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Jane Eyre

By Charlotte Brontë

My name is Jane Eyre.
I was born in 1820, a harsh time of
change in England.
Money and position seemed
all that mattered.
Charity was a cold
and disagreeable word.
Religion too often wore a mask of
Bigotry and cruelty.
There was no proper place for the poor
or the unfortunate.
I had no father or mother,
brother or sister.
As a child, I lived with my aunt,
Mrs. Reed of Gateshead Hall.
I do not remember that she ever
spoke one kind word to me.
Careful, Bessie. She bites.
Come on out, Jane Eyre.
Mrs. Reed wants to see you in
the drawing room.
Go on. Knock.
Don't bully the child.
Knock!
Come in.
This, Mr. Brocklehurst,
is the child in question.
She's the daughter of
my late husband's sister,
by an unfortunate union which we,
in the family, prefer to forget.
For some years,
she's lived in this house.
The recipient, I can clearly see,
of every care which her loving
benefactress could lavish upon her.
Come here, little girl.
What is your name?
Jane Eyre, sir.
Well, Jane Eyre, are you a good child?
The less said on that subject, the better
Indeed.
Only this morning,
she struck her little cousin

most brutally and without provocation.

That isn't true.

Jane!

He hit me first.

Silence!

John, dear, did you strike her first?

No, indeed, mama.

You did. You know you did.

You knocked me down and hit my head
and made it bleed.

I did not!

You did, you did, you did!

Silence!

I won't listen to your odious lies.

You see, Mr. Brocklehurst,
how passionate and wicked she is.

I do, indeed. Come here, child.

You and I must have some talk.

No sight so sad as that of
a wicked child.

Do you know where the wicked
go after death?

They go to hell.

And what is hell?

A pit full of fire.

And should you like to fall into
that pit and be burning there forever?

No, sir.

Then what must you do to avoid it?

I must keep in good health and not die.

But children younger than you die daily

Only last week, we buried

a little child of 5.

A good little child,

whose soul is now in heaven.

But what of your soul, Jane Eyre?

I don't see why it shouldn't go
to heaven, too.

You don't see,

but others see clearly enough,

do they not, Mrs. Reed?

You have heard the name of Lowood?

No, sir.

It is a school for unfortunate orphans.

My estate lies within a mile,
and as chairman of the board,
I spend much time on its supervision.
Would you like to go there,
little girl?
You mean not live here anymore?
I don't know what Aunt Reed would say.
It was your kind benefactress
who suggested the plan.
Do you wish to go?
Yes, sir.
You've made a wise choice,
wiser than you know.
And now I must pray God to
take away your heart of stone
and make you meek and humble
and penitent.
You may rest assured, Mrs. Reed,
we shall do our best to collaborate
with the Almighty.
Bessie.
Yes, Jane?
I never dreamt I'd get away from here
till I was quite grown-up.
Would't you even be sorry to
leave your poor old Bessie?
What does Bessie care for me?
She's always scolding and punishing.
All the same,
I am rather sorry to be leaving you.
Rather sorry? Is that all?
And I suppose,
if I asked you to give me a liss,
you'd say you would rather not.
I'll kiss you, and welcome, Bessie.
You are such a strange,
solitary little thing.
Here's a keepsake, Jane.
It will help you remember me.
Come on. Hurry up.
Be a good girl,
and I hope you'll be happy.
Thank you, Bessie. Goodbye.
Goodbye, Jane.

Goodbye, Mrs. Reed. I hate you and
I hate everything about you.
I'll never come and see you
when I'm grown-up,
and I'll never call you aunt
as long as I live!
And if anyone asks me
how you treated me,
I'll say you are bad,
and hardhearted and mean.
The very sight of you makes me sick!
At school, I shall have drawing lessons
and French lessons and history lessons
and music lessons,
and there'll be hundreds of other girls
to play with.
And, uh, what's the name of
this school of yours?
It's called Lowood.
Lowood?
Lowood.
(Lowood Institution, Henry Brocklehurst
Esq., Chairman of the Board of Trustees)
Here you are.
she's been asleep for hours.
Ride away, Bill.
I was to awaken in the morning to
find my dreams of Lowood shattered.
In their place was to stand a school
that was more like a prison,
dominated by the cold, implacable
cruelty of Mr. Brocklehurst.
Pupils, observe this child.
She is yet young.
She possesses the ordinary form
of girlhood.
No single deformity points her out as
a marked character.
Who would believe that the evil one
had already found in her a servant
and an agent?
Yet such, I grieve to tell you,
is the case.
Therefore, you must be on

your guard against her.
Shun her example, avoid her company,
exclude her from your sports,
and shut her out from your converse.
Teachers! You must watch her,
weigh well her words,
and scrutinize her actions.
Punish her body to save her soul.
For it is my duty to warn you,
and my tongue falters as I tell it,
that this girl, this child,
the native of a Christian land,
no better than many a little heathen
that said its prayers to Brahma
and kneels before Jagannath.
This girl is a liar.
Let her remain on that stool. Let no one
speak to her for the rest of the day.
I brought you this from supper.
Didn't you hear what he said?
He said you mustn't have anything
to do with me.
Go on. Take it.
I'm not bad.
I promise I'm not, but I hate him.
I hate him!
It's wrong to hate people.
I can't help it!
I thought school would be a place
where people would love me.
I want people to love me and believe
in me and be kind to me.
I'd let my arm be broken if it would
make anyone love me.
Or let a horse kick me,
or be tossed by a bull.
Don't say such things.
But I would! I would!
Eat your bread, Jane.
O merciful Providence,
who of thy generous plenty
doth give us the abundant fruits of
the field for our sustenance,
grant us that, though we are duly

and properly grateful for
this our earthly food,
yet our hearts may be more lastingly
fixed upon thy heavenly manor. Amen.
Helen, where does that road go?
I told you before. To Bradford.
But after Bradford.
Darby, I suppose, and Nottingham,
and then London.
From London to Dover,
and across the sea to France,
and then over the mountains
and down to Italy,
and to Florence and Rome and Madrid and
Madrid isn't in Italy, Jane.
That road goes there all the same.
We'll drive along it one day,
when we're grown-up, Helen,
in a lovely coach and four.
And I'll have beautiful, curly hair,
just like yours,
and I'll have read all the books
in the world,
and I'll play the piano and talk French
almost as well as you do.
Dreaming again, Jane?
Oh, Dr. Rivers.
I know somebody who's going to be late
for inspection.
Not this time. I'll beat you there.
Ah.
Ah.
Ah.
Ah.
Ah.
That cough doesn't seem any better,
Helen.
We'll have to take care of it.
Ah.
Ah.
Ah.
Ah.
Thank you.
You keep your schoolroom uncommonly

cold, Mr. Brocklehurst.

