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Lady Chatterley's Lover

By D.H. Lawrence

Come on, Anton, I'll race you.

Get up!

- Look, they're coming.

- Let's go and tell everyone.

- Connie, I won.

- I knew you would.

- You'll never beat me, as usual.

- What was the bet this time?

The honour of having the first dance
with the new Lady Chatterley.

This one's pretty enough...

...but I understand

she's the daughter of an artist.

She's just what Clifford
and this old house needs.

She's alive in the way
the others never could be.

- Necessity knows no law, my friends.

- Politics, politics.

- How to ruin a party: Invite a German.

- Anton, we're not enemies yet.

- But the situation is serious.

- Please, not this evening.

- Why don't you dance with my wife?

- With pleasure. Excuse me.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have
your attention, please?

I'm sorry to interrupt the dance, but
I'm sure you'll want to hear the news.

For the last 24 minutes,

England has been at war with Germany.

Let us drink to England.

England.

- England.

- England.

- And to Germany, of course.

- To Germany.

- And to England.

- Germany.

Goodbye, Auntie.

Look after Connie.

- I shan't be long.

- Goodbye, Hilda.

Goodbye. Goodbye.

- Darling, I'd rather you didn't come.
- Are you sure?
- Cliff, take care of yourself.
- Roberts.
Should be back just in time
for the pheasant season.
Come on, lads!
Go on! Forwards!
Faster! Go on, faster!
Keep the line! Keep the line!
Forwards! Forwards, forwards!
Go on, lads!
Forwards!
This one's still breathing, Paddy.
'You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing.'
She looks in her pocket for a pencil.
'Thank you, Lady Bracknell,
I prefer standing.'
Lady Bracknell, notebook in hand:
'You are not down on my list
of eligible young men...
...but it's the same list the Duchess
of Bolton has. We work together.
However, I will enter your name
should your answers be...
...what an affectionate mother
requires.
Do you smoke? '
'Yes, I must admit, I smoke.'
'I am glad to hear it.'"

10:

It's time to go to bed, darling.
Dear, dear, another day gone.
Thank you, darling, I can manage.
Good night, Connie.
Good morning.
Fritchley Hall, the home of Lord
and Lady Stewart is offered for sale.
It's rumoured that Shipley, near
Matlock, may suffer the same fate.
It's as if the whole world is
collapsing around us.
What's that, darling?

They want to sell Fritchley Hall
and Shipley.

I suppose the one thing
pushes out the other.

But what about us? Here? This house?
Everything changes
except change itself.

I fancy a cigar is called for.

I can manage. Thank you, Field.

- That will be all for this evening.

- Very good, sir.

I think you're wonderful,

I do, really.

- Why?

- The way you are with Clifford.

I think it's wonderful, really.

Poor boy...

...so crippled as he is.

Not more than half a man,
you might say.

It's the right half
for a woman like me.

He can be so witty and entertaining.

But for a young wife,
I'm not so sure at all.

- Care for one of mine?

- Thank you, I have one of my own.

I was very young
when I married Richard.

We wanted reform, politics,
all that sort of thing.

And we got it. But ever since he died,
despite the children...

...I feel I've lived for nothing.

It's a dreadful feeling.

To know you're bound to die without
having the things you were born for.

Die? Who's going to die?

I've been there and back. Immortality.

What are we born for? It seems to me
that we are born for so many things.

Or perhaps we're not born
for anything at all.

It's just a matter

of making up our minds.

- Immortality.

- Immortality.

I think women should experiment more.

Get what you want in your youth.

Nothing is so bad for a woman

getting on in years...

...than the thought that she's missed.

Good night, dear.

I'm leaving early in the morning,

so I shan't see you again.

There's nothing so sad or futile...

...as an elderly woman

possessed by vain regrets.

I am possessed.

Connie, I need to talk to you.

Sit down a moment.

You know, you're the worst loser,

in a sense.

