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Love Letters

By Ayn Rand

What's the matter?
Let's stop this thing right now.
Don't tell me you've
fallen in love with her?
Roger, you're such a fool.
Of course, I am.
That's why I asked you
to write my love letters for me.
Lying my head off for you to a girl
I've never even seen.
It's not lying. I do love her.
Only I've never been able to put
fancy feelings into fancy words.
Of course. I've never had
any fancy feelings.
Did you ever have any honest ones?
Who me? What about you?
Why'd you agree to write
for me in the first place?
Because I was able to write to her
all the things I was never able
to say to any woman I know.
I always wanted to say them to someone.
This seemed the best way.
Writing to an unknown girl
who wouldn't care.
But Victoria cared.
Understood.
Well, what's wrong?
Give me her last letter.
Listen to this.
And see if you want to go on.
"Dear Roger,
I loved you long before I met you.
I always wanted to find a man who feel
and think and write the way you do.
The man who would look at life
not as a burden or a punishment.
But as a dream of beauty
which we can make real.
It is terrible waiting for you.
But finding you
was such a great miracle
that anything I suffer seems

only a small payment in return.
Come on, come on. Finish it.
Don't take it so seriously.
Roger, don't you realize what
these letters mean to Victoria?
- What does it mean to you?
- Nothing.
Then why worry?
You ought to feel proud.
You made her fall in love with me.
She's in love with these letters...
that you didn't write.
With my letters.
What is the difference?
She's in love with
a man who doesn't exist.
Oh, well.
I'll make a good substitute.
That's what you've always been!
A substitute. Strictly low-fat.
The food in this place is simply awful.
But the wine! Mmm.
Here. Have some.
Orvisto '27.
Thanks.
It's worth a trip to Italy.
Oh-oh. Dirty work, huh?
Roger up to his usual standards?
I never had any standards.
Hmm.
Hey hey.
Do you have to drink like a pig?
Don't you know the difference between
a rare vintage and a mug of beer?
He doesn't.
I never had any standards,
manners or taste.
- Bragging again?
- I am.
Senor Capitano.
Coming. See you later, fellas.
Thanks for the drink.
- Alan, what about it?
- What about what?

The letter from Victoria.
Come on. Finish it.
Roger, why don't you leave her alone?
Let her forget you.
This is for you.
I like something better occasionally.
Get it yourself.
I'm not gonna write anymore letters.
Come on, Alan.
I promise this'll be the last one.
We finish it for me?
You won't write her anymore letters?
I won't write her any more.
- Word of honor?
- Word of honor.
Tell me, do you write
this kind of stuff to Helen too?
No, I don't write to Helen very often.
- You're engaged to her, aren't you?
- Yes.
Then what's Victoria to you?
Call her...
A pinup girl of the spirit.
The spirit? Wait till you see her.
She's...
I don't wanna see her.
I don't wanna know who she is.
Or what she looks like. Anything.
There.
I never thought I'd sign my soul
with the name of Roger Morley.
Address, please.
The handwriting is your soul too.
To Victoria Remington...
Meadow Farm, Longreach...
Essex, England.
Oh, say. Add a line for me, will you?
What?
Tell her she'll see me
in person in a few days.
What?
Didn't I tell you?
They're sending me
back to England for special training.

No you didn't tell me.
I applied for transfer
to the paratroopers months ago.
I just got accepted.
Come on, write.
You want me to give your love
to Helen while I'm in England?
No. But you might call on my parents.
They'd appreciate it.
Right-o.
Roger, you go to England,
don't see Victoria.
That, my friend, is the first thing
I'll do on the first leave I get!
Why shouldn't I?
I'm afraid for both of you.
Besides, you gave me your word of honor.
Not to write to her.
I didn't promise not to see her.
Besides, honor is old-fashioned.
Well, I'm off to England... and Victoria.
Good luck, Roger. With the paratroops.
Real family resemblance, I'd say.
Don't you worry, Mrs. Quinton.
Your little boy is quite safe.
As safe as he'd be
in the old home parlor.
Only having a bit of a jollier time.
Morland, we've... we've just received
word that Alan was wounded in action.
Oh, I say, I'm sorry.
Not seriously I hope.
Critically.
Don't take it to hard.
They can't get old Alan down.
He'll pull through anything.
Do you know where he is?
He's in a hospital in Italy.
I was just writing to him as you came.
Mind if I add a postscript?
I've got some news that
will cheer him up.
This would be nice of you.
"Just dropped in on your parents,

"while on my honeymoon in London.
"Victoria and I got married yesterday.
"Having lovely time.
"Wish you were here. Roger Morland. ".
Your mother write such
a nice letter, Captain.
Captain Quinton?
Hmm.
I said your mother writes
such a nice letter.
Yes, doesn't she?
I haven't seen her in years.
I'm sure you'll see her soon.
As bad as that?
Oh, no.
I mean, you've earned leave.
At least a few weeks in England.
I'm glad they left enough to ship me.
Oh, that's not true, Captain.
And if you're sent back,
I'm sure it will be with a DSO.
He did say they were... married.
You don't look very happy, Captain.
I'm sure glad to be home in England?
Oh, yes. Yes, of course.
I have a surprise for you.
Your young lady is here to see you.
Victoria?
Miss Helen Wentworth.
Oh, yes.
And who is Victoria, may I ask?
Just a name
I don't know why I said it.
Aw, you should be more careful, Captain.
Right here, Miss Wentworth.
I must say, Alan.
It's as though we've never been parted.
Hello, Helen.
Isn't this splendid?
What, the hospital?
You know better than that.
I'm very proud of you.
All my friends are
waiting to hear your story.

They're really dreadfully envious...
Especially Madge Benton.
Do you remember Madge?
Her fiancée came back.
He hasn't got
anything like that to show for it.
Now tell me all about it.
There's really nothing to tell.
Why are you soldiers always so modest?
You know, I'm really very angry
with you, my dear.
Why?
You've been back for months.
And you haven't allowed me to visit you.
Didn't you want to see me?
Of course I wanted to see you, Helen.
It's just that I...
needed a little time.
What a funny thing to say.
As if I were a stranger.
And here I've waited
for this moment so impatiently.
It's been years, Alan.
Years of war.
But the war is over for you.
Over and done with.
You mustn't look back and get morbid.
You mustn't.
- Alan!
- Jim, when did you get here?
- Yesterday.
- Hello.
Miss Wentworth. Jim Connings.
How do you do, Lieutenant?
Jim and I were
in the same outfit overseas.
Oh, Lieutenant,
you must tell me about Alan.
I haven't been able to
get anything out of him.
What did he do?
And what was he decorated for?
Aw, nothing much.
But enough to win the DSO.