A matter of principle, Dr. Rivers.

Our aim is not to pamper the body,
but to strengthen the soul.

I should hardly have thought that a bad
cough was any aid to salvation,
then I'm not a theologian.

Good day, sir.

If I may venture an opinion, sir...

When I want your opinion, madame,
I shall call for it.

Johnson, you poke your chin
most unpleasantly. draw it in.

Edwards, I insist on your holding
your head up.

I will not have you stand
before me in that attitude.

Miss Scatcherd,
fetch me the scissors immediately.

What, may I ask, is the meaning of this?

Why, in defiance of every precept and
principle of this establishment,
is this young person permitted to
wear her hair in one massive curls?

Her hair curls naturally, sir.

Miss Scatcherd,
how often must I tell you,
we are not here to conform to nature?
I want these girls to be children
of grace.

Please, please, sir, don't do that!

You can cut mine, sir,
as much as you wish, but please...

Silence!

So this is the spirit that prevails
at Lowood.

First vanity, and now insurrection.

It shall be rooted out.

(Vain)

(Rebellious)

Dr. Rivers.

I brought this oil for Helen.

I want her chest rubbed with it.

Helen, doctor?

Yes, I'm concerned about her lung.

I've spoken to Mr. Br...

Good heavens, madame!

What are those children doing out
in the rain?

It was Mr. Brocklehurst's order.

Well, bring them in at once.

What shall I say to Mr. Brocklehurst?

You will refer Mr. Brocklehurst to me.

With your leave, Dr. Rivers,

I shall offer up one more prayer.

Almighty God, look down upon

this miserable sinner

and grant that the sense of

her weakness

may give strength to her faith

and seriousness to her repentance.

Amen.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable,
Doctor.

Was it Providence that sent that
poor girl to get drenched in the rain?

Dr. Rivers!

Was it providence that ordered her
to her death?

Yes, to her death, Mr. Brocklehurst!

Helen. Helen!

Oh, I'm so glad.

I heard Dr. Rivers say... I was afraid.

I'm not afraid, Jane.

Helen. Helen!

You must be could.

Lie down and cover yourself up.

Don't cry, Jane.

I don't want you to cry.

Are you warm now?

Yes.

Good night, Jane.

Good night, Helen.

I...I do wish they hadn't, Helen,
cut your hair.

Helen.

Are you awake?

It's morning.

Helen!

Aah!

Jane. Come, Jane.

No! I want to stay here.

I want to be with Helen.

Helen isn't here. Helen's with God.

Jane, remember what you say in
your prayers everyday...

Thy will be done?

Do you think you're doing God's will
by giving way to despair?

God wants children to be brave
and strong.

Won't you do what God wants?

I'll try.

That's right.

And don't forget, the harder you try,
the more God will help you.

And now, let me take you back.

No! I can't go back to school!

I'll never go back!

I'll run away! I'll...

Jane. You know what duty is, don't you?

Duty is what you have to do even
when you don't want to do it.

I may not want to go out into
a snow storm to visit a sick child,
but I know I have to go because
it's my duty.

Now, what is your duty, Jane?

I don't know.

Yes, you do, Jane.

In your heart, you know perfectly well.

Your duty is to prepare yourself to
do God's work in the world.

Isn't that true?

And who can do God's work,
an ignorant woman or an educated one?

Yes, you know the answer to that.

And where can you get an education,
Jane?

Where?

At school.

Precisely.

So you know you have to
go back to school
even though you may hate
the very thought of it.
Isn't that true?

I suppose it is true.

Good, Jane.

Very good.

(Lowood Institution - Pupils' Records)

(Jane Eyre, Admitted April 18, 1829.

Appearance - Unprepossessing Character -

Bad, Address of Guardian -

Mrs. Reed, Gateshead Hall)

(Pupil - Jane Eyre Year 1833.

True, gentlemen, we had some
difficulties in the beginning.

A very stiff-necked and evil child.

But Eyre has been with us 10 years.

And in those 10 years,

it has been granted me to plant
her feet on the path of salvation.

I suppose we ought to see her.

I intended that you should.

Let Eyre be brought in.

I don't need to remind you of
the advantages of appointing
one of our own pupils as teacher.

An outsider will have to be paid twice
as much.

Eyre, this is a solemn moment.

Little did I imagine that

the unregenerate child

I received into this institution

would grow in 10 short years

to become a teacher.

Yes, a teacher.

But that is the honor that the trustees
at my recommendation,

have now bestowed upon you.

Your wages will be 20 guineas per annum,

from which only 10 will be withheld for

board and lodging,

for spiritual instruction and laundry.

Your duties will begin on

the first day of the new term.
I need detain you no longer, gentlemen.
Good day, gentlemen. Good day.
Here is the post, sir.
That is all, Eyre.
I cannot accept your offer, sir.
And why not, pray?
I do not wish to stay at Lowood.
But this is unheard of.
The ingratitude.
What have I to be grateful for?
Silence!
Stiff-necked as ever.
I see that I've been sadly deceived
in you.
And where, may I ask,
do you intend to go?
Out into the world, sir.
Out into the world.
And do you know how the world treats
young paupers without friends
or connections?
I intend to find a position
as a governess.
How, may I ask?
I've advertised in a newspaper.
Oh, & doubtless you've been overwhelmed
with demands for your services.
No, sir.
And you never will be.
You have no talents, your disposition
is dark and rebellious,
your appearance insignificant.
It's folly to dream of such a position.
(Miss Jane Eyre, Lowood School,
Yorkshire)
Eyre, you heard me.
I'm willing to overlook your ungracious
outburst, but I warn you,
if you persist in your folly, this haven
will never again be open to you.
I am leaving Lowood, sir.
Here you are, miss.
Righto.