- Darling.

- I depend on you, live on you.

But you're denied

a serious part of life.

The fact you are denied, it may work

inside your subconscious, harming you.

But you know I need you

as much as you need me.

- You did want me before, didn't you?

- Of course.

I know, and it's bitter.

You see, I don't want you to feel

you've brought me a sacrifice.

Connie, I must tell you this.

If ever there's a man...

...who you absolutely want

to make love to you...

...take him.

Have a lover if you want to.

Look, a kestrel.

Don't ever forget I love you.

- Hey, come on here.

- Come here, girl.

Come on up. Come on up.

- I'm sorry about the dog, sir.

- Don't worry, she's a good girl.

Look, will you give me a push
back to the house?

- Milady.

- Hello.

All right, pull.

Thank you, Mellors.

Thank you, Field.

Clifford?

Do you need some help?

- No, nearly done now.

- How did we do last year?

Not bad, considering.

Even the pheasants sold quite well.

What about the mine?

Shouldn't you open it again?

- I heard that coal...

- Not the right time.

Not the right time at all.

Connie.

It's all right, darling. Don't worry.

I'm sick and tired

of these records, darling.

- Could you play me something?

- What would you like me to play?

Whatever you like. You know the one.

The one you play so well.

All right, then.

Clifford!

Call for Dr. Christie.

The doctor's on his way.

They're here, milady.

But it's not the doctor,

it's a nurse.

I'm Mrs. Bolton.

I came as quickly as I could.

- You look ill too.

- No, I'm fine.

Far from fine. I'll take a look at him
first, then I'll take a look at you.

I'm fine. I'm fine.

Good afternoon, Sir Clifford.

I'm perfectly all right.

I'll decide, if you don't mind.

What seems to be the trouble?
Nothing new,
just the same old nonsense.
It's my shoulders this time,
and what's left of my damned spine.
- This weather is a godsend.
- Providing we don't get a flood.
We won't. It'll clear up.
Isn't there anything I can do?
- Show me, in case it happens again.
- We'll see.
You can do something. See if Mellors
is setting eggs under the birds.
We did well last year.
I want to do even better.
Clifford, that's not important now.
Fresh air and healthy activity...
...that's my prescription
for you, milady.
Pain is nothing to fear.
It's just the body's way
of telling us that something's amiss.
Right, on your back.
Connie, you're back early.
What did Mellors say?
I couldn't find him.
Connie, I can't ask you
to do the simplest thing.
That's for you, milady.
- What is it?
- Just some quinine and herbs.
Hope it's not a love potion.
Mrs. Bolton is spending the night.
Organise the blue room for her.
- Of course.
- Drink up.
You've had a tiring day, Sir Clifford.
You must get some rest.
- I'll look after my husband.
- Certainly, milady.
- Good night, Sir Clifford and milady.
- Good night, and thank you.
- Now, what's so funny?
- The Adventures of Hajji Baba.

He's repelled by the naked faces
of English women.
If only they'd covered their faces...
...what fire of passion
would have run through him.
That's amusing.
It's a pity we never see anything
of people but their face.
After all, the worst part
of most people is their face.
You mean if we covered our faces
and walked about naked?
Like Renoir. Why not?
And a torso in sculpture is often
so lovely without a head.
- It has a life of its own.
- Perhaps.
Sorry if I was unpleasant
this afternoon.
Good morning, milady.
And the bishop moves this way, yes?
- That's right, and the knight moves...
- One ahead and two diagonally.
You look beautiful.
What are you gonna do today?
Nothing in particular.
If you've nothing better to do,
why not try again?
- Try what?
- Find out about the pheasant's eggs.
- If you want me to.
- Thank you, darling.
There.
- You're very quick.
- That I am, sir.
Excuse me, ma'am.
Quiet. Hey.
Lie down.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- What can I do for you?
- When will you set the eggs?
Already started. It's under control.
Be better than last year, tell him.