Our detachment
was practically wiped out
But he grabbed a flamethrower.
And blasted a pillbox.
Single-handedly.
Well, Jim. I've lost track of everybody.
I didn't know you ended up here too.
Yes. That makes two bad pennies
coming back.
- What about the third one?
- Who?
Roger. Roger Morland.
Ever hear from him?
Roger Morland?
- Why? Didn't you know?
- What?
He's dead.
Dead in action?
No. Here at home. In England.
It was an accident.
I knew something would happen.
Naw. It was just
an unfortunate accident.
Don't think about it, pal.
I'll try not to.
Well, I guess I'll hobble along.
I'm supposed to give it a workout.
- Miss Wentworth.
- Lieutenant.
- Alan.
- Jim.
Who was Roger Morland?
Someone I met at the front.
I don't wanna think about him though.
Or anything connected with him.
That's just what
I was trying to tell you.
You must forget the war.
You must get out and mix with people.
Find some useful work to do.
Helen.
Helen, try to understand.
I think every woman woman
should understand...

that a returning soldier
is not the man she knew
and loved before he went away.
Nor is the woman the same.
Nonsense!
Every returning soldier feels that way.
But he gets over it.
You can't permit yourself
to think about it.
You can't.
Alan, you can't let yourself
go to pieces like this.
Mother, the doctor told me
I've done a wonderful job of putting
all the pieces of me back together.
That's not what I mean.
Why are you avoiding people?
Why don't you show
an interest in anything?
Why do you sit at home with yourself
playing that senseless game?
Because it senseless.
What's the matter with you, Alan?
You've been back long enough
to decide what you want to do.
I have decided.
You mean you're not going
to live in Beltmarsh?
Yes. I'm going there next week. Monday.
But, Alan.
He never told us anything about it.
Mother, why argue?
If Aunt Dagmar has the good sense to die
and leave the place to Alan.
We shouldn't interfere.
It'll be good for him.
Essex is such dull barren country.
There's a place in Essex
called Longreach.
What about it?
Nothing.
It's just a name I heard somewhere.
What are you laughing at?
I think the jokes on you, old man.

You were not too fond of Beltmarsh
nor of Aunt Dagmar, as I remember.
You're right,
I never was very fond of her.
And somehow I'm sorry now that I wasn't.
Good night, Mother.
Helen won't like Beltmarsh.
We'll ask Helen to see it for herself.
As for me, I don't intend
to live anywhere else.
If it's what you want to do.
It's what I want.
Today, mother. Tonight, father.
Good night.
- You know how parents are.
- Yes, here.
Thanks.
You're wise to get out of here.
I don't think they realize it.
But they're glad I'm going.
Of course you can't blame them.
I have nothing to give them.
They have nothing to give me.
How about one last fling
together before you leave?
My leave's up Tuesday. So let's make
it a last party for both of us.
Party? I know a girl in Bloombury.
Just the right sort.
We'll make it Monday night at her flat.
Just a few guests.
You can go to the station from there.
Straight from the train to Beltmarsh.
If you wish, it'll be better than
all the usual goodbye kisses.
Derek, how good to see you.
Dilly, here's my brother Alan in person.
At your own risk. You asked for him...
now take the consequences.
I'll take them. How do you do?
Why all the flattering interest?
Oh, for obvious reasons.
I hope I'm not so obvious.
But I don't mind sharing you

with the others to begin with.

- This is Grace Foley, Lt. Stafford.

- How do you do, Alan?

- This is Grace Campbell.

- How do you do?

And this is Singleton.

Just Singleton?

Just Singleton.

Hello?

What's your name?

What's your name, kid?

Alan is leaving for the country tonight.

And it's up to us to make him regret it.

I am glad my place is the last one

you'll see you before you leave.

Perhaps you'll make it the

first when you return.

I'll look forward to it... if I return.

Not certain of it?

I'm not certain of anything

at the moment.

They say this stuff

helps clarify things amazing.

- It certainly does.

- Thank you.

My brother's a gentleman

who doesn't believe in drinking.

Your brother is a gentleman

who doesn't believe.

What makes you say that?

One quarter observation.

Three quarters intuition.

Intuition about me?

About men like you.

What other men are like me?

I don't know.

I've never met one before.

Come and sit down.

And tell us more about yourself.

All men love to talk about themselves.

We'd love to hear all about yourself.

Well, on second thought,

I think I will have a drink.

- Hooray!

- Hooray!
I've never seen her.
And never will see her.
A promise to be reached in spite
of ugliness and instant terror.
A promise I'll never reach.
We commit unspeakable crimes.
We kill each other. We go to war.
Would blast out cities to rubble. We...
We blast all sense out of our brains.
And yet...
Always there before our eyes...
is that vision of beauty.
A beauty we've never seen.
But which makes everything
we do seem unbearable.
Where is everybody?
They've gone.
You've been standing there... talking
to yourself... for the past half hour.
I arranged a guard for you.
Any objections?
No.
You're drunk.
Oh.
Tell me.
What was I saying?
What was my speech?
The usual one. A girl.
- You?
- No.
- Helen, I hope I...
- No, not Helen either.
Perhaps you better run
through the alphabet.
Beginning with Abigail
and ending with Zenobia.
Thank you, I have never known
any Zenobia in my life.
Tell me. Who is Victoria?
I was talking about Victoria?
Not so you could be understood.
Who is she?
I don't know. I've never seen her.

And how did she come in?
Oh, I wrote to her.
Or rather, I wrote
for a friend of mine in the Army.
He was in love with her.
Who?
Roger Morland.
He married her. And then he died.
You wrote letters to Victoria
for a boy called Roger Morland?
Mmm-hmm.
Why are you so interested?
What I heard you say tonight
put me on the track of something.
It gave me an idea.
It may mean nothing.
On the other hand,
it may mean a great deal.
What are you talking about?
I'm afraid your mind is in no condition
to tackle anything subtle.
Hmm.
Just remember my name. You got it?
Dilly Carson.
And I want you to remember this evening.
How I listened in on you
when you were aware of it.
Turn it over in your mind when
you get down to Beltmarsh.
And remember particularly
how mysterious I was.
Mysterious!
Anybody would think a murder
had been committed.
There has. An old murder.
It's all over and done with now.
But a murder remains a murder.
And goes on affecting people.
Look. I wish you'd tell me...
No. No, please. Don't ask me anymore.
I've told you too much already.
You talk about murder.
Then you say
don't ask me any more questions.

We better be going now.
I'll see you to the station.
Where is Derek? Isn't he coming?
You said goodbye to him.
He's arranged everything.
Your luggage has gone forward,
care of your agent.
I don't want to go.
I want to stay here in town.
It would be nice. But it just can't be.
Why?
When you've been to Beltmarsh
a little while,
you'll understand better what you want.
It's not me.
No? What is it then?
I told you that I could see
beyond your story to some extent.
I know things about you.
Things that may happen to you
that you don't know.
Nice things, I hope.
Things that better kick into life.
Yes. I should say so.
If you're the sort of person
that I guess you are.
Well, Alan. Think it over.
At Beltmarsh.
Whoa.
- We're here, sir.
- Hmm?
Oh?
Anybody home?
Hello?
Oh!
Well.
A ghost service.
Well, thank you just the same.
I am no ghost yet.
But not so far from it either.
Beware just the same.
So this is what has become
of little Alan Quinton.
Who, may I ask, are you?

- You don't remember me?

- No.

I'm Mack, your Aunt Dagmar's caretaker.

Aunt Dagmar's...?

- Gargoyle!

- Mack!

That's right. Now you remember

I didn't mean that.

That's all right. That's what

you boys used to call me.

Especially when I kept you

out of the duck pond.

That was a long time ago.

You didn't know you'd inherited me

along with the place, did you?

I guess I'm Alan Quinton's gargoyle now.

Of course you can use one too.

If anybody had told me then,

that I be glad to see you...

You wouldn't have believed it, eh?

I never did like this house.

I didn't expect to like it. And...

Now it's mine.

Actually mine.

Well, Mr. Alan, that's the first scab.

What?

When a man's been hurt pretty badly

and all open wounds inside,

if he can say "it's mine"

about about anything at all,

the wounds are healing.

Thank you, Mack.

Thank you, sir.

How about some supper?

Oh, no. No, thanks.

I want to see the house.

Do you think you still know

your way about the place?

Mack, it hasn't been that long

since I was here.

Your Aunt Dagmar wanted the place

kept for you just the way she had it.

