?

KARENIN

I want his letters.

*Karenin finds an iron bootjack. Anna tries to stop him. He pushes her aside and smashes the wood around the lock, then, struggling against her, he takes from the open drawer a pretty cardboard box, a good guess. He confirms that it contains letters.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

I am going to Moscow tomorrow, and then to the provinces with a commission to investigate conditions among the Jews and Gypsies—whose conditions I infinitely prefer to my own. I will not return to this house until divorce has put you into the street. Meanwhile my son will be sent to live with my eldest sister.

ANNA

(*wails*)

Alexei . . . please . . . leave me Serozha . . . !

*Karenin looks at her with contempt.*

KARENIN

Do you think I would let you have my son? You are depraved, a woman without honour. I thank God the curse of love is lifted from me.

*He walks out with the box of letters.*

EXT. STREET, MOSCOW—DAY

WINTER AGAIN

*Oblonsky arrives outside his office building in a cab. He enters.*

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, MOSCOW—DAY

*Saluted by the Hall Porter, Oblonsky mounts a semi-grand staircase and arrives at the entrance to his department. He goes in.*

INT. OUTER ROOM, OBLONSKY'S OFFICE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Levin stands up in his almost new, hardly used coat, top hat and boots.*

OBLONSKY

Levin! What . . . ?

*Levin smiles, hopefully, sheepish.*

LEVIN

I need your advice . . .

*It's a reprise. Oblonsky understands. He seizes Levin and kisses him.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*A small group. Dolly is playing the piano. Kitty turns the pages for Dolly. The old Prince Shcherbatsky and the Princess are with Countess Nordston and Oblonsky.*

COUNTESS NORDSTON

Well, is he coming?

*Kitty, keeping half an eye on the door, sees Levin enter and misses the page-turn. Oblonsky goes to greet Levin.*

LEVIN

Am I late? Who is here?

OBLONSKY

Of course you're late! Come and meet . . .  
Countess Nordston.

COUNTESS NORDSTON

*(drily, amused)*

We nearly met at the Shcherbatsky's last winter.

*Levin, puzzled, bows to her and to the Prince and Princess, who are respectively pleased and making the best of it, and then to Dolly who approaches.*

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

Come into the fold . . .

DOLLY

Kitty is here.

*Levin is shaken. Dolly leads him to Kitty, who is frightened, shy and shamefaced. Dolly leaves them.*

KITTY

Konsantin . . . what a long time since we saw each other.

LEVIN

Since you saw me, but I saw you not so long ago.

KITTY

When?

LEVIN

You were driving to Ergoshovo . . . I was at Kashin for the haymaking.

KITTY

Oh, but why didn't you . . . ?

*They are both embarrassed by the wrong step.*

LEVIN

I'm so glad to see you. You're just the same.

KITTY

I hope not—I was young and silly in those days.

LEVIN

Months and months ago!

KITTY

And you haven't changed.

LEVIN

No. I haven't.

*Kitty looks up at him, decoding. They gauge each other shyly.*

OBLONSKY

Permit me to announce—soup Marie Louise, carp with asparagus, and roast beef! I went to the market in person!

*But Matvey at that moment presents Oblonsky with a visiting card on a salver. Oblonsky reads it.*

OBLONSKY (*cont'd*)

(*to Matvey*)

An extra place.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, OBLONSKY HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—NIGHT

*The new arrival is Karenin. Oblonsky is pleased.*

OBLONSKY

Karenin!—I'm glad you came.

KARENIN

I've been on tour in the regions, a government commission . . . I'm sorry—I have come to tell you our connection must be severed. I'm going to divorce your sister.

OBLONSKY

Divorce? Dear me, what are you talking about? Don't be in a hurry. Stay to dinner and later talk it over with Dolly—

KARENIN

Prince Oblonsky, everything is over between our families.

OBLONSKY

*(reproachfully)*

Alexei . . . divorce is one thing but dinner is quite another.

INT. DINING ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*Dinner for eight—clockwise, Oblonsky, Countess Nordston, Prince Shcherbatsky, Kitty, Karenin, Dolly, Levin and Princess Shcherbatsky.*

*Two Servants and Matvey serve at the table, clearing away the "carp with asparagus." The Princess is challenging Karenin.*

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

You Petersburgers think yourselves so de bon ton compared with dull, old-fashioned

Moscow, but we know how to do things—  
only the other day, I hear, Vasya Pryachnikov  
fought a duel with Kvitsky and killed him.

*Oblonsky attempts to divert the conversation.*

OBLONSKY

Well, what's this government commission,  
Karenin . . . ?

*But Karenin ignores him. Oblonsky looks on helplessly.*

KARENIN

What was the challenge about?

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

Pryachnikov's wife, naturally.

PRINCE SHCHERBATSKY

It was a matter of honour, defending a  
woman's honour . . .

*Karenin remains cool.*

KARENIN

It sounds like barbarism to me . . . And  
what if the lover had killed the husband?—  
would that have preserved the wife's honour  
too?

COUNTESS NORDSTON

Still, not many of us can say that our lover  
died for love!



KARENIN

Love? Thou shall not covet thy neighbour's wife.

COUNTESS NORDSTON

Would you die for love, Konstantin Dmitrich?

LEVIN

I would. But not for my neighbour's wife.

*Levin is nettled to find that he seems to have made a joke, for the Countess especially. Kitty remains serious, watching Levin, loving him.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

An impure love is not love, to me. To admire another man's wife is a pleasant thing, but sensual desire indulged for its own sake is greed, a kind of gluttony, and a misuse of something sacred which is given to us so that we may choose the one person with whom to fulfill our humanness. Otherwise we might as well be cattle.

COUNTESS NORDSTON

Ah, an idealist!

*Reconciliatory laughter eases the atmosphere. Levin feels abashed at coming out of his shell. He steals a glance at Kitty and finds her looking at him. She smiles at him and drops her eyes.*

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE—NIGHT

*The dinner party settles in.*

*Dolly and Karenin sit knee-to-knee in a corner.*

DOLLY

. . . but she will be nobody's wife, she'll be ruined.

KARENIN

I tried to save her. She chose ruin.

DOLLY

Alexei Aleksandrevich—look at me. You will have no peace of mind until you forgive her. It was Anna who taught me that.

KARENIN

I do not wish to forgive. I am not a cruel man. I have never hated anyone. But I hate her with all my soul for all the wrong she has done me.

*Levin and Kitty are at the card table, with a spillage of the alphabet pieces.*

OBLONSKY

It's your turn to play us something, Countess.

KITTY AND LEVIN

LEVIN

Since we last met, there is something I have often wanted to ask you.

KITTY

What is that?

*Levin sorts through the alphabet pieces as though he is putting off the moment, but he quickly puts four letters spaced out in a row: D N M N.*

LEVIN

This.

*Kitty tries.*

KITTY

Do Not . . .

*Levin adds an I next to the D.*

KITTY (*cont'd*)

Did. Did Not.

*Levin shakes his head. He adds an E next to the second N. Kitty concentrates.*

KITTY (*cont'd*)

The last word is Never.

*Levin nods. Kitty puts letters in place. They read DID NO MEAN NEVER.*

*Levin looks into her eyes.*

*Kitty finds letters and presents Levin with T I D N K. Levin adds NOW to the K. Kitty nods. Levin adds OT to the N. Kitty nods.*

*Levin adds an O to the D. Kitty shakes her head. She puts an H after the T.*

LEVIN

I know what it says.

*Dolly, looking across the room, sees Kitty and Levin serious and smiling, rapt.*

*Levin places extra letters: THEN I DID NOT KNOW. Kitty nods.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

Then. But now?

*Kitty finds C Y F A F.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

Can You.

*Kitty nods.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

Can you Forgive. And Forget.

*Levin puts down I L Y.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

I never stopped . . .

