



NAPOLEON

A Screenplay by
STANLEY KUBRICK

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The *Napoleon* script is one of Kubrick's unrealized projects, a magnificent «what might have been». The script is dated September 29, 1969, and while the text has a certain polish and concision, suggesting that much work had already been devoted to each individual scene as well as to the overall structure, the scenes are not numbered, which indicates that this particular version of *Napoleon* is not a shooting script. The specific draft number, however, is missing from the title page. There is no way of knowing how much more work Kubrick may have wanted to undertake on the way to arriving at a shooting script. That said, the screenplay seems closer to a final draft than to a first draft.

The screenplay suggests that *Napoleon* would have been a magnificent visual experience, a feast for the eyes. Epic in scope, the screenplay is full of grand imagery, notably in the final section, Napoleon's conquest of Russia, in which, for example, the French army marches into a deserted Moscow, which is described as an eerie ghost town. The battle scenes would have been grandiose and spectacular. The many sumptuous interiors and the splendor of the costumes would have contributed to the dazzling effect. In the «Production Notes» Kubrick relates that he has located an extremely fast lens which will allow him to shoot interiors by candlelight. Obviously *Napoleon* would have had the majesty and grandeur of *Barry Lyndon*'s cinematic style. While *Napoleon* is the film that never was, *Barry Lyndon* was born from its ashes, and remains *Napoleon*'s close relative.



Stanley Kubrick

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MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM CORSICA - NIGHT

A well worn teddy-bear is cradled in the arms of Napoleon, age 4, who dreamily sucks his thumb, listening to a bedtime story told by his young mother, Letizia. His 5-year old brother, Joseph, is already asleep, beside him.

NARRATOR

Napoleon was born at Ajaccio in Corsica on August 15th, 1769. He had not been a healthy baby and his mother, Letizia, lavished him with care and devotion. In middle age, he would write about her from St. Helena.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

My mother has always loved me. She would do anything for me.

MAIN TITLES

INT. DORMITORY BRIENNE - NIGHT

It is still dark on a freezing winter morning. The boys are being awakened by a monk, loudly ringing a bell. Candles are lit.

Napoleon, age 9, sun-tanned, leaps out of bed, rubbing his arms and shivering. He tries to pour a pitcher of water, discovering that it has frozen solid.

NAPOLEON

Who has been putting glass in my pitcher? Look here, someone has filled my pitcher with glass!

DUFOUR

Oh, my goodness! Someone has filled Bonaparte's pitcher with glass. Now, who on earth would do a thing like that?

BREMOND

Oh, heavens, look someone has filled my pitcher with glass too!

MONK

Silence! Silence! You should not make fun of *Monsieur* Bonaparte, he comes from a country where it is never very cold. He has probably never seen ice before.

DUFOUR

Never seen ice before? Oh, dear me —how very odd.

(The boys snicker. Napoleon glares at them).

NARRATOR

At the age of 9, Napoleon entered the Royal Military College at Brienne, in France, under a royal scholarship. For the next five and a half years, he would devote himself to preparation for his military career. These were harsh and cheerless years for the lonely, impoverished provincial, among affluent French noblemen's sons.

EXT. FARM BRIENNE - DAY

A lovely, late-summer afternoon. A small group of boys, in their school uniforms, are impatiently gathered around a rough table, covered with stacks of thick bread and jam and tin mugs of milk. The farmer's wife supervises things, collecting a sou from each boy.

Napoleon, 9, stands apart from the group, drinking his milk, a book under his arm, lost in thought, gazing across the cornfield at the school buildings, which are beautifully colored by the late sunlight.

BREMOND
(overly cheerful)

Good afternoon, Bonaparte.

(Napoleon ignores him).

BREMOND

What are you reading?

(No reply. Dufour moves behind Napoleon).

BREMOND

(angling his head to read the title)

Dear me, aren't we in an unfriendly mood. Caesar's conquest of Gaul. Aren't we terribly conscientious about our studies? By the way, did the supervisor give you permission to take that book away from the school grounds?

NAPOLEON

(quietly)

Fuck off, Bremond.

BREMOND

Oh, my goodness. What language! Did you learn that from your mother, Bonaparte?

(Bremond is 4 years older and much bigger than Napoleon).

NAPOLEON

Fuck off!

At this moment, Dufour gives him a violent bump from behind, spilling milk all over his uniform and splattering the book.

DUFOUR

Oh, goodness, my dear Bonaparte —I am clumsy. Oh, and look at your book!

Napoleon hurls the tin cup, with all his strength, at Dufour, hitting him squarely on the forehead, with a resonant pon-nnng! Napoleon leaps on Bremond, and the two boys go down in a tangle of bread, jam and milk.

INT. MILITARY TAILOR - DAY

Napoleon, age 16, being fitted for his smart, 2nd Lieutenant's uniform, studies himself in the full-length mirror.

NARRATOR

At the age of 16, he graduated a sub-lieutenant from the Royal Military School in Paris, and was posted to

the crack regiment de la Fere, at Valence.

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Artillery firing range. A hot summer morning. Napoleon is part of a group of young officers loading and firing a cannon.

NARRATOR

The practical professional training that Napoleon would receive for the next three years would give him a working knowledge of all arms, and expose him to the advanced military ideas of du Teil, Bourcet and Guibert.

EXT. DRILL FIELD - DAY

A calm, winter day, snow on the ground. Napoleon and group go through the ordered drill of loading and firing a musket. Their targets are painted figures of soldiers.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The edge of a wood near Valence. A windy, spring day. Napoleon and nine other young officers are gathered around a leathery-looking Captain with steel spectacles, who is instructing them in the art of map reading. The map, about four feet wide, is flapping noisily in the heavy gusts of wind, despite the four pairs of knees and hands struggling to hold it flat against the ground.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon's room at Valence. It is filled with books, mostly of military subjects, but well-stocked with poetry, history and philosophy. He is reading by candlelight. Outside we hear the sounds of revelry produced by less conscientious officers.

NARRATOR

His moods at this time were complex and varied.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

Life is a burden for me. Nothing gives me any pleasure; I find only sadness in everything around me. It is very difficult because the ways of those with whom I live, and probably always shall live, are as different from mine as moonlight is from sunlight.

INT. INN - NIGHT

Napoleon, 17, the youngest of a group of a dozen officers who are seated around a table in the local inn, drinking and singing songs.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

It is a hazy, summer dawn. Napoleon, 17, and Caroline Columbier, a lovely young girl of 15, walk together in a forest. They occasionally stop to pick cherries. It is a scene of pre-Raphaelite innocence and beauty —the young officer, smartly uniformed, the innocent girl in a flowing white dress.

NARRATOR

He made friends with a family called Columbier, and would later write of his first flirtation with their daughter, Caroline.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

It will scarcely be considered credible, perhaps, but our whole business consisted in eating cherries together.

EXT. LYON STREET - NIGHT

It is a witheringly cold winter night, in Lyon. People, bundled up to the eyes, hurry along the almost deserted street, past empty cafes which are still open.

Napoleon, hands deep in his pockets, shoulders hunched against the cold, passes a charming, young street-walker, about his own age. He stops and looks at her, uncertainly. A large snowflake lands on her nose which makes him smile.

GIRL

Good evening, sir.

NAPOLEON

Good evening, *Mademoiselle*.

(She is sweet).

GIRL

The weather is terrible, isn't it, sir?

NAPOLEON

Yes, it is. It must be one of the worst nights we have

had this winter.

GIRL

Yes, it must be.

(*Napoleon is at a loss for conversation*).

NAPOLEON

You must be chilled to the bone, standing out of doors like this.

GIRL

Yes, I am, *sir*.

NAPOLEON

Then what brings you out on such a night?

GIRL

Well, one must do something to live, you know —and I have an elderly mother who depends on me.

NAPOLEON

Oh, I see... That must be a great burden.

GIRL

One must take life as it comes —do you live in Lyon, *sir*?

NAPOLEON

No, I'm only here on leave. My regiment is at Valence.

GIRL

Are you staying with a friend, *sir*?

NAPOLEON

No... I have a... room... at the Hotel de Perrin.

GIRL

Is it a nice warm room, *sir*?

NAPOLEON

Well, it must be a good deal warmer than it is here on the street.

GIRL

Would you like to take me there, so that we can get warm, *sir*?

NAPOLEON

Uh-hh... yes, of course —if you would like to go... there... but... I have very little money.

GIRL

Do you have three francs, *sir*?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon's cheap hotel room is only slightly warmer than the street. A candle flickers in the draft, and the driving snow forms a lovely vignettes on the window panes.

Napoleon sits fully dressed, still wrapped in his coat, scarf, gloves and hat, watching the girl hurriedly undressing, shivering, teeth chattering, and diving into the ice-cold bed.

GIRL

Br-rrr, these sheets are like ice.

NAPOLEON

Oh, I'm sorry about that.

(The girl shivers and waits for him to follow her into bed. He doesn't move).

NAPOLEON

What's your name?

GIRL

Lisette.

NAPOLEON

Only Lisette?

GIRL

Lisette La Croix.

NAPOLEON

That's a very nice name. Where are you from?

GIRL

Please, *sir*, come into bed or I shall die of a chill.

NAPOLEON

Oh, yes... of course.

(He stands and blows out the candle).

1789 - REVOLUTION

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

It is jammed with 300 peasants and town workers. Many are women, Monsieur Varlac, the revolutionary leader, stands on a cart flanked by a small Revolutionary Committee. He is muscular, bald man in his forties, wearing glasses.

Behind him, we see six severed heads, stuck on pikes.

VARLAC

Citizens, word has come from Paris that the foul prison of the Bastille has been captured.

(cheers).

That its Governor's head is up on a pike.

(cheers).

All Paris is now in the hands of its people.

(cheers).

Soon all France will be in the hands of its people.

(cheers).

As the cheers die down, we hear the sounds of a solitary drum and marching men. All eyes turn to the appearance of a column of 25 French troops, led by Napoleon on a horse and a single drummer, marching into the town square in a column of threes.

Napoleon halts them just inside the square, and rides forward, alone, into the huge crowd, who gives way for his horse. He stops about 10 feet from Varlac's cart. The man of the people stands, hands on hips, glaring at Napoleon, who is now completely surrounded by the crowd. Varlac and his committee converse in whispers.

VARLAC

Good day to our brothers-in-arms. Have you come to join us?

NAPOLEON

I am looking for *Monsieur* George Varlac who resides in the Rue de Frelicot. Do you know him, *monsieur*?

VARLAC

Very well, Citizen Lieutenant. You have come to the right place, for I am Citizen Varlac.

(*The crowd laughs in an ugly way*).

NAPOLEON

Contrary to what you have been telling these good people, *Monsieur* Varlac, France is still in the hands of its proper authorities, and they have sent me here with a warrant for your arrest. You are charged with the murder of Monseigneur de Bouchy and his son, and the burning of his chateau.

(*Varlac whispers to several of the men standing around him. One of them disagrees and forcefully shakes his head*).

VARLAC

A revolution is not a polite discussion in a parlor, Citizen Lieutenant. One does not call it murder to kill such vermin.

NAPOLEON
(speaking for the crowd)

You may save your philosophy for the magistrate, *Monsieur* Varlac. I am only a simple officer in the army, and to me what you have done is called murder, and has always been called murder by honest men.

VARLAC

Then do you propose to arrest all of us, Citizen Lieutenant? For I was not there alone.

NAPOLEON

No, *Monsieur* Varlac, my warrant is only for you.

Now, will you please come down at once. You will be taken back to Chalon for trial.

(Varlac and his committee talk in agitated whispers).

VARLAC

Citizen Lieutenant, my advice is to leave this town at once with your men. We do not wish to do harm to our brothers in uniform.

NAPOLEON

Monsieur Varlac, do not pretend to speak for these good people whom you have misled and inflamed with violent speech. Now, I order you to come down from the cart.

(Another whispered conference).

VARLAC

I do not recognize the authority of the King or any of his lackeys.

(Laughter from the crowd).

VARLAC

I suggest that you leave with your men while you can.

NAPOLEON
(drawing his pistol)

Monsieur Varlac, I will count slowly to five, and if you have not begun to get down from the cart by then, I will carry out your execution, on the spot.

(Without giving Varlac time for further discussion, he begins the count).

NAPOLEON

One... Two... Three...

(Several of the committee move away from Varlac).

NAPOLEON

Four... This is your last chance, *Monsieur* Varlac.

(Varlac is frightened, but make an obscene gesture. The crowd laughs nervously).

NAPOLEON

Five...

Napoleon rides up to the cart, carefully aims his revolver and shoots Varlac in the head. His entourage leaps to safety.

A gasp of astonishment from the stunned crowd, who stand hypnotized.

NAPOLEON

A confessed murderer has just been shot. Now, let all honest men return to their homes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. TUILERIES PALACE - DAY

A mob of several thousand have broken in and forced Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette and their children out onto a balcony. Derisive cheers come from the multitude in the courtyard below. A dozen or so men of the revolution have crowded out on to the balcony, pressing the King and Queen on all sides. No one seems to know what to do next. Louis XVI gives a half-hearted wave to the crowd.

A bottle of champagne and some glasses are brought out. Two glasses are courteously handed to the Royal couple. The revolutionaries raise their glasses. The King and the Queen drink with them. This creates an uproar of approval from the crowd.

Then one of the men pulls off his dirty, red stocking cap and offers it to the King. Louis XVI stands and looks at it blankly. The revolutionary reaches over and puts it on his head. The crowd cheers.

NAPOLEON

Incredible... Incredible... How could he let that rabble into the Palace? If he had ridden out among them on a white horse, they would all have gone home. If he lacked the courage to do that, a whiff of grapeshot —and they would still be running.

EXT. VIEW OF TOULON - DAY

The harbor filled with British ships.

NARRATOR

In the summer of 1793, Civil war swept through France, and the important naval base at Toulon fell into the hands of a Royalist insurrection, which quickly handed over the port to a combined British and Spanish fleet.

EXT. TOULON HQ AREA - DAY

NARRATOR

A French army of 10,000 was ordered to retake the port, but its commander, General Carteaux, a wellknown Parisian painter, had little experience in war and the siege quickly became a stalemate.

General Carteaux, a florid and moustached man in his late thirties, painting from life, a group of French soldiers, posed in a patriotic tableau, their eyes fixed on a distant vision of glory.

In the background, are the tents and the military bustle of Carteaux's headquarters, set upon a hill overlooking the harbor of Toulon.

EXT. TOULON ROAD - DAY

A smart French honor guard and military band is assembled outside General Carteaux's headquarters for the arrival of Paul Barras, Deputy from the Committee of Public Safety.

Barras exits his carriage, accompanied by four foppish aides and embraces General Carteaux.

Barras is a virile, handsome, bisexual man with elegant manners of the Ancien Regime.

Napoleon is an onlooker with other officers.

NARRATOR

Paul Francois Nicolas Barras, former Viscount, now Citizen Deputy from the Committee of Public Safety, had been sent from Paris to personally report on the failure of the Siege.

INT. TOULON HQ TENT - DAY

A large table has been set up in the middle of the tent, at which are seated Paul Barras, his four civilian aides and 7 generals.

Set up at one end of the table is a large military map of Toulon, pinned to a board.

Standing back from the table, and ranging along the walls of the tent, are 30 junior officers, the staff and aides of the generals seated.

Napoleon, now a captain of artillery, is with that group.

Barras slowly squares up a stack of reports before him and speaks.

BARRAS

Citizen generals, I have read all your reports and noted your signatures. In substance, your views are unanimous. The English positions, defending Toulon, are too strong to be taken by our present force. The two unsuccessful attacks to date would appear to support your arguments.

(He looks around the table).

BARRAS

Citizen generals, it is no secret with what displeasure the Committee of Safety looks upon any lack of patriotism or revolutionary zeal. On the other hand, it obviously does not wish to indulge in a futile waste of life. Before I send your reports to Paris for the Committee's review, together with my opinion, I should like to give you a final opportunity to present any new ideas which you may have developed since writing these reports.

(There is troubled silence, but the generals stand pat).

CARTEAUX

Citizen Barras, since there does not seem to have been any new thoughts among us, may we know the opinion which you, yourself, have formed?

BARRAS

General Carteaux, my report on the conduct of this campaign will go in writing to the committee.

(An awkward silence).

NAPOLEON

Excuse me, Citizen Barras.

(All eyes go to Napoleon).

BARRAS

Yes —who spoke up?

NAPOLEON

I did, sir.

(Napoleon speaks with the uncomfortable yet determined manner that shy but willful people often exhibit.

BARRAS

Yes, Captain? Have you anything you wish to say?

NAPOLEON
(clearing his throat)

Yes, with all due respect, I do Citizen Barras.

BARRAS

Please...

NAPOLEON

May I come to the map?

ANIMATED MAP

Napoleon's plan for the capture of Toulon. Explaining with narration how, rather than trying to capture the town by storm, it is, instead, only necessary to capture Fort Eguillette, a promontory of land from which French batteries would command the inner and outer harbors of the port, making them untenable to the English fleet, and quickly leading to the fall of the city.

EXT. FORT EGUILLETTE - DAY

A cold December day. The French tricolor is being raised atop the main battery position on Fort Eguillette, a flat area atop a hill, fortified with planks of wood and wickerwork.

French gunners have already swung a few pieces of artillery to face the harbor and fire on the English ships, now well within range. Napoleon wheels around on a white horse, shouting orders —a bloody bandage wrapped around his thigh. The wounded of both sides are being cared for.

EXT. TOULON FIELD - DAY

A fine, winter day in a field near the military barracks of Toulon. Several hundred troops have been drawn up to form an honor guard for the presentation of Napoleon's commission as Brigadier General. Spectators stand under the bare trees, and little boys watch from atop an embankment.

Barras presents Napoleon with his commission and a fraternal embrace. The band strikes up.

Napoleon's mother watches from a small wooden reviewing stand which has been prepared for local dignitaries and officers.

INT. PARIS OFFICE - DAY

Robespierre lies severely wounded on a conference table, amid a disarray of papers, surrounded but ignored by his captors who lounge about, seated on chairs, waiting to be told what to do next.

NARRATOR

In July of 1794, the death of Robespierre ended the Reign of Terror and sent Paris headlong into a lavish whirl of pleasure seeking and sensuality, as if it were necessary to shake off the nightmare and make up for lost time.

INT. BARRAS SALON - NIGHT

A large, elegant salon in the house of Paul Barras, in Paris. There are ten card tables set up in the room, around which are gathered the elite of the new society; politicians, immensely rich war contractors, high ranking army officers and government officials.

Many of the women are extremely beautiful, and display their breast completely uncovered, in the fashion of the day.

Napoleon is one of the few guests not playing cards; he has no money. Ill at ease, he drifts from table to table, hands clasped behind his back.

Josephine de Beauharnais is the most beautiful of all the women in the room. Napoleon settles at her table, rocking slowly on his heels. She plays for very high stakes and is losing gracefully. She glances up, distracted momentarily by his rocking, but her look lasts no longer than the flick of a card.

But Napoleon notices her annoyance and moves off to the bar, at one end of the room. The bartender, a friendly creep, stands alone.

CORSICAN

Yes, sir?

NAPOLEON

A glass of champagne, please.

CORSICAN
(pouring)

Yes, sir. I hope you will excuse me for asking,
General Bonaparte, but are you Corsican?

NAPOLEON

Yes, I am.

CORSICAN

I thought so, I noticed your name when you were
announced. I'm Corsican too —my name is Arena.

NAPOLEON
(starting to move away)

Oh —where do you come from?

CORSICAN

Bastia —and you?

NAPOLEON

Ajaccio.

CORSICAN

Have you been back recently?

(The bartender just manages to keep the conversation going).

NAPOLEON

I haven't been there for three years.

CORSICAN

I haven't been back for ten years. Is your family still
there?

NAPOLEON

No, they're living in Nice now.

CORSICAN

That's a nice city. This is your first time here, isn't it?

NAPOLEON

Yes, as a matter of fact, it is.

CORSICAN

You don't know many of Citizen Barras' friends, do you?

NAPOLEON

Ah-hh, no.

CORSICAN

I thought not. I noticed you by yourself, all night.

Napoleon nods, sips his champagne and starts to move away. The Corsican leans forward and speaks in a confidential whisper, scanning the room with a deadpan expression.

CORSICAN

Just a minute, General. Listen, don't let them fool you with all their grand la-de-da. They've all made their money from the war —mostly from crooked war contracts. They say Citizen Barras has put away millions.

NAPOLEON

(uncomfortably)

I see...

The Corsican whispers without any facial expression, hardly moving his lips, without any sense of malice, but more with a kind of shrewd respect for the big-shots, and a satisfaction of being in on the know.

CORSICAN

And they say something else about him. They say he never goes to bed with less than two at a time —two at a time, and they say it doesn't make a lot of difference to him which sex they are, if you follow my meaning, *sir*.

(Napoleon nods, awkwardly, and leaves the bar).

CORSICAN

Have a nice evening, General.

(Barras enters the room, stops in the doorway).

BARRAS

My friends, dinner will be ready in half an hour.
Please make your plays accordingly.

His announcement draws only some mock cheers with low murmurs from the losers. He comes up behind Josephine and kisses her on the shoulder.

BARRAS
(softly)

How is your luck, darling?

(Josephine slowly fans her cards to see the draw)

INT. BARRAS' MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Later in the evening, the guests are now assembled in chairs, grouped in a semi-circle around two raised rostrums —one is really more of a small stage. The smaller rostrum supports a string quartet playing Mozart. The larger one is empty.