She thought you'd appreciate

the loneliness and quiet

of this coming to rest.
I like that, Mack... coming to rest.
Aye, well,
it's a better word than "peace. "
Peace has been mouthed about
so much these days,
they got all of the certitude out of it.
There are people ready
to bash your brains in
because they've got
a plan for eternal peace.
Sometimes I think
there wouldn't be any wars
if it wasn't for the peace lovers.
Now rest can't mean anything but rest.
- Do I smell apples up here?
- Aye.
There they are, Mr. Alan.
Same as they have been year
after year for years and years.
But now they're ready for eating.
Not like when you used to eat them.
You remember?
Oh, do I remember.
There's nothing as assertive
as a green Golden Pippin.
Aye!
Well, this really takes me back.
Aunt Dagmar saved everything.
"The Golden Vanity"!
All the books.
Well, look at me.
Not a worry in the world.
Oh, wait a minute.
It's still here.
I used to read this one in secret.
Oh!
This was my favorite.
- Remember this one, Mack?
- Aye.
Your Aunt Dagmar was afraid
you'd blow the place up with it.
Really?
I wonder if the burner's in here..

What a collection of junk.
Your old cricket cap.
It doesn't fit you.
Oh, my treasure chest.
Aunt Dagmar.
- Golden sovereigns.
- Aye.
Your Aunt Dagmar left those
for the girl you choose for yourself.
- The girl I chose?
- Aye.
You haven't chosen?
No...
I haven't chosen.
There you are, sir.
To your precious memory, Aunt Dagmar.
With many thanks from your nephew
Alan Quinton.
Come on. Get back. Up you go.
Good morning, Mack.
Good morning, Mr. Alan.
Breakfast in the kitchen as usual?
In about an hour.
I'm going for a walk first.
Address, please.
I'm handwriting my soul to:
Victoria Remington...
Meadow Farm, Longreach...
Essex, England.
Mack.
Oh, Mack.
Mack, where are you?
Well, what's all this?
Hello, Alan.
Oh, uh...
Hello.
You look dreadful.
Sorry. I didn't expect you so soon.
"I'm sorry I didn't expect you"
would've been more truthful, Alan.
No, no, I expected you.
And you were afraid of me?
If you want to put it that way.
If you want the truth.

The truth is always disagreeable,
isn't it?
Do let's try
to have a pleasant time for once.
And not show that it's necessary.
I... I believe
I'm just in time for breakfast.
Our first breakfast together, Helen.
Oops.
We both know it's to be
our first and last breakfast together.
And we didn't even spoil our appetite.
I think we've both known
the truth for long time.
Yes.
But it was nice of you
to let me be the first to say it.
It was nice of you to say it.
And all I needed to come to my decision
was your house.
Your man showed me around.
What's the matter with the house?
I couldn't stand the peace and solitude.
I couldn't tolerate
that peculiar monstrosity.
Mack?
He made it plain that I wasn't welcome.
I'm sor...
Excuse me. You've forgotten something.
Thank you.
I'm sure Mack wasn't rude.
No. No, he was was too polite.
Don't let's prolong this.
I hate farewell scenes.
They're in such bad taste.
And I really think
we had our farewell scene
when I came to see you
at the hospital the first time.
Goodbye and good luck, if if this
is where you hope to find it.
Thank you, Helen.
Mack, I was just thinking, uh...
Were you ever in Longreach?

No.

Not in around fifteen years, I'd say.

You happen to know

the family there named Remington?

- Remington?

- Hmm.

No. I can't recall.

Wait, no!

I believe I've heard the name somewhere.

Remington.

WELL?

No. I can't remember where I heard it.

Funny though... I have a feeling

it was something unpleasant.

Something I heard that wasn't good.

What?

I don't know. I can't remember.

I think I'll run down

to Longreach tomorrow.

I ought to visit

the wife of an old friend.

An officer who died.

He was in my outfit overseas.

Just a bit of obligation.

A man runs away from London because
people keep shoving obligations at him.

The first thing he does when he's free
is pick himself another obligation.

That makes sense, I'd say.

It does?

Aye.

What time will we leave?

I'd like to get there

as early as possible.

We'll have an early breakfast.

Oh, uh, Mack.

Something bothers you for long time.

You know it can't possibly

be what you're thinking.

But you go on thinking of it.

Isn't it better to find out about it?

And be disappointed once and for all?

Why are you so sure

you'll be disappointed?

I know I don't want to be.
I want to get rid of it. And forget it.
Why? She's free...
She's a widow now.
Oh, stop watching me like a hawk.
Like a gargoyle, Mr. Alan.
Like a gargoyle.
Hi, there.
Do you know a place
by the name of the Meadow Farm?
Everybody in these parts knows it.
How do we get there?
Just turn to your right and keep going
till you reach Meadow Farms.
You know you're the first person
that asked for Meadow Farms in years.
And yet you said it's well-known?
Yes. Everybody knows it.
But it ain't the same thing.
What's not the same thing?
Knowing of a place ain't
the same thing as visiting it.
Thanks.
Wait here. I'll be right back.
What's your business?
I'd like to know
whom I'm addressing first.
Shall we tell him?
Why, certainly tell him.
I'll tell him myself.
This is Jupp and I'm Todd.
So what business?
I want to know if Victoria Morland
still lives here.
What name?
Victoria Morland.
Victoria Morland don't live here now.
Can you tell me where she's gone?
She's dead.
When did she die?
Oh, sometime.
When?
Oh, about a year ago sometime.
Did she die here?

No, she went away before that.

Where?

Oh, London, maybe.

Somewhere in London.

Why do you want to know?

He was a friend of her husband
at the front.

You mean Roger. He's dead too.

Yes.

So you can't tell me anything
about Victoria Morland?

- No.

- No.

Sorry I troubled you.

That's all right.

I want you to remember this evening.

Turn it over in your mind
when you get down to Beltmarsh.

An old murder.

It's over and forgotten now.

But murder remains a murder.

And goes on affecting people.

- Take me to the station.

- Yes, sir.

Here you're, sir. Here's some more.

Thank you.

What is it you're looking for, sir?

A murder.

- When?

- About a year ago.

A year ago? What kind?

We have them by the dozens, sir.

Every day.

It's specialty of the house.

All kinds of victims.

All kinds of motives.

All kinds of weapons. All kinds of...

You're looking

for a needle in a haystack, sir.

Did you find it, sir?

Yes.

Who was the murderer?

I was.

Alan!

Oh, is Ms. Billy Carson in?
No, but she'll be back in a minute.
Come in.
Thank you. I'm Alan Quinton.
We met you know.
That doesn't seem possible.
Why?
Because if we had,
I wouldn't have forgotten you.
We have. And you did.
Try to think.
Won't you help me out a little?
No.
- Sit down.
- Thanks.
It would be funny
to watch you try to remember.
Funny maybe. But not very polite.
Shall we be polite or honest?
Whichever you prefer me to be.
I don't like people who try
to be what I want them to be.
What should they do then?
Whatever they like!
No matter if anyone
approves of it or not.
I couldn't possibly say
what I'd like to say right now.
What?
I'd like to say you're lovely.
Go ahead, say it. I like to hear it..
You're lovely.
But you don't remember seeing me before?
No.
Oh, the iron!
Oh! Oh!
Oh, that's not so bad.
- You know, I...
- Tea?
Oh, good. Yes.
I have a feeling
that I should have seen you before.
Where?
Well, this will sound preposterous...

Overseas at the front.

- I've never been to the front.

- No?

There is some connection.

No, it was much closer. Remember...

Don't tell me. Don't tell me.

I'd rather my own memory
came back gradually.

Yes, that's always better.

It's no use when others tell you.

But you don't really remember it.

But I have a good memory sometimes.

I remembered you very well.

I noticed you knew my name.

Well, you see,

I thought of you so much.

You think you should admit that?

Why not?

I wanted to tell you
that I thought of you.

And you were glad to hear it.

Don't look startled. You were glad.