*He looks up to see silent tears streaming down her face. His own eyes flood.*

EXT. STREET, MOSCOW—NIGHT

*Karenin walks away from the Oblonsky house. He lifts his face to meet the snowflakes. He looks tortured. Snow melts on his face like tears. He takes from his wallet a telegram.*

CLOSE UP TELEGRAM:

**I BEG YOU TO COME. I NEED YOUR FORGIVENESS.  
I AM DYING.**

KARENIN

Die, then.

*He stands in the snow, uncertain.*

INT. TRAIN (MOSCOW TO ST. PETERSBURG)—NIGHT

*Karenin sits like a statue.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Karenin is let into the house by Kapitonich.*

KARENIN

How is your mistress?

KAPITONICH

Safely delivered of a daughter, Your  
Excellency.

KARENIN

So . . . she is well?

KAPITONICH

The mistress is very poorly. The doctor . . .

*Karenin, going to the stairs, sees Vronsky's cloak and cap on the coat stand.*

INT. BEDROOM LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Karenin comes up the staircase. When he reaches his dressing room he hears  
Anna shouting for "Alexei" in her delirium. He hesitates. Anna shouts the  
name again. Karenin enters Anna's boudoir.*

INT. ANNA'S BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Karenin sees Vronsky sitting with his hands over his face. Vronsky jumps up in confusion.*

VRONSKY

She's dying. Please let me stay.

*Karenin looks at him coldly and enters the bedroom.*

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Anna is not seeing or hearing, struggling against the Doctor and the Midwife, while Annushka holds her hand.*

DOCTOR

Thank God! She talks only of you.

*In her delirium, Anna keeps up a bright prattle.*

ANNA

Why doesn't he come? He is kind. He will forgive me.

MIDWIFE

He's here—look—look—can't you see him?

ANNA

I want Alexei! Why doesn't he come? Give me some water. No, I mustn't, it's not good for my little girl. Or let her have a nurse. Yes—don't bring her here, because Alexei is coming and it will hurt him to see her.

ANNUSHKA

He's come, my dear—look there . . .

*Annushka gives way to Karenin, who kneels by the bed, taking Anna's hand.*

DOCTOR

*(to Annushka)*

More ice.

*Annushka hurries out.*

ANNA

Oh, what nonsense. I must be asleep, that's what it is. You think he won't forgive me but you don't know him. No one knows him except me. I'm not afraid of him now.

*Karenin gazes at her. He looks at her as he's never looked at her.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

I'm afraid of death, though.

*Karenin tries to speak but cannot. He starts making shushing noises as to a baby. She quietens down. She seems to recognise him.*

ANNA *(cont'd)*

Oh, my dear. Don't look at me like that. I am not the one you think. I'm afraid of her. She fell in love with another man. I'm the real one. But I'm dying now, then she'll be dead, too. Poor man! Let him come in. Alexis! Alexis!

INT. BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky hears her calling. He comes into the bedroom.*

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky covers his face, unmanned. The Doctor nods to the Midwife—  
“Leave them alone.” They leave.*

ANNA

Take your hands away from your face. Look  
at my husband. He’s a saint! Take his hand.  
Alexei—take his hands away.

*Karenin pulls Vronsky’s fingers, and holds on to Vronsky’s hand.*

ANNA (*cont’d*)

Forgive him, too. Thank God, thank  
God . . .

DAWN

*Anna is asleep. Karenin is alone with her. The crisis seems to be over. She  
opens her eyes.*

ANNA (*cont’d*)

So you came.

*Karenin puts his face down to her shoulder. She strokes him.*

ANNA (*cont’d*)

If I had died as I wanted, you would be free  
of your troubles at last.



KARENIN

I am free of them.

*Anna closes her eyes and sleeps again.*

BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Karenin comes in. Vronsky is there. He looks up abjectly.*

VRONSKY

Whatever you think of me, please believe me, I love her—I could not have done otherwise than what I . . . what I did.

*Karenin nods and sits next to him.*

KARENIN

But you must leave now. I promise to send for you if she asks for you. I don't know what happened. I forgive you. I forgive Anna. My soul is filled with joy. I will remain with her and look after her for ever.

*Karenin stands up and offers his hand. Vronsky grasps it and starts shaking.*

KARENIN (*cont'd*)

Come now, come now . . .

*Karenin embraces him, comforting him.*

INT. VRONSKY FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG

*Vronsky arrives back at his flat . . . and finds his mother waiting for him in his sitting room.*

COUNTESS VRONSKY

Look at you. You look like what you are. A laughingstock. I fancy you are to be asked to leave the regiment.

VRONSKY

I would like you to go, Maman.

COUNTESS VRONSKY

I will go when I'm ready to go. A little affair with a married woman puts a finishing touch to a young man's education—but this morbid, selfish obsession . . . ! You have publicly humiliated a man who has devoted his life to Russia, and it will not be forgotten. You'd better come back to Moscow with me. You're finished here.

VRONSKY

In Petersburg?

*(he taps his breastbone)*

I'm finished here.

INT. BEDROOM, VRONSKY FLAT—DAY

*For the first time, Vronsky is wearing civilian clothes . . . looking reflectively at his uniform hanging in his wardrobe. He places his cavalry cap carefully on a shelf and closes the wardrobe.*

INT. BEDROOM, OBLONSKY HOUSE, MOSCOW—  
DAY

*Levin is half-dressed in clothes to be married in, assisted by Matvey and watched over by Oblonsky, who is in wedding clothes. Levin is frantic. Oblonsky is perplexed. Matvey is unflappable, holding Levin's coat ready and following him around.*

LEVIN

. . . no, I'll go to her and tell her it's not too late to stop this business! Better now than when we're married and she realises she doesn't love me!

OBLONSKY

But she does love you!

LEVIN

How can she? I mean, look at me! Suppose she's only marrying me to get married? Suppose she's still in love with Vronsky?

She's making a terrible mistake! I'll go to her and tell her she's free, that's what I must do . . .

MATVEY

Your coat, sir.

*Levin snatches the coat and puts it on, and dashes out of the room.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE—  
DAY

*Levin, in disarray, is let into the house. The entrance hall is crowded, loud and chaotic with children, maids, governesses and Kitty's mother. Tanya, Masha and Lili are bridesmaids. Grisha is a page. Princess Shcherbatsky, trying to create order among last-minute bouquet distribution, hair-adjustments, shoe-changing, etc., sees Levin and explodes.*

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

Konstantin!—what—?

LEVIN

I have to talk to Kitty.

PRINCESS SHCHERBATSKY

You're not allowed to see her!

*Levin gallops up the stairs.*

INT. KITTY'S ROOM, SHCHERBATSKY HOUSE—DAY

*Kitty, dressed for the church, is whispering into the crack of the bedroom door.*

KITTY

No. I don't understand at all! What's the matter with you?

INT. OUTSIDE KITTY'S ROOM, SAME TIME—DAY

LEVIN

You can't love me. Think it over! Let people say what they like!

KITTY

*(frightened)*

Are you mad? Have you changed your mind?

LEVIN

Yes. If you don't love me.

KITTY

But I do love you!

*Levin hesitates, desperate.*

LEVIN

Do you? Well, I love you!

KITTY

Oh, Konstantin!