Jane, it's not every young woman that
can face the world single-handed,
but you know what right is, and you
stick to it through thick and thin.

(The George Inn)

No, no, no. Make it guineas,
and they're yours, lad.

Excuse me.

Could you tell me
if there's anyone here
for Mrs. Fairfax of Thornfield Hall?

None that I've heard of, ma'am.

Take seat in coffee room,
and I'll inquire.

Who's the young lady, sir?

Couldn't say, sir.

Just came in by coach.

Give her my compliments, & ask if she'd
care to join me in a glass of Madeira.

Yes, sir.

The gentleman over there presents
his compliments
and asks if you would care to take
a glass and sup it with him.

Oh, no, thank you.

I... I never take wine.

Is your name Eyre?

Yes, I'm Miss Eyre.

Are you from Thornfield?

You're not the new governess?

Yes, I am.

Is this all your luggage?

Yes.

I'll tell Mrs. Fairfax you're here.

Thank you.

How do you do, my dear?

I'm afraid you've had a tedious journey

I'm Mrs. Fairfax.

Why, your hand is like ice.

Come. I'll take you straight to
your room.

We've a nice, cozy fire burning there
for you,
and Leah's taken the chill off

the sheet with the warming pad.
You know, dear, I'm so glad you've come
Living here with no company
but the servants,
it's not too cheerful, I can tell you.
I do declare, not a living creature
but the butcher
and the postman has come to this house
since the hard weather ste in.
Shall I have the pleasure to
see Miss Fairfax tonight?
Miss Fairfax?
Oh, you mean Miss Adele.
Isn't she your daughter?
Oh, gracious, no. Adele is French.
I have no family, no family at all.
That's Mr. Edward's room.
He's abroad, of course,
but I always keep it ready for him.
His visits are always so unexpected
and sudden.
A wanderer on the face of the earth.
That's what Mr. Edward is, I'm afraid.
Mr. Edward. Who is Mr. Edward?
Why, the owner of Thornfield, of course
Oh, I thought this was your house.
My, bless your soul, child.
I'm only the housekeeper.
Thornfield belongs to
Mr. Edward Rochester,
and little Adele is his ward.
And here is your room, my dear.
It's quite small,
but I thought you'd like it better
than one of the large front chambers.
Oh, it's very beautiful.
I can't understand why a gentleman of
a house like this
so seldom comes to it
It is strange, but you'll find,
Miss Eyre, that in many ways,
Mr. Edward is a strange man.
Good night, my dear.
Good night.

Bonjour, mademoiselle.
Mama had a dress like that,
mademoiselle,
only she could dance
much more beautifully.
I can dance, too.
Do you wish to see?
Now? This very moment?
Now, you speak like Monsieur Rochester.
For him it is never the right moment,
Mais jamais.
Your name's Adele, isn't it?
Do you know what I was thinking, Adele?
I was just thinking that never in my
life have I been awakened so heavenly.
Do you like that, mademoiselle?
Very much, Adele.
A great of gentlemen and ladies
came to see mama,
and I used to dance before them,
or sit on their knees and sing to them.
I liked it.
And where was that?
In Paris. We lived always in Paris,
but then my mama had to go to
the Holy Virgin.
Monsieur Rochester came
and took me across the sea in a great
ship with a chimney that smoked,
and I was sick.
Do you like Monsieur Rochester?
I've not met him yet.
This is his chair.
He sits here and stares into the fire
and frowns like this.
Is he as bad as that?
Twice as bad. I cannot make
how bad he is.
But I'm sure he's very kind, too.
Oh, sometimes he brings me
beautiful presents,
but when he's angry, that's terrible.
And may the Holy Virgin give me grace,
and God bless make him polite

to mademoiselle,
so she will stay with me forevre
and ever. Amen.

Aah!

Can I do anything?

Stand out of the way.

I'm sorry I frightened your horse.

Apologies won't mend my ankle.

Down, Pilot!

Well, what are you waiting for?

I can't leave until I see you're fit
to ride.

A will of your own. Where are you from?

From Mr. Rochester's house just below.

You know Mr. Rochester?

No. I've never seen him.

You're not a servant at the hall.

I'm the new governess.

Oh.

You're the new governess.

Uhh.

Now, just hand me my whip.

Thank you.

Now, kindly get out of the way.

Quick, dear. Off with your things.

He's been asking to
see the new governess.

Who?

Why, Mr. Rochester, of course.

Rode in on us suddenly
without any warning,
and in such a vile humor.

Seems he had an accident.

I don't know what to do.

He won't let me send for the doctor.

Oh, my goodness, your bonnet.

Here is Miss Eyre, sir.

Well, Miss Eyre, have you no tongue?

I was waiting, sir,
until I was spoken to.

Very proper.

The next time you see a man on a horse,
don't run out in the middle of the road
till he's passed.

I assume, sir, it was not deliberate.
It may not have been deliberate.
It was, nonetheless, painful.
sit down, Miss Eyre.
Where do you come from?
From Lowood institution, sir.
Lowood? What's that?
It's a charity school.
I was there 10 years.
No wonder you have rather a look of
another world.
I marvelled where you got that sort
of face.
When you came on me in the mist,
I found myself thinking of fairy tales.
I had half a mind to demand
whether you'd bewitched my horse.
Indeed, I'm not sure yet.
Who are your parents?
I have none, sir.
Your home?
I have no home, sir.
Who recommended you to come here?
I advertised,
and Mrs. Fairfax hunted
the advertisements...
You came posthaste to be here in time
to throw me off my horse.
What did you learn at Lowood?
Do you play the piano?
A little.
Of course. That's the established answer
Go in the drawing room.
I mean, if you please.
Excuse my tone of command.
I'm used to saying, ''Do this,''
and it is done.
I cannot alter my customary habits.
Take a candle with you.
Leave the door open.
Sit down at the piano. Play a tune.
Enough!
You play a little, I see,
like any other English schoolgirl.