So why shouldn't I tell you?

No reason at all.

What made you think about me?

Do you remember being here before?

Not especially.

Likely at a party..

You were drunk.

Oh, you heard about that, did you?

Yes, Dilly told me.

He told me you talked about me
when you were drunk.

About you?

What'd I say?

She wouldn't tell me.

You're very unhappy.

And frightened?

Yes, I've heard
some very disturbing news today.

Could I help you in any way?

Perhaps you could.

I came to ask Dilly this.

Maybe you can tell me.

Do you know Victoria Morland?
Victoria Morland?
No, I've never heard of her.
I'm sure she's a friend of Dilly's.
No. I know all of Dilly's friends.
I've never heard her
speak of a Victoria Morland.
Never mind. It doesn't matter.
It does matter.
You're love with her.
Whom?
Victoria Morland.
What made you say that?
The way you pronounced her name.
And the way you looked.
You know that's strange.
You knew before I did.
I never realized it
till I heard you say it.
You were in love with her
without knowing it?
For a long time.
Are you lost her?
I'd like to help you find her.
I'm afraid we could never find her.
You will if you want it strongly enough.
Look. Who are you?
Where'd I met you?
Right here in this room at the party.
I'm Singleton.
Oh, of course. How stupid of me.
It's not your fault, really.
You were in no condition
to remember anyone.
He barely drank that night.
I wanted to talk to you afterwards.
But Dilly kept me away away from you.
Why?
I don't know.
So you're Miss Singleton?
Not Miss Singleton, Alan.
Just Singleton.
What's your first name?
I haven't any.

What's your first name?

I don't remember it.

What is the first name, Kitty?

You don't remember it?

No.

- It's Alan, Dilly.

- So I see.

Good evening.

Sorry.

It's given me a bit of a shock.

I didn't expect you
back in town so soon.

Well, you told me
you hoped your place would be
the first one I visited when I returned.

I'm glad you made it first.

Second, to be exact.

I spent the day
in the library of the Journal.

How long have you been here?

It doesn't seem very long.

About 15 minutes.

We had a wonderful time together.

Alan likes me.

Can't you keep a secret?

Only with people I don't like.

Dilly, who is Victoria Morland?

Do you know her?

No, I don't. Why?

Alan thought you knew her.

But I don't.

We must help him to find her.

Why "we"?

Because I don't want Alan to be unhappy.

Oh, bother.

I've forgotten the porridge.

We have nothing for breakfast.

Darling, would you mind running
down to the store before it closes?

I'm so tired.

Sure, Dilly.

Could you by any chance...

Dilly.

Yes, dear?

Don't let Alan get away
before I get back.
No, I'll hold him for you.
And don't forget a one large package
of Pearson's breakfast food.
Yes, I know.
I wish you'd been an acute observer
15 minutes ago.
All right. You don't have to explain.
I only came here
to ask you one question.
You know the answer.
You practically invited me here for it.
Where is Victoria Morland?
You've been talking to her
for the past 15 minutes.
Singleton?
Yes, Singleton is Victoria Morland.
Or rather Victoria Morland
is Singleton now.
And maybe for the rest of her life.
I don't believe it.
The name meant nothing to her.
Nobody could put on an act like that.
It wasn't an act.
The name means nothing to her.
Did you tell her about the murder?
Of course not. You can't make me
believe Singleton is a murderer.
Not Singleton. Only Victoria Morland.
Now look here.
You've been mysterious long enough.
How much do you know
about Victoria Morland's past?
Nothing.
She was a foundling.
Brought up in an orphanage in Canada.
They gave her a name there.
Victoria Singleton.
When she was 12 years old,
Beatrice Remington
brought her to England.
Who is Beatrice Remington?
A lonely bitter old maid

who owns Meadow Farms.
She worked hard all her life.
Made a lot of money.
And cared for no one on earth.
In old age, she allowed herself
her first luxury.
A trip to Canada.
There she found Singleton,
who won her completely.
She adopted her.
And brought her up as her own.
A kind of idol. Guarded and ferocious.
She was determined no one would
ever hurt Singleton in any way.
How'd you come to know her?
I was brought up in Longreach.
I was Singleton's only friend.
Did you know Roger Morland?
Oh, yes.
We met him together
at an officers' dance.
Singleton thought he was amusing,
good-looking. Nothing more.
Then he went away. And he wrote to her.
And she fell in love.
She fell in love with those letters.
With your letters, Alan.
I know.
Beatrice objected.
She didn't trust Roger.
Nothing would stop Singleton.
She married him
three days after his return.
I don't know what happened between them.
I only know that Singleton wasn't happy.
She grew silent.
Withdrawn in a strange sort of way.
And then it happened.
The night before I left for London.
I was taking a wardrobe.
I was home alone packing.
Suddenly, there came
a knock at the door.
Miss Carson! Come over.

Come over right away.
What happened?
I don't know. I wasn't there.
I don't know what to do.
When I entered the room,
the first thing I saw was Roger
lying on the floor... dead.
Singleton was sitting
by the fireplace in a white dress.
The white dress had stains all over.
Victoria! Victoria!
Who are you?
She didn't recognize me anymore.
Then I saw on the floor...
part of the burned letter.

It read:

"I think of you, my dearest,
as a distant promise of beauty
untouched by the world. "
Aunt Beatrice!
She's had another stroke.
Her second stroke. It's her heart.
She'd always been afraid of it.
What happened?
Did you hear me?
He...
struck...
her...
"He struck her"
were the only words that Miss
Beatrice Remington was able to speak
before paralysis made it
impossible for her to testify.
Or throw any light on the case.
You're the only ones
who can help us find the truth.
Do you remember
that your husband struck you?
Who was my husband?
Please, Mrs. Morland. Don't be afraid.
You can trust me.
I'm your defense counsel.
And I'm anxious to help you.

Please try to think.
You do realize that you're on trial
for the murder of your husband?
Yes I understand that.
And I'm not afraid.
Not now.
But you see I have sworn
to tell the truth.
And I don't remember
that I had a husband.
Don't you want to try and help me?
Don't you want to remember?
No...
I know I should.
And I'm trying as hard as I can.
But I must tell the truth.
And I don't want to remember.
I don't know what I did.
Or what happened.
So long as I don't know it,
it never happened.
Not really. Not to me.
Of course, you can't consider that.
You must do what you must.
You know what happened. I don't.
Try to think back.
Think of Roger Morland
before you married him.
Think of the time when you loved him.
I never loved him.
How do you know that
if you don't remember him?
Because I remember the man I loved.
Who was he?
I don't remember his name or his face.
It seems very long ago.
He wrote to me.
I remember his letters.
Tell me, Mr. Phillips, are you happy?
Why do you ask that?
Because you see,
I think very few people are happy.
They wait all their lives
for something to happen to them.

Something great and wonderful.
They don't know what it is.
But they wait for it.
Sometimes it never happens.
What they want...
is the kind of spirit
I found in those letters.
The spirit that makes life beautiful.
I loved that man.
I loved him more than my own life.
I still love him.
So you can see,
I couldn't have loved Roger Morland.
A man whom I killed.
She was found guilty.
Guilty of manslaughter.
The fact that Roger struck her
was a mitigating incident.
Two doctors examined her.
And found that she was perfectly sane.
She suffered a terrible shock.
She lost her memory.
But not her life.
Amnesia victims are not insane,
you know.
She was sentenced to one year in prison.
- They sent her to jail?
- Yes.
She spent most of her sentence
in the prison hospital.
Oh, I don't believe she suffered.
I don't believe she knew
where she was or cared.
She must've known.
If she did, she's forgotten it now.
Forgotten everything?
Roger. Meadow Farms. The trial.
The prison. Everything.
Even her own name.
The only thing she remembers
now about her past
is her childhood in the orphanage.
And the name they gave her there.
Singleton. Nothing else.