Napoleon sits at the back of the room, still alone and awkward.

Servants snuff out the candles, leaving only the empty stage illuminated.

It begins to look like a musical evening until the entrance onto the stage of three very attractive girls, dressed in heavy winter costumes.

The three “actresses” begin to talk about being snowbound in a desolate cabin, when their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of three young desperados.

The purpose of this entertainment quickly reveals itself as the young men proceed to strip off the girls’ clothing and have intercourse with them.

The distinguished audience sits coolly appreciative of the “sextet”.

Napoleon, still the provincial, can scarcely believe his eyes.

Josephine, seated next to Barras, watches the proceedings, an imperturbable study of elegance and charm. Barras takes her hand and smiles at her. She whispers something to him and he nods, gravely.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

A mob, carrying royalist signs, is jammed into a side street, their exit barred by a few hundred government troops. Things have come to a standstill, and

the front ranks of the opposing forces have begun to exchange crude, but not unfriendly, jokes.

A table and two chairs, from a nearby cafe, have been placed in the middle of the street, dividing the two groups. Seated at it are General Danican, the emigre leader of the mob, and General Menou, his government opposite number. Danican is reading over some handwritten sheets of paper which represent an improvised treaty between the two forces. General Menou sips a cup of coffee, looking worried and uncertain.

NARRATOR

A new political crisis was brewing in Paris. The moderate government of the Convention, which came to power after the fall of Robespierre, soon showed itself to be inept, corrupt and unpopular —and it was now faced with a serious challenge from the royalists. General Menou, sent out to deal with the mob, lost his nerve and agreed to withdraw his troops from the Section.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

It is the same evening. Napoleon, Junot and Marmont stand in a crowd, listening to a Royalist speaker, who stands atop a wagon, against a carefully painted sign, illuminated by torches, reading Long Live the King.

ROYALIST SPEAKER

Citizens of Paris, this morning, the troops of the Convention, under orders to sweep us from the streets, gave way before our victorious banners.

(cheers).

Their officers knew they would not fire upon us. Citizens of Paris, nothing can stop us now. We are 40,000 strong. Tomorrow morning, we will occupy the Convention itself, and we will exterminate the hypocritical parasites who have bled France without pity.

(cheers).

Long Live the King!

INT. BARRAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Barras' office in the Tuileries. The room is lit by candles. Barras is in a terrible state, ashen from fear and lack of sleep.

Napoleon enters. Barras rises from his desk and comes forward to greet him.

BARRAS

Ah, my dear friend, come in, come in. Please sit down.

NAPOLEON

I'm sorry, I was at the theater and I didn't receive your note until I returned to my hotel.

BARRAS

Thank you for coming. Would you care for a drink?

NAPOLEON

No, thank you.

Barras shakily pours a large brandy for himself, speaking in subdued and apprehensive tones, frequently running his hands through his hair.

BARRAS

I don't have to tell you of our latest difficulties.

NAPOLEON

Things are quite serious, I should say.

BARRAS

We expect an attack on the Convention tomorrow morning, at daybreak, and I have been placed in charge of its defense.

NAPOLEON

What do you have in mind?

BARRAS

To be perfectly honest, I haven't the vaguest idea.

NAPOLEON

Are you serious?

BARRAS

I don't even know whether a defense is possible.

NAPOLEON

What forces do you have at your disposal?

BARRAS

About 5,000 troops.

NAPOLEON

Cavalry?

BARRAS

The 21st Dragoons, about two or three-hundred troopers.

NAPOLEON

Any cannon?

BARRAS

There are none here.

NAPOLEON

Where are they?

BARRAS

Well, I believe there are at least 30 guns at Sablons.

NAPOLEON

You could have them here by daybreak.

BARRAS

Is this enough to oppose 40,000 men?

NAPOLEON

Properly arranged, yes.

BARRAS

These are odds of 8 to 1.

NAPOLEON

The numbers are not particularly relevant. You are not up against soldiers —this is a mob, and they will run as soon as things become sufficiently unpleasant.

BARRAS

Would you be prepared to handle this for me?

NAPOLEON

Are you proposing to transfer command to me?

BARRAS

In every practical sense, yes, but, officially, of course, I would have to retain command.

NAPOLEON

Fair enough.

BARRAS

I must be honest with you. I first approached three generals more senior than yourself, and they all very prudently sent excuses.

NAPOLEON

I'm not insulted.

BARRAS

You realize what is at stake?

NAPOLEON
(smiling)

Our lives, the revolution, my career?

BARRAS

Look, let me be completely open with you, I have a carriage and an escort waiting for me, and I have a great deal of money outside of France. Unless we stand a very good chance of carrying this off, I am prepared to call it quits right now.

(Napoleon puts his arms around Barras' shoulder).

NAPOLEON

Paul, everything will be all right.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Dreamlike, slow-motion shots of the cannon firing point blank into the mob on the Rue St. Honore, outside the Convention. They are devastated and there is immediate panic.

Murat's cavalry charges them, and the infantry follows with fixed bayonets. There is no sound of the guns. The only sound is Napoleon's calm voice:

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

I ordered the artillery to fire ball immediately, instead of blanks, because, to a mob, who are ignorant of fire arms, it is the worst possible policy to start out firing blanks. When they first hear the terrific noise of the guns, they are frightened, but, looking around them and seeing no effect from the cannon, they pick up their spirits, become twice as insolent and rush on fearlessly. It becomes necessary then to kill ten times their number to make an impression.

INT. NAPOLEON'S PARIS HQ - DAY

Napoleon's new plush headquarters in Paris. Pencil between his teeth, dividers in one hand, he creeps around on hands and knees on top of a very large map of Italy, laid out from wall to wall. Other large maps cover the table, the couch and any other available space.

Murat, Marmont, Junot and Berthier creep around with him, working out various march routes. Appropriate ad lib dialogue will cover the action.

At one point, Napoleon and Berthier bump heads.

NARRATOR

The crisis was over, and the way was paved for the formation of the new government of the Directory, with Barras at its head. Napoleon was made Commander of the Army of Italy.

(There is a knock at the door).

MARMONT

Come in.

ORDERLY

Excuse me, Captain, but there is a young man outside who wishes to see General Bonaparte —his name is Eugene de Beauharnais.

MARMONT

General Bonaparte is seeing no one this morning.

ORDERLY

Yes, sir.

NAPOLEON
(without looking up)

What did you say his name was?

ORDERLY

Eugene de Beauharnais.

NAPOLEON

Is he alone?

ORDERLY

Yes, sir.

NAPOLEON

Show him in.

(The orderly shows Eugene into the room).

ORDERLY

Citizen de Beauharnais. Eugene is 16, handsome, well-mannered and extremely nervous. Napoleon remains hunched over his map.

NAPOLEON
(after some silence)

Good morning, Citizen de Beauharnais.

EUGENE

Good morning, sir. Are you General Bonaparte?

NAPOLEON

I am, Citizen. Is your mother *Madame Josephine de Beauharnais*?

EUGENE

Yes, sir. Are you acquainted with her?

NAPOLEON

I have met her. What is your business with me?

EUGENE

I believe you issued an order that all citizens of Paris must hand over any weapons that they have in their possession.

NAPOLEON

That is correct.

EUGENE

This morning, a Lieutenant and three soldiers came to our house and asked if we had weapons. I explained we had only my late father's sword, which, in fact, was not a weapon but only a keepsake of memory.

NAPOLEON
(marking the map)

A sword is a weapon whatever else you might wish to use it for.

EUGENE

I told the Lieutenant my late father was General Alexander de Beauharnais, and asked if there was any consideration that might be given to his memory.

NAPOLEON

And he sent you to me?

EUGENE

He said no one had the authority to rescind the order except you.

NAPOLEON

Does your mother know you have come?

EUGENE

No, *sir*.

NAPOLEON

Well, then, you have a lot of initiative, my young friend.

EUGENE

My father's sword means more to me than any other possession I have.

NAPOLEON

You realize, of course, that thousands of swords have been collected. How do you expect me to find yours?

(*Eugene removes a slip of paper from his pocket.*)

EUGENE

The Lieutenant gave me a receipt for it and said it would be kept at the Section Le Pelletier Police Barracks.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The garden at Josephine's house on Rue de Chanterine. Napoleon enters, carrying a very strange-looking package, wrapped in paper, about three-feet long, following Hortense de Beauharnais, age 16.

HORTENSE

Mama, this is General Bonaparte.

NAPOLEON
(bowing)

Madame de Beauharnais.

JOSEPHINE

Ah, how nice to meet you, General Bonaparte. One has read so much about you lately. Please sit down.

NAPOLEON

Thank you, *Madame de Beauharnais*. You probably don't recall but we met briefly a few months ago, at a party at Paul's house.

JOSEPHINE

Oh... yes, of course! Have you met my daughter, Hortense?

NAPOLEON

Yes, we introduced ourselves at the door.

JOSEPHINE

May I offer you a drink?

NAPOLEON

Oh, I don't want to put you to any inconvenience.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, it's not the slightest inconvenience, General Bonaparte. It is an honor to have you here.

NAPOLEON

You are very kind, *Madame de Beauharnais*. Do you have some sherry, perhaps?

JOSEPHINE

Yes, of course. Hortense, darling, will you tell Louise to bring some sherry?

HORTENSE

Yes, mama. Will you excuse me, General Bonaparte?

NAPOLEON

Yes, of course.

(*Hortense exits*).

NAPOLEON

I hope you will forgive me for barging in on you like this, *Madame de Beauharnais*. I called to bring this to your son, but I understand from your charming daughter that he is out for the afternoon.

JOSEPHINE

Yes, I'm afraid he is. I believe he is riding. I know he'll be heartbroken to have missed you.

NAPOLEON

Well, I'm sure that you will be just as pleased to have this as he will be.

(*Holding out the package*).

JOSEPHINE

General Bonaparte, my curiosity is unbearable. May I ask what you have in that mysterious package?

(*Napoleon proudly unwraps the paper with a flourish and holds the huge sword with both hands*).

NAPOLEON

Your late husband's sword, *Madame*, returned with my compliments.

(The paper starts to blow away and Napoleon steps on it. Josephine stares at the sword, blankly).

JOSEPHINE

Oh... how very nice of you to bring that for Eugene... Did General de Beauharnais give it to you?

NAPOLEON

No, I'm afraid I never had the pleasure of meeting the General. This sword was taken several days ago from your son by some of my soldiers.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, you must forgive me, General Bonaparte, I'm afraid you will think me incredibly stupid but I know absolutely nothing about this. Eugene is so independent —he hardly tells me anything any more, and he has so many things in his room, I must confess I wasn't even aware that he had this sword —you know how boys can be!

(They both laugh).

INT. JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The candlelit, oval bedroom is completely encircled with floor-to-ceiling mirrored panels, which multiply the erotic images of Napoleon and Josephine, making love.

Napoleon's voice, reading the letter below, is heard over the scene.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

My dearest Josephine —I awaken full of you. Between your portrait and the memory of our intoxicating night, my senses have had no respite. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what is this bizarre effect you have upon my heart? What if you were to be angry? What if I were to see you sad or troubled? Then my soul would be shattered by distress. Then your lover could find no peace, no rest.

But I find none, either, when I succumb to the profound emotion that overwhelms me, when I draw up from your lips, from your heart, a flame that consumes me. You will be leaving the city at noon. But I shall see you in three hours. Until then, mio dolce amor, I send you a thousand kisses —but send me none in return, for they set my blood on fire.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The marriage of Napoleon and Josephine —a small private civil ceremony in the Mayor's officer. The only guests are Barras, Eugene, Hortense, Marmont and Junot.

JOSEPHINE —(V.O.)—

My dear Theresa —I am being urged to remarry. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. Well, then, it is he who wishes to serve as father to my children. Do I love him? You are going to ask me. Well, no. Do I, then, find him unattractive? Again, no —but worse still, I find myself in a state of indifference, of lukewarmness.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Bonaparte kitchen in Marseilles. Letizia is cutting vegetables with a knife, the sound of which allows a disapproving punctuation of her silences.

The tap-tap-tapping of the knife dicing a carrot.

NAPOLEON

Mama, I'm sorry that I didn't write to you about this, but I thought that it would be much better to tell you myself.

(Tap, tap, tap).

NAPOLEON

Mama, I know that when you meet her, you will love her as much as I do.

(Tap, tap, tap).

NOTE

The following excerpts, from Napoleon's letters to Josephine will be read over the following scenes, which follow after the text of the letters. The visual will show Josephine's affair with Hippolyte Charles, and Napoleon's life in camp and on the march. The letters are presented uninterrupted by the scene descriptions, to preserve their flow.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

My dearest Josephine, every moment increases the distance between us, and with every moment that passes I feel myself less able to endure the separation. You are the eternal object of my thoughts, and my imagination exhausts itself wondering what you are doing.

* * *

By what magic have you captivated all my faculties, concentrated in yourself all my existence? It is a kind of death, my darling, since there is no survival for me except in you.

* * *

I ask of you neither eternal love nor fidelity, but only truth, utter honesty. The day upon which you should say "I love you less", would be the last day of my love —or the last day of my life. And if I should not die of sorrow, then, my heart, maimed for life, would never again trust itself to respond to any sentiments of tenderness or rapture.

* * *

You let many days go without writing to me. What, then, are you doing?

* * *

When you write, dearest, assure me that you realize that I love you with a love that is beyond the limits of imagination. That you, you alone, and all of you, as I see you, as you are —only you can please me, absorb the faculties of my soul; that there is no corner of my

heart into which you do not see, no thought of mine which is not subordinate to you. That my arms, my strength, my mind are all yours. That my soul lives in your body. That the world is beautiful only because you inhabit it.

* * *

No letters from you —only once every four days do I receive one, whereas if you loved me you would write me twice a day. Absence relieves minor attachments but it intensifies love. A kiss upon your mouth, upon your heart, everywhere. There is no one else, no one but me, is there?

* * *

Your letter is brief, sad and written in a trembling hand. What is wrong with you, my darling?

* * *

My misfortune is to have known you so little; yours, to have judged me by the men you have known, who surrounded you.

* * *

You have inspired in me a limitless passion, and an intoxication that is degrading. Josephine, you have made me wretched. But I have never believed in happiness. Is life really worth making such a fuss?

* * *

Four hours ago, there came that scrap of a letter to break the news that you are not coming, that you are ill, that there are three doctors in attendance, that you cannot write yourself. My life is now a perpetual nightmare. A fatal premonition stops me from breathing. I am ill of your illness, burning with your fever.

* * *

In a month I have received only two notes of three lines each. Good God, tell me how you know so well how to inspire love in other's hearts, without feeling it in your own? Make mock of me, stay on in Paris, take lovers, let all the world know it, never write to me — and then? And then, I shall love you ten times more than I did before!

* * *

But don't go on telling me that you are ill; don't go on trying to justify your behavior. You are forgiven.

* * *

Your letters are as cold as friendship. What is left for you to do to make me more wretched? Stop loving me? That's already done. Hate me? Perhaps I should hope for that. Hatred, at least, is not humiliating. But, oh, indifference —the pulse of marble, the vacant glance, the distracted air.

NOTE

Now the following scenes relate to the above.

INT. HQ TENT - NIGHT

Napoleon, seated at a table in his HQ tent late at night writing a letter by candlelight.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It is a bright, sunny morning in Josephine's bedroom at Rue de Chanterine. There is a letter from Napoleon leaning against the teapot on her breakfast tray. She picks up the envelope, sees who it is from, puts it down, pours her tea, adds milk and sugar, stirs it carefully, sighs, looks outside at the tall trees rustling in the breeze, then idly picks up the letter and opens it.

INSERT

A close shot of Napoleon's hand, writing on his official stationary which has printed, under a large illustration symbolizing liberty and equality, «Headquarters of the Commander in Chief, Army of Italy».

INT. JOSEPHINE'S SALON - DAY

General Le Clerc presents his aide, Captain Hippolyte Charles.

GENERAL LE CLERC

I should like you to meet my aide-de-camp, Captain Hippolyte Charles —*Madame Bonaparte*.

CAPTAIN CHARLES

I am delighted to meet you, *Madame Bonaparte*.

JOSEPHINE

Thank you, Captain. Won't you both please sit down?
Love at first sight.

GENERAL LE CLERC

Thank you very much, *Madame Bonaparte*. I have come at the instruction of General Bonaparte to bring this letter from his mother in Nice.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Napoleon lying awake in the early hours of the morning, in his camp bed.

EXT. JOSEPHINE'S GARDEN - NIGHT

Moonlight. Josephine and Charles walk slowly in the garden. They stop. She is still. He touches his lips to her shoulders and neck. She slowly turns, looks into his eyes and kisses him, long and languorously.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - DAY

Napoleon standing at a camp fire in the rain, staring vacantly into the flames.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josephine and Charles making love in her mirrored bedroom at the Rue de Chanterine. Maximum erotica.

THE FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

*A spectacular shot of the French army on the march —about 5000 men.
Music.*

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

Soldiers, you are half-naked and badly clothed. The authorities find much fault with you and yet can give nothing. Your patience, your courage are admirable but you are not getting any fame. I will lead you into the most fruitful plains in the world —rich provinces and great cities shall be your possessions, and then you will have wealth, honor and fame in full measure.

ANIMATED MAP

Start of the 1st Italian campaign.

NARRATOR

With the Italian campaign, Napoleon steps onto the stage as a figure of European importance. A dozen victories in as many months would be announced in dramatic and highly colored bulletins. The battles of the revolution had been so far mainly defensive. Now, there was revealed a new kind of offensive warfare such as had not been seen in Europe for centuries.

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

Army on the march —a military band playing —about 500 men.

NOTE

The following narration will be read over the following scenes.

NARRATOR

Napoleon now introduced a new era of wars of maneuver. Everything would be sacrificed to mobility. The complicated battle formations of the 18th century would be abandoned, and the army freed from clumsy baggage trains. War would be made to feed on war. The armies opposing him were still committed to the rigid ideas of the previous era, and their soldiers were treated as automatons. As they could not be trusted to forage for themselves without deserting, such armies were slowed down by their supply trains. The revolution, on the other hand, had produced an army of intelligent citizens, which could move fast by living off the country, and in which courage and initiative were rewarded by promotion.

EXT. ITALIAN VILLAGE - DAY

A small village in Italy. The advance guard cavalry screen, about 100 troopers, gallop through the town and form a line preventing anyone from leaving in the direction of the enemy.

MAJOR

Captain, take 20 men. Assemble all the inhabitants on the main street, and collect all mail and newspapers.

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

Horse drawn artillery on the march.

EXT. ITALIAN FARM - DAY

A party of 20 French infantry removing livestock and food in a cart from a farmhouse. The farmer and his family look on in quiet despair.

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

A section on the march —boy drummers, in their early teens.

EXT. ITALIAN STREAM - DAY

A big, exciting shot of about 200 cavalry crossing the stream.

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

On the march —an infantryman has a pet dog on a lead.

EXT. ITALIAN ROAD - DAY

On the march —a soldier carries a parrot in a cage.

EXT. ITALIAN HILL - DAY

Napoleon, on a horse, surrounded by his aides, studying a large map.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ITALIAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A long shot of the opposing French and Austrian armies facing each other across the battlefield.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

There is no man more cautious than I am when planning a campaign. I exaggerate all the dangers, and all the disasters that might occur. I look quite serene to my staff, but I am like a woman in labor. Once I have made up my mind, everything is forgotten, except what leads to success.

A cloud of sharp-shooters, some mounted, some on foot, advance to harass the enemy, escaping from his superior numbers, by their mobility, and from his cannon by their dispersal.

Napoleon studies this exchange of fire to better understand the enemy's position. Surrounded by his entourage, he is on a wooded platform constructed in the top branches of a large tree, overlooking the battlefield.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

The art of war is a simple art. Everything is in the execution. There is nothing vague in it. It is all common sense. Theory does not enter into it. The simplest moves are always the best.

When the French skirmishers finally reveal a chink in the enemy position, it becomes a focal point for the main effort.

Horse artillery are sent forward, on the gallop, to open fire with canister at close range.

The main attacking force of infantry are then sent forward, moving up in columns and lines.

The cavalry trots beside them, in the gaps, to make their presence felt where it will be best used.

Drummers and bands fill the air with stirring music.

Officers march smartly alongside their men.

The precision of these attacking maneuvers is very important because the sight of the slow moving, perfectly aligned mass of infantry is more frightening and discouraging to the defender than a wild bayonet charge.

When the two main forces are about 100 yards apart, the Commanding Officer in the field starts the chant Hymn to Victory and places his hat, with its large tricolored cockade, on the point of his sword so that is can be seen by all of his troops.

When the distance narrows to about 50 yards, the defending Austrians fire their first volleys —first row, second row, third row.

The French fall everywhere, but the remainder fill in the formation and keep moving in regular step.

This is the crucial point of the battle. The defenders now have to decide whether they are going to run or face the attackers' volley and subsequent bayonet charge. There is no time for the defenders to reload.

Now the French are 20 yards away and still hold their fire, trained to do this because their psychological advantage is lost once they have discharged their muskets. They want the defenders to break and run.

Now panic has begun to set in and to dislodge the defending Austrian troops. They start to give way.

The French relentlessly move forward.

The Austrian movements at the rear become a stampede.

The officers signal with their swords, and the drummers beat the charge. The sky rings with a thousand battle cries.

The cavalry dashes forward and hacks down the fleeing Austrian infantry, who are virtually helpless against the cavalry out in the open.

The French have won the day, and their infantry fires their first volley at the backs of the fleeing Austrian troops.