- May I?

- If you'd like.

- It's very pleasant here.

- You think so?

Yes. I shall come here

and see the birds, watch them grow.

Will you, now?

Are there two keys to the hut?

- Do you hear me?

- There's only one key.

- Couldn't you have one made?

- Aye, we could.

Only, why doesn't Sir Clifford build
a little summerhouse for you?

No, I want to watch the pheasants.

I have to be on me own,

now that the birds are laying.

- I shan't interfere.

- Birds don't like strangers around.

- I want a key. When can I have it?

- How many bosses do I have, anyway?

Don't make a key. On second thought,

I don't ever want to be here again.

Clifford? I gave Mellors your message.

What's this?

I've decided to try my hand again,
thinking of Renoir.

- What a good idea.

- Of course, I was never very good.

I wonder what I'll see now,

after all that's happened.

- Well, there's always me.

- You'll have to join the queue.

- Mrs. B's already asked.

- How can she?

- She's gonna stay a while.

- Nothing serious, is it?

No, she just thought

it would free you more.

She'll give me my exercises.

She may as well be here.

- It's marvellous, isn't it?

- Marvellous.

You'll be staying with us a while.

That's good.

I think it's for the best.

Did you find Mr. Mellors today?

I did. He's the most insolent man
I've ever talked to.

He was a defiant little demon,
even when he was a lad.

- You know him, then?

- He prefers to keep his own company.

I thought he had a heart,
if anybody could get there.

- A heart.

- He just gets most women's backs up.

Like he has with you.

- Club.

- Ace.

You can't do that.

You're cheating.

That's you. My go. Jack.

- Card change.

- I'm tired. I think I'll go up.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night, darling.

- Good night.

- Ten.

- Ten.

- Eight and change.

- Change of suit?

- Yes.

- To what?

- Clubs.

- Clubs.

Clifford, I have a problem.

You said I should take a lover.

- Want me to choose for you, do you?

- No, but what if I have a child?

Would you mind if I had a child?

- If you had whose child?

- I don't know.

Couldn't you promise it'd
be by the Holy Ghost?

- Would you mind?

- Whose child?

But need you ask?

Isn't it the Holy Ghost
if one looks at it that way?

All right, my dear, breed.

It's nature's law.

I trust my son and heir will have
a father worthy of a baronet.

But I trust your taste.

- It is a sacrifice for both of you.

- A sacrifice to what?

To God's will.

Can't you come out
from under your pieties...

...and speak to me
as a man to a woman?

- To condone something you have done?

- No.

Perhaps if you look upon things
as a period of trial...

...in time, you will find your way.

- Good afternoon, Father.

- Good afternoon.

A period of trial.

Keep still, Mrs. B.

This is hard enough
without you fidgeting all the time.

- Oh, it's you.

- Not bad.

- Want to play seriously?

- If you like. You'll probably win.

I haven't got the hang of it this way.

Well, it'll be a change for me to win.

I hear you did something
rather out of character today.

- Went to church, did you?

- Yes.

What on earth for?

I thought I'd book an appointment
with the Holy Ghost.

Milady.

Sit.

- Yes, Mellors?

- Got that key for you, milady.

- Was it a lot of trouble?

- No. How could it be?
- Thank you, then.
- Come on.
- Good morning.
- Morning.
- Morning.
- Morning. Am I late?
- Not at all.
- Did you sleep well, milady?
Thank you, Mrs. Bolton.
Well, I'll have some breakfast.
Yes, see you later.
Go in there.
Come on, my little ones, come on.
Come on, my little ones, come on.
- Hello.
- Hello.
Shame about Sir Clifford, isn't it?
Fair, young wife and this land
and no children to pass it on to.
That shows how little you know.
Sir Clifford's getting stronger.
Thank you, Robert. That will be all.
My prescription seems to have worked.
- Youve done wonders for Clifford.
- I meant fresh air, healthy activity.
It's not much of a life for a woman
if her heart never works.
There's many who have no real hearts.
But if you've got a heart,
you don't want to live for money.
I'm sure you're right.
If there's something to make one say
more than one should, it's because...
...you're a true woman and a body's
heart burns for you, not against you.
I know you wouldn't do
anything against me.
Neither shall anyone else
if I can help it.
Good girl.
- Hello.
- Hello.
You weren't ill then.