*They link hands through the opening, each with a hand to kiss.*

OVER—CHURCH ORGAN MUSIC

INT. CHURCH—DAY

*A mere fragment of a long and ornate marriage ceremony . . .*

*The grizzled Priest lights two decorated candles, holding them askew in his left hand, and he uses his right hand to touch Levin and, more tenderly, Kitty. He gives the couple the candles, Kitty taking hers in her gloved hand. Levin looks blissfully at Kitty.*

MIX TO

*The Priest lifts crowns from their heads, and invites them to kiss each other, relieving them of their candles.*

*The Choir bursts with pride.*

INT. NURSERY, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*The baby girl, two months old, is being fed by a Wet Nurse. Replete, the baby is given over to the Nursemaid who lays the child in her crib.*

*Karenin watches all this. The women ignore him: they are used to him now, and Karenin is harmless. Karenin stares fascinated at the baby, who stares back.*

INT. BOUDOIR, KARENIN HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—  
DAY

*Anna stares at herself in the mirror. The act of raising a pair of scissors is an effort. She isolates a thick lock of her hair, and snips it off.*

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Anna's hair is short all over. She sits up in bed, listening to Princess Betsy, who has brought the current gossip.*

BETSY

. . . and there was her husband wearing her best ballgown, rouge all over his face . . .  
ma chere, le scandale! . . . But I'd better tell  
you some regimental news . . .

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Karenin enters and sees a glamorous Footman standing in the entrance hall, holding a white fur cape.*

KARENIN

Who is here?

FOOTMAN

Princess Elisabeth Federovna Tverskaya,  
Your Excellency.

INT. BEDROOM LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Karenin approaches the bedroom door.*

ANNA (O.C.)

No—I don't want to see him.

BETSY (O.C.)

. . . but your husband surely wouldn't . . .

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna sees Karenin who is about to retreat.*

KARENIN

Please excuse me.

ANNA

No—stay.

BETSY

I am so glad to see you. Everyone asks after you.

*Karenin bows to her and kisses Anna's hand.*

KARENIN

You look feverish.

BETSY

We have been talking too much—so I'm going.

ANNA

Princess Betsy came to tell me . . .

I don't want to hide anything from you . . .  
Count Vronsky asked to come to say  
goodbye—he's going away. I have said I  
can't receive him.

*Betsy kisses Anna.*

BETSY

Goodbye, my treasure.

*Karenin follows Betsy out. Anna gives in to a moment of grief, and recovers herself when she hears the crack of Karenin's knuckles. He comes in.*

KARENIN

I agree with you. As he is going away, there is no need for Count Vronsky to come here.



ANNA

I have just said so, so there's no need to repeat it.

KARENIN

But it is for you to decide.

ANNA

Yes, and I decided.

KARENIN

Then I am very glad that—

ANNA

That we agree, so perhaps we can stop talking about it.

KARENIN

Of course. Is there anything I can do for you?

ANNA

Yes, can you please please please stop cracking your knuckles.

*(pause)*

I'm a bad woman. But I can't breathe. Your kindness which I can't repay, and your forgiveness—

KARENIN

You begged me for my forgiveness.

ANNA

But I didn't die and now I have to live with it! If only you would have gone on hating me.

KARENIN

But then—what? What? What do you want?

Do you know what you want?

Do you want to see Count Vronsky?

ANNA

*(quietly)*

Not to say goodbye.

KARENIN

I can't hear.

ANNA

Not to say goodbye.

KARENIN

*(pause)*

You would be lost. Irretrievably lost. You would have no position. And worse if we divorce. You would be the guilty party. That means you cannot legally remarry. Your union with Count Vronsky would be illegitimate, and so would your daughter who now has the protection of my name. And that is what you want! It would be a sin to help you destroy yourself.

ANNA

You forget something. Count Vronsky and I love each other.

KARENIN

And this love sanctifies a criminal folly?

ANNA

*(cries out)*

All I know is that I sent him away and it's as if I'd shot myself through the heart!

KARENIN

*(pause)*

I see. And Serozha . . . ?

*It's the crux for Anna, and she is prepared for it.*

ANNA

I would die for him, but I won't live like this for him. When he knows about love, he'll forgive me.

*Karenin can see where this takes him.*

KARENIN

Then I must choose the smaller sin. Vronsky robbed me of my cloak and I will give him my coat. I will give you grounds to divorce me, and I'll accept the scandal, the humiliation and the consequences to my career.

ANNA

No . . . I can't . . .

KARENIN

You may write to him but I would prefer you not to see him until you have left this house.

EXT. ROAD BRIDGE, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*Two coaches, each with considerable luggage, have a rendezvous, one coach on the bridge.*

INT. COACH, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna is holding Baby Anya. Annushka and the Nurse are with her.*

INT. SECOND COACH, SAME TIME—DAY

*Vronsky, in civilian clothes, is alone, looking anxiously out of the window.*

INT. COACH, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna gives the baby to the Nurse, as the coach halts.*

EXT. ROAD BRIDGE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna gets out of her coach and runs the few yards to Vronsky's coach. He opens the door for her.*

INT. SECOND COACH, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna is kissing Vronsky's face and being kissed, weeping, smiling.*

VRONSKY

You look like a boy. But so pale. We'll go  
south . . . to the sea air and sunshine . . .

INT. BEDROOM (“THE SOUTH”)—DAY

*Early morning. In a big untidy bed, Vronsky and Anna lie asleep, naked and satiated. The style of the room, and the warmth of the light, tell of the journey made, confirmed by the view from the window, an attractive panorama from an elevation above the sea. In the room, there are open, unpacked or partly unpacked trunks and cases, and, abandoned untidily, Anna's and Vronsky's clothes.*

INT. KARENIN'S STUDY, KARENIN HOUSE—DAY

*Slyudin is in attendance on Karenin at his desk.*

SLYUDIN

. . . and Madame Odette in person, so to speak,  
Your Excellency, with your permission . . .

*A respectful cough at the door reveals an obsequious male Shopkeeper. Karenin is bewildered.*

KARENIN

Madame Odette . . . ?

SHOPKEEPER

Excuse the liberty, Your Excellency . . . it's  
for a bonnet and some ribbons Her Excellency has overlooked. If you wish us to address ourselves to Her Excellency, please be so good as to tell us where we might . . .

*Karenin is stricken into immobility, his face hiding in one propped-up hand. A tear falls on the blotter. Slyudin rescues him, ushering the Shopkeeper out.*

*Countess Lydia arrives in full fluttering cry.*

LYDIA

I have forced my way in! I have heard!

KARENIN

Countess, every shopkeeper has heard.

LYDIA

My dear friend! Don't give way to sorrow.  
Our Lord Jesus Christ has you in his care.

KARENIN

No, I'm done for. I don't understand anything. All day long I'm being asked to make decisions about bills and servants, the kitchen, Serozha's clothes . . .

LYDIA

I understand. I understand everything. I am going to act. The household arrangements you can leave to me. I will come every day. I will be a second mother to Serozha.

*He clasps both her hands and kisses them. Lydia falls to her knees.*

LYDIA (*cont'd*)

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted!  
You must not thank me. Thank Him whose  
love pours through me!

EXT. SNOWY COUNTRYSIDE, POKROVSKOE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*The sleigh brings Levin and Kitty home through deep snow all around. The house comes into view.*

SLEIGH

*They have been on honeymoon travels, attested by hotel labels on the luggage. Kitty, eager and anxious, looks at the approaching house. Not too bad. Levin takes her hand. She smiles at him, to calm him.*

EXT. THE HOUSE, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Agafia and Vasili come out on the porch. The house has been painted, the window frames smartened up, and paper flowers are tied to the posts of the porch. The sleigh pulls up. Levin carries Kitty through the snow to the porch. Agafia bobs. Vasili bows.*

LEVIN

This is Agafia, and Vasili, the steward . . .  
My wife, Ekaterina Alexandrovna Levin.

KITTY

I am very pleased to meet you both.

*Kuzma sidles by with a bow and goes to take the luggage from the sleigh.*

LEVIN

And that was Kuzma. Come inside!

VASILI  
Careful—door's still a bit . . .  
(*to Levin's look*)  
it's all right, it'll be dry tomorrow . . .