Perhaps rather better than some,
but not well.
Good night, Miss Eyre.
Good night.
What sort of man was this master
of Thornfield...
So proud, sardonic, and harsh?
Instinctively,
I felt that his malignant mood had
its source in some cruel cross of fate.
I was to learn that
this was indeed true,
and that beneath the harsh mask
he assumed,
lay a tortured soul, fine,
gentle and kindly.
Too much noise, Grace.
I've spoken to you before.
My dear, I'm so sorry.
I had to say something to Grace Poole.
She's a person we have to do the sewing
Not altogether unobjectionable,
but she does her work.
How did you get on with Mr. Rochester,
my dear?
Is he always so changeful and abrupt?
He had his little peculiarities of
temper, of course,
but then allowances should be made.
Why for him more than for anyone else?
Partly because that's his nature,
and partly, too,
because he has painful thoughts.
What about?
Family troubles.
I think that's why he so seldom comes
to Thornfield.
It has unpleasant associations for him.
Good night, my dear.
Good night, Mrs. Fairfax.
Monsieur Rochester is very difficult,
but he brings
the most beautiful presents.
Look, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle!

Do you see? They suit me perfectly.

A ballet dress,

just like mama used to wear.

Isn't it beautiful, mademoiselle?

Beautiful, Adele.

I shall wear it when I dance always.

Miss Eyre.

(French)

(French)

Miss Eyre.

I'm not fond of the prattle of children

As you see, I'm a crusty old bachelor,

and I have no pleasant associations

connected with their lisp.

In this house, the only alternative is

the prattle of a simple-minded old lady

which is nearly as bad.

Today, I feel disposed to be gregarious

and communicative,

and I believe you could amuse me.

You puzzled me a great deal that first

evening in the library, Miss Eyre.

I'd almost forgotten you since,

but now, I'm resolved to be at ease.

Doing what please me.

It please me now to draw you out,

to learn more of you.

Sit down, Miss Eyre.

No, not further back. Down just here.

Forward a little.

So too far back.

I can't see you without disturbing

my position in this comfortable chair,

which I have no mind to do.

You examine me, Miss Eyre.

Do you find me handsome?

No, sir.

Indeed?

I beg your pardon. I was too plain.

My answer was a mistake.

Just so, and you should be answerable

for it.

Now then, explain.

Does my forehead not please you?

What do you tell from my head?

Am I a fool?

No, sir. Far from it.

Would you say it is the head of
a kindly man?

Hardly that, sir.

Very well, madam.

I'm not a kindly man, though I did once
have a sort of tenderness of heart.

You doubt that?

No, sir.

Since then, fortune's knocked me about,
and kneaded me with her knuckles
till I flatter myself I'm as hard and
tough as an india rubber ball with,
perhaps, one small, sensitive point in
the middle of the lump.

Does that leave hope for me?

Hope of what, sir?

My retransformation from india rubber
back to flesh.

You look very puzzled, young lady,
and a puzzled air becomes you.

Besides, it keeps those searching eyes
of yours away from my face.

You are silent, Miss Eyre.

Stubborn?

No. Annoyed, and quite rightly so.

I put my request in an absurd way.

The fact is, once and for all,

I do not wish to treat you as
an inferior, but I've...

battled through a varied experience
with many men of many nations around
over half the globe,

while you've spent your whole life
with one set of people in one house.

Don't you agree that gives me a right
to be a little masterful and abrupt?

Do as you please, sir.

You pay me 30 pound a year for
receiving your orders.

Well, on that mercenary ground,
won't you agree to

let me hector you a little?
No, sir, not on that ground,
but on the ground
that you did forget it,
inquired of my feelings as an equal.
Good! Well, then, you'll let me dispense
with the conventional forms
without thinking me insolent.
I should never mistake informality
for insolence.
One I rather like,
the other no freeborn person would
submit to,
even for a salary.
Humbug.
Most freeborn people would submit
to anything for a salary.
Where are you going?
It's time for Adele's lesson.
Oh, no, young lady.
It's not for Adele that you're going.
It's because you're afraid of me.
You wish to escape me.
In my presence, you are hesitant to
smile gaily or speak too freely.
Admit that you're afraid.
I'm bewildered, sir,
but I am certainly not afraid.
Don't I look beautiful, monsieur?
This is how mama used to do it,
is it not?
Precisely.
That's how she charmed my English gold
out of my britches' pocket.
Then I shall dance for you.
You will not.
Go straight upstairs to the nursery.
But, monsieur...
At once. Miss Eyre,
I'm not finished talking to you.
Why are you looking at me like that?
I was thinking whatever
your past misfortune,
you have no right to revenge yourself

on the child.
You're quite right, of course.
I was thinking only of myself,
my own private memories and feelings.
The fact is, nature meant me to be,
on the whole, a good man--
One of the better kind,
but circumstance decreed otherwise.
I was as green as you once.
Aye, grass green.
Now my spring is gone, leaving me what?
This little artificial French flower.
You may go, Miss Eyre.
Miss Eyre.
I hope you'll be happy here
at Thornfield.
I hope so, sir. I think so.
I'm glad.
Who's there?
Mr. Rochester!
Done it.
I think someone must have tried
to kill you.
I heard footsteps along the gallery.
Shall I call Mrs. Fairfax?
Mrs. Fairfax?
What the deuce do you want to
call her for? let her sleep.
Come in, sit down.
I'm going to leave you here.
Be still as a mouse.
You came out of your room.
Did you see anything?
Only a candlestick on the floor,
but I... I heard a door shut.
Anything else?
Yes. Kind of a laugh.
Kind of a laugh.
Have you heard it before?
There's a strange woman here
called Grace Poole...
Just so.
Grace Poole.
You guessed it.

Well, it's a bit, um...
Meanwhile, say nothing about
this to anyone.
Adele! We forgot the child!
I had an awful fear.
You see what she has?
Poor little Adele,
trying to console herself from
my unkindness to her.
The child has dancig in her blood
and coquetry in the very marrow of
her bones.
I once had the misfortune to be in love
with this, to be jealous of that.
Love's a strange thing, Miss Eyre.
You can know that a person's worthless,
without heart or mind or scruple,
yet suffer to the point of torture
when she betrays you.
At least I had the pleasure of putting
a pistol bullet through
my rival's lungs.
And the little doll in
the dancing skirt?
We tell Adele she died.
The truth isn't quite so touching.
I gave her some money and
turned her out,
where upon she decamped with
an Italian painter,
leaving me with what she said was
my daughter.
Let me light you to your room.
Well, Miss Eyre,
now that you know what your pupil is--
the offspring of a French dancing girl,
I suppose you'll be coming to tell me
to look out for a new governess.
Adele had had so little love.
I shall try to make up for it.
Are you always drawn to the loveless
and unfriended?
When it's deserved.
Would you say that my life

deserved saving?