EXT. MILAN STREET - DAY

The triumphal entrance of the French army into Milan. Wildly enthusiastic crowds, floral arches, tricolors everywhere, glittering military bands, flags, columns upon columns of French troops, the smart clattering of the cavalry.

Napoleon on horseback, flanked by his staff and aides, his eyes shining, his expression transfixed, as if in a mystical reverie.

NARRATOR

Napoleon would soon arouse the resentment of the Directory in Paris, exceeding his authority, making political decisions and treaties like a Roman Conqueror, enlarging his role to ruler of Italy. Only his tremendous success and ever increasing popularity prevented the Directory from replacing him.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

From that moment on, I foresaw what I might be. Already I felt the earth flee beneath me, as if I were being carried away up to the sky.

INT. BEDROOM MILAN PALACE - DAY

Napoleon and Josephine are making love. Sunlight falling on their bodies.

JOSEPHINE —(V.O.)—

My dear Therese, the journey here to Milan was the most difficult and uncomfortable imaginable —I am bored to death. My husband doesn't love me, he worships me. I fear he will go mad with love. Worse than that, I fear for my poor Hippolyte. We may have been indiscreet on the journey, and I think Joseph and Junot suspect something.

INT. OFFICE MILAN PALACE - DAY

The orderly announces Captain Hippolyte Charles. He is 24, handsome, short and slight, very much in stature like Napoleon, and has a hairdresser's elegance. His behavior is absolutely correct during this interview, and one could never infer any guilt on his part.

NAPOLEON

Come in, Captain Charles. Charles approaches the table and salutes smartly.

NAPOLEON

I believe you are acquainted with my brother, Joseph Bonaparte, and my aide, Major Junot.

CHARLES

Yes, *sir*, I had the honor of meeting them on the trip from Paris. They nod, politely.

NAPOLEON

Captain Charles, I believe you are one of General Le Clerc's aides-decamp.

CHARLES

Yes, *sir*, I am.

NAPOLEON

Was it he who assigned you to command the escort which accompanied *Madame Bonaparte*'s coach?

CHARLES

Yes, *sir*.

(*There is a pause. Napoleon studies Charles*).

NAPOLEON

Was the trip normal in every respect?

CHARLES

Yes, *sir*.

NAPOLEON

Did any difficulties of any kind arise during the trip?

CHARLES

No, *sir*, none at all.

(*Pause*).

NAPOLEON

Then, you have my thanks, Captain Charles, for safely escorting *Madame Bonaparte* to Milan, and you may consider your assignment completed.

CHARLES

Thank you, *sir*.

NAPOLEON

You will return to Paris tomorrow and you will carry my compliments and thanks to General Le Clerc for assigning such an excellent officer to carry out a responsibility which has meant so much to myself and to *Madame Bonaparte*.

CHARLES

Thank you, *sir*. I will do that.

NAPOLEON

You may go, Captain Charles.

Charles salutes and leaves. Napoleon sits and stares at his desk for several seconds, then he produces a letter from his pocket and hands it to Joseph.

NAPOLEON

I would like both of you to read this. Please read it aloud.

JOSEPH
(reading aloud)

To Citizen General Bonaparte from one who does not wish to see him dishonored by his wife. You should know, Citizen General, that your wife has taken a lover, one Captain Hippolyte Charles... undated and unsigned.

Joseph shakes his head. He hands it to Junot, who reads it, and hands it back, looking to Joseph to speak first.

NAPOLEON

Naturally, one does not take much stock in such a piece of filth but, on the other hand, it is not the sort of thing one can simply ignore. What do you think, Joseph?

JOSEPH

No...

NAPOLEON

Junot?

JUNOT (thoughtfully)

No, one cannot simply ignore it.

NAPOLEON

I am afraid, then, I have to ask you both, Joseph as my brother, and Junot as my good friend, whether or not you know anything about this, or whether you saw anything at all during the trip which might make you suspect some truth to it.

(Joseph thinks for a moment and slowly shakes his head).

JOSEPH

No... nothing at all.

NAPOLEON

Not even the slightest hint of something?

JOSEPH

No —Captain Charles commanded the cavalry escort, and rode outside the carriage. In the evenings, he always ate at another table. They hardly ever spoke to each other.

NAPOLEON

You would tell me, Joseph, wouldn't you?

JOSEPH

Yes, of course, I would. You know I am not one of your wife's greatest admirers, but I certainly know nothing about this.

NAPOLEON

And you, Junot?

JUNOT

(shaking his head)

No... No, I don't know anything about it either. Not a thing.

(Pause).

NAPOLEON

Well, thank you both. As I said, I shall regard this as a piece of malevolence from someone who does not

wish well to myself or Josephine. Naturally, I shall trust to your discretion to say nothing about this.

FADE OUT.

EGYPT

FADE IN:

EXT. SPHINX - DAY

Napoleon, Eugene, Junot, Marmont and Murat, accompanied by a large party of scientists, stand before the Sphinx.

NARRATOR

On July 2, 1798, Napoleon arrived in Egypt with an army of 40,000 men, and a romantic dream of conquest, following Alexander's march into India. The Directory had been quick to approve his plan for attacking England, indirectly, through their Eastern Empire, rather than by invasion of Britain, and they breathed a sigh of relief to have their unemployed conqueror off the doorstep.

EXT. PYRAMID - DAY

Napoleon and the scientists inspect a mummy, brought out into the sunlight, after thousands of years. A mood of somber reflection pervades the scene.

NARRATOR

There was an air of grandiose fantasy about the expedition. Napoleon took along a hundred and fifty distinguished scientists, intellectuals and artists equipped with libraries and scientific instruments. They would found the Institute of Egypt, do the preliminary survey work for the Suez canal, and unlock the key to hieroglyphic writing.

EXT. HIEROGLYPHIC WALL OF TOMB - DAY

A young drummer boy scribbles Long Live the Republic on the face of some

hieroglyphic writing. Several other soldiers closely scrutinize the ancient writing.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We are inside of a French division square, defending itself against an attack of mameluke cavalry. Each side of the square is formed of three ranks of men, and artillery is placed at the corners.

The inside of the square is about the size of a football field, and is virtually empty, except for a small group of officers surrounding Napoleon, and a fairly large group of terrified scientists and intellectuals, dressed in heavy European clothes, mounted on donkeys and camels, and carrying umbrellas.

Outside the square, the shrieking mamelukes recklessly charge, and are slaughtered by the disciplined and accurate wall of French muskets.

The scene will be shot only from inside the square, and from this vantage point, all we can see, over the heads of the defending French troops and clouds of dust, are the tops of the mamelukes.

Napoleon, pleased with the way things are going, rides over to the groups of scientists, to cheer them up. He has to shout to be heard.

NAPOLEON
(shouting)

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I hope you are enjoying this unusual spectacle. One cannot see this in Paris for any price.

(They are too frightened to be amused).

MONGE

Are we doing well, General Bonaparte?

NAPOLEON

We are doing very well, my dear Monge. The mameluke cavalry are brave but they are selling their lives at a bad price —at a rate, I should say, of 50-1. My only fear is that Murad Bey has some means of communicating with his men, and that he will manage to call them off before we can kill a great many more.

(The artist, Denon, one of the stronger souls among the group, has been busy making sketches of the fighting. Napoleon rides over to him and looks down

at the drawing.

NAPOLEON

Those are excellent sketches, Denon. May I have them when you are finished?

INT. MANSION MURAD BEY - NIGHT

The captured mansion of Murad Bey, leader of the mamelukes. French-Arabian orgy —quiet, cool, soft music, occasional male voice, low female laugh; Murat, Marmont, Berthier, Monge. Not Napoleon.

INT. NAPOLEON'S OFFICE IN MURAD BEY MANSION - NIGHT

But Napoleon is at work. He has taken over a large room, grouped several tables into an L-shape, and has made it into an office. He is seated before the usual 2-foot-high stack of dispatches, letters, memorandums and reports, which follow him everywhere. We hear the continuation of the music from the previous scene. Napoleon, in an angry and irritable mood, is dictating to Bourrienne.

NAPOLEON
(dictating)

Must you, too, take this opportunity during my absence to indulge the petty jealousies of the Bonaparte family? Must you...

(There is a knock at the door).

NAPOLEON

Come in!

(Junot enters, extremely drunk).

JUNOT

I believe you sent for me.

NAPOLEON

Yes, yes, please sit down. I will be with you in a moment.

(Junot staggers over to a couch and sits down heavily. Napoleon's glance lingers disapprovingly).

NAPOLEON
(to Bourrienne)

Read it back.

BOURRIENNE

To Joseph Bonaparte —Dear Joseph, I have been informed by my wife of the cold and spiteful treatment she has been receiving at the hands of my family, since my departure. I am also informed that you have refused to pay over to her any of the money I left with you expressly for this purpose. Must you, too, take this opportunity during my absence to indulge the petty jealousies of the Bonaparte family?

NAPOLEON
(quietly)

Oh, shit, that's not right.

(He runs his hand through his hair).

NAPOLEON

Leave us alone, Bourrienne, and come back in half an hour.

(Bourrienne exits).

NAPOLEON

God damn it, Junot, wouldn't you think I have enough things on my mind not to waste time on a letter like this to Joseph?

JUNOT
(staring at his boots)

There's probably some explanation.

NAPOLEON

Yes, I'm sure he's been too busy chasing his whores to be bothered about my wife.

(Junot sits, breathing loudly).

NAPOLEON

Well, anyway, sorry to call you away from the festivities, but where is the breakdown on serviceable vehicles? I asked for it yesterday.

JUNOT

(speech affected by drink)

I gave it to Berthier... this afternoon.

NAPOLEON

Why did you give it to him?

JUNOT

I thought he would be seeing you before I would, and would give it to you.

NAPOLEON

Well, he didn't give it to me, and when I ask you to do something for me, return the work to me, not to Berthier.

JUNOT

I'm sorry, I thought he would give it to you.

NAPOLEON

I must have the breakdown now. Where is Berthier?

JUNOT

He's downstairs —somewhere.

NAPOLEON

All right, thank you. Please ask him to come here.

(Junot pauses and then speaks with exaggerated importance and earnestness brought on by too much drink).

JUNOT

Yes... but, first, can I say something to you, as a friend?

NAPOLEON

Certainly.

JUNOT

I know that I shouldn't butt into things... that are really no concern of mine... but you shouldn't write a letter like that to Joseph.

NAPOLEON

Why not?

JUNOT

Well, maybe he's only looking out for your best interests.

NAPOLEON

What are you talking about?

JUNOT

Nothing. That's all I can say.

NAPOLEON

That's all you can say? What are you talking about?

JUNOT

That's all I can say.

NAPOLEON

Now, just a minute. You have just very clearly implied that there is a reason why Joseph should not give my wife the money which I left for her. I can't possibly allow a remark like that to go without explanation.

JUNOT

Let's just say, he looks after your interests.

(Napoleon takes Junot by the shoulders).

NAPOLEON

Look, Junot, you aren't going to leave this room until you explain yourself.

JUNOT

There are some things... better left unsaid.

NAPOLEON

You mean about my wife?! You mean there are some things better left unsaid about Josephine?!

(Suddenly, Junot buries his head in his hands).

NAPOLEON

What the hell is the matter with you?

JUNOT

(mumbling into his hands)

I didn't want to hurt you... All I wanted to do was to keep from hurting you. I swear I didn't want to hurt you.

NAPOLEON

Well, whatever the hell you wanted to do, you are going to tell me everything right now. Do you understand?!

JUNOT

(pulling himself together)

You know that... letter you showed me in Milan —the one about Hippolyte Charles?

NAPOLEON

Yes.

JUNOT

I wrote it.

NAPOLEON

What?

JUNOT

Yes, I wrote it.

NAPOLEON

You wrote it.

JUNOT

I couldn't face telling you.

NAPOLEON

You couldn't face telling me what?

JUNOT

About Hippolyte Charles.

NAPOLEON

What was there to tell?

JUNOT

My God, what do you think?

NAPOLEON

Do you know what you're saying?

JUNOT

God help me —yes.

NAPOLEON

How do you know?

JUNOT

I know.

NAPOLEON

How do you know?

(Junot pulls himself together and speaks in an unnaturally controlled and somewhat mechanical way).

JUNOT

I was in her maid's room at an inn we stopped at for the night, outside of Dijon. It was an adjoining room to *Madame Bonaparte's*.

NAPOLEON

Yes?

(Junot searches for a better way to say it but doesn't come up with anything).

JUNOT

I could hear them, in the next room.

(Napoleon's voice is barely audible).

NAPOLEON

You could hear them?

JUNOT

Yes.

(Napoleon stares at the corner of a table).

NAPOLEON

You mean you heard them making love?

JUNOT

Yes.

(Napoleon sits down).

NAPOLEON

How did you know it was Captain Charles?

JUNOT

I questioned the maid, and she admitted Charles had been *Madame Bonaparte's* lover for several months.

NAPOLEON

Can you give me a drink, please?

JUNOT

Yes, of course. What do you want?

(Napoleon stares into space and doesn't reply).

(Junot pours a glass of whisky. Napoleon drinks it down, distastefully).

JUNOT

I wanted to kill him but Joseph convinced me it would be a mistake. He said people would say you hadn't the courage to deal with it yourself.

NAPOLEON

And was it so widely known that Joseph had reason for such concern?

JUNOT

I believe so. I believe *Madame Bonaparte* was not discreet, in Paris.

(A knock at the door. A momentary pause, then a much more urgent knock).

BOURRIENNE —(O.S.)—

General Bonaparte?

NAPOLEON

Come back in an hour.

BOURRIENNE —(O.S.)—

Excuse me, General Bonaparte, but I believe this is an extremely urgent matter, requiring your immediate

attention.

NAPOLEON

Come in.

(*Bourrienne enters*).

BOURRIENNE

This dispatch has just arrived from Aboukir, marked highest priority, for General Bonaparte's eyes only.

NAPOLEON

Let me see it.

(*He opens the envelope, reads it and tosses the note on the table*).

NAPOLEON

(*flatly*)

Nelson has engaged Brueys off Aboukir. Brueys is dead and we have lost eleven ships.

EXT. FRENCH TOWN - DAY

Wildly cheering crowds, flags, military band —Napoleon rides in an open carriage, waving. He is followed by two other carriages, containing the small entourage, brought back from Egypt. A beautiful floral Arc de Triomphe decorates the end of the street.

NARRATOR

On October 9th, 1799, Napoleon, with only a small entourage, arrived at the port of Frejus, in France, after a journey of six weeks, in which he evaded a large British fleet. The news of his arrival threw France into a delirium of joy. His return was seen as a kind of deliverance, by a nation in the grip of economic chaos, near anarchy and the threat of invasion.

INT. CHAMBERS OF DIRECTORY IN PARIS - DAY

A large room in Luxembourg Palace. Napoleon is seated before the five Directors, Barras, Sieyes, Moulins, Gohier and Roger-Ducos, who are dressed in their pompous official costumes with three-foot hats and feathered plumes. Present also are Talleyrand, Fouche, Joseph, Lucien and several

dozen important officials.

NAPOLEON

Nelson's victory at Aboukir quite effectively finished the strategic purpose of the campaign, and with the loss of all our principal fighting ships, the army was marooned in Egypt, and our communications with the continent were severed. The only options remaining to me were to develop the occupation of Egypt, to maintain the morale of my army, and to respond to the threats being created by the English and, very soon, the Turks. This was accomplished, culminating in my final victory against the Turks, when they attempted a landing at Aboukir.

GOHIER

I wonder if you would care to tell us, General Bonaparte, why, so soon after this admirable victory, you decided to... abandon your army and return to France?

NAPOLEON

Citizen Gohier, my army was not abandoned —it was left in a very strong position, and in the capable hands of General Kleber.

GOHIER

Of course, General Bonaparte. An unfortunate choice of words. Only the enemies of your glory, whom we shall regard as our own, would wish to give adverse interpretation to the honorable motives of patriotism, which I am sure, induced you to... leave... your colors. Please continue.

(Napoleon smiles, coldly).

NAPOLEON

After the defeat of the Turks, a negotiation to arrange the exchange of prisoners took place aboard *Sir Sidney Smith's* flagship. At the end of the first meeting, *Sir Sidney* gave my chief negotiator, General

Marmont, several German newspapers, of a fairly recent date.

(Pause).

NAPOLEON

Now, you must bear in mind that for more than a year I had received no news at all from Europe, not a newspaper or a single mail packet. Perhaps you can imagine my state of mind when I read of the serious defeats that had been inflicted upon France during my absence: the loss of Italy, the Anglo-Russian army's occupation of Holland, the imminent invasion of France herself. After several days of deliberation, it seemed clear to me that it was my duty to risk the English blockade and, with a few small ships, attempt to return, to serve my country in any way that might be possible.

(Narration starts over Napoleon's dialogue which fades under).

NARRATOR

The government of the Directory was bankrupt, and its presses ran all night printing the money it would spend the next day. Two of its five members, Sieyes and Roger-Ducos, who had the support of the moderate political factions, were preparing to seize power. They would welcome the inclusion of Napoleon who would secure the support of the army, and who was now the most popular figure in France.

(The cutting of this scene will be done to place emphasis on, and establish a relationship between, two of the Directors, Sieyes and Roger-Ducos, Joseph Bonaparte, Talleyrand and Napoleon. Sieyes and Roger-Ducos will be cut with their names).

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Napoleon and Joseph driving through the park.

NAPOLEON

The important thing is to find the right lawyer. One who will not protract the thing indefinitely, in the

courts.

JOSEPH

You know I am only too happy to be of help to you, but surely this isn't the ideal moment to involve yourself in such matters.

NAPOLEON

I know of no better time.

JOSEPH

You can't be serious. It would not be good to become another husband out of a Moliere farce.

NAPOLEON

The comedy of my marriage is sufficiently well known already.

JOSEPH

You must not act impetuously.

NAPOLEON

It is time to clarify the situation. Everything is over between us.

JOSEPH

But you can do the same thing in six months. The next few weeks may be the most important ones in your life.

NAPOLEON

My mind is made up. She will not set foot in my house again. I think if I saw her again, I might be tempted to strangle her.

(Joseph sighs and tries to think of another line of approach).

JOSEPH

Are you sure that you are not still in love with her?

NAPOLEON

Are you trying to insult me?

JOSEPH

Of course not, but such violence of feeling makes me wonder.

NAPOLEON

Well, you shall see.

JOSEPH

When is she supposed to return?

NAPOLEON

I have no idea. Her maid said she left two days ago, to meet me —I can imagine where she is. But when she finally does come home, she will find her things in the street and my door locked.

JOSEPH

She will probably appear with a dozen excuses and you will forgive her anyway.

NAPOLEON

My dear Joseph, the only thing that is clear is that my wife is a slut —and while a man may want a slut for his *mistress*, he does not want her for his wife.

INT. JOSEPHINE'S MIRRORED BEDROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon and Josephine in bed. The mood is post-coital depression for Napoleon; submission and apprehension for Josephine. There is a long silence before any one speaks.

NAPOLEON

Were you in love with him?

JOSEPHINE

I thought I was. I was confused.

NAPOLEON

And now?

JOSEPHINE

Now, I know that I shall die if you leave me.

NAPOLEON

Do you expect me to believe that?

JOSEPHINE

Yes.

(Pause).

JOSEPHINE

And you, are you in love with any one else?

NAPOLEON

No.

JOSEPHINE

But you have had *mistresses* while you were away.

NAPOLEON

Of course.

JOSEPHINE

Were you in love with any of them?

NAPOLEON

No.

JOSEPHINE

Were they pretty?

NAPOLEON

Yes.

JOSEPHINE

Were any of them prettier than I am?

NAPOLEON

One had better legs.

JOSEPHINE

Were any of them married?

NAPOLEON

Yes. They were the easiest. I made love to one of them within ten minutes of our first meeting.

JOSEPHINE

She must have been in love with you.

NAPOLEON

Not in the least. After all, what is adultery —only a brief transaction on a couch, requiring a few minutes of privacy.

(Josephine presses against him).

JOSEPHINE

Promise me you will never leave me.

NAPOLEON

I cannot promise you that.

JOSEPHINE

Promise me.

NAPOLEON

I will never forgive you.

JOSEPHINE

I don't care, but promise you will never leave me.

NAPOLEON

I don't understand you.

JOSEPHINE

Promise.

NAPOLEON

Promises mean nothing.

JOSEPHINE

Perhaps —but tell me you promise, anyway.

NAPOLEON

All right —I promise.

JOSEPHINE

You are my old friend.

COUP D'ETAT

INT. SALON - NIGHT

A small crowd of men talking to Napoleon, Sieyes, Roger— Ducos, Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte and Talleyrand. The meeting is jovial and relaxed.

NARRATOR

For the next three weeks, conspiracy was openly carried on in Paris —in the salons of bankers, generals, politicians and government officials.

INT. FOUCHE OFFICE - DAY

Fouche at work as Minister of Police.

NARRATOR

The man responsible for protecting the government, the Minister of Police, Joseph Fouche, was part of the plot.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A sleepy deputy, in his night shirt, receives his special summons from a cloaked messenger.

NARRATOR

In the early morning hours on November 9th, notifications of an emergency meeting of the councils, to be held that morning at 7 o'clock, were delivered to those deputies who supported the conspiracy.

INT. COUNCIL HALL - DAY

Sieyes addresses the deputies. A good third of the seats are empty.