She remembers you.
Only because
I visited her regularly at the hospital.
What about Aunt Beatrice?
She doesn't remember
Aunt Beatrice at all.
Where is Aunt Beatrice now?
She's in a nursing home in London.
Oh, she recovered. She can speak again.
Will Singleton ever recover?
What do the doctors think?
They warned me
never to speak to her about her past.
If she regains her memory,
it will have to come back gradually,
from within, of her own accord.
If any one told her about her past now,
the shock would be so terrible that
she'd probably lose her mind.
You realize why I was so terrified
when I found you alone with her?
And you were
questioning her about Victoria Morland?
But why did you send for me
in the first place?
Roger had spoken about you.
And I read in the paper
that you'd been decorated.
You were wounded and coming home.
I wanted someone to help me,
to advise me.
Someone I could trust...
who wasn't connected to her past.
Now I'm not so sure I'm glad I did.
Well, Alan. That's the whole story.
I bet you haven't told the worst of it.
You know who the real criminal
is in this story, don't you?
I didn't until I heard you
talking the night of the party.
Then I realized what happened
to Singleton after their wedding.
I knew she'd come to hate Roger if she
ever found out his real character.

I'm responsible for it all.
I'm the guilty one.
I've made her a murderer.
You're the man she loved.
You the man she felt she married.
She doesn't know it.
But you can never tell her.
Does she remember my letters?
I don't know.
If she does,
she's still in love with me.
But if she finds out that...
She'll have to despise me
And you? What do you feel for her?
Do you mind if I don't answer that?
- It's hopeless, isn't it?
- Yeah.
If you go on like this,
it'll be like skating on thin ice.
Only the ice will be
her life and her sanity... and yours.
I know.
You won't be happy with a ghost.
And you won't be able to face
the day when she ceases to be a ghost.
What will you say to her
when she comes back?
Don't worry. I'll think of something.
Tell her I left because
I'm in love with Victoria Morland.
- Hello, Captain Quinton.
- Hello. Hello.
- I thought you were in London.
- Got back Monday.
- Good to see you back again.
- Thank you.
Hello.
I've been trying to get you for hours.
Singleton has disappeared.
Is she at your house by any chance?
No. She isn't here.
She went out this morning
without saying anything.
And she hasn't come back.

You wait for me. I'll be right in.
There's a train in about an hour.
What's that, Dilly?
Well, say "hello" or something.
How long have you been here?
About an hour.
I heard the telephone ring.
But I was afraid it would be Dilly.
So I didn't answer.
I hope she'd give up before you came in.
Now, Singleton!
Oh, no. No, please. No, wait.
Hello, Singleton.
Hello, Alan.
Why did you come here?
Because I was afraid you'd
decided never to see me again.
Why would I decide that?
Then it was quite all right
for me to come here.
And you shouldn't be
so shocked and embarrassed.
Singleton,
one just doesn't do these things.
It's done.
It's quite proper.
I know it looks as if I...
I was running after you.
As if I were in love with you.
But you see I know you're
in love with someone else.
With Victoria Morland.
You told me that.
- So you can't suspect me...
- What?
Of making it personal.
You see, in a way,
Victoria Morland is my chaperone.
You just came here impersonally?
Not exactly.
I wanted to see you.
Singleton, look. Dilly is wearing
herself to death about you.
I'll have to call and tell her where...

Why don't you want me to tell her?
She'll make me go back.
Don't you intend to go back?
I suppose I'll have to.
I'm so glad.
No use asking how or why.
If she wants to do something,
she just does it.
I suppose all the advice
I gave you was of no use.
No use whatever.
Yes, I'll bring her back myself.
I'll put her on the train.
And keep her there until
we get to London.
Right.
Oh, Alan, please.
Not the train that leaves in an hour.
All right.
The train that leaves in two hours then.
- My manners are bad. So are yours.
- Why?
A host shouldn't be so anxious
to be rid of the guest.
He shouldn't show that he's annoyed.
Singleton, you think I'm annoyed?
Yeah.
No.
Good.
I don't think I could ever suspect
you of anything personal.
Look at yourself.
Oh.
That's because
I walked here from the station.
I'm not used to country roads.
You walked all the way here
from the station?
Un-huh.
You must be starved, Mack!
No no. Mack gave me a lunch.
Oh, you've met the old gargoye?
We had a wonderful time together.
Yes, we did.

He was much nicer
than you were about it.
Really?
Yes, he was much happier to see me.
Well, I'm sure he couldn't
have been as surprised.
Incidentally,
how did you get my address?
Your brother spoke
about it at the party.
Oh, you've got a good memory.
You don't have to be afraid
to speak of that, Alan.
It's no secret.
I know I have no memory.
I suppose Dilly told you about it?
Yes.
Is that why you're afraid of me?
I'm not.
Yes, you're. I can feel it.
But you mustn't be.
Since I have no past,
I have no future.
Only a moment. Only now.
So we can enjoy it
without obligations or regrets.
Singleton, I'm not afraid of you.
Ever since I came back from the war,
I've wanted to be alone.
I've been miserable with other people.
You're the first one with whom
I feel at peace.
Because you're broken up inside,
almost the same as I am.
You've been through the war.
And you can't bear to look back.
I've forgotten.
And you don't want to remember.
That's the only difference between us.
But you're so calm. You have such a...
You have such a contagious serenity.
I wish I could catch it.
You're so happy.
I'll tell you my secret.

Just two words.
Be yourself.
You're afraid of that.
Everybody is.
But I... I have no choice.
I can't be anything but myself.
I've lost the past.
I've lost the fear of people.
What are you laughing at?
I thought you needed protection!
You're teaching me
how to protect myself.
We could be good friends, Alan.
You're in love
with Victoria Morland and I...
Tell me about Victoria.
I'd rather not talk about it.
You love her very much?
Desperately and hopelessly.
You know, for a moment,
I was almost envious of her.
Singleton, you mustn't think about it.
Someday you'll be
very happy with her.
I don't mind because right now
you're happy with me.
- Aren't you?
- Mm-hmm.
Alan, you'll come to see
me every once in a while?
Of course I will.
But don't write to me. Just come.
It frightens me to receive a letter.
Why does it frighten you?
I don't know.
Maybe it's because I can't write.
Can't write?
No, I can read.
But I've forgotten
how to make handwritten letters.
Dilly wanted to teach me.
But not want to learn again.
- I'm afraid of it.
- Why?

I don't know.
All right, Singleton.
I promise never to write to you.
Good.
Oh, I forgot to say goodbye to Mack!
- Goodbye, Mack.
- Better hurry. We're late.
Yes. I'm coming.
Oh!
What's the matter?
I broke my heel.
Now we'll really miss that train.
Oh, no. We won't.
- This is wonderful.
- Hmm.
Wonderful!
You'll be carrying me like
this all the way to London!
Just what I'd like second best.
What's first best?
Not going to London at all.
There.
You know,
that's the difference between us.
You're unhappy because that
can never happen again.
And I am happy because
it's happened once.
Oh!
Find her. Please return.
No questions asked.
You're not really angry with me,
are you, Dilly?
What use would it be if I were?
- Good night.
- Good night.
Dilly!
Can you arrange for me
to see Beatrice Remington?
What are you thinking of?
I know what I want to do.
Please arrange it as soon as possible.
And tell her all about me.
Except about the letters.

Good night.

Wait. Please.

Miss Remington, here's your visitor.

Young man, you wish to speak with me?

I'm Alan Quinton. Mrs. Remington.

I was a friend of Roger Morland.

We served together at the front.

I'm not concerned with the past.