I should be distressed if harm came to you, sir.

But you did save my life tonight.

I should like to thank you for it.

Please shake hands.

I knew you'd do me good in some way, sometime.

Good night, Jane.

Good night, sir.

Oh, Miss Eyre, isn't it terrible?

We might all have been burnt in our beds.

Where did Mr. Rochester go?

He said something about a house party at Millcote.

Goodness knows how long he'll be away.

One can never tell with Mr. Rochester.

Maybe a day or a year or a month.

Mrs. Fairfax.

Yes, my dear?

Did Mr. Rochester tell you how the fire started?

Why, of course.

He was reading in bed and fell asleep with the candle lit and the curtains took fire.

Why do you ask?

I wondered if the fire had anything to do with Mr. Rochester's leaving.

What possible connection could there be

He said this morning that he was restless.

The house with only us here was unbearably oppressive for him.

Aah!

What are thou doing here?

No one is allowed up here. Understand?

No one. Get the down.

Had the mystery in the tower driven him madly away,

just as we seemed so close together?

Winter turned to spring and no news came.

But I found a measure of escape
in the happiness of Adele.
Look, mademoiselle!
Now, the moment the carriage is stopped
the carriage is stopped,
stand by the front door
and be ready to
take the gentlemen's cloacks.
Yes, ma'am.
My dear, I'm so glad you're back.
Mr. Rochester is so difficult.
Leah, Leah, you must be with me to
take the ladies to their rooms.
Yes, ma'am.
Imagine not even telling me
how many guests he's bringing.
Just said get all the best bedrooms
ready and more servants were needed.
They're coming, ma'am.
Oh, dear, 15 at least.
Far more than I'm prepared for.
Who's that riding with Mr. Rochester?
Why, that's Blanche Ingram, my dear.
Haven't you heard about Miss Ingram
and Mr. Rochester?
She's quite an old flame of his.
it wouldn't surprise me if it came to
an engagement one of these days.
Such a beautiful girl, isn't she?
Where's Miss Ingram's bath?
Coming as quickly as we can.
Adele, why aren't you in the nursery?
Oh, mademoiselle, let me look.
No, dear. You're in the way.
Didn't I tell you that Blanche had
set her cap at him?
Well, he's very romantic
and enormously rich.
Oh, Miss Eyre, Mr. Rochester
wishes you to bring Adele to
the drawing room after dinner.
Oh, please send Adele by herself.
He only asked me out of politeness.
That's what I thought.

I told him you weren't used to company.
'Nonsense,' he said.
'If she objects, I'll come
and fetch her myself.'
Oh course, you must wear your very best
my dear. I...I think the black.
Then I got 2 more birds with
my spare gun.
Well, perhaps we'd better leave
the gentlemen to their port.
They're coming, mademoiselle.
Bonsoir, madame.
What's your name?
Adele.
Now, Blanche, stop teasing
Mr. Rochester.
Come along, my angel.
(Singing in foreign language)
Splendid match, Sir George.
What a striking couple.
Very fortunate, isn't it?
Fine shoulders, eh, Ned?
(French)
Monsieur Rochester, may I sing now?
I think we've heard enough music.
Edward, I thought you weren't fond
of children.
No. Nor am I. Run along, dear.
Who introduced you to take charge of
such a little puppet?
Where did you pick her up?
I did not pick her up.
She was left on my hands.
Well, I suppose you have
a governess for her.
I saw a person with her just now.
Is she gone?
Oh, no, there she is.
Still hiding in the corner.
You should hear mama on
the subject of governesses.
Governesses?
Don't speak to me of governesses.
The martyrdom I've endured

with those creatures.
The clever ones are detestable,
while the others are grotesque.
How do you do?
Very well, sir.
Why did you not come speak to me in
the drawing room?
I didn't wish to disturb you as
you seemed engaged.
What have you been going
while I've been away?
Teaching Adele as usual.
Yes, and getting a good deal paler
than you were.
What's the matter?
Nothing.
Take cold the night of the fire.
No, sir.
Go back to the drawing room.
You're leaving too early.
I'm a little tired, sir.
Yes, and a little depressed.
What about?
I'm not depressed, sir.
But I tell you you are.
So much depressed that a few words more
and there'll be tears in your eyes.
See? They're there now.
Shining, swimming.
who the devil's that?
I wish to see Mr. Rochester.
What name shall I say, sir.
Tell him Mr. Mason--
Mr. Mason of Spanish town, Jamaica.
Very good, sir.
Mason.
Spanish town.
I wish I were on a quiet island with
only you;
trouble and danger
and hideous recollection far away.
Can I help you, sir?
If help is needed,
I'll seek it at your hands.

I promise you that.

Jane, if all the people in that room came and spat on me, what would you do?

I'd turn them out of the room, if I could.

If I were to go to them, and they only looked coldly at me and dropped off and left me, one by one, what then?

Would you go with them?

I would stay with you, sir.

To comfort me?

Yes, sir.

To comfort you as well as I could.

Edward.

I shall not be so hypocritical as to say you are welcome in this house.

Follow me, Mason.

Aah!

What is it? What's happened?

The noise came from down there.

Where the devil's Edward,

I'd like to know.

Here he is.

Edward!

Edward, you haven't been hurt, have you?

Put that pistol away, colonel.

Artillery's no good for nightmares.

Nightmares?

That's all it was. One of the maids had a bad dream, woke up screaming.

Moral of that is, don't eat toasted cheese for supper.

Now, ladies, you all go to your rooms.

Lady Ingram, you set the good example.

I'll declare I'm quite disappointed.

I was so looking forward to seeing

Uncle Percy shoot a robber.

Now, Blanche, less of your levity.

Good night, Edward.

Sweet dreams, my courageous Blanche.

Jane, are you awake?