NARRATOR

Sieyes warned the sympathetic deputies of an imminent plot to seize the government by the radical Jacobin party, none of whose members had been summoned to the assembly. He then proposed two resolutions which were quickly passed.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

The exciting clatter of horses hoofs on cobblestones draws confused spectators to the sight of Napoleon at the head of 50 gold-braided generals, on their way to the assembly.

NARRATOR

The first called for the appointment of Napoleon to command the troops assigned to protect the councils. The second called for the councils to be moved, on the following day, to St. Cloud, ten miles from Paris, where they would be safe, and out of reach of the Paris mob.

INT. BARRAS SALON - DAY

Barras, in his bathrobe signing 6 copies of his resignation. Talleyrand hovers over him, carefully putting the signed copies to one side. Three officers stand by the door.

NARRATOR

Later, the same day, the three members of the Directory who were not part of the plot were effectively taken out of the picture. Barras was forced to resign under threat of death and an offer of gilded exile.

INT. LUXEMBOURG - DAY

Moulins and Gohier glumly eating an elegant lunch, laid out on a desk. Two soldiers stand guard at the door.

NARRATOR

Gohier and Moulins, who would not be intimidated, were locked up under guard at the Luxembourg.

EXT. GROUNDS OF ST. CLOUD PALACE - DAY

Warmly-dressed spectators have made the dawn journey from Paris, and are scattered about the gardens and lawns, breakfasting from picnic baskets.

Groups of infantry laze on the grass, playing cards, reading, smoking and sleeping.

NARRATOR

The next morning, on November 10th, at the Palace of St. Cloud, the final moves were to be made which would bring Napoleon to supreme power.

INT. ORANGERY - DAY

A long, narrow annexe, with high windows which open out onto a courtyard, occupied by troops. There are no chairs and the deputies, dressed in their strange-looking, long, scarlet togas and odd, square birettas, are uncomfortably crowded together, in emergency session.

Lucien Bonaparte, who is the temporary President, looks worried.

Delbrel, the leader of the Jacobin party is in the middle of a speech to the deputies. He is an effective orator, with the right mixture of sarcasm and a sense of moral superiority.

DELBREL

Citizen Deputies, we have been isolated here at St. Cloud and surrounded by troops. Yesterday, we were told this was to protect us against a plot to seize the government. Today we are told that all five members of the Directory have suddenly, and without any warning, resigned. Now we have been asked to pass a resolution forming a provisional government, of three consuls to replace the five directors —these three consuls being General Bonaparte and two of the newly-resigned members of the Directory, Sieyes and Roger-Ducos. We have further been asked to adjourn this assembly for a period of three months, leaving all executive and administrative power in the hands of the three newly-appointed consuls, who will then draw up a new Constitution.

(Angry murmurs).

DELBREL

Citizen Deputies, does any one in this room have the slightest doubts as to what is being attempted, or to the identity of those who are involved?

(*Angry murmurs*).

DELBREL

Especially so, since I have it on excellent authority that the three members of the Directory who are not present here today have, indeed, not resigned willingly, but in the case of Gohier and Moulins, they are under arrest in the Luxembourg—and, in the case of Barras, a resignation was forced from him under threat of death.

(*Pandemonium breaks out in the assembly*).

LUCIEN BONAPARTE
(*ringing bell*)

Order, order, order. Citizen Delbrel, you are out of order. You are out of order.

(*Uproar*).

DELBREL
(*shouting*)

And you, Citizen Bonaparte —your role as President of this assembly is an honorary one, given only for the period on one month, on the occasion of your brother's return from Egypt. And since your nomination was originally put forward by the two conspirators, Sieyes and Roger-Ducos, I demand that you immediately disqualify yourself from these proceedings and leave this chamber!!

(*Uproar of approval, and cries of Long Live the Republic*).

LUCIEN BONAPARTE
(*ringing bell*)

You are out of order, Citizen Delbrel! You are out of order!

INT. ST. CLOUD SALON - DAY

The conspirators wait in what was formerly one of Marie-Antoinette's reception salons, now bare of all furniture except three arm-chairs grouped before a large, ornate fireplace, in which there is a small fire.

The shouting from the Orangery can be faintly heard through the walls.

Napoleon paces, nervously.

Sieyes, huddled in an overcoat, stares apprehensively into the fire. Roger-Ducos pokes at it with a damp log.

Joseph Bonaparte stands, gazing out of the window at the troops, sprawled on the grass.

There is a knock at the door.

NAPOLEON

Come in.

ORDERLY

Major Lavallotte to see you, General.

NAPOLEON

Send him in.

(*Lavallotte comes in, salutes*).

LAVALLETTE

General Bonaparte, I have a message from Lucien. He says there is not chance at all now to bring the proposals to a vote. Delbrel has given the alarm to the other parties. He says you must either use the troops immediately, or think of saving yourselves.

SIEYES
(to Napoleon)

Oh, my God. I told you he should have been arrested yesterday. Why did I listen to you?

(*Napoleon ignores Sieyes and walks to the window*).

JOSEPH

Will you use the troops?

NAPOLEON

Only as a last resort. What are the Councils doing

now?

LAVALLETTE

Both chambers are swearing an oath to the Constitution.

(Knock at the door).

NAPOLEON

Come in.

ORDERLY

A message from Citizen Fouche.

NAPOLEON

Let me have it.

(The officer hands Napoleon an envelope and exits. Napoleon looks at the note and, then, reads it aloud).

NAPOLEON

My dear Bonaparte, if you have not already done so, I urge you to press things to a conclusion. I cannot guarantee the situation for very much longer in Paris.

Sieyes, in an absolute panic, leans over and whispers to Roger-Ducos.

SIEYES

Go and make sure the carriage and driver are ready to leave at a moment's notice.

(Roger-Ducos exits. Napoleon paces the room).

SIEYES

Well —what are you going to do?

NAPOLEON

Have patience —all will be well.

(There is a knock at the door).

NAPOLEON

Come in.

ORDERLY

Citizen Bourrienne to see you, *sir*.

NAPOLEON

Send him in.

BOURRIENNE

A message from Lucien —he says that you had better act now. Delbrel is going to introduce a motion to halt the oaths and take a vote to outlaw the three of you.

SIEYES

Oh, my God! Oh, my God! We will all be on the guillotine in 24 hours.

NAPOLEON

Please stop chattering —and let me think.

SIEYES

There is nothing left to think about. We will be outlawed! You've waited too long! I'm leaving, and any one who wishes to save his neck will follow suit.

(He exits).

INT. ORANGERY - DAY

Deputies going through the ritual of individually swearing their oaths to the Constitution.

Napoleon enters with four grenadier guards and causes an immediate uproar.

The grenadiers try to force a passage to approach the speaker's rostrum but a group of Jacobin deputies bar the way.

DEPUTY #1

What —bayonets in here?

DEPUTY #2

Soldiers! You are violating the sanctuary of the laws. Withdraw immediately!

NAPOLEON

Please stand out of the way. Four grenadiers are no threat to you.

DEPUTY #3

Withdraw! Withdraw!

NAPOLEON

Citizen Deputies, please stand out of the way —I wish to approach the speaker's rostrum!

DEPUTY #1

Is it for this, then, that you became a conqueror?

DEPUTY #4

Withdraw, withdraw immediately, I say!

NAPOLEON

Citizens, please stand aside. I wish to approach the speaker's rostrum.

DEPUTY #2

Down with the Dictator! Down with the Tyrant!

DEPUTY #4

Outlaw him! Outlaw him!

(The cry is picked up of “Dictator”, “Tyrant”, and “Outlaw”).

(A scuffle breaks out and Napoleon is knocked to the ground and viciously kicked. His guards manage to club their way into this melee and drag him out of the Orangery).

EXT. ORANGERY - DAY

Among the soldiers, Napoleon, his face bloody, mounts a horse and rides through his men. The troops are confused by his appearance but give him a cheer as he passes by.

It is now five o'clock and the grey November dusk is closing in. A cry of «Long Live Bonaparte» thunders through the courtyard.

INT. ORANGERY - DAY

The deputies are still in an uproar, but gradually the sound of drums, beating the charge, is heard. The drums get louder and a silence falls over the chamber. The drumming gets louder. The door is thrown open and Murat stands at the head of a column of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets.

MURAT

Citizens, you are dissolved.

EXT. ST. CLOUD - DUSK

Deputies climb through the windows and are jeered by the onlookers. Napoleon paces, nervously.

NARRATOR

At the age of 30, Napoleon would now become 1st Consul and head of the Executive, for a period of ten years. The other two Consuls would become merely figure-heads.

EMPIRE

INT. TUILERIES SALON - DAY

Painted cardboard figures, about six inches high, representing Napoleon, Josephine and the principal personages involved in the forthcoming coronation, are pushed about, discussed and noted, as the group plans the complex stage management of the coronation.

Napoleon, Josephine, the painter David, and a small entourage are seated, standing and kneeling around a cardboard mock-up of the interior of Notre Dame Cathedral.

NARRATOR

In the five years that followed, Napoleon gave proof of his brilliant legislative, administrative and organizational powers. He created effective and enduring institutions of government; revitalized the economy; negotiated a concordat with the Pope, thus ending the religious rebellion in the Vendee; reconciled the bitterness between right and left by opening all careers to talent, and bringing into his government the best minds of the aristocracy and the ablest survivors of the revolution. Napoleon had secured the main social and material gains of the revolution, destroying privileged orders and modernizing the state. In exchange for this, he would now be given power far more absolute than any Bourbon monarch.

INT. NOTRE DAME - DAY

The Coronation. At the moment when the Pope reaches for the crown of Charlemagne, to take it from the altar, Napoleon takes it, and, with his own

hands, places it on his head.

Napoleon looks, with an air of pride and satisfaction, at Josephine, as she advances towards him, at the altar, and when she kneels down, tears fall upon her clasped hands, raised to heaven —or, rather to Napoleon.

NARRATOR

On December 2, 1804, Napoleon was made Emperor of France. He would later say: «I found the crown lying in the gutter and I picked it up».

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

Duroc, I have a bill here for 600,000 francs from Tirot, for building the Imperial throne and six decorated arm-chairs. The amount is absurd —and, at least twice too much.

INT. TUILERIES DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight, silver service —beautiful women, important guests. Napoleon and Josephine are seated at opposite ends of a long table. Placed at Napoleon's elbow is the strikingly beautiful Madame Trillaud, a sexy brunette. He speaks to her husband. Dessert is being served.

NAPOLEON

The revolution failed because the foundation of its political philosophy was in error. Its central dogma was the transference of original sin from man to society. It had the rosy vision that by nature man is good, and that he is only corrupted by an incorrectly organized society. Destroy the offending social institutions, tinker with the machine a bit, and you have Utopia —presto! —natural man back in all his goodness.

(Laughter at the table).

NAPOLEON

It's a very attractive idea but it simply isn't true. They had the whole thing backwards. Society is corrupt because man is corrupt —because he is weak, selfish, hypocritical and greedy. And he is not made this way

by society, he is born this way —you can see it even in the youngest children. It's no good trying to build a better society on false assumptions —authority's main job is to keep man from being at his worst and, thus, make life tolerable, for the greater number of people.

MONSIEUR TRILLAUD

Your Majesty, you certainly have a very pessimistic view of human nature.

NAPOLEON

My dear *Monsieur Trillaud*, I am not paid for finding it better.

(*Laughter*).

Napoleon exchanges a significant look with his Major-domo, who nods, picks up a wine decanter, and comes up to Madame Trillaud's place to refill her glass, deliberately spilling wine on the front of her dress.

NAPOLEON

You clumsy fool. Quick, we need some water.

(*Endless ad lib apologies by the Major-domo*).

MAJOR-DOMO

This way, if you please, *Madame*.

(*The Major-domo gestures to some place out of the room*).

NAPOLEON

No, no, I'll take care of it myself. We don't want to have any more accidents.

Napoleon, the Major-domo and Madame Trillaud exit the room, amid apologies, reassurances.

The guests resume their conversations, but Josephine, who has seen the routine before, is distracted and agitated.

INT. TUILERIES HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

A small, hideaway room, reached by a back staircase, leading off Napoleon's private office. It is all couches, cushions, velvet, mirrors and dim candles.

Napoleon, Madame Trillaud and Major-domo enter.

NAPOLEON

Quick, where is the water?

MAJOR-DOMO

Here it is, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON

Ah, good, here —allow me, *Madame Trillaud*.

Napoleon and the Major-domo exchange another look, and the Major-domo hurriedly exits the room, springing a catchlock behind him.

Napoleon's attention immediately shifts from Madame Trillaud's dress to Madame herself. His efforts to rub off the wine stains gradually become more intimate.

MADAME TRILLAUD

Oh! Your Majesty!

NAPOLEON

Don't be afraid.

(Napoleon takes her in his arms).

MADAME TRILLAUD

But the guests... my husband... the Empress...

NAPOLEON

Don't be afraid, my dear. We shall be back before dessert is finished.

Napoleon kisses her and fumbles with her clothes, to remove them. After several passionate seconds, there is a timid knock at the door.

Madame Trillaud looks startled but Napoleon puts his finger to her lips and continues.

After fifteen seconds, there is another knock on the door, louder.

NAPOLEON

(whispers)

Don't worry. It's only the night maid.

(More kissing, then a louder and more insistent knock. This time they both sit up).

(More knocking. Madame Trillaud is frightened).

NAPOLEON
(angrily)

Yes —what is it?

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)

Open the door. It's me.

NAPOLEON

Go away —I'm busy.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

I know what you're doing in there.

NAPOLEON

Don't be ridiculous and go away —I'm busy working.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

Where is *Madame Trillaud*?

NAPOLEON

How should I know. Ask Roquier —he's cleaning her dress.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

What are you doing in there?

NAPOLEON

Oh —now, this is absolutely ridiculous! If you don't want to be humiliated in front of your guests, you will return to the table at once.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

Will you be joining us, soon?

NAPOLEON

I will be there in five minutes. Go back to your guests.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

Five minutes.

NAPOLEON

Yes!!

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—
(weakly)

Five minutes.

NAPOLEON

Goodbye.

(*Madame Trillaud starts to get up. Napoleon stops her.*)

NAPOLEON

(whispering)

Darling —don't be ridiculous. We have five minutes.
Where are you going?

MADAME TRILLAUD

But, Your Majesty, we will be missed now.

NAPOLEON

Of course we won't —five minutes will never be noticed.

(*He tumbles her back on to the bed.*)

INT. JOSEPHINE'S BEDROOM - TUILERIES - NIGHT

NAPOLEON

(in a subdued voice)

How dare you do that to me tonight? How dare you?
Do you realize who *Madame Trillaud's* husband is?
Suppose he found out?

(*Josephine sobs. Napoleon speaks in sharp hisses, to keep the servants from overhearing.*)

NAPOLEON

Oh, shut up, will you?

(*Josephine sobs.*)

NAPOLEON

Your tears have absolutely no effect on me... What a fool I have been! I am not a man like any other man. I must be free —I must be free to do what I please. I must be free of this sordid jealousy!

(*Napoleon looks at the figure of his distraught wife. She is on her knees, slumped across the seat of a chair.*)

NAPOLEON

(slowly and quietly)

Very well, then, I will not put a specific time limit on this, but you must accept the idea that we will have to be divorced, and soon... And, from now on, we will sleep in separate bedrooms.

(This last remark finally causes Josephine to attempt to speak, red-eyed, sniveling, unable to put words together without involuntary shudders and sobs).

JOSEPHINE

Separate bedrooms?

NAPOLEON

Yes.

JOSEPHINE

But you will not... be safe...

NAPOLEON

Not be safe? What on earth are you talking about?

JOSEPHINE

(sobbing)

In case of a... surprise attack... at night... I am such a... light sleeper... I could wake you... I could scream.

This is such a pathetically dumb remark, it stops Napoleon, cold.

INT. TUILERIES HALL - NIGHT

Napoleon, in his nightshirt, follows Roustam along the corridor. When they reach Josephine's door, Roustam hands Napoleon the candle and leaves. Napoleon knocks.

JOSEPHINE —(O.S.)—

Who is it?

NAPOLEON

It's me.

(Josephine quickly opens the door).

JOSEPHINE

Oh!

(Napoleon enters the room and she locks the door. He walks to the bed and sits down. He seems depressed. He sits, staring at the floor).

NAPOLEON
(touching the bed)

Sit down. Josephine sits down next to him. He puts his arms around her, regretfully.

NAPOLEON

I didn't mean the things that I said... I was angry and I said more than I meant to.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, my darling. I'm sorry, too. I won't do that again —whatever you do. I won't cause you any more embarrassment, I promise.

(Napoleon squeezes her shoulder. Her surrender has not brought him happiness).

JOSEPHINE

Oh —I didn't tell you... I've seen Dr. Corvisart, and he was very reassuring and encouraging. He has had excellent results with the waters of Plombiers, and he thinks it would be a good idea for me to spend a few weeks there. Apparently, he sent *Madame Le Floch* there last year, and she gave birth to twins.

NAPOLEON
(laughs, weakly)

Indeed —well, you may tell Dr. Corvisart, I should be entirely satisfied with half her success.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

George III reviewing British troops. Military band. Spectators.

NARRATOR

Since the year 1069, France and England had been at war for a total of 152 years. And, from 1338, the Kings of England also called themselves the Kings of France, until Napoleon obliged them to drop this title

at the time of the shortlived Peace Treaty of Amiens, in 1802. In the following year, England again declared war on France, and the conflict between British and French imperialism for maritime supremacy and world power would now be fought to a finish.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

A high, windy bluff, overlooking the English Channel. Napoleon and his entourage study the English fleet, moored several miles offshore, and the cliffs of Dover, just visible on the horizon.

NARRATOR

The struggle was resumed on familiar and inconclusive lines, as neither side could really get to grips, while England was supreme on the sea and Napoleon on land.

ANIMATED MAP

Showing French naval strategy.

NARRATOR

Napoleon devised a plan to lure the British fleet into a wild goose chase, to the West Indies, leaving the Channel unprotected long enough for the French to ferry their army safely across. But the scheme was poorly executed, and eventually led to the disastrous French naval defeat at Trafalgar.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - DAY

Eerie shot of two French ships lying on sea bottom.

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

A drowned French Admiral floats in his cabin with his papers, books, clothes and a roast chicken.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Francis II, the severe, opportunistic Emperor of Austria, reviewing his troops. He is a year older than Napoleon.

NARRATOR

Napoleon's invasion plans were foiled by England's correct naval strategy, and by their alliances with Austria and Russia. Subsidized by England, Francis II was goaded into war by Napoleon's assumption of the crown of Italy.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

The 29-year old Tsar Alexander reviewing Russian troops.

NARRATOR

He was joined by the young, melancholy Tsar Alexander I, who had ascended the throne at the age of 24, after the Palace Guard murder of his father, Tsar Paul, and now had rival pretensions to Napoleon as the arbiter of Europe.

EXT. REAR AREA AUSTERLITZ BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The young Tsar sits by the side of the road and weeps. His entourage stand by ineffectually, at a respectful distance. All around him is the evidence of the Russian disaster at Austerlitz.

NARRATOR

But four months later, on the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation, Alexander would weep over the shattered wreck of his army, on the battlefield of Austerlitz.

EXT. NAPOLEON HQ AUSTERLITZ - DAY

A cold, blustery day. A large fire has been built at the base of a steep-sided gully. French cavalry vedettes are posted at the top of the hill. A party of 50 Austrian hussars, escorting 3 Imperial carriages, comes to a halt. Drummers and trumpeters sound a salute.

Napoleon helps the defeated Emperor Francis, of Austria, from his carriage, embracing him with cordiality.

This is the first meeting between Napoleon and an important European monarch.

NAPOLEON

Ah, my dear Francis, what a genuine pleasure it is to

meet you at last.

FRANCIS

I fear our meeting is long overdue... Napoleon.

NAPOLEON

I'm sorry that I am unable to offer you better hospitality, but this is the only place I have inhabited for the past month.

FRANCIS
(*shivering*)

You have made such excellent use of it; I should think you will hate to leave it.

NAPOLEON

Shall we move closer to the fire?

FRANCIS

Yes —an excellent idea.

(They leave their staffs standing on the road).

NAPOLEON

Will Alexander be joining us soon?

FRANCIS

I very much doubt that he will.

NAPOLEON

Oh...?

FRANCIS

I'm afraid he has been rather upset by the outcome of the battle.

NAPOLEON

I see.

(Francis has developed a violent chill).

FRANCIS
(*shivering*)

But he asked me to say...
(*shivering*)

on his behalf... that your achievements have increased his...

(shivering)

admiration for you, and that he believes... your success is predestined by heaven...

(shivering)

and that his army...

NAPOLEON

(interrupting)

My dear Francis, you do seem extremely uncomfortable.

FRANCIS

I'm afraid I am, just a bit.

NAPOLEON

(offering a flask)

Would you like some brandy?

FRANCIS

Thank you.

NAPOLEON

I'll have the fire built up.

(He shouts to his staff).

NAPOLEON

Berthier, we need some more wood for the fire —and some brandy.

(Berthier issues orders and soldiers dash off for the wood. An aide dashes forward with the brandy).

FRANCIS

Thank you, Napoleon.

NAPOLEON

Francis, may I ask whether you wear warm winter underwear?

(Francis downs a big swig of brandy).

FRANCIS

(surprised)

No —not as a rule.

NAPOLEON

Ah, well, that is the first rule of warfare. You must wear long-sleeved and long-legged underwear. You can never conjure up brilliancies with a cold bottom.

(They both laugh —Francis, cheerlessly).