Nurse went away,
so I stayed with Sir Clifford.
I see.
- What lovely, soft creatures.
- Aye, pretty young things.
- There.
- Come, baby.
- They don't like me.
- Then we'll find one that does.
Go on.
It's not worth crying for.
There, there.
It's all right.
You're beautiful.
So beautiful.
I'm sorry I'm late. Why don't
I do that today? You're excused.
I'm sorry I'm late. Why don't
I do that today? You're excused.
- Very good, milady.
- What a nice idea.
Want a game in a minute?
I don't want to beat you again.
You won't today. I've been practising.
- Don't go, Mrs. Bolton.
- Excuse me, milady.
- Join us, you're part of the family.
- Thank you.
- How do you like your tea?
- Very strong, lots of sugar.
Strong, sweet tea.
I got the taste from my husband.
- Is it many years since he died?
- I was 24.
- How awful.
- Yes, same age you were widowed, Con.
Now, we're going to get you
back on your feet, aren't we?
- Yes.
- I don't know how you lived through it.
I didn't think I could.
The heart makes up for a lot.
I miss him, but I'll never forget him.
He'd never have left me,

and I'll never leave him.

A lesson to us all, Con.

I mean, that's very touching, Mrs. B.

- You'll never leave me, will you?

- Clifford.

Once a wife in your heart,

always a wife, I say.

Come on, Mrs. B.

- Can't think straight.

- Don't you want to win all my money?

- It's late.

- Don't complain.

Check.

Very good.

It must be early light now.

You can go to bed if you like.

Open the curtains

before you leave, would you?

- Where are you taking this?

- Sir Clifford's instructions.

- "Bury it in the attic," he said.

- Where is he?

- With two gentlemen in the library.

- Thank you, Field.

Now is the right time, but we simply

must have the bits modernised.

Especially the Oakwood Pit. We can

exploit that to the last possibility...

- Good morning, everybody.

- Gentlemen, my wife.

How do you do?

Darling, would you let us

talk in peace? Please!

Now, where were we?

Sit down.

- Have I done something wrong?

- No.

You think you've lowered

yourself with me?

No.

Push! Good. And the other side.

And push, push.

You must strengthen these shoulders.

And rest.

- Do you really think there's hope?

- Do you trust me?

- Yes, Mrs. B.

- Well, then, try again.

Lift and push.

Good, good, good.

And rest. Good.

You're lovely to me.

- So lovely to touch.

- Don't cry.

I read something one day:

"I will experience
everything in life...

...so on the final journey
to my death...

...the nights will not
be haunted by regret."

So no need to cry.

Don't worry, it's really happiness.

Where are the others?

Sir Clifford is in the library
and asked not to be disturbed.

Mrs. Bolton is taking a nap.

- Well, it will be just for me, then.

- Yes, milady.

This magazine came for you.

Connie.

My darling Connie. Are you happy?

- Why?

- Because you look so adorable.

I couldn't bear it
if you were unhappy.

So kind.

I honestly think I should have died.

They should have let me.

Clifford, don't. If something is lost,
it needn't be all lost, need it?

There's no reason for me to live
if nobody wants me to live.

Just seeing you there then...

...I thought you'd be better off
if I were dead. Perhaps you knew it.

I don't want you to die...