Yes, sir.

Come out then quietly.

Come this way and make no noise.
You don't turn sick at the sight of
blood, do you?
I've never been tried.
Give me your hand.
Won't do to risk a fainting fit.
Warm and steady.
Jane, what you see may shock
and frighten and confuse you.
I beg you not to seek an explanation.
Don't try to understand.
Whatever the appearance,
you must trust me.
Jane, I'm going to leave you in
this room with this gentleman
while I fetch a surgeon.
You will sponge the blood as I do now.
If he comes to, do not speak to him on
any account.
Do you understand me?
Whatever happens, do not move from here
Whatever happens, do not open a door.
Either door.
Now, doctor, be on the alert.
I give you half an hour for dressing
the wound
and getting the patient downstairs
and all.
Edward, I'm done for, I fear.
Nonsense. Lost a little blood
that's all.
She sank her teeth into me
like a tigress.
She said she'd drain my heart's blood
Be silent, Mason, Forget it.
Aha!
Jane.
Yes, sir.
Go and get some things on.
Go down the back stairs and bolt
the side-passage door.
You'll find a carriage waiting.
See if the driver's ready.
I shall be down in a moment.

Mason, I told you not to come up here!
I thought I could have done some good.
You thought! You thought!
Come, doctor. Hurry.
We must have him off.
I've tried so long to avoid exposure.
I shall make very certain
it doesn't come now.
Take care of him, doctor.
don't let him leave your house
until he's quite well.
Edward.
Well, what is it?
Let her be taken care of.
Let her be treated as tenderly
as may be.
I do my best and have done it
and will do it.
Jane, come here a few minutes
where there's some freshness.
That house is a dungeon, a sepulcher.
Here everything is fresh
and real and pure.
We passed a strange night, Jane.
You're a little pale.
Mr. Rochester,
will Grace Poole live here still?
Yes, Grace Poole will stay.
After last night?
Don't ask for explanations.
Just believe me when I tell you that
there are reasons for it. Good reasons.
You're my little friend, Jane,
aren't you?
I like to serve you, sir,
in everything that's right.
But if I asked you to do something you
thought was wrong, what then?
My little friend would turn to
be very quiet and pale,
and say, 'Oh, no, sir, it's impossible.'
Am I right?
Jane, I want you to use your fancy.
Suppose yourself a boy,

a thoughtless, impetuous boy indulged
from childhood upwards.
Imagine yourself in some remote,
foreign land.
Conceive that you there commit
a capital error,
one that cuts you off from
the possibility of all human joys!
You're in despair.
You wander about vainly seeking
contentment and empty pleasure.
Then, suddenly,
fate offers you the chance of
regeneration...and true happiness.
Are you justified in over leaping
the obstacles of mere custom?
Tell me, Jane. Are you justified?
How can I answer, sir?
Every conscience must come to
its own decision.
But it can't come to a decision.
If you're afraid that you may bring
shame to what you most cherish
or destroy what you most desire
to protect.
Oh, Jane, don't you curse me for
plaguing you like this?
Curse you? No, sir.
Give me your assurance on that.
Cold fingers.
They were warmer last night.
Jane, will you watch with me again?
Whenever I can be useful.
For instance, the night before
I'm married, will you sit with me then?
Are you going to be married, sir?
Sometime. Why not?
What makes you think he's in the stable
I suppose you think no one will have me
Well, you're wrong. You don't know
these young ladies of fashion.
They may not admire my person,
but I assure you, they dote on my purse
Blanche!

Good morning, Edward.
Perhaps I should scold you
for running off like this.
A correct host entertains his guests.
My dear Blanche, when will you learn?
I never was correct, nor ever shall be.
Very pretty, part ner. Splendid.
Thank you.
Edward, I'm so glad U made up your mind
to come to London with us tomorrow.
Have I? I didn't know.
Of course you're coming.
Very appropriate.
What now, Edward?
Put the red ball in the top pocket.
Edward, does that person want you?
I'm sorry, sir.
I did not know you were occupied.
Very good, Miss Eyre.
I'm sure the ladies will excuse me.
Governesses, mama.
I'm sorry, sir. but I understood you
were leaving early in the morning,
and I wish to ask you for a reference.
Reference? What do you want
a reference for?
To get a new place, sir.
I...You as good as told me that
you are going to be married.
Yes. What then?
In which case, Adele ought to go
to school.
To get her out of my bride's way
who otherwise might walk over her
rather too emphatically?
There's some sense in your suggestion.
Adele, as you say, must go to school.
And you must go to the devil,
is that it?
I hope not, sir, unless it's the devil
who answers my advertisement.
Advertisement?
You say you've been advertising?
Not yet, sir, but I shall.

You'll do nothing of the kind.
Time comes for you to get
a new situation, I'll get one for you.
Do you hear?
Very well, sir. Goodbye, Mr. Rochester.
Goodbye, Miss Eyre.
Jane, is that all?
Seems stingy to my notion.
Dry and unfriendly.
Won't you do more than
just say goodbye?
Well, I'll...I'll shake hands, sir.
Oh, you'll shake hands.
Goodbye, Jane.
It is beautiful place, your Thornfield.
Well, for a dungeon,
it serves its purpose.
Dungeon? Why, it's a paradise.
Though, of course, if one lived here,
one would really have to have a house
in London, wouldn't one?
Unquestionably, and a little apartment
in Paris.
Perhaps a uilla on the Mediterranean.
How delightful that would be!
But Thornfield would always be there
as a retreat from the world,
a green haven of peace and...and love.
Love? Who's talking of love?
All a fellow needs
is a bit of distraction,
a house full of
beautiful women everynow
and then to keep him from brooding
on his woes,
peering too closely into
the mysteries of his heart.
That is, if he has a heart.
And sometimes I wonder, Edward,
if you really do have one.
If I have done or said anything to
make you believe that I haven't,
so I assure you
it was quite unintentional.