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FRENCH EMBASSY IN BERLIN - DAY

As an act of provocation, Prussian noble guards sharpen their swords on the steps of French Embassy in Berlin.

NARRATOR

Having ruined the Austro-Russian alliance by her neutrality, Prussia proceeded, in the following year, to commit suicide by taking on Napoleon single-handed.

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Queen Louisa and King Wilhelm review Prussian troops.

NARRATOR

Led by the warlike Queen Louisa, and her fashion-minded husband, King Frederich Wilhelm, the Prussians still believed themselves cast in the mold of Frederick the Great, and more than a match for Napoleon. The King had a special collection of 60 splendid uniforms, and was personally involved in the design of all the Prussian army uniforms.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

If the French army had been commanded at Jena and Auerstadt by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Napoleon enjoying a performance of Don Giovanni. An aide tiptoes into the box and hands him a note which reads:

«Prussian ultimatum delivered to me today by Haugwitz. War is now imminent. Talleyrand».

Napoleon quietly folds the note, putting it away in his pocket. Berthier leans over inquiringly. Napoleon puts his finger to his lips, redirects his attention to the stage, crosses his arms and settles comfortably back into his seat.

NARRATOR

Prussia would make the same strategic error that Austria made in the previous year, and she would over-confidently rush forward to meet the French alone, without waiting for their Russian allies. In seven days of fighting, the Prussian army would be virtually destroyed.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Tsar Alexander, happy and confident, surrounded by aides, flags and military grandeur, on the march with his army.

NARRATOR

Unconvinced by his defeat at Austerlitz, committed by alliance to Prussia and concerned about his interest in Poland, Alexander would once again take the field against Napoleon.

EXT. NIEMEN RIVER - DAY

The colors of France and Russia flutter, side by side, in the summer breeze, atop a large, ornately decorated raft, moored in mid-stream. It is an incredible sight, made of huge logs and planks, beautifully carpeted, draped with bunting, and with two small pavilions built on top, their roofs and walls covered with drapery, flags and colored silks.

On the opposite banks are the massed formations and colors of the French and Russian Imperial Guards.

At a prearranged time, nervously checked and rechecked by pocket-watches, clicking open and closed, the two Emperors set off, in decorated long boats, to their rendezvous in mid-stream.

As they proceed, an unintentional race between oarsmen develops.

Napoleon disembarks first and is thus able to welcome Tsar Alexander

aboard.

They embrace and, at this moment, a tumultuous roar of approval, the sound of fanfares, the beating of drums, issues forth from both banks of the river. It is a splendid and marvelously absurd scene.

NARRATOR

But in June of the following year, after the crushing defeat at Friedland, Alexander would be forced to sue for peace again —this time in person, and with some surprising results.

ALEXANDER

Ah, my dear, Napoleon, how good it is to meet you at last.

NAPOLEON

And, what a great pleasure it is, indeed, to meet you, Alexander.

ALEXANDER
(*looking around*)

And, what a delightful idea!

NAPOLEON

Ah —you approve?

ALEXANDER

I think it's absolutely charming.

NAPOLEON

I'm glad you like it.

ALEXANDER

Whatever suggested the idea to you?

NAPOLEON
(*with exaggerated secrecy*)

I shall tell you in the strictest confidence —when I was a boy, I had a passion for rafts, and never had the opportunity to build one.

(*They both laugh.*)

(*The two Emperors now introduce their staffs.*)

INT. TILSIT SALON - DAY

Napoleon and Alexander, leaning on their elbows, on a large map of the world, spread out on a table.

NARRATOR

Alexander had come to treat as a fallen enemy, but would find that to be defeated by Napoleon seemed equivalent to winning a great victory. There would be no territorial demands, no reparations —only an intoxicating proposal to divide the world between them.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Napoleon and Alexander slowly walk through the beautiful gloom of the dark forest. They are thoughtful, relaxed, enjoying the splendor of the late afternoon.

NAPOLEON

We have no rivalry, we have no vital issues at stake. We are only at war because you are the ally of England, and, in this, it seems to me, you are serving only the interests of England.

Alexander does not immediately reply.

ALEXANDER
(quietly and thoughtfully)

If your fight is against England, and against her alone, then we shall easily come to terms —for I have as much reason to complain as you have. England has brought me into conflict with false promises, and has left me to face defeat singlehanded.

EXT. FOREST AND FIELDS - DAY

The Tsar and Napoleon riding together, their entourage and escort follow a few hundred yards behind.

NARRATOR

Napoleon and Alexander would spend two weeks together, seeing each other every day and sharing the entertainments of the evening. Each had set out to

charm and flatter the other, and each would succeed. They would talk of everything together, as two brothers —philosophy, women, politics, war, science.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The Tsar and Napoleon seated together in a box at the theater.

ALEXANDER —(V.O.)—

My dear sister, God has saved us. Instead of having sacrifices to make, we are coming out of this struggle with a kind of glory. But what do you think about this? I spend whole days with Bonaparte, and hours and hours in private conversation with him. Is this like something from a dream?

EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

Napoleon and Alexander reviewing French troops.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

If Alexander were a woman, I think I should fall passionately in love with him. But, at the same time, there is something very peculiar about him — something lacking, but it is impossible to foresee precisely what will be lacking in any given instance, for the defect seems infinitely variable.

INT. SAUNA BATH - DAY

Alexander and Napoleon sit together, naked.

NAPOLEON

You can always tell at a glance whether retreating infantry are being pursued by cavalry, because they hurry along and keep turning around and looking back. When they are retreating before infantry, they merely trudge along, head down.

ALEXANDER

Fascinating! Tell me, leaving aside the question of grand strategy, for the moment, what would you say is the single most difficult tactical skill to master?

NAPOLEON

Without a doubt, to estimate the enemy's strength on the battlefield. This is something that is only acquired by experience and instinct. At Jena, there were as many opinions about strength of the enemy as there were generals present. Murat said there were 50,000, preparing to attack. Berthier said there were no more than 25,000, about to withdraw. «Berthier sees only what is in the open», Murat said. «But don't forget there is a second force hidden in the forest». And so it would always go, each of them would judge things according to his own ability, character and state of mind, at the moment.

ALEXANDER

Ah, my dear Napoleon, sometimes I feel that I am not really an Emperor as you are.

NAPOLEON

What do you mean?

ALEXANDER

I know absolutely nothing of war —and I am still totally dependent upon my generals.

(Napoleon laughs, reassuringly).

NAPOLEON

That is a problem, and I can appreciate your feelings. But I'm sure you have great talent for war, and I could teach you a lot. If we are ever at war again together, you should lead, say, 30,000 men, under my orders — you would soon get the feel of it.

INT. NAPOLEON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Napoleon soaks in a steaming tub.

Talleyrand, constantly wiping his glasses, balances on his lap a thick sheaf of draft notes of the Treaty of Tilsit, referring to them during the discussion.

TALLEYRAND

Article 46, calls for the virtual dismemberment of Prussia, reducing her population by half and her army

to a token force.

NAPOLEON

Does she deserve anything better?

TALLEYRAND

Those are extremely harsh terms.

NAPOLEON

I did not ask her to go to war against me.

TALLEYRAND

Has Alexander agreed to this?

NAPOLEON

Yes, he has.

(Talleyrand looks dismayed and leafs through some more papers).

TALLEYRAND

Now, the section headed «Secret Clauses of the Treaty» —Article 14b, provides for Alexander to serve as mediator between France and England and, if he fails to achieve a preliminary agreement within four months, it further provides that Russia is to go to war against England, and close her ports to English trade.

NAPOLEON

That is correct.

TALLEYRAND

Do you think Alexander has any chance to succeed as a mediator?

NAPOLEON

I very seriously doubt it. I don't think there is any possibility of making peace with England so long as she sees herself safe from invasion. That is why we must increase the pressure on her economy. With Russia in the Continental Blockade, England must collapse. More than 40% of her trade is with the Continent and Russia.

TALLEYRAND

England can make no move against you on the Continent without Austria. A reliable treaty with Austria would end her hopes in that regard.

NAPOLEON

We have a treaty with Austria.

TALLEYRAND

Not one I should like to rely on. Francis is still smarting under the terms he had to accept after Austerlitz, and he is under great pressure to recover his losses.

NAPOLEON

My dear Talleyrand, none of the Kings of Europe bear any friendship for France. It is easy for you to talk of reliable treaties. The only treaties you have been able to negotiate are the ones I have won on the battlefield.

TALLEYRAND

What I am talking about is moderation.

NAPOLEON

What you are talking about is a gamble on moderation —when I gamble, I prefer to gamble on force.

TALLEYRAND

And where do you place Alexander?

NAPOLEON

Alexander and I are friends. We have reached an understanding.

TALLEYRAND

I hope that understanding is worth as much as you think it is, sire. My impression of Alexander is that he is moody and impressionable, capable of acting on sudden impulses which then lead to sudden embarrassments. He is an unpredictable mixture of idealism and vanity. You have dazzled him, and you have performed a diplomatic miracle, but Alexander is

weak and he is easily influenced by the last one who has his ear.

NAPOLEON

That is a matter of opinion.

TALLEYRAND

Sire, you have only enemies in the court of St. Petersburg, and I fear outside your influence, Alexander will have another look at what he has agreed to.

NAPOLEON

He will stand by his agreement —I know him better than you do.

EXT. NIEMEN RIVER - DAY

Napoleon and Alexander exchange fraternal embraces, on the bank of the Niemen river. Music, cheers, massed troops, flags, cannon salutes.

NAPOLEON
(embracing Alexander)

My dear Alexander, between us there must never be any third parties. We must always deal directly with each other and never allow Ministers or advisors to muddy the waters.

FADE OUT.

THE FALL

FADE IN:

INT. THRONE ROOM TUILERIES - DAY

Present for the Imperial divorce are all the high officers of the Crown and the Empire, the Bonaparte family, Hortense, Eugene. Josephine is seated next to Napoleon, her eyes downcast.

NAPOLEON

The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, require that I should transmit to an heir, the throne, on which providence has placed me. For many years, I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved wife, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage.

Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, tries to read it but uncontrollable sobs choke her voice.

JOSEPHINE

With the permission of my august and dear husband, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children, who may satisfy the requirements of his policy in the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth...

She cannot continue, and breaks down completely. Eugene and Hortense comfort her. Hortense is crying, too.

But the Bonaparte family watch the proceedings, unmoved. They have never

forgiven Josephine.

Napoleon is pale and shaken. He whispers to an official, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, who picks up Josephine's speech from the floor. He reads the speech to the accompaniment of Josephine's tears.

D'ANGELY

I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being, one day, governed by the descendants of that great man, who was evidently raised up by providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne and social order.

EXT. MALMAISON GARDEN - DAY

Napoleon and Josephine walking, arm in arm. Their entourages follow, a few hundred feet behind.

NARRATOR

On the day after the divorce, Napoleon drove to Malmaison to visit with Josephine, and this visit was to set a pattern for all those to come. They were always announced in advance, there was something ceremonious and constrained about them, and they always left Josephine in a state of deep depression.

INT. MALMAISON DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room at Malmaison. Josephine and Hortense are at dinner. Josephine is reading a letter from Napoleon, her food untouched. Hortense is nervous and upset.

JOSEPHINE
(reading from letter)

My dearest Josephine —I was heartsick at the sight of you yesterday. I, too, am sad today and need to know that you are more composed. This great palace echoes with emptiness and I feel terribly isolated. I am dinning all alone tonight. The page I sent to Malmaison this morning tells me he saw you weeping.

You promised me you would stop. I want very much to come to see you but you will have to show more self-control.

(*Josephine puts the letter down*).

JOSEPHINE
(vacantly)

Sometimes I have the feeling that I am dead, and that the only sign of life remaining to me is the vague sensation that I no longer exist.

INT. TUILLERIES BALLROOM - DAY

Napoleon is dancing with Murat. The only other person in the large ballroom is Berthier. A trio of musicians, placed outside the closed door, plays a waltz.

Murat is teaching Napoleon how to waltz. He is an expert teacher, and Napoleon is a reasonable pupil. Berthier watches glumly.

INT. AUSTRIAN EMBASSY RECEPTION IN PARIS - NIGHT

Duroc is dozing in an arm-chair. He is awakened by the arrival of the Austrian Ambassador, Schwarzenburg, who enters the room, covered with mud, his face smeared with blood, and a deep cut behind his ear, trickling blood down on his collar.

DUROC

Good heavens, Ambassador —what has happened?

SCHWARZENBURG

Ah, good evening, my dear Duroc. I'm afraid I've been out hunting and I have had a rather bad fall.

DUROC

Indeed you have, Ambassador. Have you sent for a doctor?

SCHWARZENBURG

Yes, I have, and I hope you will forgive me, Duroc, but unless your visit is extremely urgent, I shall have to ask you to excuse me until tomorrow.

DUROC

I beg your indulgence, Ambassador, but it is.

SCHWARZENBURG
(holding his face)

Oh?

(He takes the Ambassador by the elbow and speaks softly so that they cannot be overheard).

DUROC

The Emperor has decided to marry your Archduchess, Marie-Louise.

SCHWARZENBURG

What is that?

DUROC

Earlier this afternoon, the Emperor refused the hand of the Grand Duchess Anna, of Russia, and, as I'm sure you can appreciate, he is quite able to change his mind again. For the Emperor, to choose a wife, is only a matter of minutes.

SCHWARZENBURG

But this is not a matter which can be settled tonight, surely?

DUROC

No one can say how the Emperor's thoughts work, Ambassador, and unless we move quickly, he might change his mind again.

SCHWARZENBURG

But, my dear Duroc, how can I act without guidance from Vienna? I haven't the slightest idea of how the Emperor Francis might feel about this.

DUROC

May I suggest that we can prepare and sign the agreement, between ourselves, subject to the approval of the two Emperors. Believe me, my dear friend, your Archduchess, Marie-Louis, may very well hold, in her hands, the future of our two countries.

INT. THRONE ROOM SCHONBRUNN PALACE - DAY

The proxy wedding of Marie-Louis and Napoleon in Vienna. The Archduke Charles stands in for the absent Napoleon.

FRANCIS II

I grant my daughter's hand to the Emperor of the French.

MARIE-LOUISE

I, with my father's permission, give my consent to my union with the Emperor Napoleon.

Berthier turns to Marie-Louise, presents her with a letter from Napoleon, and a portrait of him, in a medallion, surrounded by 12 extremely large diamonds.

INT. IMPERIAL COACH - RAIN - NIGHT

Marie-Louise's coach, and those of her entourage bounce along a road near Compiegne, in a driving rain storm.

Napoleon's sister, Caroline, Queen of Naples, reviews the protocol to be followed.

Marie-Louise looks tired, confused, slightly sick and anxious.

CAROLINE
(reading)

On arriving, the Empress Marie-Louise will ascend the steps on the north side, and the Emperor Napoleon will use those on the south side. The monarchs will arrive at the middle simultaneously. Upon perceiving the Emperor, the Empress will kneel and bow her head, and the Emperor will raise and embrace her.

Suddenly, there is a banging on the windowpane, and the women shriek. The door opens, and a man, on horseback, jumps in. Marie-Louis is seized, passionately embraced and drenched, by a rain-soaked cloak. Shrieks and laughter.

NAPOLEON
(laughing)

Good evening, ladies. You must forgive me, my dearest wife, but I simply could not wait to see you.

MARIE-LOUISE

Oh, then you are...

NAPOLEON
(laughing)

Yes, my dearest Marie-Louise, I am your husband.

(They both laugh).

(Napoleon looks at her, admiringly, and takes her hand).

NAPOLEON

My dear, sweet Marie-Louis, you are even more beautiful than your portrait.

(Marie-Louise giggles and lowers her eyes).

MARIE-LOUISE

And, where did you see my portrait?

NAPOLEON

Ah, you must forgive me, my dearest Marie-Louise, I saw it during one of my stays at your palace —at Schonbrunn.

(They both laugh).

NAPOLEON
(jokingly)

I hope you will forgive me for any inconveniences I may have caused you, and your family, in the past.

(Laughter).

NAPOLEON

And, you, my dear wife, do you find that I resemble my portraits?

MARIE-LOUISE

You are much younger, and much more handsome, than your pictures.

(She giggles).

NAPOLEON
(laughs)

Good! Good! Then we are both pleased with each other. How fortunate we are —eh? How fortunate we are!

INT. COMPIEGNE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon and Marie-Louise in bed, the marriage is about to be consummated. Her cloistered upbringing has not prepared her very well for this moment. Each time Napoleon is about to take her in his arms, she speaks.

MARIE-LOUISE

Do you like music?

NAPOLEON
(gently)

Yes, I do —very much.

MARIE-LOUISE

Will I be able to play the harp? It is an instrument of which I am very fond.

NAPOLEON

Of course, my dear.

MARIE-LOUISE

You are so good to me. Will you also allow me to have a botanical garden?

NAPOLEON

You may have anything you wish, my sweet and lovely Marie-Louise.

MARIE-LOUISE

I am told that Fontainebleau has many lovely views. I know nothing more interesting than a lovely countryside.

NAPOLEON

I am sure you will enjoy the French countryside.

MARIE-LOUISE

I hope you have patience with me. I do not know how to dance the quadrille but, if you desire it, I will learn.

NAPOLEON

I only desire what gives you pleasure, my dearest.

MARIE-LOUISE

Will it be possible to have my dog, Bijou, sent here? I

was not allowed to bring her and I love her so much.

NAPOLEON

Of course, my dear —how cruel to have been separated from her. And how strange it must be for you to be here, away from your family and everything you know.

MARIE-LOUISE

Oh, no, I am very happy. But you must have patience with me... I know nothing at all of what a wife must know. And I know nothing about men. My papa has never allowed me even to have a pet of the male gender.

NAPOLEON

Did the Emperor or Empress give you any... instructions of any kind... before you left?

MARIE-LOUISE

Papa said only to comply with any request you might make of me.

NAPOLEON

Oh, my dearest child —you must not worry about anything. I will teach you everything that you must know.

(Napoleon sits up in bed).

NAPOLEON

(cheerfully)

Do you know the joke about the two Swiss boys who go to a bordello for the first time?

MARIE-LOUISE

(giggles)

No.

NAPOLEON

Well, two nice little Swiss boys, who are virgins, decide they will save up their money and go to a bordello.

(Marie-Louise giggles).

NAPOLEON

At the door, one of them loses his nerve and decides to wait in the street while his more adventuresome friend goes inside. Fifteen minutes later his friend comes out.

(Napoleon does the dialogue with a heavy Swiss accent).

NAPOLEON

«Well, what was it like? —the timid one asks—. «Oh, —his friend nonchalantly replied—, «The movements are ridiculously simple, but the feeling is wonderful!».

(Marie-Louise shrieks with laughter which persists until tears run down her cheeks).

(Napoleon gently takes her into his arms).

MARIE-LOUISE
(trembling)

Blow out the candle, please.

He does. The screen is black. We hear some heavy breathing, then Marie-Louise, giggling —then, themes and variations of her giggling.

EXT. TUILERIES BALCONY - DAY

Napoleon holds up his son, the infant King of Rome, to the cheering multitude below. Standing beside him are Marie-Louise, his mother and entourage.

EXT. MALMAISON ZOO - DAY

Josephine is showing the year-old, King of Rome, the small Malmaison zoo. She carries him in her arms. Madame de Montesquiou, a kind woman, the child's governess, walks along with them.

JOSEPHINE
(wistfully)

Ah, my dear Madame de Montesquiou, you have no idea what happiness it brings me to see this child, at last. I was told the very idea of such a visit would too much distress the Empress.

MONTESQUIOU

I am delighted to be of service to you again, Your

Highness. And I can tell you, my instructions came directly from the Emperor, with a caution to be discreet.

JOSEPHINE

Oh... I see. I understand. How is... the Emperor?

MONTESQUIOU

I rarely see him, Your Highness, but I believe he is in excellent health, and he is very happy with the child.

JOSEPHINE

Ah, that is good.

MONTESQUIOU

And, you seem in excellent health, Your Highness.

JOSEPHINE

Ah, well, my dear *Madame de Montesquiou*, peace of mind can eventually be a substitute for happiness.

Suddenly, the little boy begins making happy noises about one of the animals, and Josephine hugs him. Her eyes fill with tears.

JOSEPHINE

My dear sweet child, one day, perhaps you will know the sacrifice I have made for you, and I leave it to your governess to make you aware of it.

EXT. TUILLERIES GARDEN - DAY

Imperial Guard sergeant proudly carries the King of Rome. Napoleon and Marie-Louise are seated on a park bench nearby.

MARIE-LOUISE —(V.O.)—

My adorable papa, I can announce to you that your prophesy has been realized. I am as happy as possible. My husband loves me profoundly and I return his affection. I feel sure that I shall live happily with him. I assure you, my dear papa, that the Emperor is as careful of my health as you would be.

EXT. TUILLERIES GARDEN - DAY

King of Rome, now 1 1/2 years-old, riding in a magnificently decorated cart,

pulled by two lambs, supervised by Napoleon, Marie-Louise, Duroc and Murat.

INT. TUILLERIES NURSERY - DAY

The King of Rome is asleep, holding onto one of Napoleon's fingers. Letizia looks lovingly at her son and grandson. Magnificent toys are scattered about the room.

DEFEAT

EXT. NARROW RUSSIAN ROAD - DAY

A narrow, sandy track. A French courier, Major Fidon, in a heavy barouche, is making slow progress. Immediately behind him is a Russian light kibitka, which has, for some time, been unsuccessfully trying to pass him. The driver of the Russian vehicle is impatiently ringing a bell and cursing.