...but it is cruel to make me

responsible for your living.
You want to live, don't you?
Darling, I'm sorry.
I'm a real brute.
Don't cry. Don't...
...for my selfish sake.
I'm not worthy of you.
Wait here, Mellors.
What are you doing here?
Yes, Mellors, what is it?
I caught a couple of poachers, sir,
with snares and rabbits, this morning.
- Where are they?
- Outside, sir.
What should I do about them?
- Prosecute.
- Yes, sir.
Is it necessary to prosecute them?
Is it necessary to poach rabbits?
Or anything else for that matter?
They'd be all over the wood
if we didn't prosecute.
- You were colliers, weren't you?
- Yes, milady.
You see, they're poaching
because they're hungry...
Her ladyship is right.
We won't prosecute. Let them go.
- After you've thrashed them.
- Clifford!
He'll thrash them, or he'll consider
his employment here ended.
Go on.
Good!
Thank you, Mellors.
Come on, then.
- You're late.
- I meant to be.
- Didn't you want me here?
- Is it only to be when you want?
What happened to those
poachers didn't bother you?
- It didn't seem to bother you.
- Should I have disobeyed him?

You would have beaten them anyway.

- Even so.

- Even so, milady.

Okay, I'm sorry.

That's enough now.

- Good.

- Faster today. A couple more.

That's good.

To be honest, when we started...

...I thought it was hopeless.

But now I think you can do it.

- What happens if you have a child?

- I should like to have a child.

What about Sir Clifford?

Clifford talked about it.

- He wants a son and heir.

- What?

He knows about me?

If you have a child, you'll tell him?

If he ever suspects about you,

I'd have to go away.

What for?

I couldn't live without you...

...but I couldn't live with him
if he knew about you.

Wouldn't fret if you went away
and never saw me again?

Yes, I'd mind. I'd fret.

- Should you mind?

- Aye, that I would.

I should like you to lie one night

with me at my cottage, just for once.

I must go now.

Sorry, milady.

- Where's Sir Clifford?

- In the library.

- Perhaps he didn't hear.

- I'll tell him.

Milady.

- Aren't you coming in to dinner?

- Yes, I'm starving.

I just want to finish

with these plans.

What is it, the mine?

I can't father a dynasty.
I can't paint like Renoir.
It has to be business, Con.
Immortality must be
the name Chatterley.
We start with the mine.
Are you listening to me?
We'll have to make sacrifices
in income and capital...
...because we must modernise it.
Good night, Clifford.
Good night, Con. Sleep well.
I was scared you wouldn't come today.
What do you come
to a fellow like me for?
Because you can take it
or leave it as you please?
I saw you once, washing.
- I thought you were beautiful.
- Me?
Y our body was beautiful. I wanted you.
My body, beautiful?
To you? As knows all
the tiptop young fellas?
- I don't mean handsome.
- Handsome is as handsome does.
You don't take me serious, do you?
What am I to you?
What do your sort say?
A fucker?
No, lover.
You are my lover.
You wouldn't marry me if you was free.
You wouldn't want me to.
If you weren't above me, I should.
But you're above. You look down on me.
No, I'm grateful to you.
And me, I am too.
This is extra, but I don't mean this.
When I wait...
...I look across the grounds
and you don't come, I say:
"She wants none of you today, lad.
You best hang up

your gun and go home."

- You think nothing of me.

- I do.

Not me.

It's this you enjoy.

And that's all.

And that's all.

No, you're wrong.

I do love you.

And I want to sleep with you
in your cottage, and I will.

When?

I want you to tell me
my body is beautiful.

I would be your wife,
but I can't leave Clifford.

He understands I need somebody.

You.

Don't you understand I need him?

What would he say

if he knew it were me?

I don't know. I'll never tell him.

You'd never tell him, because you know
you'd lose him right enough.

It's nothing to do with class.

It's got everything to do with it.

Everything.

Then we'd better say goodbye.

You've given me more

than I've ever given you.

You must really hate me.

I mustn't come here anymore.

Wait, I don't want you to go.

Say something that will keep
until you come back here.