INT. SITTING ROOM, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Levin shows Kitty in. He is immensely relieved. It never looked better. At the same time he realises that Agafia is agitated: a word in private.*

LEVIN  
Is it all right?

*Kitty nods, smiles gamely—it's not like home.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)  
Sit down a minute.

KITTY  
No—I want to see everything.

*Agafia panics.*

LEVIN  
A moment.

*Levin follows Agafia out.*

INT. STAIRS, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Agafia follows Levin up the stairs. She is outraged.*



AGAFIA

. . . and now I'm doing kitchen maid's work because Nadya's parents won't let her set foot in this house, and who can blame them!—it's indecent!

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Levin enters the small bedroom. Agafia waits outside.*

*Nikolai is in the bed—wasted, near death. He lies in squalor. Masba is wiping his face. She stands up at Levin's approach. Levin bends over Nikolai, presses his gaunt hand. Nikolai opens his eyes.*

LEVIN

It's me, Konstantin.

NIKOLAI

Yes, good. The doctor here is useless—get me a doctor from Moscow.

LEVIN

Where did you go? I asked for you everywhere, when I was getting married.

*Nikolai sighs and closes his eyes. Levin retreats, looks to Masba.*

MASHA

*(whispers)*

I'm sorry . . . I couldn't leave him. I know I've done wrong.

LEVIN

Yes. My wife . . . You can't stay now.

*Levin goes outside to Agafia and closes the door.*

INT. OUTSIDE GUEST BEDROOM, POKROVSKOE,  
SAME TIME—DAY

AGAFIA

I couldn't go against Nikolai Dmitrich's  
orders . . .

LEVIN

Yes—yes . . . She's going.

*An unwelcome thought strikes Levin.*

LEVIN (*cont'd*)

Did the doctor see her?

*Agafia nods guiltily.*

INT. SITTING ROOM, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Kitty has remained. Levin, in miserable agony, is sitting holding her  
hand.*

LEVIN

I will nurse him with Agafia . . . The  
woman will find somewhere in the village.  
You won't see her. She knows it's impossible  
for you to meet her. It is a torment to me  
that I have brought you under the same roof

as this unfortunate . . . this fallen . . . and in  
your precious, in your delicate condition . . .

*Kitty detaches herself abruptly and leaves the room. He hears her going  
upstairs. After a moment, he follows.*

INT. OUTSIDE GUEST BEDROOM, POKROVSKOE,  
SAME TIME—DAY

*Kitty comes out of the Guest Bedroom.*

KITTY

Good. A clean nightshirt and sheets. A  
towel and a clean pail of warm water. Ask  
Agafia for vinegar, and to prepare a bed  
somewhere for Masha. Wait.

*Kitty goes back into the room and returns at once with a chamber-pot which  
she thrusts at Levin.*

KITTY (*cont'd*)

And bring the perfume bottle in the outside  
pocket of my handbag.

*She goes back into the room and doesn't return. Levin, humbled, goes down  
the stairs.*

INT. GUEST ROOM, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Nikolai has been stripped. Masha washes his body. Kitty enters with her  
arms full of clean linen.*

LATER

*Nikolai lies naked in clean sheets. Masha hauls him up into a sitting position. Kitty puts a nightshirt over his head. Nikolai protests feebly.*

KITTY

I'm not looking.

*Masha and Kitty pull the nightshirt over his body. Kitty pulls the sheet up over him. Masha adjusts the fresh pillow. She combs his hair (and beard).*

LATER—NIGHT

*Nikolai lies quietly in a neat bed in the neat room, with medicine and water jug, etc., tidily by the bed. Masha keeps vigil by candlelight, holding his hand, singing to him quietly.*

NIKOLAI

*(wheezing)*

I'm going . . .

INT. BOYS' ROOM, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Levin comes into the room he shared with his brother. The room has been abandoned for years . . . two bare beds, a washstand, a wooden chest. It contains a jumble of books, shoes, a pair of skates.*

*Levin hears sleigh bells arriving.*

EXT. THE HOUSE, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*The sleigh draws up, bringing a Priest.*

INT. GUEST ROOM, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Levin, feeling out of place, is at the washstand. He notices there is a prettily wrapped new cake of soap. He picks it up and puts it to his nose.*

*Masha and Kitty are kneeling by the bed. The Priest bends over Nikolai holding up an icon in front of Nikolai's face and murmuring the prayers. Levin, embarrassed, puts down the soap and comes forward and kneels too.*

LATER

*Nikolai is at the point of death. Levin stares, torn between the mystery and the lack of mystery, the ordinariness of the body finally wearing out. The death rattle comes. Masha kisses the dead hand. The Priest continues to murmur. Kitty takes hold of Masha's hand. Levin stares into Nikolai's face: if this is death, what is life?*

LATER

*Nikolai lies dead, candles burning at his head and feet.*

INT. DINING ROOM, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Levin counts money, for the services of the Priest . . . who is eating bread and soup.*

LEVIN

Thank you, Father . . . and how much . . . ?

*He offers a handful of paper money.*

PRIEST

At your benevolence. It is a custom, not a  
levy, Your Excellency . . . Jesus overturned  
the money-tables outside the temple, but . . .

*He shrugs and puts the money away, and returns to his soup.*

EXT. GRAVEYARD, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*The snow is almost gone. Nikolai's grave has flowers strewn on the mound.*

EXT. THE HOUSE AND YARD, POKROVSKOE—DAY

*Pava's yearling and several more calves, delirious with release, mill through the  
yard with the herd, to pasture, with a Herdsman and Laska urging them on.*

*Masha is leaving, alone behind the Coachman. She sits quietly and doesn't  
look back. Levin and Kitty watch her drive away.*

KITTY

You're such an expert on love, Kostya . . .  
why didn't you know it when you saw it?

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, SAME TIME—DAY

*Lydia hurries along grand deserted hallways. She knows her way. A door  
ahead of her opens and a dozen Politicians and Civil Servants carrying  
portfolios cross her path, with Stremov at the centre of their unheard conver-  
sation. Stremov is smiling, triumphant.*

*Lydia expects to see Karenin among them. She hurries on to the door they  
came from.*

INT. COMMITTEE CHAMBER, SAME TIME—DAY

*When Lydia enters, Karenin, alone in the chamber, is sitting immobile, defeated. He starts gathering his papers. Lydia comes to him. Her agitation explained, she takes an opened letter from her bag.*

LYDIA

Alexei, they're back! Here in St. Petersburg!  
She has written to me.

*Karenin accepts the letter and reads it.*

KARENIN

To you? . . . I think I don't have the right to  
refuse . . . It's the boy's birthday . . .

LYDIA

My friend . . . you would be blowing on the  
embers of a fire which must be allowed to  
die . . . Let me write to her.

EXT. TOY SHOP, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*Anna is looking into the display window of a toy shop. She is excited, glowing. She enters the shop.*

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*Returning from the toy shop with a wrapped parcel, Anna comes in. Luggage is stacked up in the hallway and Franz is unpacking stuff in the main room.*

*She sees that a hand-delivered letter is waiting for her. She opens it. Anna reads the letter. For a moment she is devastated by it—but then, furious, she tears it up.*

EXT. KARENIN HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*It's very early morning. The street is not awake. A hired cab brings Anna to her former home. She is heavily veiled, and carries the wrapped parcel from the toy shop. The cab is to wait for her. She rings the doorbell.*

*A sleepy Servant opens the big wooden door.*

ANNA

I'm here to see Sergei Alexeyich.

*The young Servant doesn't know her. Anna steps past him, pushing money into his hand.*

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Kapitonich, pulling on his livery greatcoat, comes to the inner glass door and lets Anna in. He does not recognise her.*

ANNA

I have brought something for Sergei  
Alexeyich.

*Kapitonich scrutinises her, prepared to forestall her.*

KAPITONICH

He is not up yet. Would you wish to wait?  
Who shall I say . . . ?