MAJOR FIDON
(taps on the window)

Stop the carriage!

The French driver brings the horses to a sudden halt, almost causing a collision from the rear.

The French courier storms out and hurries to the Russian carriage. Ignoring the driver, he unceremoniously opens the door and addresses a very distinguished looking Russian gentleman seated inside.

MAJOR FIDON
(bristling with anger)

Good day, *monsieur*. Do you think it is possible for you to tell your driver to stop ringing that bell?

RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN

My regrets, my dear Major, but I believe you have been blocking the road.

MAJOR FIDON

Are you trying to provoke me, *monsieur*?

RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN

No, Major, I merely wish to state that your vehicle appears to be somewhat slower and heavier than mine, and point out that, if you would be kind enough to pull

over to one side of the road, I could pass you and be on my way.

MAJOR FIDON

May I inform you, *monsieur*, that I am Major Fidon, official courier to the court of the Emperor Napoleon, on my way to our Embassy at St. Petersburg and, in accordance with the rules of the road, no one may overtake or pass me.

RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN

Before you quote the rules of the road to me, Major, may I point out to you that you are not in France now, but that you are a guest in Russia.

MAJOR FIDON

If I have given you any cause to be insulted, *monsieur*, may I offer you immediate satisfaction?

RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN
(pulling his door closed)

If you wish to put things on that basis, then I will say good day to you, *monsieur*.

The French officer glares at him and walks back to his carriage. He gets back inside and drives off, still blocking the road.

Suddenly, the road widens and it becomes possible for the Russian to pass. The driver seizes the opportunity and easily passes the French barouche.

MAJOR FIDON
(shouting)

Insolent bastard! Insolent bastard!

In a fury, the French courier pulls out his pistol, leans out of the window and fires several poorly-aimed shots at the rapidly diminishing vehicle.

NARRATOR

By 1810, relations between France and Russia were wearing thin. The terms Russia had agreed to at Tilsit, three years earlier, were proving to be unrealistic and ruinous to her.

INT. KREMLIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Tsar Alexander and Caulaincourt. Alexander is slightly drunk.

ALEXANDER

It is a thing entirely unknown in diplomacy, that one government should assume a right to dictate to another, who is upon terms of equality, the conditions on which she should conduct her commerce; and, assuming such a right, second it by threatening language, in case of non-compliance.

CAULAINCOURT

But, Your Majesty, the very substance of the Tilsit treaty was that you should join the Continental Blockade, boycott English goods, suspend all commercial dealings with her, and be France's ally. Nothing more is being asked than to comply with the treaty.

ALEXANDER

My dear Caulaincourt, agreements can endure only when they allow both sides to live. Napoleon may believe it is necessary to injure England but, before that, he must realize it is necessary for him to allow his friends to live. He cannot expect me to tell my nobles they must ruin themselves so that he can bring England to her knees —and I'm afraid that is what it has come to.

CAULAINCOURT

I can appreciate what Your Majesty is saying but the Emperor has staked everything on this policy. He has no other way to attack England, and no one knows more than Your Majesty how his overtures for peace have been rejected.

ALEXANDER

It's a fine thing to establish policies but, when they don't work, they must be reconsidered. Granted that you have hurt England, but she is still on her feet. And to seal off her trade with Europe, what has it cost you? You have had to rule with an iron hand. You have

turned friends into enemies. And even at that, the result has only been partly effective. You have never been able to stop the extensive cheating, smuggling and corruption —even of your own officials. But I should think the situation in Spain, alone, would give your policy a minus balance. You have had to commit a quarter of a million of your best troops against the guerrillas, with no victory in sight. And you have given England a dangerous foothold on the Continent, for her armies.

CAULAINCOURT

I am in no position to debate this with you, Your Majesty, but can you imagine what a blow it will be to the Emperor if you should now desert his cause? It would mean nothing less than victory for England.

ALEXANDER

My dear Caulaincourt, you have no idea of how compromised my own position has become since Tilsit. I am blamed by the army for the military disaster at Austerlitz and Friedland, by the nobility for ruining their trade with England, by the merchants who must accept French foods at unprofitable prices, and by the nation for allowing Napoleon to dictate Russian policy.

(Alexander comes up to Caulaincourt and takes his arm. He speaks slowly and factually).

ALEXANDER

Caulaincourt, my father was strangled in his bed by his own Palace Guard. Can you blame me for not wishing to meet the same end?

(Caulaincourt is at a loss for a reply).

CAULAINCOURT

Your Majesty knows my affection for him is deep and genuine, and goes far beyond my official role as Ambassador. But I would be remiss in my feelings for

you, and in my responsibility to the Emperor, if I did not say that it is entirely possible that the Emperor will view your refutation of the terms of the Treaty of Tilsit, as the first step in the exchange of a French alliance for an English one —with all the dangers that might entail.

ALEXANDER
(*after a long pause*)

I have given a great deal of thought to that possibility, and I am prepared to face it. If it should come to war, and I presume that is what you are alluding to, I would rather have war with the Emperor than my own people.

INT. NAPOLEON'S OFFICE TUILERIES - DAY

NAPOLEON
(*pleasantly*)

Monsieur Barbier, I would like to have all the books, that are best worth consulting, on the topography of Russia, and especially of Lithuania, with special attention to the rivers, forests, roads, marshes and so forth. I would also like to have the most detailed account there is of Charles XII's campaigns in Poland and Russia.

INT. NAPOLEON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maps and books are everywhere. Napoleon is on his hands and knees, creeping around on a huge map of Russia.

NARRATOR

The seeds of the Russian campaign of 1812 were planted at Tilsit, in 1807, and began to bear fruit in 1810, when Alexander reopened his ports to British goods and imposed high tariffs on French imports. From then on, the situation between France and Russia steadily began to deteriorate —friction grew, accusations were exchanged, spasmodic negotiations were attempted, tension increased and extensive military preparations were carried out by both sides.

EXT. DRESDEN STREET - DAY

Crowds. Honor Guard. Imperial carriages. Napoleon and Marie-Louise greet Francis of Austria, Frederich Wilhelm of Prussia, and the other Kings.

NARRATOR

Napoleon had made up his mind that a showdown with Russia was inevitable. Dresden was appointed as a mutual rendezvous for all the Kings, Princes, Dukes and dependent royalties of every description, who were subordinates to Napoleon, or who hoped for good or evil at his hands. And it was here, on May 16, 1812, where for the last time he would appear as King of Kings.

Emperor Francis of Austria and his wife, Maria Ludovica, embrace the Imperial couple.

*NAPOLEON
(embracing Francis)*

Since my marriage, some people have said the lion has been sleeping —they will now see whether he has been sleeping.

(Good-natured laughter).

NARRATOR

The Emperor of Austria, with his Empress, had come to honor his mighty son-in-law. But he had already written to Alexander that the Treaty just signed with France should not, he hoped, prevent Russia and Austria from continuing their secret understanding, relative to their common political views.

(King Frederich Wilhelm embracing them).

NARRATOR

The King of Prussia also came to pay his respects. He had already written to Alexander, excusing himself for having yielded to irresistible force and fatality. «If war breaks out, we shall harm each other only as much as is strictly necessary, remembering constantly that we

are one, that we must one day be allies again».

INT. DRESDEN PALATIAL ROOM - DAY

Napoleon and the monarchs are seated at a large table.

NAPOLEON

Never was the success of an expedition more certain. I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favor. For the first time, I advance at the head of the combined forces of France, Austria, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Poland.

(He smiles at each ruler as their country is mentioned).

EMPEROR FRANCIS

Let us hope that just the sight of our preparations will cause Alexander to yield.

NAPOLEON

That is my fervent hope. I love Alexander, as a brother, and wish him no harm.

FREDERICH WILHELM

If war should come, Alexander has sworn he will not make peace under any conditions, however many battles he may lose, using the size of his country, the poverty of the soil and the rigors of the climate, to wear you down.

NAPOLEON

I know he has said that, and I am sure that he would like to believe it's true. But Russia is a semiAsiatic nation which cannot field an army as large as your own, and has no literature or music to speak of. It is a barbarian nation, and barbarians are superstitious and have simple ideas. A single blow delivered at the heart of the Russian Empire, at Moscow the Great, Moscow the Holy, will, in a single instant, put this whole blind apathetic mass into despair.

(Napoleon pauses, thoughtfully).

NAPOLEON

I know Alexander. His imagination must be struck by some great, bold, powerful stroke, and he will come back to me, just as he did at Friedland.

EXT. BANK OF VISTULA RIVER - DAY

NARRATOR

With his army of 400,000 men in concealed bivouacs, on a ten mile front, in the forests, bordering the banks of the Vistula river, Napoleon conducted a last minute personal reconnaissance, disguised in the uniform of a Polish lancer.

Napoleon rides along the river bank, accompanied by Berthier, Murat, Duroc, Bessieres and Davout, all similarly disguised.

The opposite bank of the river is silent and deserted. The only sounds to be heard are those of the river and of birds singing.

Suddenly, Napoleon's horse stumbles and falls. Napoleon is stunned and helped to his feet by his concerned entourage.

*NAPOLEON
(smiling)*

Well, this is an ill-omen, indeed. Caesar would probably turn back.

(There is uneasy laughter).

EXT. FLAT RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Impressive shot of the Grand Army on the march. Maximum numbers.

NARRATOR

The campaign of 1812 was the first time in which Napoleon had a marked superiority of numbers, but in accumulating such a mass of uneven quality, he would defeat his object, which was to bring about another Austerlitz or Friedland.

EXT. FLAT RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Russian army retreating in good order.

NARRATOR

The disparity of numbers left the Russians no option but to avoid battle and repeatedly disengage, however much political pressure developed for them to stand and fight.

EXT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Russian rear guard cavalry setting light to the deserted houses.

NARRATOR

Alexander gave orders that his retiring army should blow up bridges behind them, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessities of life, and leave behind them, nothing but a desert waste.

EXT. HILL - DAY

NARRATOR

Although the Russians refused any major encounters, there was fierce fighting between the French advance guard and the Russian rear guard.

Concealed in some trees, the Russian rear guard cavalry occupies a height, above a village occupied by the French advance guard infantry.

Fifty French grenadiers, part of the advance guard, ascends the hill, unaware of the enemy cavalry waiting for them.

When the French infantry are half way up the hill, the Russian cuirassiers and cossacks gallop down the hill and surround the grenadiers, who immediately form into a square. It is no contest. 200 cavalry against 50 infantry, with no help in sight.

The Russian officer commanding the cavalry rides up to them, demanding their surrender. The officer, in command of the French, answers by killing him with a pistol shot. Upon this, the Russian cavalry, inexplicably, leave the field, allowing the French to withdraw.

ANIMATED MAP

Showing progress of the Grand Army's march through Russia during the summer of 1812.

Narration to explain situation.

NARRATOR

The Tsar's scorched earth strategy was in line with the views of some of the more enlightened Russian strategists, but the army and the people were full of reckless confidence and impatience for battle, and the long retreat to Moscow filled them with bitterness and a sense of feebleness and incompetence at the top.

INT. ROSTOPCHIN'S SALON - NIGHT

NARRATOR

As Napoleon approached Moscow, the court of St. Petersburg was in despair, and the Tsar, his resolve shaken, was ready to sue for peace. Now, the intervention of one man, Count Feodor Vasilievitch Rostopchin, the Governor of Moscow, would have a decisive effect on the course of history.

Rostopchin is a steady man, a good husband and father —a man of gentle and attractive manners, with a superior and cultivated mind. Present are the head of the secret police, and eleven senior Moscow officials. The doors are locked, the shades are down and the men speak in low voices.

ROSTOPCHIN

My friends, I have it now on excellent authority that the French will enter Moscow within a few days. Kutusov still swears he will fight to the death, but I have learned, on excellent authority, he has plans to surrender the city without a struggle. Our empire is almost overthrown. The court of St. Petersburg trembles, and will begin peace negotiations as soon as Napoleon enters the Kremlin. One can only imagine what will be lost. My friends, we are living in a time when men of conviction must be prepared to influence the nation even without the approval of their sovereign. They must dare to evaluate the public and private interests which they may be called upon a sacrifice.

(He looks around the group).

ROSTOPCHIN

The flames of our beloved Moscow will erect a barrier of fire between the Tsar and all weakness, and they will rob from Napoleon the end and the aim of his campaign.

(Pause).

ROSTOPCHIN

Is there anyone who wishes to withdraw?

(Silence).

ROSTOPCHIN

Very well —there is a great deal to be organized.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING MOSCOW - DAY

Napoleon standing on the summit of Sparrow Hill, looking at the glittering domes and minarets of Moscow, in the distance. Moscow is lordly and striking, with the steeples of its 30 churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of eastern architecture mingled with trees and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle.

But not a chimney sends up smoke, not a man appears on the battlements or at the gates. All is silence. His marshals are gathered around him.

NAPOLEON

It was all very well for Alexander to do more damage to his country than I could possibly do, but he could not destroy Moscow. This is the prize that will end the war. You will see, we will have peace offerings from him within a few days.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - DAY

A French cavalry patrol finds Moscow a ghost-town, deserted, lifeless, a city of the dead, except for the eerie echo of their horses' hoofs.

Behind them, a column of a 100 infantry march, led by a drummer and a drum-major.

Suddenly, a wild-looking man, with long grey hair down to his shoulders, and a thick white beard, armed with a pitchfork, rushes out of an alley and into

the path of the troops.

He is such an incredible sight, the men laugh at him.

DRUM-MAJOR

Hello, grandfather. Are you the only welcome we shall have today?

(More laughter).

The old man suddenly attacks the drum-major with the pitchfork, which the unfortunate man takes full in the belly, letting out a horrible scream.

Several soldiers rush up to the old man and drag him off.

An officer shouts to bayonet him.

A soldier stabs at him but finds his bayonet will not penetrate the man's thick sheepskin coat. Several others have the same result.

The officer rides up and, without further ado, shoot him with his pistol, accidentally wounding a French soldier in the hand.

INT. KREMLIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon is sleeping heavily. Duroc and Caulaincourt stand over him, gently trying to wake him.

NAPOLEON

What do you want?

Napoleon immediately becomes aware of the strange light in the room, leaps out of bed and rushes to the window. The entire city seems to be in flames.

NAPOLEON

My God...! What time is it?

DUROC Four o'clock.

NAPOLEON

My God, what a fire!

(They stand in silence).

NAPOLEON

When did it start?

DUROC

The first reports came in at about ten.

NAPOLEON

Why didn't you wake me then?

DUROC

At first, it hardly seemed more than a routine fire.

NAPOLEON

How did it spread so quickly?

DUROC

It is the work of incendiaries.

NAPOLEON

I told Mortier that he would answer with his life for any looting.

DUROC

Our troops have no part in this. It has been started by the Russians!

NAPOLEON

Impossible, I don't believe it.

DUROC

We have already captured a dozen incendiaries, convicts, released just two days ago. They said they were acting under orders of the secret police.

NAPOLEON

But to start a fire like this in five hours —how is it possible? It would take a carefully organized plan, tons of combustibles and hundreds of people.

DUROC

From what we can tell, there are hundreds of agents, all over the city. The combustibles seem to have been carefully placed beforehand, and all the fire-engines have been removed from the city.

NAPOLEON

My God —this could be very bad for us... very bad, indeed.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT

Fires are started by wild-looking men and women in rags, wandering about in the flames. An official of the secret police gives orders and carefully writes something in a notebook.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT

Three Russians, one of whom is armed with a lance, the second with a sword, the third a lighted torch, are setting fire to a house.

A party of 5, unarmed, French soldiers, dragging a cart containing loot, surprises them.

The Russian with the lance puts himself in a position of defense. The others simply ignore the French and continue about their work.

One of the Frenchmen grabs a long pole from a smoldering carriage, using it as a quarterstaff, and attacks the man armed with the lance; he quickly breaks both his legs and the Russian falls with a terrible cry of pain. The Frenchman strikes him on the head killing him.

The other two Russians run away.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - DAY

Some French soldiers making jam fritters in the smoldering ruins of a bakery while the fire rages at the other end of the street, and furniture, sliding down from collapsing floors, crashes to the pavement.

INT. BEDROOM ST. PETERSBURG PALACE - NIGHT

Alexander is in bed with a heavy cold, and in a foul mood.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I hope you will forgive me, Your Majesty, for requesting an audience at such a late hour, but I have traveled all the way from Moscow to see you, on a matter which cannot wait.

ALEXANDER

Very well, General, what is it you wish to say?

GENERAL KUTUSOV

Your Majesty, I have been advised that you have received a letter from Napoleon, offering a peace treaty, and that you have decided to accept it.

ALEXANDER

I have decided to accept the principle of a negotiation; the terms are not established.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

If I may, Your Majesty, I would like to offer a dissenting opinion.

ALEXANDER

General Kutusov, feel free to say whatever you like.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I believe I am right in saying that, before the fire, the country had grown weary of the war, and there were few who were interested in continuing the battle.

ALEXANDER

Proceed.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

But, since the fire, a completely new spirit has been aroused in the nation. The French have become an army of criminals, against whom Russia must be avenged, against whom she is now prepared to fight to the death.

ALEXANDER

You know, General Kutusov, there is a very strong possibility that the fire was not started by Napoleon's troops but was organized under the orders of Rostopchin's secret police.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I have heard that story but I do not believe it.

ALEXANDER

Rostopchin is a fanatic and he is capable of anything —however, it doesn't affect what we are talking about. Please go on.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

The point I was trying to make is that I think it is reasonable to say that Your Majesty would not find himself under unbearable pressure, if he decided to

make peace with the Emperor, at least at this time.

ALEXANDER

For the sake of your argument, let us say that is correct.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

Well, has Your Majesty considered what Napoleon's alternatives might be, if you simply chose to ignore his note?

ALEXANDER

Yes, General Kutusov, I daresay that this has been considered and discussed at great length. Napoleon would simply spend the winter in Moscow and continue the campaign in the spring. Another lesser possibility might be to march on St. Petersburg now, although there is some doubt that he has the strength to do this, until he refits his army.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

You have my absolute assurance, Your Majesty, that Napoleon does not have the strength to attack St. Petersburg now —his army is exhausted and ill-supplied, and he would be defeated if he attempted that.

ALEXANDER

I will accept your assurance, but I'm afraid I don't see your point.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

Forgive me, Your Majesty, I am about to make it.

ALEXANDER

Ah, yes —proceed.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

The point is that I don't think Napoleon will sit in Moscow until the spring! I don't think he can afford to.

(Pause).

GENERAL KUTUSOV

It would be a sensible decision if he were merely commander of the army, but he is also the Emperor of France. Can he afford to stay away from Paris for what will amount to a year by the time he commences his campaign again in the spring? And, even if he might consider this, his lines of communication are overstretched and vulnerable —they can be easily cut by our cossacks. Will he then be willing to remain, completely out of touch with Paris —for a year? The French are like women. You cannot stay away from them for too long.

(The Tsar sneezes and blows his nose).

ALEXANDER

Well, that is a very interesting idea, General Kutusov, but I can assure you that Napoleon is no beginner at this. Whatever analysis you have done on this situation, I am sure that he has gone over the same ground.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I have no doubt that he has, Your Majesty, but does he have any strong moves from which to choose?

ALEXANDER

Well, one thing immediately comes to mind, if what you are saying is true —he would merely withdraw his army from Moscow and return to Poland for the winter.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

Your Majesty has grasped the outlines of his problem in much less time than it took me. This is a crucial point —and it is a political one, which Your Majesty will be in a far better position to answer than I. Can Napoleon afford to abandon Moscow without signing even the preliminaries of a peace treaty with you?

ALEXANDER

I must confess he would look a bit silly, fighting his way to Moscow and turning right around again.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

Perhaps it would be even more serious than that, Your Majesty. His European confederation is held together by some very slender threads. Your Majesty knows even better than I that Austria and Prussia are very doubtful allies, and the Emperor has reason enough to fear that they will turn on him, at the first sign of weakness.

ALEXANDER

Proceed.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

If I can presume to go into the Emperor's mind, I believe that he has based his entire campaign strategy on obtaining a peace treaty after the fall of Moscow. When Vienna fell, there was a peace treaty. When Berlin fell, another treaty. That has always been the rules of the game. But what is he to do now if no treaty is forthcoming? He knows that beyond Moscow, there is nothing, and that, if he withdraws, there remains only a fall into emptiness.

(Alexander is thoughtful).

ALEXANDER

What do you think Napoleon will do?

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I, personally, am convinced that he will withdraw his army from Moscow, and attempt to establish himself in Poland for the winter. In the end, he will not allow himself to be cut off from Paris. But I believe that if he is offered any encouragement, by Your Majesty, he will postpone this decision as long as possible. He is a gambler and he will trust to his luck.

(Pause).

GENERAL KUTUSOV

If he withdraws his army in good order, it will be a serious political defeat. But, if he should be caught on the move, with his army, in the full grip of winter, then it will be a catastrophe. If Your Majesty can prolong his hopes for a treaty by silence, be deceit, by any means, for another month, thus postponing his departure, then the graves of his army are already dug in the soil of Russia.

ALEXANDER

General Kutusov, I would like to call a meeting of my cabinet tomorrow morning and have you present this idea to them. I think it has merit and is worthy of consideration.

GENERAL KUTUSOV

I am at your disposal, Your Majesty.

EXT. KREMLIN BALCONY - DAY

It is a fine, fall day. Napoleon and a small entourage are having lunch outside on a balcony overlooking Moscow.