What shall I say?

Say you'll never

break it off between us.

I never will.

Then let's make it legal.

Will you drive your nail
into this tree for good and all?

- When will you stay the night with me?

- Soon.

- What are you doing?
- I've been watching the sunset.
That's all right.
Where are you going today?
I'm going to the woods,
see if the chicks have hatched.
Can you open the gate for me?
Thank you.
Why have you brought him? I thought
you're to be my wife in the woods.
It was his idea to come here.
Well, he knows?
- He can't.
- He must be suspicious.
Connie!
You'd better come
to the cottage soon, just in case.
- Tonight.
- Aye, tonight.
- Connie, where the devil are you?
- I'm coming.
It's all right.
I thought I was going
to sink in, that's all.
Come on. Push, push!
It's no good. We're stuck.
Mellors!
Mellors!
Mellors. Am I caught up somewhere?
I should say you are, sir.
- Shall I give you a push?
- No, let the motor do it.
I'll try again.
Yes, you can push.
Come on, man, push!
Push!
Push, Mellors!
Come on! Push.
Come on. Put your back into it, man.
- Have you got the brake on, sir?
- No, of course not.
Wait a minute.
The gears have gone.
You'll have to push me in neutral.

Well, give him a hand, Connie.
It is a shame to be
at the mercy of anyone.
Mrs. Bolton, can you send for Newman?
Don't bother him.
Mellors can carry me.
- Can't you, Mellors?
- Yes, sir.
Connie, tidy my chair away, will you?
Not too heavy am I, Mellors?
Don't touch those!
Thanks awfully, Mellors.
Thank you, sir.
- Did you enjoy your walk?
- Yes, thank you very much.
He's really quite a good sort,
don't you think?
Mrs. B, ask Field
to run me a bath, will you?
He thinks he's the whole hill
of beans, as the Americans say.
People like him...
...even Mrs. Bolton, nice as she is...
...they've no real respect for us.
For what we've got, perhaps,
not what we are.
Ought they to? Do we respect them
for what they are?
What are they,
apart from what they do for us?
Would you raise a shout
about his soul?
He's just so much live human meat.
Thank you, Mrs. B.
So you've come, then?
Obviously.
Is it all right? You wanted to come?
Of course. Otherwise I wouldn't.
I'm glad you did.
I'm so glad you did.
It's cosy in here.
- They're pretty.
- The flowers.
- So that's what she looks like.

- Who?
- It is your wife, isn't it?
- How do you know?
I know a lot about you.
Well, we didn't come here
to talk about her.
No, but I have to think about her.
After all, you must
have liked her once.
She ran off. She's not my wife now,
so there's an end to it.
Connie?
You're crazy.
You look a figure out
here in the night.
- Am I still beautiful?
- Aye, under the moon.
You're more of the moon
than this world.
The sky is real, the woods
are real, and you are real.
- I am your wife in the woods.
- Aye, my wife anywhere.
I never had a wife before.
I never knew what a woman
was like before.
It's day.
We have time.
Now I know what it's like
to sleep with someone.
- What?
- Nothing.
I should go now.
Stay with me.
It's cold.
- What's wrong?
- What sort of man am I?
Running around at the call of
a paralysed man and fucking his wife.
What sort of a mate am I for you?
How can you respect me
except for fucking?
- And almost anyone would do for that.
- Here, no other man would do for that.

I can't go among your people,
you can't come to mine.

- Does all that social stuff matter?

- Aye, it matters.

How much?

This much?

This much?

You must go.

We'll have another time like this.

Clifford?

Clifford.

You could tell me it's all untrue.

"Go ahead, Connie. Take a man
if you wish, only never leave me."

- A man, Connie, not a damn...

- Peasant? Slave?

What if you got pregnant, milady?

Think of that.

Think of me.

Think of the future.

I thought of who it might be,

but that damned Oliver Mellors...