It's as dead in me

as it is to that girl.

Dead and buried..

Sit down.

- And come to the point.

- Thank you.

What do you wish?

I wish to marry Singleton.

I expect you realize

what you're doing.

Fully.

The girl you call Singleton

is not alive.

Not a woman.

Not herself yet.

She may never be.

May I ask

how you're prepared to face this?

I can only tell you

that we love each other.

If we try to escape,

it'll be much worse for both of us

than anything that can

happen in our marriage.

The prospect of a lifetime

with a woman in that condition

isn't an easy one, is it?

But what if she were

to regain her health?

Mightn't that be worse for you?

Much worse.

You're proposing to marry

two different women at once.

Singleton and Victoria Morland.

Only one of them

can give you her consent.

Will Singleton's consent
be binding on Victoria?
If and when Victoria
comes back to life again,
Singleton will cease to exist.
How will Victoria look at you?
What will be her feelings toward you?
I've asked myself these very questions.
There are no answers.
I simply have to take a chance.
I love her.
Can you be sure
that Victoria will love you?
I have reason to believe
she'll hate me.
Don't ask me why. It's just part
of that chance I must take.
Has Singleton consented to marry you?
I haven't asked her yet.
I thought I should speak to you first.
Of course, you don't know me. But...
I know a great deal about you.
I've made it my business to inquire.
And your answer?
I never want to interfere again.
I did once.
I lived to regret it.
What do you mean?
What I mean is no concern of yours.
Have you obtained
the permission of the Church?
Could such a marriage be solemnized?
The Bishop wants to see Singleton
personally before he gets his decision.
He asked me to bring her to him.
You know that I love my ward very much.
Yes.
I wanted her to be happy.
And for her sake...
won't you tell me
what happened that night?
Have you read yet
accounts of the trial?
Yes

And you still wish
to marry her in spite of it?
Yes
Then that's all you have to know.
I shall advise her
of the decision of the Church.
If you can get the bishop's
permission,
you'll have my consent.
I am glad you came, my child.
And I do enjoy talking to you.
Well, thank you.
It was kind of you to invite us.
I've always wanted to see a bishop.
For God sakes, Singleton!
Well, it's true.
Oh what... no.
Please do.
Oh thank you. It's beautiful.
I've never seen anything so beautiful.
And this. Isn't this lovely?
Tell me. Are you quite content
to be called Singleton?
Don't you want
a Christian name sometime?
Oh, no. I don't mind it, really.
Lots of people in the Bible
got on well with one name.
Some others not so well with two.
- You read your Bible?
- Yes. I do.
Do you like reading it?
Yes. I like it very much.
I particularly like that sentence.
"What shall it profit a man
if he shall gain the whole world
and lose his own soul. "
I always feel as if it
were written for me.
Why?
Because, you see,
I've lost the whole world.
And gained my own soul.
That may be true, my child.

Yes.
Yes, you see, now I can look at
the world through my own eyes.
As if it were a new world,
seen for the first time.
That's the way we all should look at it.
In spite of our memories.
Do you like what you see?
Oh yes, I love it.
I love everything.
I especially like the country.
I've never lived in the country.
And it's so full of surprises.
I love the fields and gardens.
You have a beautiful garden.
I've never seen anything like it.
And those trees!
What kind of trees are they?
Mary, Mary. This is your department.
But where have the flowers?
We haven't had any for some time.
But we're quite proud of our vegetables.
- Are you interested in gardening?
- Oh, yes, I am.
Come along.
Thank you. I love to Alan are you...?
No, no. I'll wait here.
Her mind is clear. Her soul, innocent.
Both of you
have a great deal of courage.
I feel safe
in entrusting Singleton to your care.
- I shall permit your marriage.
- Thank you, sir!
Oh, Alan, isn't that beautiful?
I think I better get you home.
Oh, no, don't. Let's stay.
Let's make the day
last as long as possible.
Do you think
that time passes slower outside?
No, but once you bring me home,
today will be over.
It seems such a lovely day.

And... and you don't want it
to end just yet.
I never want it to end.
Alan, I'm sorry about the difficulties.
What difficulties?
Difficulties about me that you
had to discuss with the Bishop.
How do you know
what I discussed with the Bishop?
I'd like to think of you being so kind.
You went around and consulted people
to make sure they'd permit it
before you spoke to me.
But what about Victoria Morland?
Singleton.
That's gone and finished.
My past is as dead as yours.
We're making a new beginning together.
You don't want me to ask
questions about it?
I want you to trust me.
I trust you, Alan.
I know you love me.
But...
You can't really know
until you find her again.
If you don't, you'll never be sure.
I am.
I am sure.
Singleton, if you love me,
you'll forget that name.
And never think of it again.
I love you.
Singleton, will you marry me?
Singleton!
What's the matter?
I don't know.
I knew what you were going to say.
I'd thought about it. I was happy.
Yet when I heard you say it...
I heard you say
"will you marry me?"...
something happened.
It frightened me. I don't know why.

Something out of your past?
Alan, there's something in my past.
I don't know what it is.
But it's something horrible.
If I remember,
someday it may hurt you.
And I couldn't bear to hurt you.
Singleton, nothing could
hurt me except to lose you.
People get married
and face the future together.
And they're not afraid.
We have to face the future and the past.
That's the only difference.
Say it again.
Say it again. I want to see
whether it frightens me again.
I love you, Singleton.
Will you marry me?
Yes!
I'm worried, Alan.
I'm really worried.
She's been married before.
So what might it do to her?
The repetition
of such an important event.
What is the ceremony brings
everything back to her?
I wondered about that myself.
She's been very happy and excited
as a child for the last few days.
But this ceremony may bring back
all the terrible memories.
I know.
What if she suddenly awakens
to remember
she had a husband whom she murdered?
And then learned that you were
responsible for her tragedy.
Aren't you afraid, Alan?
I simply can't permit myself to be.
They're ready, Mr. Alan.
I, Alan, I take thee, Singleton,
to my wedded wife.

I, Alan, I take thee, Singleton,
to my wedded wife.

To have and to hold
from this day forward.

To have and to hold
from this day forward.

- For better for worse.

- For better for worse.

- For richer for poorer.

- For richer for poorer.

- In sickness and in health.

- In sickness and in health.

- To love and to cherish.

- To love and to cherish.

- Until death do us part.

- Till death do us part.

- According to God's holy ordinance,

- According to God's holy ordinance,

- And thereto I plight thee my troth.

- And thereto I plight thee my troth.

I, Singleton, take thee, Alan,
to my wedded husband.

I, Singleton, take thee, Roger,
to my...

Oh, I'm so sorry. I...

What made me say that?

I'm so sorry.

Don't be afraid, my child.

It's natural that a young bride
should feel deeply
the import of the solemnity.

And a mistake can be forgiven.

Repeat after me.

I, Singleton, take thee, Alan,
to my wedded husband.

I, Singleton, take thee, Alan,
to my wedded husband.

To have and to hold
from this day forward.

To have and to hold
from this day forward.

How do you like your house?

My house!

Oh, it sounds wonderful, Alan.

My house.
And my ring.
I love it, Alan, because it's so simple.
Oh, it's a beautiful house, Alan.
Just beautiful.
I love it.
Don't you wanna see the rest of it?
Oh, of course. I want to see everything.
Everything.
I want to show this room.
Oh!
Oh, Alan, how darling.
I used to sleep here...
when I was much much smaller.
Oh, isn't it sweet?
Look at that!
Oh, wonderful.
Who... who is this, Alan?
That's me.
You? Well, it is!
And what's this?
Oh, wonderful junk.
Oh, Alan, I love your Aunt Dagmar
for keeping your room like this.
- Left you a wedding gift.
- Me?
Here.
Oh, yes.
Hold your hand.
Gold sovereigns.
Ten gold sovereigns.
"They're for the girl
you choose for yourself.
"But before you give it to her,
be sure she is as solid and as true
as these coins of pure gold. "
I wonder what your Aunt Dagmar
would think if she knew.
She'd think you're wonderful.
Maybe you should only give me
five sovereigns now, Alan.
And the rest when I awake.
When you awake?
Well... it's true, isn't it?