*Kapitonich peers at her and realises who she is. He steps back and bows.*

KAPITONICH (*cont'd*)

Please come in, Your Excellency.



*Anna goes quickly to the stairs.*

KAPITONICH (*cont'd*)

Allow me to announce you. The tutor may  
be there and not dressed.

*Anna shakes her head and is almost running away from him. Kapitonich  
gives chase.*

INT. STAIRS, KARENIN'S HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

KAPITONICH

Please allow me!

INT. UPPER LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Anna dashes past two Housemaids who gape at her, and disappears round  
the corner. She's a little mad now.*

INT. UPPER STAIRS, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Anna, wild-eyed, climbs the stairs and meets the tutor, Vasily Lukich,  
coming down, buttoning his waistcoat. Lukich is startled, not knowing her.*

ANNA

I've come to see Sergei Alexeyich.

*Kapitonich reaches these stairs, calling, "Your Excellency . . . !"*

INT. TOP FLOOR, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Anna dashes for Serozha's door and flings herself through it.*

INT. "SEROZHA'S ROOM," KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*It's no longer Serozha's room. A large Woman sits up in bed. She's probably the Cook. She cries out. Anna reels back. She looks panicked.*

*Kapitonich catches up, out of breath.*

KAPITONICH

He's been moved to the small sitting room.

INT. UPPER STAIRS, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*At the bottom of the Upper Stairs, Lukich, the Housemaids and a couple of half-dressed Footmen have their heads together. They move aside as Anna hurries by, seeing nothing.*

INT. UPPER LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Kapitonich catches up with Anna at the door of the "small sitting room."*

KAPITONICH

I'll just look in.

*Anna shakes her head and walks past him, into the room.*

INT. BEDROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—DAY

*The curtains are drawn closed. The room is dim. Anna sees Serozha sitting up, yawning, his eyes closed, and falling back on the pillow. She comes to the bed and whispers his name. Serozha raises himself on his elbow, opens his eyes and smiles dreamily and falls forward into her arms.*

SEROZHA

Mama.

ANNA

Oh, my dear little boy.

SEROZHA

I knew you would come. Today is my birthday.

*Serozha rubs his face on her neck, falls back on the pillow, only half awake and going back to sleep. Anna looks at him avidly, touching his forearms, his shoulders, the hair over his ears. She can't stop her own tears. He comes awake.*

SEROZHA (*cont'd*)

Are you crying?

ANNA

I won't cry. It's time for you to get dressed.  
And I almost forgot your present, look . . .  
open it . . .

*Serozha takes off her hat.*

SEROZHA

You don't want that . . . Let me see.

*Serozha tears open the package, lifts the lid of the cardboard box and finds a puppet, a beautifully dressed marionette.*

SEROZHA (*cont'd*)

Oh, he's grand!

INT. UPPER LEVEL, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
DAY

*Korney, the Valet, among others, has joined the "conference" and is blaming Kapitonich.*

KORNEY

It's your fault for letting her in!—you should be sacked.

KAPITONICH

Oh yes, you would have sent her packing! Ten years I've been keeping the door and the mistress was always kind to me. You should stick to stealing the master's clothes.

LUKICH

I've had enough of this—it's my job to get the boy out of bed before His Excellency comes . . .

INT. SEROZHA'S ROOM, KARENIN HOUSE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Lukich cautiously opens the door. He sees mother and son working the puppet and laughing quietly. Lukich backs off. Anna looks round to see the door closing.*

ANNA

Darling Kutik, Maman can't stay . . .

*Serozha clings to Anna.*

SEROZHA

Don't go!—he's not coming yet.

ANNA

Yes, I must, and you must love Papa—  
he's better than I am. When you're  
grown-up . . .

SEROZHA

No one in the whole world is better than  
you.

*Anna bugs him.*

INT. OUTSIDE SEROZHA'S ROOM, KARENIN HOUSE,  
SAME TIME—DAY

*The Servants in a huddle look round at the sound of a door, and approaching footsteps round a blind corner.*

*There is no one in view when Karenin comes around the corner. The Servants have vanished. He goes to Serozha's door. Anna comes out.*

*He stops, astonished. Anna looks at him boldly, then pulls down her veil. Karenin bows. Anna walks past him.*

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG—DAY

*Anna comes "home" from Karenin's house. The visit has changed her. She sits down in her hat and coat. Annushka comes in.*

ANNA

Where's Anya?

ANNUSHKA

She's still asleep. Should I take your coat?

*Anna shakes her head.*

ANNUSHKA (*cont'd*)

Are you feeling unwell, Madame?

ANNA

I'm not sleeping.

ANNUSHKA

I can send out for something.

*Anna nods.*

LATER

*Twilight. Anna appears not to have moved. The baby is heard crying in another room. Anna's face remains set, but she reacts on hearing Vronsky coming in.*

VRONSKY

Why are you in the dark?

*He turns on a gaslight.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

Yashvin is going to call . . . you remember him.

(*about her clothes*)

Are you going out?

ANNA

To where? To whom?

VRONSKY

What's the matter?

ANNA

I didn't know what happened to you.

VRONSKY

But I told you yesterday . . . My brother . . .

ANNA

Does it take all day for you to meet your brother? Does he need you more than I do?

*Vronsky sits next to her and puts his arms round her.*

VRONSKY

What's happened?

*Anna shakes her head.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

Well . . . Alexander agreed to everything. Mother's house in Moscow will go to him, and the country estate will be our new home . . . as soon as the divorce . . . Karenin hasn't answered your letter yet?

*Anna shakes her head. She stands up at last and takes off her hat.*

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*Yashvin is a welcome visitor.*

YASHVIN

It's wonderful to have you both returned.

ANNA

How good you are to come. You're the very first person to call on me since our return.

*Yashvin gets the point of that. He is embarrassed.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

I received a note from Princess Betsy asking me if I'd call on her between six-thirty and eight. Or was it seven?

*Yashvin got the point of that, too.*

ANNA (*cont'd*)

Alas, between six-thirty and seven is just when I'm unable to see her!

YASHVIN

But perhaps you'll meet at the opera tonight?

ANNA

I would love to be there if I could get a box.

YASHVIN

(*bows*)

Madame, your box is number four! You'll find me there with Princess Myagkaya. Will you come, Vronsky?



*Vronsky shakes his head. Yashvin kisses Anna's hand.*

ANNA

I see why . . . Alexei is so fond of you.

*Yashvin laughs and bows himself out.*

VRONSKY

You know you can't go to the theatre?

ANNA

Annushka!

VRONSKY

For heaven's sake—

*Annushka comes.*

ANNA

A bath. I'll come in and choose a dress.

*Annushka goes.*

VRONSKY

Anna—I implore you—don't you know . . . ?

ANNA

I'm not ashamed of who I am or what I've done: are you ashamed for me? Why do you keep a room at the hotel? Aren't we together? Have you changed towards me?

VRONSKY

It's because I love you and care about you.

ANNA

If that's the case, I don't know why you aren't coming with me.

VRONSKY

That would make it worse.

ANNA

You're afraid. Well, I'm not.

INT. OPERA HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*Before the performance, the stairs, galleries and corridors, giving access to the stalls and boxes, are crowded with the town's highest society. And Anna, at her most beautiful, is magically cleaving through it. Awareness of her presence is like a contagion, and yet everyone manages not to catch her eye . . . so while all around her there are people impeding each other with greetings, Anna's path opens before her.*

*She knows what is happening. It shocks her but her eyes barely show it. The spell is broken by Princess Myagkaya (she of the 85 kopek sauce) who hails her.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

Anna . . . !

*She picks up on the surrounding effect of this, and rubs it in with mischief, taking Anna's arm.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA (*cont'd*)

Something has done you good—you look wonderful.