NARRATOR

Day after day of fine autumn weather was allowed to slip away, while Napoleon waited for the word from Alexander which would never come. The weather was so fine and the temperature so mild that it seemed as if even the season was conspiring to deceive Napoleon.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Murat and his staff are exchanging gifts with the Cossack officers and soldiers, who treat Murat with great respect. Drinks, food and song: the mood is one of expansive warmth, in the manner the Russians so easily generate.

NARRATOR

His troops fraternized with the enemy and reported them demoralized, and tired of war.

EXT. KREMLIN COURTYARD - DAY

The mail carriage being unloaded in the Kremlin courtyard. Twelve large

trunks with Imperial markings are carried inside.

NARRATOR

Trunks, bearing dispatches and mail, arrived regularly every day from Paris. It seemed as easy to travel from Paris to Moscow as from Paris to Marseilles.

INT. KREMLIN SALON - NIGHT

A small theatrical performance for Napoleon and his inner circle, performed in a Kremlin room, by a troupe of French artists who were in Moscow at the time of the occupation. They are playing a farce to polite laughter and applause.

NARRATOR

Thus, lulled by events, and by realities he could not face, Napoleon seemed to fall into a dream in Moscow, and, amid the dreadful storm of men and element gathering around him, he spent his time discussing the merits of some new verses which he had received, or the regulations for the Comedie Francaise in Paris which took him three evenings to prepare.

INT. NAPOLEON'S KREMLIN BEDROOM - DAY

Napoleon, alone in his room in the Kremlin. Vacant, immobile, heavy.

NARRATOR

Napoleon was extremely superstitious and retained a mystical belief in his partnership with fate, a sense that he could only do so much, and that events must somehow complete the decision. And, so it would be in Moscow, where, without confidence and full of apprehension, he would cheerlessly pursue his destiny, unaware that fortune, which had so often smiled upon him, had now abandoned his cause just when he required miracles of her.

EXT. ROAD - SNOW - DAY

The Russian advance guard cavalry moves through the debris of the retreat scattered along the sides of the road —dead men and horses, overturned

wagons containing the booty taken from Moscow, gold candlesticks, porcelain vases, paintings, beautifully bound books, silverware, priceless furniture.

NARRATOR

It was not until October 20, that Napoleon withdrew the Grand Army from Moscow, to begin their thousand mile march into oblivion.

EXT. SNOW - DAY

Napoleon on foot with his army.

NARRATOR

He had waited too long. But the execution of his army would not be principally caused by cold or battle, but be starvation.

EXT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE - SNOW

French foragers loading carts, protected by a hundred cavalry.

Thirty Cossack horsemen watch from some woods, a few hundred yards away.

NARRATOR

In order to feed the army in the barren and ravaged wasteland through which it had to march, it was necessary to send large foraging parties deep into the surrounding countryside, protected by strong escorts of French cavalry, against the clouds of Cossacks which flanked and followed the march.

EXT. SNOW - DAY

A French trooper soothes and strokes his dying horse, gives him a bit of sugar, then shoots him. The shot draws attention of some ragged soldiers, who rush up for a meal and are kept at bay by the trooper's pistol.

NARRATOR

But, by November 5, the temperature was down to 30-degrees of frost, and 30,000 French horses were dead. They were not bred to endure such cold and, not being properly shod for ice, had no chance to survive in these conditions.

EXT. SNOW - DAY

The starving army stumbles along. Hundreds of Cossacks flank the march, out of musket range, several hundred yards off the road.

NARRATOR

The cavalry was now on foot and it was a simple matter for the hordes of Cossack cavalry to confine the retreating French to their single road, thus transforming the finest army the world had ever seen into a starving, feverish mob, without purpose. General Famine and General Winter, rather than Russian bullets, would conquer the French.

EXT. ROAD - SNOW - DAY

A French soldier, Picart, struggling along with a dog tied to his back. His friend, Didier, comes up to him.

DIDIER

Hello there, Picart.

PICART

Ah, Didier —you are alive.

DIDIER

Why are you carrying the dog?

PICART

His paws are frozen and he cannot walk.

DIDIER

When you eat him, may I have some?

PICART

My God —don't you recognize Mouton —our regimental dog? I would rather eat Cossack.

(Didier looks disappointed).

EXT. FROZEN FIELD - DAY

A dozen French soldiers around a small fire, cooking bits of horse-flesh, and a saucepan full of blood, while four or five others fire at a small party of Cossacks, keeping them at a distance. The men who are cooking are utterly

unconcerned with the fighting.

EXT. RUSSIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

A posting house is crammed full of officers and men and horses.

Outside, others are banging on locked doors, trying to get in, but they are refused, virtually condemning them to death during the sub-zero night.

A man on the roof, trying to pull off a plank, draws shots from the inside.

Suddenly, a fire breaks out inside and, because of the horses and the way that the doors are nailed up, it becomes an instant disaster. No one can get out.

The freezing men on the outside make a feeble effort to open the doors but they have been effectively barricaded from the inside.

The noise and the flames attract other men who have been huddled in the open and, since they can do nothing, they crowd as close as they can to the flames to warm themselves, or cook bits of horse-flesh on the points of their swords.

INVASION OF FRANCE

INT. TUILERIES - DAY

The Christmas tree is still up. Toys. Napoleon, on his hands and knees, plays with his son. Marie-Louise watches happily. An aide enters and whispers something, causing Napoleon to get to his feet and excuse himself.

NARRATOR

On January 1st, 1814, France itself was invaded. Now, with a small army of raw recruits, Napoleon would have to face the powerful combination of England, Russia, Prussia and Austria, operating against him together, for the first time. The balance of numbers had tilted irretrievably against him.

NAPOLEON —(V.O.)—

A year ago, the whole of Europe was marching alongside of us. Today, the whole of Europe is marching against us.

EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY

Tsar Alexander on the move with his army.

EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY

French refugees, their belongings on carts. A few miles to the rear, the smoke of a burning village.

EXT. FRENCH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Anxious French townspeople gather around a courier reading war dispatches.

EXT. FRENCH CITY - DAY

Deserters are arrested.

INT. NAPOLEON'S OFFICE TUILERIES - DAY

Napoleon spends his last afternoon burning private papers and playing with his 3-year old son.

EXT. TUILERIES - DAY

Napoleon kisses Marie-Louise and son for the last time. He will never see them again. Carriage and escort waiting.

EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY

Napoleon, at the head of his army, marching through the wintry countryside to meet the invading allied army.

NARRATOR

All around him, the sands were giving way, but Napoleon struck back with a brilliance which caused Wellington, much later on, to remark: «The study of the campaign has given me a greater idea of his genius than any other» For two months, Napoleon's small army would bedevil the jittery and uncoordinated allied armies by rapid marches and surprise attacks on their flanks and rear.

INT. SALON - DAY

The negotiators' meeting at Chatillon.

NARRATOR

During much of the fighting, a peace conference took place at Chatillon, where both sides insincerely raised and lowered their terms with the ebb and flow of the fighting.

EXT. FIELD HQ - NIGHT

Napoleon asleep in his chair near a fire. The table in front of him is covered with maps, papers. His marshals and generals stand at a respectful distance.

ANIMATED MAP

Illuminating and illustrating the narration.

NARRATOR

But despite the brilliance of his tactics, Napoleon's

numbers dwindled and, in desperation, he made a daring and imaginative decision to move eastward, placing himself in the rear of the allied armies. This would cut their long lines of communication but, at the same time, leave open the road to Paris. Napoleon counted on Joseph fulfilling his orders for the defense of the city, so that, if the allies took the bait and marched on Paris, it would offer Napoleon an opportunity for a decisive victory.

INT. TSAR HQ - NIGHT

Alexander reading the letter from Talleyrand.

NARRATOR

But on March 10th, the Tsar received a note from Talleyrand, revealing the total lack of military preparations in Paris.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Russian cavalry patrol captures French courier on snowy, forest road.

NARRATOR

On March 23rd, allied patrols captured a courier carrying a letter from Napoleon to Marie-Louise in which he rashly revealed his plans.

ANIMATED MAP

Situation map showing Paris, Allies, Napoleon, strung out in that order, and covering the narration.

NARRATOR

Although Alexander realized it was essential for Paris to surrender within 24 hours, to avoid the allies being trapped between the walls of Paris and Napoleon's forces which might attack his rear, he chose to gamble, persuading his generals to ignore Napoleon and march on Paris. This crucial decision would bring down Napoleon's empire.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A snowy road near Fontainebleau —French troops retreating. Napoleon's carriage and escort gallop through the troops to the head of the column and stop. Napoleon climbs out and confronts General Belliard.

NAPOLEON

Well, Belliard, what's this? What are you doing here?
Where is the enemy?

BELLIARD

They are at the gates of Paris, sire.

NAPOLEON

And where is the army?

BELLIARD

It is on this road, sire, following me.

NAPOLEON

And who is defending Paris?

BELLIARD

Paris is evacuated, sire. The enemy is to enter at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. The National Guard is on duty at the gates.

NAPOLEON

Paris has surrendered?! I don't believe it.

BELLIARD

Unhappily, it is true, sire.

NAPOLEON

But where are my wife and son? What's become of them? Where is Marmont? Where is Mortier?

BELLIARD

The Empress, your son and the whole court left two days ago for Rambouillet. Marshals Mortier and Marmont are probably still in Paris, completing the arrangements.

Napoleon starts walking rapidly down the road, in the direction of Paris. The party of senior officers scurry after him.

NAPOLEON

Well, you've heard what Belliard says, gentlemen — come, I am going to Paris. Caulaincourt, have my carriage brought up. Come, come, Belliard, turn your men around.

CAULAINCOURT

But, Your Majesty, we cannot go to Paris now. There are no troops left there.

NAPOLEON

No troops? The National Guard is still there —they will follow me. Things may yet be put right.

BELLIARD

But, sire, Your Majesty would lay Paris open to being sacked. The enemy is outside the gates with more than 120,000 men. Besides this, I left the city under the terms of a treaty and I am forbidden to reenter Paris.

NAPOLEON

A treaty? Don't be ridiculous. What treaty is this? Who made it? Who has been giving orders?

BELLIARD

I don't know the details of the treaty, sire, Marshal Mortier sent me word of its having been agreed to, and he said that I was to take the army and make for Fontainebleau.

NAPOLEON

But who made this treaty?

BELLIARD

I believe it was arranged by Marshals Mortier and Marmont. I must explain to you that we have had no orders all day. Each marshal has been keeping his own position.

NAPOLEON

Who sent my wife and son out of Paris?

BELLIARD

I don't know, sire.

NAPOLEON

And where is Joseph?

BELLIARD

I don't know what has happened to Prince Joseph.

NAPOLEON

What cowardice! What treason! Joseph has ruined everything. How could they all lose their heads. They knew I was coming up fast. Victory was just within grasp. Come, come, turn your troops around, General Belliard.

CAULAINCOURT

But, sire, we mustn't risk turning Paris into another Moscow.

NAPOLEON

There seems little enough danger of that. Come! Come! My carriage! The troops!

Another column of troops, withdrawing from Paris, comes into sight. Suddenly, Napoleon stops, sits down by the side of the road, and holds his head.

NARRATOR

In defeat, Napoleon would be punished by the Kings of Europe, according to a standard which they would not have applied to each other. He might marry the niece of Marie Antoinette, and call himself an Emperor, but that did not make him one.

ELBA

EXT. ELBA MAIN STREET - DAY

In a comic opera parody of former grandeur, Napoleon marches in a pathetic procession, led by the governor, the prefect and other city officials, cheered by the local population.

A band of twenty fiddlers —no brass, no percussion, marches along playing the Elban national anthem.

A few hundred of his guards bring up the rear.

NARRATOR

The treaty of Fontainebleau of April 11th, 1814, signed by the allies and Napoleon, in return for his abdication from the throne of France, gave him the token sovereignty of the tiny island of Elba, with the title of Emperor, a yearly income of 2 million francs, an army of 700, and a navy of 3 ships. But in ten months time, even this tiny stake would be sufficient capital to bring this most reckless of all gamblers back into the game for a final, breathtaking spin of the wheel.

EXT. MALMAISON GARDEN - NIGHT

A glittering garden party at Malmaison. Josephine and Tsar Alexander. Present are: Frederick Wilhelm of Prussia, Francis II of Austria, the Kings of Bavaria.

Alexander and Josephine off, walk alone. She wears a lowcut dress.

NARRATOR

After the solitude and semibanishment of the last four years, Josephine found herself again at the center of

Paris society. There would be a crush of crowned and coroneted heads at Malmaison, led by Tsar Alexander. But Josephine's final conquest would be pathetically brief —in two weeks, she was to die of pneumonia.

ALEXANDER

How delightful it must have been this spot to Napoleon. Could he but pass his life here with you, *Madame*, he would have nothing to complain of but the too rapid slide of time.

JOSEPHINE

He loved Malmaison. I think it was the only place he was ever happy and carefree.

(Alexander inhales the fragrant night air).

ALEXANDER

The fall of a great man is a sad sight to behold... He treated me badly but, even in my religion did not not forbid me to bear malice, I would bear him none. I am a better friend of his than he may know.

JOSEPHINE

You were the only monarch for whom he had both affection and respect.

ALEXANDER

It was I who secured the sovereignty of Elba for him, at a time when treachery and desertion of his own followers left him at the mercy of those who would have done much worse to him.

JOSEPHINE

I am certain you still hold his affection and gratitude. I believe he is only bitter about the desertions to his cause of those who were closest to him —most particularly, the Marshals. He thought that, by giving them titles and making them rich, he would ensure their loyalty —but in the end, they thought only of saving their titles and estates.

(Alexander stops, takes her hands in his, moves very close to her, and speaks in a whisper).

ALEXANDER

Madame, I hope you will allow me to discuss a matter which I fear may be distasteful to you at the present time, but which, in fairness to yourself and to your children, I feel I must —and that is the subject of your own properties and pensions.

(Josephine is, of course, more than happy to discuss this).

JOSEPHINE

Oh?

ALEXANDER

Let me be as good a friend to you as Napoleon ever was. If you will but command me, I shall secure all that is due to you and your children —and even more, should you so desire.

(He leans forward and kisses her).

EXT. ELBA BEACH - DAY

A sunny beach on the island of Elba. Napoleon is seated at a folding table in front of a tent. He is talking with General Bertrand. A few guards of the escort are visible in the distance. Napoleon has not just heard the news but has been talking about it for hours.

NAPOLEON

Josephine dead —how unbelievable! How impossible it is to believe it. She was always physically so strong —she was never ill a day in her life.

BERTRAND

It is a terrible shock.

(The silences are punctuated by the sound of the gentle surf).

NAPOLEON

But did she have the best doctors? Wasn't there any chance at all to save her?

BERTRAND

I don't know, sire —she had the Tsar's personal physician.

NAPOLEON

She should have had Larrey or Corvisart. They might have saved her... But why didn't anyone even write to me? Can you believe that no one even bothered to write to me? Would you have believed that I should read such news in a newspaper? How incredible!

BERTRAND

That is incredible.

NAPOLEON

Ah, my poor Josephine. She was the most alluring, most glamorous creature I have ever known —a woman in every sense of the word, and she had the kindest heart in the world. She may have been a liar and a spendthrift, but she had something that was irresistible —she was a women to her very fingertips... How impossible it is to believe that she is dead.

BERTRAND

I have never heard an unkind word about her spoken.

NAPOLEON

I suppose I might blame her for opening her house to the men most responsible to my downfall, but how can I? She was on her own again, she had to look after her own affairs, and how can one blame her for having her head turned by the attention of Kings?

(Pause).

NAPOLEON

She made me very unhappy when we were first married, but when we are young we become addicted to the pain of love and, once having experienced it, never want to be cured. For afterwards, we dread the horrible solitude of the heart, the emptiness of feeling...

(He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bill).

NAPOLEON

Look at this —how incredible! My last souvenir —a bill I received just two weeks ago from her couturier —6,000 francs...!

(Pause).

NAPOLEON

Now I have lost everything that is precious to me. My dearest wife has been locked away by her father, and my poor baby grows up without me.

INT. SCHONBRUNN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marie-Louise and General Neipperg, a handsome and virile man, with a patch over one eye, making love.

NARRATOR

Marie-Louise would prove to be a little more than a dull, commonplace, sensual girl, accustomed to obey the dictates of her father, who easily dissuaded her from joining Napoleon, and carefully chose instead as her aide-de-camp, the gallant and dashing General Neipperg, who soon became her lover. They would have two children together before Napoleon's death.

INT. SCHONBRUNN NURSERY - DAY

A grotesquely large nursery in Schonbrunn Palace, overfilled with expensive toys. The King of Rome, now four years old, sits alone on the floor, playing with some soldiers. Two nursemaids sit at some distance from him, near the window.

NARRATOR

Napoleon would never see his son again, and the child would grow up in gilded isolation, melancholy, ignored by his mother, in chronic ill-health and haunted by the legend of this father. He would die at the age of 22.

INT. TUILERIES THRONE ROOM - DAY

Throne room of the Tuileries Palace. A large group of marshals are swearing their loyalty to the King and kissing his hand. We should see Berthier, Ney, Marmont, MacDonald, Lefebver.

NARRATOR

When Louis XVIII returned to Paris in 1814, he was as unknown in France as an Egyptian Pharaoh. Marked by clumsiness and disdain, he quickly proved that the Bourbon dynasty had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. People said that he did not return to the throne of his ancestors but simply ascended the throne of Bonaparte. By 1815, the army and the people were ready to rise against him and welcome the return of Napoleon.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Along shot of Napoleon walking with his mother. We are too far away to hear what they are saying.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

A cold, clear, brilliant moonlit night. Napoleon on the deck, crowded with his troops who are writing proclamations in long hand.

NARRATOR

Napoleon set sail, from Elba, on February 26th, 1815, with his small force of 700 soldiers, while the governor of the island, Sir Neil Campbell, was away in Florence. He put his soldiers to work writing out his proclamations in long hand.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A regiment of government troops bars the road and the fields bordering it. Some 300 yards away, Napoleon's small army faces them.

An aide, of the general commanding the government troops, gallops down the road, salutes and dismounts.

**AIDE
(embarrassed)**

General Cannet presents his compliments to the Emperor, and requests that he lay down his arms and

surrender himself and his men.

NAPOLEON

Thank you, Colonel. Please present my compliments to General Cannet, and tell him that I shall come presently and bring the answer myself.

(*The aide salutes, remounts and rides back.*)

(*General Cannet speaks to his troops, riding slowly back and forth on his horse.*)

GENERAL CANNET

Bonaparte is on his way to attempt to illegally reestablish himself over the legitimate government of our King, Louis XVIII. It is our responsibility, as loyal soldiers of France, to prevent him from doing this, by whatever means are necessary. His force numbers less than 700 men.

(*At this remark, voices are heard from the back ranks.*)

VOICES
(*derisively*)

What about us —don't we count?

Napoleon has mounted a horse and approaches the government troops at a gallop. He reigns up about 10 yards from their front ranks.

NAPOLEON

Hello, men of the 5th —do you recognize your Emperor?

VOICES
(*from the crowd*)

Yes!

(*Mixed in with this, there are a considerable amount of cheers.*)

NAPOLEON

I recognize you —we are old friends. I know you from Friedland and Borodino. And, you there, Sergeant Monestier, how are you?

(*More cheers from the ranks.*)

NAPOLEON

My good friends, I am told that Marshal Ney has promised the King to bring me back to Paris in an iron cage. I have sent word to my old friend, Marshal Ney, that he can make that a wooden box, if he is able to manage it, but I certainly must refuse an iron cage — I'm not as young as I used to be, and I can't accept such drafty accommodations!

(Laughter and cheers from the ranks).

NAPOLEON

Men of the 5th, your general has invited me to surrender myself and my men, but I come to make you an offer —Men of the 5th, will you join me?

There is a thunderous cheer from the ranks and the men rush forward surrounding Napoleon. Some soldiers fling themselves at his feet, kissing his coat and his hands. Napoleon's eyes fill with tears.

NAPOLEON
(to a grenadier)

I shall have to send a message to Louis VXIII, in Paris, and tell him not to send any more troops —I have enough already.

INT. TUILERIES DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon dines alone at a large table. He picks at his food in no special order —dessert, fish, soup, potatoes. He is absorbed, reading a thick report.

NARRATOR

After the dizzying magic of the return, came a sense of disenchantment —and some anxious second thoughts. The allies had quickly patched up the differences that had divided them for almost a year, at the Congress of Vienna, and on which Napoleon had counted to give him some breathing space. To make matters worse, they refused to have any diplomatic dealings, declaring him a criminal beyond the protection of the law.

His valet enters the room silently and crosses the long room to the table.

VALET

Excuse me, Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON

(without looking up)

Yes?

VALET

Madame Avrillon has arrived, sire.

(Napoleon listlessly looks up from a spoon full of pudding).

NAPOLEON

Oh —where is she?

VALET

I have shown her to your bedroom, Your Majesty.

(Napoleon stirs his coffee and glances at his wrist watch).

NAPOLEON

(gloomily)

Please ask her to get undressed, and tell her I'll be along as soon as I can.

VALET

(bowing)

Yes, sire.

(He goes back to his report).

ANIMATED MAP

Illustrates the narration.