I'm only half a person now.
Singleton, do you think it would make
any difference to you or to me
if you could remember the past?
We're both afraid
of the same thing, Alan.
There is no answer to that question.
I love you.
And I think I'll always love you.
But I must try to remember.
Don't you want me to remember?
Of course, I want you to remember.
You mustn't force your way
into the past.
Let it return or not...
just as it will.
Oh, yeah.
I didn't care before, darling.
But I do now.
I went to be your wife...
real wife... completely.
Only five sovereigns
really belong to me now.
But I shall earn the rest.
And I'm glad I've got to, Alan.
Singleton... You really...
One, two, three, four, five.
My hope chest.
Our hope chest.
Both have to earn these sovereigns.
- Alan.
- Tell me.
Why in church did I suddenly
say that name Roger?
You were nervous.
Just a slip of the tongue. That's all.
Look.
Yes, but why Roger?
I don't know anybody named Roger.
It's not an unusual name.
Just the first one you thought of.
Could've been any other.
I don't know how I came to say it.
I was sure of the words.

And then, suddenly when I started, it was...

It was as if the sentence spoke itself.

As if another person spoke it for me.

Alan, was there somebody
named Roger in my past?

Don't you worry about that.

No.

I don't want to worry about anything today.

No.

You're taking a risk when
you're very happy, isn't it?

I'm so afraid to lose you.

No.

We all know you're thinking.

Yeah, we were mostly tired.

Hold me then.

The first breath of spring.

- Ah, lovely. Lovely.

- Yes.

How is it?

Not bad. It's almost as good as mine.

Almost? It's perfect.

I'll have to learn fast.

I have so many things
to catch up with.

And so many years.

Best porridge I ever tasted.

You haven't tasted it.

Any woman who could be beautiful
in the kitchen is really beautiful.

More beautiful than Victoria Morland?

You still thinking about her?

Sometimes I wonder whether...

Whether you wouldn't have been
happier with a normal woman.

Rather than someone who has to be
taught everything from the beginning.

I'm trying so hard tonight because

I must make you forget her.

Can't you forget her?

I'd like to.

It's funny, I...

I've forgotten so much.

But I can't seem

to forget what I want to.
But I'll try.
It's only the postman.
I've never seen him come here before.
Why did he frighten you, Mrs. Quinton?
I don't know.
It's not as if you had
somebody in the war.
And was afraid of bad news.
The war?
No, I've no one in the war.
But I was doing so well.
And then suddenly...
It's always something.
A letter from Dilly.
Oh, how is she?
Fine, fine. She sent you her love.
Ask her to write to me.
No, better... I'll write to her.
I must learn to write again, Alan.
Oh, you don't have to...
if you're uneasy.
Yes, that's why I have to.
I won't have these things
frighten me anymore.
- Teach me to write, Alan.
- All right.
Show me how to write letters.
- Now?
- Yes, now. Show me how to write.
All right. First lesson.
Strange.
I have never seen
your handwriting before, have I, Alan?
Of course not. How could you?
No, how could I?
There I go again.
No, no.
- Never mind. I'm not really afraid.
- No.
Set a date. And I'll learn
to write by that date.
What date?
Some holiday.

My birthday.
When is your birthday?
I don't have a birthday.
No. You choose a date.
And we'll celebrate it from then on.
I guess I'm the only person in the world
who can decide which she'll be born.
When do you want to be born?
The 21st of June.
The first day of summer.
The 21st of June it'll be.
Oh!
Rags, thank you.
Many happy returns of the day,
Mrs. Quinton.
Oh, Mack!
The first of the season.
Thank you, Mack. Thanks.
Birthday? Who's Birthday?
- You forgot.
- It's yours?
- But I didn't forget.
- Mack, why didn't you...?
Here's my present to you.
The first letter I've ever written.
What's the matter?
Don't you like my letter?
It's a beautiful letter.
Happy birthday!
It surprised me a little, that's all.
How'd you happen to write it?
I don't know.
I just sat down and it wrote itself.
The words just came.
Alan, I'm improving.
I'm remembering things every day.
What things?
Just bits and pieces. Nothing much.
But it's coming back.
I remember a beautiful white dress
with red stains on it.
When was that?
I don't know when.
But there was music. People dancing.

There were a lot of men in uniform.
Officers.
It was an officer's dance.
What else do you remember?
That's all.
No, there was a boy
who was very gay and witty.
It was he. He was the one.
He made me laugh so hard I spilled
a strawberry punch all over my dress.
I wish I remembered more about him.
But I can't.
Don't think about him.
Alan, how old do you suppose I am now?
I don't know.
What about 23?
Twenty three? You think that's right?
I think that's about right.
You can add on a year
or take one off if you like.
I mustn't forget it now.
I'll write it down for you.
Oh, no. I can write it myself.
Right here in the Bible.
In the Bible!
Oh, Alan,
with all those family names in it?
Certainly.
You belong here. It's your Bible.
Oh, no. It belongs to all these names.
But I'd like to add mine.
"I am Mrs. Alan Quinton. "
"I am Mrs. Alan Quinton. "
- "Age, twenty three. "
- "Age, twenty three. "
On the 21st of June.
Don't forget to put the year.
Or it'll be no use.
What's this, Alan?
What's what?
This string.
I haven't the slightest idea.
Look!
It seems to go right through the door.

Oh!
Ohh!
Did you do this, Alan?
It's a complete mystery to me.
Oh, does this go on until London, Alan?
I hope not.
Oh, look. A car! A new car!
It's not exactly new.
- Does it work?
- Theoretically, it runs.
It's mine, all mine?
All yours.
Happy birthday!
I'll never have enough of driving.
It's so much more exciting
than riding on a train.
No stops. No rails. No guards.
You go where you please.
You know, Alan,
I think that's the way to enjoy life.
When there's no stops,
no rails or no guards.
Right.
Look, since you like motoring so much,
we'll travel to the end of... our coupon.
Alan, let's go that way.
Oh, that's a bad road to drive.
How do you know?
Have you ever been there?
No, but you can see it.
Oh, what's the matter?
Is there something there
you don't want me to see?
Of course not. How could there be?
Then let's go back.
I want to go that way.
All right. If you want to go that way.
Longreach! Let's go to Longreach,
whatever that is.
We have to see everything
sooner or later.
Sooner or later, here we go.
I love discovering new places.
- This is also new to me.

- Is it?
Yes, darling. It is.
What a dismal place over there.
Don't look at it.
It fascinates me.
Let's stop at the gate.
All right.
If you're going to see it, so am I.
Looks so neglected and desolate.
People don't let this happen
to a house without a reason.
I wonder why?
Hey, wait a minute.
Oh, maybe they know.
Good morning.
I'm sorry to have startled you.
I know we're trespassing.
My wife wanted to see the place.
Whose house is this? Who owns it?
The owner has gone away.
It looks like a haunted house.
Well, I'm sorry to have disturbed you.
Maybe I shouldn't have interrupted him.
It was rude of me.
I shouldn't be so curious.
Very rude.
Imagine my wife speaking to strange men!
I suppose now
I'll have to learn how to be a lady.
Darling, you don't want to be a lady.
Who cares about a lady?
Oh darling, our house
has never seemed so beautiful.
Wonderful house.
Oh, it was fun today.
You're so gay all the way home.
Happiest day of my life.
Oh, Alan, look at our garden!
Stop! Don't move!
I want to see you like this.
You're beautiful.
Your beautiful and safe.
And nothing in the world
can never touch you.