I never said it was...
Never more than at this moment, except perhaps when I'm eating my dinner.
Really Edward, you can be reuoltingly coarse at times.
Can I ever be anything else?
Can you?
Would I have come to Thornfield if you couldn't?
That'a verynice point, Blanche.
Would you, or would you not?
Let's begin by considering the signiffcant facts of the case.
First, Mr. Rochester is revoltingly coarse and as ugly as sin...
Edward, I...
Allow me, my dear, Blanche.
I repeat, as ugly as sin.
Secondly, he flirts sometimes, but he's careful never to talk about love or marriage.
However, this is the third point.
Lady Ingram is somewhat impoverished, whereas the revolting Mr. Rochester has an assured income of 8,000 a year.
What is the attitude that Miss Blanche may have expected to take?
From my experience of the world, I'd surmise that she'd ignore the coarseness,etc., until such time...
How dare you!
Now, now, no horseplay.
I've never been so grossly insulted in all my life.
Insulted?
I merely paid you the enormous compliment of being completely honest.
Mr. Rochester, you are a boar and a cur
I thought you'd gone.
I changed my mind, or rather the Ingram family changed theirs.
Why are you crying?
I was thinking about having to

leave Thornfield.
You've become quite attached to that foolish little Adele, haven't you?
To that simple old Fairfax?
Yes, sir.
You'll be sorry to part with them.
Yes, sir.
it's always the way in this life.
No sooner have you got settled in a pleasant resting place,
and you're summoned to move on.
As I told you, sir, I shall be ready when the order comes.
It's come now.
Then it...it's settled?
All settled,
even about your future situation.
You found a place for me?
Yes, Jane, I have.
In the West of Ireland.
You'll like Ireland, I think.
They're such warm-hearted people there.
It's long way off, sir.
From what, Jane?
From England and from Thornfield.
Well...
And from you, sir.
Yes, Jane. It's a long way.
When you get there,
I shall probably never see you again.
We've been good friends, Jane,
haven't we?
Yes, sir.
Even good friends may be forced to part
Let's make the most of
what time has left us.
Let us sit here in peace,
even though we shall be destined never to sit here again.
Sometimes I have a queer feeling with regard to you, Jane.
Especially when you're near me as now.
It's as if I had a string somewhere under my left rib,

tightly and inextricably knowed to
a similar string
situated in corresponding corner of
your little frame.
And if we should have to be parted,
that cord of communion would be snapped
I have the neruous notion I should take
to bleeding inwardly.
As for you, you'd forget me.
That I never will, sir. You know that.
I see the necessity of going, but it's
like looking on the necessity of death.
Where do you see that necessity?
In your bride.
My bride? I have noe bride.
But you will have.
Yes, I will. I will.
Do you think I could stay here to
become nothing to you?
Do you think because I'm poor
and obscure and plain
that I'm soulless and heartless?
I have as much soul as you
and fully as much heart.
And if God had gifted me with
wealth and beauty,
I should have made it as hard for you
to leave me as...
As it is now for me to leave you.
There. I've spoken my heart.
Now, let me go.
Jane, Jane, it's strange.
It's almost an unearthly thing.
You that I love as my own flesh...
Don't mock me.
It's off with Blanche. It's you I want.
Answer me, Jane, quickly.
Say, 'Edward, I'll marry you.'
Say it, Jane. Say it.
I want to read your face.
Read quickly.
Say 'Edward, I'll marry you.'
Edward, I'll marry you.
God, pardon me.

All my doubts,
and all the grim shadows
that hung over Thornfield
seemed to vanish...
Shattered like the riven chestnut tree.
I loved, and I was loved.
Every sunlit hour, I looked forward
to love's fulfillment.
Jane, what do you think you're doing?
Teaching Adele as usual.
As usual as new heaven and a new earth,
you go on teaching Adele as usual.
What is wrong with that?
Because I'm going to marry mademoiselle
and take mademoiselle to the moon
and find a cave in one of
the white valleys,
and mademoiselle will live with
us there forever.
Do you approve?
Monsieur, there's no one I'd rather
you marry, not even Mrs. Fairfax.
And some of that and a length of
the scarlet...
I tell you...
And a length of the scarlet and some
of the gold silk...
here you are, milady.
I'll give you 20 more.
There's 55 and 10 extra.
Go away, mother!
I'll read the pretty lady's future.
the pretty lady's going to marry me.
We shall make our future ourselves.
(Mrs. Edward Rochester,
Buy steam Packet Binder to Genoa)
I require and charge ye both
as ye will answer at the dreadful day
of judgment.
when the secrets of all hearts
shall be disclosed,
that if either of you know
any impediment
why you may not lawfully be joined

in matrimony,
ye do now confess it.
For be well assured that if any persons
are joined together otherwise
than as the word of God doth allow,
they are nay not joined by God,
nor is their matrimony lawful.
Edward Rochester,
will you have this woman to
be thy wedded wife?
One monent, please.
I declare the existence of
an impediment.
Proceed with the ceremony.
You cannot proceed.
Mr. Rochester had a wife now living.
Who are you?
My name is Briggs. I'm an attorney.
Mr. Mason.
On the 20th of October, 1824,
Edward Rochester of Thornfield Hall
was married to Bertha Mason
at St. Mary's church, Spanish town,
Jamaica.
The record of the marriage will be
found in the register of that church.
It's true. It's true. I swear it.
She's now living at Thornfield.
I've seen her there myself.
I'm her brother.
Parson, close your book.
There'll be no wedding today.
Instead, I invite you all to my house
to meet Grace Poole's patient.
My wife.
To the right about, every one of you!
Away with you congratulations.
They're 15 years too late.
Aah!
That, gentlemen, is my wife...
mad and the offspring of a mad family.
with whom the church would law-bing me
forever without hope of divorce.
This is what I wish to have...

this young girl who stands so grave
and quiet at the mouth of hell.

Look at the difference,
and then judge me.

Jane.

Jane, I do not even know her.
I was married at 19 in Spanish town to
a bride already courted for me.
But I married her, gross, groveling,
mole-eyed blockhead that I was.

Jane, here me.

I suffered all the agonies of
a man bound to a wife
that was intemperate and unchaste
I watched her excesses drive her
at last into madness.

And I brought her back to Edgland,
to Thornfield.

Jane, I did everything that God
and humanity demanded.

When I fled from this place,
my fixed desire was to find a woman
I could love,
a contrast to the fury I'd left here.

What did I find?

A French dancing girl,
a Viennese milliner,
a Neapolitan contessa with
a taste for jewelry.