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*Vronsky sits and broods. Angrily, he changes his mind. He jumps up calling for Franz.*

EXT. OPERA HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*Vronsky's cab draws up outside the brightly lit, deserted opera house. He alights.*

INT. STAIRS, GALLERY, OPERA HOUSE—NIGHT

*Vronsky comes up the stairs. The place is deserted, apart from Attendants . . . one of whom takes Vronsky's cloak and gives him a token.*

INT. ANNA'S BOX, OPERA HOUSE, SAME TIME—  
NIGHT

*On stage, Act One is just ending, and the curtain falls. The applause gives way to chatter.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

Should we visit or stay put?

*Anna sees Vronsky entering on the side-aisle below. He looks up at the boxes, seeking her. She turns away.*

ANNA

Stay put.

*Princess Myagkaya has engaged the attention of Stremov in the neighbouring box.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

Minister! Congratulations. Come in for a moment.

*But Stremov only bows coldly and turns away. Yasvin notes this and begins to chew his moustache anxiously. Anna's neighbour on the other side, a meek husband of a battle-axe, admires her openly.*

*Anna sees that Vronsky has stopped to talk to Countess Vronsky and the Princesses Sorokina. The young Princess seems animated by Vronsky, who bows himself away.*

*Princess Myagkaya sees where Anna is looking.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA (*cont'd*)

Princess Sorokina and her daughter, they're from Moscow, neighbours of Countess Vronsky, quite well off, no sons, she's a widow.

*Anna gives her a smiling but wounded look.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA (*cont'd*)

My dear, I'm a sales catalogue.

INT. OPERA HOUSE, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky meets Alexander in the aisle and greets him.*

VRONSKY

You'll come up to see us afterwards . . . ?

ALEXANDER

Talk to Varya.

*Alexander indicates his seat to Vronsky. Vronsky sits by Varya.*

VRONSKY

Will you call on Anna?

VARYA

Oh, Alexei . . . I'm fond of you . . . but . . .

VRONSKY

For God's sake, Anna isn't a criminal!

VARYA

I'd call on her if she'd only broken the law.  
But she broke the rules.

*Vronsky is angry and offended. He gets up, bows to Varya. When he looks up, he sees Betsy beckoning to him from her box.*

INT. ANNA'S BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna watches Vronsky, sees him acknowledge Betsy's summons.*

PRINCESS MYAGKAYA

Who has made the decor? Haven't we got  
a programme? Colonel, would you be so  
kind . . . ?

YASHVIN

Of course.

*Anna's neighbour, emboldened, offers her his programme.*

NEIGHBOUR

Please . . . I would be honoured if you would  
take mine . . .

ANNA

Thank you, how very . . .

*The Neighbour's Wife, catching this, reacts as though electrocuted.*

INT. BETSY'S BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Princess Betsy is smoking. Prince Tverskoy is examining an ancient book.  
Vronsky enters the box. He bows to the Prince, and kisses Betsy's hand.*

PRINCE TVERSKOY

Catullus, printed in Venice, 1501 . . .  
remarkable.

*A grovelling House Manager appears in their midst, to tell Betsy she can't  
smoke in the box.*

HOUSE MANAGER

*(bowing)*

A thousand apologies, Princess, but . . .

*Princess Betsy blows smoke and hands the cigarette, in its holder, to a figure  
standing quietly in the shadowy corner of the box: Makhotin. Makhotin  
takes the cigarette from the holder, crushes it in his left palm. He feels  
humiliated . . . but that's love. The House Manger bows and leaves.*

VRONSKY

Captain Makhotin . . .

*The Angry Wife's voice cuts through the audience chatter.*

WIFE'S VOICE

It's a disgrace! Take me home!

*Vronsky turns round to look. He sees the Husband trying to calm his Wife.*

WIFE

Fetch my cloak!

*Vronsky sees Anna looking straight ahead. Yashvin is eating his moustache.*

INT. ANNA'S BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*The scene next door is a social catastrophe for Anna, but she is riding it. Princess Myagkaya takes her hand. Yashvin shrinks into his corner, mortified. The whole opera house is becoming aware of the "scandal." The Angry Wife has raised her voice.*

INT. NEIGHBOUR'S BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

WIFE

What are we coming to?

*The Husband has succeeded in putting his wife's cloak over her shoulders. Her exit line is for the benefit of the entire audience.*

WIFE (*cont'd*)

Is this the opera house or a—or a French music hall—?!

*The Wife and her Husband leave the box.*

INT. BETSY'S OPERA BOX, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Vronsky is tormented. He moves to leave the box.*

BETSY

*(sarcastic)*

Yes, why don't you? Rescue her and put your seal on the fiasco.

*Vronsky knows it and is trapped.*

BETSY *(cont'd)*

Alexei . . . you see why she must divorce. Marriage will solve everything. When will it be?

VRONSKY

As far as I'm concerned, she's my wife.

BETSY

But, as you saw, she isn't.

VRONSKY

We're going to Moscow, and then to my place in the country.

BETSY

That sounds like a good idea.

VRONSKY

But for a day or two, Anna will be at home, at my flat.

*Betsy sbrugs.*



VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

(*pause*)

Then, I'll say goodbye now.

INT. VRONSKY'S FLAT, ST. PETERSBURG—NIGHT

*Angry and upset, Anna sweeps into the flat in her opera cloak. Vronsky follows her in.*

ANNA

. . . you had an excellent night! Does your mother want you to marry the widow or the child?

VRONSKY

Either one.

ANNA

Don't make a joke of it. If you loved me, you would have locked me in to stop me going.

*She throws aside her cloak and goes into the bedroom.*

INT. BEDROOM, VRONSKY FLAT, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Annushka, asleep in a chair, waiting loyally, wakes up.*

ANNA

Go to bed.

*Vronsky comes in as Annushka goes out. He comes to Anna and puts his arms round her.*

VRONSKY

Yes, it was my fault.

ANNA

I won't sleep.

VRONSKY

I know how to make you sleep.

LATER—IN BED

*Vronsky makes love to Anna but it's not working for her. Her eyes stray around. By the bed is a carafe of water, an empty glass and a pharmacy bottle as dark as ink, with a handwritten label.*

EXT. MOSCOW—DAY

*High summer. Heat and dust.*

INT. TEA SHOP, MOSCOW—DAY

*Anna, with some dainty shopping by her, is taking tea in a genteel cafe. Her eye is caught by a mother and son at another table. The boy is a "Serozha." Anna misses her son acutely in that moment.*

*Then Dolly enters the tea shop. Anna's heart lifts for a moment and she is about to greet her, but then realises that Dolly is one of a trio of "society ladies," and Anna lowers her head. When she sneaks a look, she catches one of the ladies whispering to the others. Anna realises that she has been recognised by a stranger, and is notorious. She "hides" in her purse, finding money to leave on the table so that she can escape. A sound makes her look up and she sees that Dolly has sat down opposite her.*

DOLLY

Anna . . . I am very glad to see you. Are you well? How is your little one?

*Anna nods, words won't come.*

DOLLY (*cont'd*)

Stiva wanted to invite you and Count Vronsky to the house but it's impossible . . .

ANNA

I understand.

DOLLY

No, no—you don't. Kitty and her husband are with us. She's in Moscow to have the baby.

ANNA

Kitty . . . ? Oh, tell her how pleased I am . . . !

DOLLY

Perhaps I'll wait a year or two.

*(she gulps a laugh)*

Oh . . . love!

ANNA

Yes . . . love! Don't you disapprove of me for what I've done?

DOLLY

No. I wish I'd done the same. But no one asked me! Well . . . I wouldn't have been brave enough.

*(she blinks tears)*

Stiva, you know . . . he doesn't change . . . like all men, I suppose.