NARRATOR

The allies were preparing to move on the frontiers of France with more than a million men. Strung along the Belgian frontier was an army of 100,000 English and German troops, under Wellington, separated by ten miles from a force of 120,000 Prussian troops, under Blucher. Napoleon calculated the huge Russian and Austrian armies could not reach his Eastern frontiers before July. This gave him the opportunity to use a favorite tactic and strike quickly against Wellington

and Blucher, hoping to defeat them separately, before they could unite their forces. On June 16th, Blucher was defeated at Ligny, and Wellington was forced to retreat from Quatre Bras, but neither victory was decisive, nor were they followed up as they should have been, due to Napoleon becoming ill, and to mistakes by his generals. But what would prove disastrous for Napoleon, was that he believed the Prussians to be out of the battle for good, and retreating away from Wellington, whereas Blucher, still full of fight, was marching north to join him.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The opposing French and British armies.

NARRATOR

On the morning of June 18th, Napoleon, with 74,000 men faced Wellington with 67,000, on a battlefield near the village of Mount St. Jean, ten miles south of Brussels. Confident that the Prussians were out of action, or contained by Grouchy's pursuing cavalry, Napoleon's only fear was that Wellington would retreat.

EXT. BRITISH POSITIONS - DAY

Wellington and entourage ride along ridge. Troops cheer.

NARRATOR

But Wellington had decided to fight it out, on Blucher's assurance that at least one Prussian corps would reach him by mid-day. He had chosen his favorite defensive position, on a rise, where the reverse slopes would shelter his infantry from plunging artillery fire.

EXT. NAPOLEON HQ - DAY

Napoleon, surrounded by officers, bent over a map.

NARRATOR

Napoleon was in no hurry to start the battle and he

waited until midday to allow the ground to dry, so that his heavy guns could get into position. This was to prove to be a crucial mistake. Had the battle begun at day-break, Wellington would probably have been defeated before the Prussians intervened.

ANIMATED MAP

Shows position of both armies on the battlefield and Napoleon's plan of attack.

NARRATOR

Napoleon ignored the warning of his Peninsular war generals about the fire-power of the English infantry, and decided on a frontal attack on the center, preceded by an attack on the Hougoumont farmhouse, which anchored the English right flank.

EXT. FRENCH ARTILLERY - DAY

Opens fire.

EXT. HOUGOUMONT FARM - DAY

The farm is in the valley below the British positions. French troops beaten back by the English in fierce fighting.

NARRATOR

In the opening moves of the battle, the French could not dislodge the English from the Hougoumont farm.

EXT. TREE TOP OBSERVATION POST - DAY

Napoleon and his staff have their telescopes trained on what appears as a cloud of dust, at a distance of some six miles. The staff talk, somewhat absently, concentrating on their telescopes.

GENERAL SIMON

I think it is only some dust blowing. Pause.

GENERAL MARCHADIER

I thought for a moment, then, that I could just make out the color of French uniforms.

GENERAL SIMON

Yes —a bit of blue and red. I thought so, too.

GENERAL LABESSE

Let us hope it is Marshal Grouchy.

GENERAL MARCHADIER

How far away do you make it?

GENERAL SIMON

I should say, five or six miles.

GENERAL MARCHADIER

At least that.

GENERAL SIMON

I thought for a moment I could make out the colors of Prussian uniforms. What do you think?

All eyes stare with concern through their telescopes. Napoleon puts his telescope down.

NARRATOR

At 12:30 pm, the column approaching on the right flank was identified as Prussian. Napoleon could have called off the battle at this point, but the campaign would have been lost, and he preferred the chance of smashing Wellington before the Prussians could arrive in strength.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Marshal Grouchy at breakfast. Dismounted cavalry are along the sides of the road, as far as the eye can see. All ears are cocked, listening to the distant sound of guns. Grouchy looks worried and uncertain.

NARRATOR

Had Marshal Grouchy maintained aggressive contact with the retreating Prussians, they would have been prevented from entering the battle. Having failed to do this, had he now marched his 34,000 men to the sound of the guns, he would have increased Napoleon's army by fifty percent and would most probably have ensured a French victory. But this was not to be, and

Grouchy's inadequacies would be the ruin of Napoleon's last battle.

ANIMATED MAP

Shows the battlefield, the Prussians coming up, and Grouchy out of the battle.

NARRATOR

With Grouchy's force out of the battle, and the Prussians moving against his flank, Napoleon was in a strategically compromised position, but there was still time to achieve a tactical triumph on the battlefield before the Prussians arrived.

EXT. INN - DAY

Three quarters of a mile behind the battlefield. Napoleon is seated in an arm-chair. Dry straw has been spread on the ground around him. He sits with his head in his hands. He is in pain. His staff waits fretfully at a respectful distance.

NARRATOR

But Napoleon was painfully ill, and spent most of the day three-quarters of a mile behind the battle.

EXT. FRENCH RIDGE - DAY

Marshal Ney, mounted and surrounded by his staff, looks through his telescope.

NARRATOR

He left the tactical handling of the battle entirely to Marshal Ney, who, having deserted Napoleon the year before at Fontainebleau, was the only one of that group of Marshals who had since then reconciled with him. Berthier had committed suicide when he heard of Napoleon's return from Elba, and Ney's eleventh hour switch of allegiance to Napoleon, had left his soldier's mind in a clouded and uneasy state. He would now make tactical blunder after blunder, while gallantly rushing around the battlefield like a young subaltern.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

French columns march up a slope to the British positions on top. Suddenly, a wall of redcoats rise up from behind the protection of the ridge and fires a devastating volley. The French line wavers. A second line of redcoats appears and fires another volley. The French line breaks, and they begin to fall back.

NARRATOR

At 1:30, Ney launched the first main attack, when four densely massed infantry columns, unsupported by cavalry or horse artillery, were repulsed with heavy loss.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Massed columns of French horsemen riding up the slope at a slow canter, their helmets and breast-plates glittering like a stormy wave of the sea, when it catches the sunlight. They are riding stirrup, unhurried, confident, deliberate.

NARRATOR

At 3:30 pm, Ney misinterpreted movements in the English line as signs of a general retreat and, now, blundered again, sending in the cavalry alone, unsupported by infantry.

EXT. BRITISH ARTILLERY - DAY

Opens fire.

EXT. BRITISH INFANTRY - DAY

Opens fire.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Terrible losses of horses and men.

EXT. BRITISH SQUARES - DAY

An incredible stalemate has developed in the battle. Dead men and horses are everywhere. But the British infantry, in their defensive squares, hold their fire, and merely exchange stares with the hundreds of French heavy cavalry who prowl around them, at a distance of no more than twenty yards.

NARRATOR

After two hours of savage fighting, the British infantry

had learned that when the French cavalry were close, the artillery stopped. And they also realized that each time they fired a volley, the cavalry would try to break through them, before they could reload. So they stopped firing.

A French colonel rides too close to one of the German squares, his horse stumbles and he falls, dazed. Two Brunswick soldiers dash out, take his purse, his watch and his pistols, and then blows his brains out.

A cry of «shame» goes up from the nearby British square.

EXT. FRENCH RIDGE - DAY

Napoleon giving orders. Ney, covered with mud and bloodstains, has become a wild-looking creature.

NARRATOR

By 6 pm, Napoleon had entered into the battle himself and was forced to commit 14,000 men of his general reserve to hold up Bulow's Prussians.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The Imperial Guard infantry being blasted by a wall of British fire, they falter and retreat. The sound of musket balls against the French breast-plates sound like a hail-storm beating on windows.

NARRATOR

At 7:30 pm, Napoleon released 5 battalions of the guard reserve for Ney's final assault. When this failed, the French morale cracked.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

British cavalry charge.

NARRATOR

Wellington put in his cavalry, and the French army broke in panic and ran.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Ney, now a bloodspattered demon, trying to stop the retreat.

NEY

Come on —follow me and see how a Marshal of France dies!

(He charges into the battle).

NARRATOR

But Ney would survive the battle to be shot for treason by the returning monarchy.

ST. HELENA

EXT. DECK OF SHIP - DAY

Napoleon on the deck of the «Northumberland» looking at the cliffs of St. Helena. He is depressed by the mass of bare volcanic granite rising steeply out of the sea, barely twenty-eight miles in circumference.

NARRATOR

Napoleon escaped from France where he might have met the same fate, and surrendered to the English, hoping for a congenial exile in Britain. But he was sent as a prisoner to the tiny island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic, a thousand miles from the nearest land. He would live out the last five years of his life there, amid the petty squabbles of his own entourage, and his captors.

EXT. LONGWOOD HOUSE - DUSK

A gloomy sight, situated in a wild landscape.

NARRATOR

His house was a hastily rebuilt collection of buildings originally constructed as cattle-sheds.

INT. LONGWOOD HOUSE - DAY

Napoleon dictating his memoirs to Count Bertrand, a large map is spread on the floor. The room is overcrowded with books and papers.

A rat is noticed and ignored.

NARRATOR

His four constricted rooms were infested with rats. His food and wine, and opened mail were subjects of

continuous dispute.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

Napoleon stares out at the grey Atlantic, watched by several British soldiers.

NARRATOR

His walks were so closely guarded that he eventually gave them up altogether.

INT. SIR HUDSON LOWE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sir Hudson Lowe opens Napoleon's mail.

NARRATOR

His gaoler, Sir Hudson Lowe, was a weak, narrow-minded, and petty man, obsessed with the fear his prisoner would escape, though a squadron of ten ships, and a garrison of 3,000 men guarded the island.

INT. NAPOLEON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon, grey-faced and looking very ill, being examined by a hearty English naval surgeon.

NARRATOR

His final illness would, until the very end, be dismissed by English doctors as a diplomatic disease.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Count Bertrand, a figure of despair in the dimly-lit room, keeps a lonely death-watch. Napoleon stirs.

NAPOLEON
(weakly)

Who is there?

BERTRAND

Bertrand, sire.

NAPOLEON

I have just had the most vivid... dream... about Josephine.

BERTRAND

Yes, sire?

NAPOLEON

She was sitting there... and it was as if I had last seen her only the night before... She hadn't changed —she was still the same —still completely devoted to me... and she told me we were going to see each other again and, never again, leave each other... She has promised me. Did you see her?

BERTRAND

No, sire... I was asleep.

NAPOLEON

I wanted to kiss her, but she didn't want to kiss me... She slipped away, the moment I wanted to take her in my arms.

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

The unmarked grave.

NARRATOR

Napoleon died on May 5, 1821. Hudson Lowe insisted the inscription on the tomb should read «Napoleon Bonaparte». Montholon and Bertrand refused anything but the Imperial title —«Napoleon». In the end, it was left nameless.

INT. LETIZIA'S BEDROOM ROME - DAY

His mother, dressed in black, sits alone, a study of gloom and lament. The shutters are closed and the semi-darkness of the room is broken by bright slivers of sunlight.

The camera moves slowly away from Letizia, to an open portmanteau. It is filled with very old children's things —faded toys, torn picture books, wooden soldiers and the Teddy bear Napoleon slept with as a child.

FADE OUT.

THE END

NAPOLEON

Production Notes

November 22, 1968

LENGTH: 180 minutes.

SHOOT: 1.3 minutes average per day.

LENGTH SCHEDULE: 150 days, allowing 10 days lost to travel.

START DATE: July 1 - September 1, 1969

SCHEDULE

30 days, —Battles and marches—, —Yugoslavia—

40 days, —Location exteriors—, —Yugoslavia—

40 days, —Location interiors—, —Italy—

30 days, —Front projection—, —Yugoslavia—

10 days, —Lost to travel—, —150—

TREATMENT

Fifteen sequences which will approximately average 12 minutes per sequence, giving 180 minutes finished length.

COST

The four principle categories of cost which represent the largest proportion of any spectacle film are:

1. Large numbers of extras.
2. Large numbers of military uniforms.
3. Large numbers of expensive sets.
4. Over-priced movie stars.

I intend that, for 'Napoleon', these four categories be handled in a financially advantageous manner, which will result in substantial savings to the budget, allowing the film to be produced for a much lower cost than I had first envisaged, without any loss of quality, size or substance.

EXTRAS

The daily cost of a costumed extra in England is \$19.20, in Spain \$14.28, in Italy \$24 and France \$24.30.

We have received bids from Romania to provide up to a maximum of 30,000 troops at \$2 per man, though it is unlikely that we will ever exceed 15,000 men on the largest days.

We have also received a bid from Yugoslavia to provide up to the same numbers at \$5 per man. Both prices also apply to lesser numbers.

I have personally met with representatives of both countries and they are all extremely anxious to have an important film made largely in their country.

They are also very, very interested in getting dollars, and can give us very generous deals for their services and man-power that they can pay for with their own currency, and which have little relationship to the dollar equivalent they receive. They have almost the same freedom to trade, in this respect, as they would if they were swapping monopoly money for dollars.

Effective guarantees of their performance on this, or any other deal made with a Socialist country, can be obtained through the Cyrus Eaton Organization, who have worked with us in arranging the Romanian contact. They guaranteed performance on the «Fixer», filmed in Hungary, and regularly preform this function for important business deals of every type between East and West.

UNIFORMS

Both countries have offered to make military uniforms and costumes for us at a very reasonable rate, about \$40 for a first-line military uniform, compared with about \$200 for a normal European costumier.

But, in this area, the most significant break-through has come through a New York firm, who can produce a printed uniform on a Dupont, fireproof, drip-dry, paper fabric, which has a 300-pound breaking strength, even when wet, for \$1—\$4 depending on the detailing.

We have done film tests on the \$4 uniform and, from a distance of 30

yards or further away, it looks marvelous. Naturally, in a large crowd scene, these cheap uniforms will be seen from a much further distance than 30 yards.

I should point out that renting uniforms for this film is not a viable proposition, because the numbers available are totally inadequate, and for a long, rough usage, it is cheaper to make them.

SETS

Building and decorating a large number of Palatial sets for Emperors and Kings would be a formidable expense indeed, somewhere, I should say, between \$3 —\$6 million.

Fortunately, this will not be necessary to do. A number of authentic Palaces and Villas of the period are available for shooting in France and Italy. There is even one in Sweden, built and decorated by Bernadotte and Desiree. These locations can be rented for a daily fee of between \$350 —\$750, and in most cases are completely furnished, requiring only the most minor work on our part before shooting.

In addition to this, I intend to exploit, to the fullest, the Front Projection techniques I developed during the production of '2001.' I have several new ideas for enhancing its usefulness and making operations even more economical.

CAST

I think sufficient proof must now exist that over-priced movie stars do little besides leaving an insufficient amount of money to make the film properly, or cause an unnecessarily high picture cost. A recent 'Variety' study, published during the past year, showed the domestic grosses of the last four films by a group of top stars were not sufficient to return even the star's salary, computed at a recoupment rate of 2.5 to 1.

On the other hand, films like 'Dr. Zhivago', '2001', 'The Graduate' and many others show that people go to see good films that they enjoy, and that the main impetus of going to the movies is word-of-mouth recommendations from friends.

As was discussed in our first meetings about 'Napoleon', my intention is to use great actors and new faces, and more sensibly put emphasis on the power of the story, the spectacle of the film, and my own ability to make a film of more than routine interest.

I have not completed my casting survey, but I expect to have this done shortly. I will then send you a list of actors' names, broken down by parts.

I would like to give you some idea, however, of my general thinking about some of the more important characters in the story.

Napoleon was 27 when he took command of the Army of Italy, and 30 when he became First Consul. He was 35 when he was proclaimed Emperor, 45 at Waterloo, and 51 when he died.

I want an actor between 30-35 who has the good looks of the younger Napoleon and who can be aged and made-up for the middle-aged Napoleon.

He should be able to convey the restless energy, the ruthlessness, and the inflexible will of Bonaparte, but, at the same time, the tremendous charm which every contemporary memorist attributes to him.

Josephine should be five to six years older than Napoleon, beautiful and elegant.

The most important supporting characters will probably be Talleyrand and Fouche, and there are untold numbers of actors who can play parts like these.

There are excellent younger parts for Napoleon's aides, staff officers, and Marshals: Junot, Marmont, Ney, Berthier, Murat, Eugene, Caulaincourt. These parts should be played with virile, fit, military types; again, there is considerable choice.

Important younger women will be Maria Walewska, Hortense Beauharnais, Marie-Louise and Napoleon's sister, Pauline. All of these women will be attractive and should lend luster to the cast.

Napoleon's mother is very important, and again a great deal of choice exists.

Czar Alexander, Francis Joseph of Austria, Kutusov, Wellington, Blucher, all of these represent important supporting roles.

PREPARATION THUS FAR

A great deal of preliminary preparation has already taken place and I would like to briefly outline what this has been.

1. A picture file of approximately 15,000 Napoleonic subjects has been collected, cataloged and indexed, on IBM aperture cards. The retrieval system is based on subject classification, but a special visual signaling method allows

cross indexing to any degree of complexity.

2. David Walker, who is a leading costume designer in England, has been preparing research and making sketches. Because of the very provocative, see-through dresses and bare bosoms of the Directoire period, the film will have some very notable costumes.

3. Military uniform prototypes of the different nations involved have been manufactured and these will serve as quality control comparisons in the subsequent mass production of uniforms of all grades.

4. Extensive location research photography has taken place in France and Italy, covering the possible interior locations in which we might wish to work. A team is now in Yugoslavia doing the same thing, and another team is about to leave for Romania.

5. The services of Professor Felix Markham have been engaged as principal historical advisor, and the rights to his biography of Napoleon have been purchased. Professor Markham has devoted some 30 years of work to the period, and is one of the outstanding living Napoleonic scholars writing in English. The rights to his book also establish a known work on which to legally base the screenplay, and should help to avoid the usual claims from the endless number of people who have written Napoleonic books.

6. A master biographical file on the principal 50 characters in the story has been prepared by graduate history students of Oxford University. They have taken the highlights of each person's life, putting a single event and its date on a single 3 x 5 index card. These cards have all been integrated in a date order file with special signals indicating the names of the characters. The system allows you to instantly determine what any of the 50 people were doing on any given date.

7. A library of approximately 500 Napoleonic books has been set up, cataloged and indexed and is available for my own use and anyone else on the production. These books contain the key memoirs and the principal biographies available in English.

8. A Production Designer and Art Director have been engaged, as well as the necessary Production staff and Location research staff.

9. Research has been done in locating an extremely fast lens, which will cover a 70 mm format. This will allow shooting to continue on exterior locations beyond the normal hour where the light becomes photographically

inadequate.

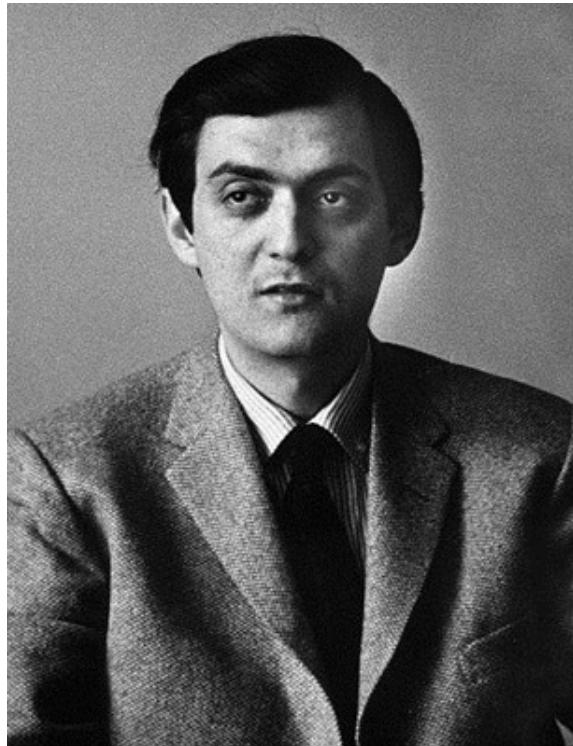
Fast lenses are also vital in shooting interior locations with only the natural daylight coming from the windows.

We have found an F.95 50 mm lens, made by the Perkin Elmer Co. who specialize in making lenses for the Aero Space Industry. This lens is two full stops faster than the fastest lens presently available for 65 mm cameras and should even allow interiors to be shot by candlelight. Despite the extremely high speed of this lens, the resolution is very good.

Research has also been carried out to find means of increasing the speed of color film by special laboratory techniques.

A small laboratory which can be installed at the studio in Borehamwood, can accomplish this. I believe that a feasibility study on this subject is being done by the MGM studio in Borehamwood. Personally, I am convinced it is not only economically feasible for the studio to invest in this, but there will also be very significant advantages that go beyond the profit and loss statement of the lab, because it will be capable of doing many other things, particularly in the area of special effects, which are not currently possible by using the conventional laboratory facilities available in England.

S. Kubrick



STANLEY KUBRICK (July 26, 1928 – March 7, 1999) was an American film director, screenwriter, producer, cinematographer, editor and photographer. Kubrick's films are considered to be among the most important contributions to world cinema in the twentieth century, and he is frequently cited as one of the greatest and most influential directors of all time. His films, which are typically adaptations of novels or short stories, cover a wide range of genres, and are noted for their realism, dark humor, unique cinematography, extensive set designs, and evocative use of music.

Kubrick was notorious for demanding multiple takes during filming to perfect his art, and his relentless approach was often extremely demanding for his actors. Kubrick's films typically involve expressions of an inner struggle, examined from different perspectives. Kubrick continues to be cited as a major influence by many directors. Many filmmakers imitate his inventive and unique use of camera movement and framing, as well as his use of music

On March 7, 1999, four days after screening a final cut of *Eyes Wide Shut* for his family and the stars, Kubrick died in his sleep at the age of 70, after suffering a massive heart attack. His funeral was held five days later at his home estate at Childwickbury Manor, with only close friends and family in attendance, totaling approximately 100 people. He was buried next to his favorite tree on the estate.