Oliver, is it?

You never even asked his name.

I've made all the arrangements.

I sent a telegram to your sister...

...you'll be on the 10:30 train
to London...

...and the 3:

from Victoria.

We both need time to think.

- Have a good journey, milady.

- Thank you, Field.

Could you do something for me?

Please tell Mellors.

Darling, if I left my husband,
you can leave yours.

Youve made the first move
with this gamekeeper chap.

Why are the second, third
and fourth moves so difficult?

It's not as easy for me
as it is for you.

I don't like seeing you like this.
I'll make you smile again.
Can you wait for me here, please?
Connie, look what
I've found for you.
Which one do you want?
Not for me. Have them both.
I'll see you later.
Are you listening? How can you
stand it here all the time?
I quite enjoy it here. It makes
my dilemma seem even more heroic.
Dilemma?
This letter's arrived for you.
I hope that it's good news.
I'll see you in a minute.
Connie, dear, come on.
Don't you want to go swimming?
Honestly, Connie, you're such a bore.
Clifford arranges it
by sending you into exile...
...and all you do is the exact opposite
of what everyone else wants to do.
Pregnant women are
allowed their whims.
- You can't be pregnant.
- I am. I've seen a doctor.
Absolutely awful.
It's the best thing that
ever happened to me.
Don't be silly.
- What will we do with you and it?
- Get me back to England.
- Clifford?
- Wait.
- Welcome back, milady.
- Hello.
Isn't it simply wonderful?
And all Mrs. B's doing.
My encouragement, perhaps,
Sir Clifford, your will-power.
Be careful! Are you all right?
It's the devil of an effort
but really worth it.

- Going down the mine was the triumph.
- What?
I wrote you about it.
Didn't you get my letters?
I wrote you about everything.
Oliver?
Milady? Oh, he don't work
here no more.
Was it anything important?
No, thank you.
I'm sorry to have troubled you.
- What's happened to Mellors?
- He's gone. Sir Clifford dismissed him.
I see.
You'd better tell me everything.
- About what?
- Mellors.
Mellors?
I wrote you about it.
It was in my letters.
I didn't read your letters.
Tell me.
I thought you didn't answer them,
because of that.
When I heard you were coming back,
I thought you'd forgiven me.
Because of what?
He didn't want to stay.
You sent me away, and you
dismissed him. I can't believe it.
I didn't want you
to become too fond of him.
I know we agreed
about you having a lover...
...but I did it because of you,
to save you pain.
After all, we did talk
about a son and heir...
...and if you'd saw too much of him...
...who knows what bastards
I'd give my name.
- Y our name.
- Con, surely you understand my position.
Clifford, I'm pregnant.

He's the father,
and your name be damned.
I tell you, love, work outside
the mine is getting hard to come by.
- What are you doing here?
- I just got back.
- Did you, now? What do you want?
- Please...
Look, it can't be the way it was,
so there's an end to it.
But don't you want me anymore?
I want to be with you.
I don't want to miss you all my life.
If you hate me, how can you
still slave for the Chatterleys?
- Have you heard of Canada?
- What?
Canada, 14 pounds a week.
I'm working to earn my fare.
- Listen to me, I've got it all planned...
- No.
How can you like the likes of me?
- Oliver, I'm pregnant.
- Damn you.
You got what you want,
and Sir Clifford gets a child.
No, it will have my maiden name
or your name.
There will be no other Chatterley.
Clifford is the last.
I'll leave him,
whether you come or not.
And where will we go?
What will we do? What will I do?
You could run your own farm.
- How?
- We could use my income.
Can't you see you live like a slave?
- I've made myself free. You can too.
- I'll not be a kept man.
And our child, no class.
The best of you, the best of me.
Do you remember?
"My nights will not be

haunted by regrets."

- So you really think I'm beautiful?

- You are.

- How long to go?

- Seven months.

We'll see, we'll see.

Connie?