*She doesn't notice her tactlessness but it lands on Anna, who manages a smile.*

EXT. GRAND HOTEL, MOSCOW—NIGHT

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MOSCOW—NIGHT

*Anna, in a nightdress, is awake in the night, staring out of the grand window of a grand hotel, smoking.*

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, SAME TIME—NIGHT

*Anna comes back to bed. Vronsky is asleep. She unstops a pharmacy bottle (a different one) and pours a draught mixed with water.*

INT. BEDROOM, MOSCOW HOTEL—DAY

*Anna sleeps alone in the bed. Annushka, after a tap on the door, comes in cautiously, worried.*

ANNUSHKA

Madame . . . Madame . . .

*Anna sits up.*

ANNUSHKA (*cont'd*)

Are you ill?

ANNA

What time is it? Is Anya up?

ANNUSHKA

It's afternoon, Madame.

ANNA

I'm all right. It's all right.

*(pause)*

Get them to bring up all our trunks and travel cases. We've been here long enough.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, MOSCOW—DAY

*Vronsky comes in, noting the empty trunks and cases stacked up. Anna comes from her room to greet him. She is making an effort to be pleasant, but she looks excited, febrile.*

ANNA

I had an inspiration. Why do we have to wait here? Why can't we wait in the country? I don't want to hear any more about a divorce, or think about it.

VRONSKY

Good! I'm bored here. When should we go?

ANNA

If I bore you here, I'll bore you in the country.

VRONSKY

I didn't say you bore me. Moscow bores me. When should we go? . . . Tomorrow?

*But Anna's mood has turned.*

ANNA

I can't be ready by tomorrow.

VRONSKY

The day after, then.

ANNA

If you like.

VRONSKY

No, wait. That's Sunday. I have to see Maman.

ANNA

That's twenty minutes away in the train—you could go to see her tomorrow—or was it that you wanted to spend Sunday with Princess Sorokina?

VRONSKY

Please don't spoil everything. I can't see Maman tomorrow because she won't have read the papers she has to sign. Oh, and then there's the bank . . . But we can leave on Tuesday.

ANNA

In that case, let's not bother. I'll leave on Sunday or not at all.

VRONSKY

That's absurd!

ANNA

It's absurd to you because you have no understanding for my life here.

VRONSKY

Anna . . . Anna . . .

ANNA

You've stopped loving me. You've given up everything for me, and it's turned you against me. Why lie about it?

VRONSKY

Stop. I put off our departure for a day or two, and you tell me I don't love you.

ANNA

Because I've been living off your love and there's none left, so this is over! Finished.

*She leaves him, slamming the door.*

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna comes in and lies down on the bed, closes her eyes, sits up, pours a dose from the medicine bottle by the bed, and lies down. Vronsky comes in. He takes her hand.*

ANNA

I'm sorry. I don't mind when we go.

VRONSKY

I'll telegraph Maman. We'll go on Sunday.  
I'll do anything you want.

ANNA

You should leave me.

VRONSKY

I don't want to. I love you.

ANNA

Why?

VRONSKY

You can't ask why about love.

INT. DINING ROOM, HOTEL SUITE—DAY

*Anna comes straight from bed. She is drugged and shaky. The room is empty but there is a coffee tray on the table. Anna feels the coffeepot and pours herself a cup.*

INT. STUDY, HOTEL SUITE—DAY

*Vronsky is at his desk. Anna enters with her coffee. Vronsky is reading a telegram. Seeing her enter, he puts the telegram under his papers.*

VRONSKY

So—will you be all packed? I'll be out today making the arrangements.

ANNA

Is that your way of telling me you'll be at your mother's with that simpering little princess?



VRONSKY

No. I'll be with my lawyers. I'm waiting for some documents. Then I'm having dinner to say goodbye to old comrades.

ANNA

Well, I know what that means.

VRONSKY

My God, this is unendurable.

*He controls himself.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

I can invite them here if you like.

ANNA

Thank you, but if I'm not fit to dine in society, I won't eat with the band. Who was the telegram from?

*Vronsky retrieves the telegram and hands it to her.*

VRONSKY

I didn't show it to you, because Stiva keeps telegraphing what we already know. Karenin promises nothing, but will consider . . .

*Anna tosses the telegram aside unread.*

ANNA

I told you I don't care about the divorce, so why hide the telegram? What else do you hide from me?

VRONSKY

I hide nothing from you.

ANNA

Why do you care about the divorce?  
What has it got to do with us loving each  
other?

VRONSKY

Until we're married, our daughter is legally  
Karenin's. I care about it because we need to  
be free to marry.

ANNA

You're perfectly free to marry anyone your  
mother wants.

VRONSKY

But we aren't talking about—

ANNA

Yes, we are, and, by the way, compared to  
your mother I'm the Virgin Mary.

*Vronsky is silent with anger. He gets up and goes out, returning with his  
bat in his hand.*

VRONSKY

Is there anything you wish to say to me?

*She remains silent. He leaves again. She lights a cigarette.*

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING, SAME TIME—DAY

*The Sorokina Coach draws up outside the door. The coach with its crest and the Coachman's livery (a bright yellow cockade) are highly distinctive.*

INT. HOTEL SUITE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna, with her cup of coffee, comes in and looks down from the window.*

ANNA'S POV—

*Vronsky, hat in hand, at the coach window, accepts a large envelope from a lilac-gloved hand. He bows. With a wave of the hand and a flash of golden hair, the coach pulls away. Vronsky goes back inside.*

INT. STUDY, HOTEL SUITE, SAME TIME—DAY

*With the envelope, Vronsky comes in. Anna is as he left her, the cigarette stubbed out.*

ANNA

So it's the child.

VRONSKY

She brought papers from Maman.

*He hesitates, thinking she is about to speak.*

VRONSKY (*cont'd*)

Anna?

*She stays silent. He leaves.*

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna finds Annushka filling several half-filled cases.*

ANNA

Unpack everything. We're not going.

*She lies down on the bed. Annushka would like to comfort her.*

ANNUSHKA

Anna Arkadyeva . . .

ANNA

When Count Vronsky comes back, tell  
him . . . I don't want to be disturbed.

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE—NIGHT

*Anna is listening for Vronsky's return. She hears him come in. She hears him approach. Then she hears Annushka's voice, then Vronsky's voice. She waits in suspense, disappointed as Vronsky's steps retreat.*

INT. STUDY, HOTEL SUITE—NIGHT

*Anna, holding a candle-lamp, finds Vronsky asleep on the couch. She hesitates, but turns away.*

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE—DAY

*Anna wakes. She re-collects herself. She looks at the bedside clock. In a sudden hurry she leaves the bed and the bedroom.*

INT. OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM, HOTEL SUITE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Anna finds Annushka waiting.*

ANNA

Count Vronsky . . . ?

ANNUSHKA

He went out early, to the stables, he said.

*Anna collapses on a chair and weeps.*

ANNA

Oh, Annushka . . . I should have  
died. Do you remember?

ANNUSHKA

Don't take it to heart, Anna Arkadyeva . . .

ANNA

I've made him hate me.

INT. CLOSE (HOTEL)—DAY

*Anna's hand writes in a hurry: "I'm to blame. Come home. I'm  
frightened."*

INT. HOTEL SUITE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Anna seals the note and gives it to Annushka.*

ANNA

Tell Michael to hurry.

*Annushka runs out with the note.*

INT. HOTEL SUITE—DAY

*Anna is keeping watch at the window . . . and is rewarded by the returning coach. She hurries out.*

INT. STAIRS, HOTEL—DAY

*Anna looks down into the entrance hall. Michael, the Coachman, comes in and comes up the stairs to her. She sees that he is holding her note.*

MICHAEL

Count Vronsky had already left, Your Excellency. He took a cab to the station . . . to the Countess.