Back to England. I rode again
Inside of Thornfield.

Someone was walking there
in the ommnlight...
a strange little elfinlike creature.

It frightened my horse,
and then came up
and gravely offered me help.

I was to be aided by that hand,
and aided I was.

And then later that evening...

Do you remember, Jane?

Say you remember.

I remember.

You came into that room.

How shy you were.
And yet how readily and roundly
you answered my questions.
And then you smiled at me.
That moment, I knew I'd found you.
Jane, can you not forgive me?
I do forgive you.
Do you still love me?
I do love you with all my heart.
I can say it now, since it's for
the last time.
You mean to go one way in the world,
let me go another?
Stay with me, Jane.
We would be hurting nobody.
We should be hurting ourselves.
Would it be so wicked to love me?
Would it?
I could crush you between my hands,
but your spirit would still be free.
Jane, you are going?
I am going, sir.
You will not be my comforter,
my rescuer, my deep love?
My frantic prayer mean nothing to you?
God bless you, my dear master.
God keep you from harm and wrong.
Jane! Jane! Jane!
Going nowhere, I had nowhere to go.
Without references,
I could not find employment.
I knew hunger and unsheltered nights.
At last old memories,
rather than my will,
drew me back to Gateshead hall...
to Bessie who had once been kind to me.
Bessie.
Yes, I'm Bessie.
If you're looking for work,
we haven't got no work for
no one nowadays.
You look poorly, lass.
If you're cold, you're welcome
to sit by the fire.

Sit down, lass.

Uh, where'd you get that brooch?

You gave it to me, Bessie.

Jane!

Jane Eyre!

A grown young lady,
and you were such a tingy thing,
no higher than a broomstick.

Oh, Miss Jane.

That's your poor aunt.

Don't tell Aunt Reed I'm here
or Cousin John or anyone.

Master John isn't here anymore.

As soon as he was of age, he was off
to London.

Gambling, that's what it was.

Thousands and thousands of pounds
the missis paid for him.

She had to shut off most of the house
and turn off the other servants.

But still be kept plaguing her
for money.

Then, last summer,
he killed himself, Miss Jane.

They found him hanging in his room,
and the cards still on the table where
they'd played the night before.

When they told the missis,
she had a kind of storke.

Wandering-like in her mind.

Is that you, Bessie?

Yes, ma'am.

Who are you? Go away.

I'm Jane, Aunt Reed.

Jane Eyre.

Jane Ey...Eyre.

Nobody could know the trouble
I've had with that child.

The little pauper brat...

Should've been in workhouse.

Jane.

Jane Eyre.

Ohh.

Oh, don't leave me, Jane.

Please don't leave me.
I won't leave you.
Oh...
Oh, no, sir.
Missis can't see nobody.
She's been ill for months.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I wanted to make some inquiries about
a niece of hers, Miss Eyre.
Would you wait inside a moment, sir?
Thank you. Thank you.
A gentleman to see you, Miss Jane.
Oh, I don't want to see him.
I don't want to see anyone.
You don't be foolish. You can't live
all alone like the man in the moon.
I'll sit with the missis.
Run along now. He's waiting.
Jane.
How did you know I was here?
I didn't. I was trying to find you.
I received an inquiry
about you the other day.
You didn't stay in that place you went
to very long, did you?
Didn't you like it? What happened?
I had to leave.
Forgive me. It's no business of mine.
All the same, I do feel obliged to
ask you about this letter.
it comes from a lawyer in Millcote.
He writes to me as a person whose name
you gave as a reference
when you went to Thornfield.
that's near Millcote, isn't it?
A client of his wants to
know your whereabouts.
You know who's inquiring for you?
Jane, if you don't want me to talk
about this anymore, I won't.
Thank you, Dr. Rivers.
It's for you to say.
Or would you rather I didn't answer it
at all?

(Public Auction, Furniture and
Personal Effects, The Late Mrs. Reed)
One pound. A quid. L1 is bid.
Thank you very much, sir.
Anybody for 35?
L2 is bid. Going at L2. Going ,going...
Take it away, Bill.
(Dear Mr. Brocklehurst,
I would like to ask...)
Jane.
Jane.
Jane.
It seemed the cry of a soul in pain,
an appeal so wild and urgent that
I knew I must go, and go quickly.
Only when I knew what had happened
to him,
only when I had looked once more upon
that tortured face
could I make my decision.
It was she who did it, Miss Eyre.
She struck down Grace Poole
as she slept,
and then she set fire to Thornfield.
It was her laugh in the gallery
that woke me.
I ran into the nursery & wrapped Adele
in a shawl and carried her down.
And as we came out into the courtyard.
I heard her laugh again.
I looked up,
and there she was on the roof
laughing and waving her arms
about the battlements.
Mr. Edward saw her as he came out.
He did not say anything,
but went straight back into the house
to try to save her.
All this side of the house was blazing.
there was smoke everywhere.
Then it cleared.
And suddenly, we saw Mr. Edward
behind her on the battlements.
She saw him, too.

He came towards her to help her down.
She stood very still for a moment,
and just as he seemed to reach her,
she gave a dreadful scream
and ran from him to the edge.
Then next moment, she lay smashed
on the pavement before us.
She was dead, Miss Eyre.
Mr. Edward?
A great staircase fell in
as he was coming down.
Mrs. Fairfax?
Yes, sir?
What the decue are you doing
in this part of the house?
Adele is wating for her supper.
Yes, sir.
Here, Pilot.
Who's there?
Who are you?
I've come back ,sir.
Edward, Edward!
Her very fingers.
What small, soft fingers!
Her hair.
Little flower-soft faxe.
And her heart, too, Edward.
Jane.
All you can feel now is mere pity.
I don't want your pity.
Edward.
You can't spend your life on
the mere wreckage of a man.
You're young and fresh.
You ought to get married.
Don't send me away.
Please, don't send me away.
You think I want to let you go?
As the months went past,
he came to see the light once more
as well as to feel its warmth.
To see first the glory of the sun,
and then the mild splendor of the moon,
and at last the evening star.

And then one day when our first-born
was put into his arms,
he'd see that the boy had inherited
his own eyes as they once were...
large, brilliant, and black.