INT. LOCAL TRAIN—DAY

*Anna clutches her red bag to her, sitting among passengers.*

*Anna looks about her. Across the carriage she sees through the window that her train is overtaking another passenger train on the next line.*

*She looks at the windows of the other train "going by" . . . seeing the passengers inside.*

*Unexpectedly, she seems to see a Man who might be Vronsky sitting opposite a laughing Woman who might be Princess Sorokina.*

*Anna's body jerks involuntarily. She half rises. The image, however, is brief and is borne away, as her own train goes by, accelerating. The windows opposite pick up speed as she leaves them behind—*

*And then she has the same illusion again—a “Vronsky” and a “Sorokina” glimpsed in the other train and snatched away in the instant.*

*Now she stands up and goes to the opposite window, where the windows of the other train are flashing by in the (anachronistic) manner of projected film-frames, and she sees “Vronskys” and “Sorokinas” flashing by at gathering speed. And then the train has gone and there's nothing going by but the view.*

*Anna collapses into the nearest seat.*

EXT. LOCAL STATION, SAME TIME—DAY

*The train arrives at a small station.*

*Anna steps down from the train. The platform is well populated by people waiting to board the train or to meet the arriving passengers. There is an energy about the people—shouting, laughter, movement. Porters shout for custom. A couple of Young Men seem to be laughing rudely directly at her, but they pass by, ignoring her.*

*Anna pauses, bewildered, lost, not knowing what to do next.*

*She sees the Sorokina Coachman on the platform, recognising his distinctive livery, a cockade in his hat.*

ANNA

Are you waiting for the Princess Sorokina?

COACHMAN

No, Your Excellency, both princesses are at the house of Countess Vronsky. I'm waiting for him—

*Anna turns back, agitated, expecting Vronsky to appear, but what comes is a Footman carrying three hatboxes and a large box from a dress shop.*

*Anna walks away, along the platform, impeded by people going by her, aware that some are staring at her as she passes. A Boy selling drinks grins at her. A little group of Ladies and Children meeting a bespectacled man off the train are laughing and chattering but fall silent and look at her. She increases her pace. She hurries away towards the far end of the platform. Beyond her, a goods train is slowly approaching. Between her and the train, two Maidservants are walking towards her. They turn their heads to look at her, remarking on her dress.*

MAIDSERVANT

Look at that lace on her . . .

*There is a rough bench near the end of the platform. Anna reaches it and sits down. The two girls turn again to look back at her, and are struck by the sight of Anna sitting alone in profile. The goods train reaches her and the first wagon goes past her. The two girls stop and watch, vaguely puzzled by her.*

*As they watch, the beautiful woman on the bench gets up and walks the few steps to the edge of the wooden platform and into the path of the train, disappearing from view between the wheels of one of the wagons.*

EXT. (POKROVSKOE)—DAY

CLOSE—A SCYTHE CUTS A SWATHE THROUGH  
STANDING HAY.



EXT. RAILS—THE RED HANDBAG

*—lying separate against a rail, is clipped by a rolling train-wheel and knocked aside, spilling its contents . . .*

EXT. (POKROVSKOE)—DAY

*A scythe cuts a swathe through standing hay.*

EXT. HAYFIELD, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*It's nearly the last of the hay. The scythe is being swung by Theodore, known from last year. He is one of a dozen Mowers. Levin is among them, wielding his scythe. They have almost reached the end of the field, where the last of the hay is being pitchforked up on to the last piled cart. Theodore's daughter-in-law, now visibly pregnant, is still adept with a pitchfork.*

*It's a lowering thundery day at the end of summer.*

LEVIN

I'll be buying in feed before winter's over.

THEODORE

*(scything)*

Well, you don't press people hard, but you live rightly, for your soul, not your belly.

LEVIN

My soul! What's that? I know what my belly is. How do we know what's rightly? I believe in reason.

THEODORE

Reason? And was it reason that made you  
chose a wife?

LEVIN

*(pause)*

No.

THEODORE

You're a great one for reasoning, Konstantin  
Dmitrich, but what's rightly is outside your  
mathematic—that's what's rightly about it!

*This stops Levin's scythe. He is illumined.*

*Theodore swings the scythe again. Levin walks away, gives his scythe to a  
Labourer by the cart, and keeps walking. He quickens his pace.*

EXT. POKROVSKOE—DAY

*The first drops of rain, few and heavy, arrive.*

EXT. HOUSE AND PORCH, POKROVSKOE, SAME  
TIME—DAY

*Cries of alarm and laughter burst from a Mushrooming Party approaching  
the house. Children run ahead, the adults walk faster, then run, helping  
with baby carriages and picking up small children and baskets of mush-  
rooms . . . urged on from the porch by Agafia.*

*Levin, coming from the bay field, joins the rout.*

*The grown-ups are: Levin, Oblonsky, Dolly, the Oblonsky Nurse, Prince and Princess Shcherbatsky.*

*The children are: Tanya, Grisha, Mascha, Lili and Vasili. Dolly carries her youngest. The children are eighteen months older than when we first saw them.*

## PORCH

*The heavens open as everyone gets under cover.*

LEVIN

Where's Ekaterina Alexandrovna?

AGAFIA

It's all right, the mistress is giving Mitya his bath.

*It is evident from her tone that Kitty and Agafia have made it up long ago.*

## INT. NURSERY, POKROVSKOE, SAME TIME—DAY

*Rain on the window and on the roof. The rain is so loud that it is the foreground sound in the scene; and the dialogue, while we can pick it out without difficulty, is the background sound.*

*Levin enters, wet.*

*Dmitri (Mitya), two months old, is lying on his back in a basin, supported by Kitty's palm under his head. Kitty squeezes a sponge over his body, which he likes.*

LEVIN

I came looking for you . . . I understood something . . .

KITTY

And what was that?

*Kitty lifts Mitya onto a towel on her lap, wraps him and gives him to Levin, who is enchanted by him.*

LEVIN

He smiled at me.

KITTY

*(unconsciously absurd)*

He's very advanced for his age.

*She picks up her rings to replace them on her fingers.*

KITTY *(cont'd)*

What did you understand?

*But the baby starts to yell for the breast. Kitty starts to undo her blouse.*

*Levin shakes his head: he'll tell her some other time, or maybe not.*

EXT. PORCH, POKROVSKOE—NIGHT

*The storm has passed. Everything drips.*

*Oblonsky comes from inside and lights a cigar. Indistinctly seen and heard through the window, the Musbrooming Party occupies the dining room. Oblonsky smokes thoughtfully, melancholy.*

EXT. FLOWERING MEADOW—DAY

SPRINGTIME

*Baby Anya, old enough to stagger on her feet, wavers through wild flowers half her height. She falls over, almost disappearing.*

*This is being watched, with a mixture more pleasure than pain, by Karenin. He is in early retirement, sitting with a book in a garden seat, dressed comfortably under a straw hat. There is the SOUND OVER of people playing croquet.*

*Serozha, aged ten, enters his view, going to Anya to haul her upright, and keeping hold of her hand as she staggers on. Karenin's pleasure increases slightly.*

*OVER this, the growing SOUND of a battlefield.*

EXT. BATTLEFIELD (BALKANS)—DAY

CLOSE

*Vronsky, in an unfamiliar uniform, sabre pointing forward, is mounted at full gallop with the SOUND of the charge all around him in the smoke and noise of guns. Something heavy and invisible with its own SOUND—like the flap of an awning—takes him from his horse into the air and gone, leaving spouts of blood poised for an instant in the smoke.*

EXT. FLOWERING MEADOW, AS BEFORE

NATURAL SOUND

*Serozba picks up Anya like a parcel under his arm and walks on with her towards the indistinct figures of Croquet Players strolling in the heat haze, a couple of parasols held aloft.*

FADE TO BLACK.