"I think of you, my dearest
as a distant promise of beauty...
untouched by the world. "
Roger wrote me that to me.
His name was Roger!
I don't remember his face.
But he had a strange handwriting.
I loved him.
Alan, I loved him!
I don't know who he was.
I don't know how I lost him.
But...
His letters.
His letters meant so much to me.
Nothing will ever be like that again.
Singleton!
No...
No, that's not what he called me.
I don't remember what he called me.
Oh, Alan. What am I doing to you?
All right. I understand.
I love you, Alan.
I don't want to leave you.
Don't let me.
I'm so afraid.
I don't understand myself anymore.
I love you.
But I have no right to say it.
You have.
You mustn't think about it now.
You must rest. And think of it calmly.
And get used to it.
It's only a memory. It's past.
You can't change anything.
Only will you be patient with me?
Will you give me time?
Of course.
Don't be afraid.
You'll forget him.
Have you forgot Victoria Morland?
Yes, as I've forgot Victoria Morland.
But you haven't forgotten her.
Victoria Morland.
You love her.

Singleton!
Singleton!
Where's Mrs. Quinton?
Up in the garden.
She was up before I got up.
Is there something wrong, Mr. Alan?
Good morning early bird!
Oh.
Hello, Alan.
I couldn't sleep so I...
I thought I'd come out
and pick some berries for breakfast.
I'm all right, Alan.
Don't worry about me.
It's all right.
It's only that there
something like a fog.
And I can't seem to get through it.
Shapes come in close I should recognize.
And yet when I reach for them,
there's nothing there.
Yes.
I'll help you.
Yes, help me, Alan.
Then we'll have breakfast together.
Arggh!
It's blood, Alan! Right here it's blood.
No, no. It's fruit stains! That's all.
I had a knife in my hand.
There was a fire burning.
He was on the floor by the fire.
There were spots on my white dress.
What happened then?
What did I do then, Alan?
What did I do?
No. I don't want to see Aunt Beatrice.
Your Aunt Beatrice isn't here. Come on.
No, this is not a house.
It was another house. It was nice.
What happened then, Alan?
What did I do?
Who was there? Tell me!
Tell me what happened, Alan.
- Mack!

- Yes?

I must know. Tell me what happened.

What happened? Who would know?

I want to know.

Help her.

I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

There isn't anything to fear.

I'm afraid of you.

- Take care of her, Mack.

- All right.

Don't let anybody in.

Where are you going?

London.

I must see Miss Beatrice Remington.

It's most urgent.

Ms. Remington is not here any longer.

Not here?

No, she has left, sir.

Where'd she go?

She refused to tell us.

We could not hold her.

- She left against medical advice.

- When?

About two weeks ago.

I see. Thank you.

Why did Mr. Quinton go to London?

I don't know, ma'am.. He didn't tell me.

Strange. He didn't tell me either.

Don't you worry, Mrs. Quinton.

Mr. Alan will come back

in a couple of hours.

He shouldn't.

He should never come back.

There now, Mrs. Quinton.

That's no way to talk.

Don't watch me, Mack.

Aye, ma'am.

Hello, Mrs. Quinton.

Not much today.

Just one letter for Captain Quinton.

There, you see. I'm not afraid.

Afraid? Why should you be afraid?

I'm not.

Beatrice Remington?

Beatrice Remington?
Beatrice Remington?
Beatrice Remington?
Singleton.
Singleton.
Mack!
Singleton! Singleton!
She's gone, Mr. Alan.
I've looked everywhere.
- She's gone
- Where?
I don't know.
What happened?
I don't know.
She seemed all right.
She asked me not to watch her.
I didn't want to make her angry.
So I left her alone.
That was the last I saw her.
- Did she say anything.
- Not a word.
She must be somewhere.
I've called all the neighbors.
But nobody seems to have seen her.
I've got to telephone Dilly first.
Where are you going?
Dodd, go see who it is.
Who is it?
It's her.
Alone?
All by herself.
- Should I let her in?
- Yes.
Please forgive me for coming here.
I know you don't know me.
I am Mrs. Alan Quinton.
I need your help.
I must find Victoria Morland.
Why did you come here?
Because
I read your letter about Victoria.
You know where she is.
Why do you wish to find her?
Because my husband is in love with her.

How do you know that?
He loved her once. And then...
Something happened. He lost her.
He can't seem to forget her.
I don't think he ever will.
Then it's jealousy
that brought you here.
Oh, no!
You want to save him from a rival.
No..
I want to give him up.
I don't understand.
I want to bring Victoria Morland
back to him.
I'll tell her everything.
She'll forgive him.
He'll find a new happiness with her.
Because you see... I can't
stay with him any longer.
Because you don't love him?
Because I love him so much.
I have no right to remain with him.
Why?
Don't ask me to explain. I can't.
I don't remember.
But I remember a knife.
And the white dress.
And a courtroom.
They said I killed my husband.
I don't want Alan to know.
Please!
Please help me to save him!
Let him find Victoria Morland again.
That he'll forget me.
Then it won't hurt him so much.
Yes.
I can help you
to find Victoria Morland.
Victoria Morland was my ward.
A foundling.
I adopted her.
I was all alone.
I'd worked very hard all my life.
I thought I loved my farm.

I had nothing else to love.
I've never had the time.
She was a beautiful child.
But when I saw her,
I knew what I had missed.
She made up
for all the empty years before.
You loved her very much.
Yes...
I want you to know it.
I want you to remember that.
I loved her very much.
What was she like?
Young and restless.
She'd never been hurt.
I swore she never would.
I guarded her as I would
guard my own life.
I wanted her to have
all the happiness I'd missed.
But that was wrong.
You can't find happiness
for another person.
You finish
by destroying the one you love.
I tried to protect her.
But I couldn't save her from myself.
Or from Roger Morland.
Roger Morland?
You see, in a way, Roger Morland
and I were guilty of the same crime.
He tried to get happiness
by stealing another man's soul.
But you can't do that.
It never works.
Roger Morland wrote letters.
Yes. And Victoria thought she loved him.
I didn't want her to marry him.
But I couldn't stop her.
They eloped.
But he wasn't like his letters.
No. Very soon, she discovered that.
I knew she was unhappy.
I couldn't help her.

At night, I could hear her.
Her room was...
...upstairs, next to mine.
I could hear her crying.
And then she'd sit for hours...
...In the garden.
Without moving. And saying nothing.
I couldn't stand to see it.
I never questioned her.
And then one night,
they were alone together.
Roger was quarreling...
...In this room.
- There was a lamp.
- On the table.
I could see Victoria's face.
She was very pale.
I was...
...over here in the kitchen.
It's getting cold here, Mrs. Quinton.
Don't you hear me?
Come over here please.
Dodd will light the fire.
No. No, I will light it myself.
Now I remember.
I wore a white dress.
I was sitting in that chair,
reading my letters.
Roger was on the bench, drinking.
Of course, I'm drinking.
Why shouldn't I?
- I'll drink if I want to.
- Roger!
Why do you keep reading those letters?
Because I love you, Roger.
I don't want to stop loving you.
I want to think of you as you were
when you wrote to me.
What am I now?
- I don't know.
- Answer me! What am I now?
You're a stranger to me.
Oh, leave me alone.
And stop staring at me

like a judge passing a sentence!
Why are you so angry?
I snatch a few days leave. And all you
want me to do is around and talk.
I want to go out and get drunk.
Dance and have a good time.
What if I did escape
to a pub last night.
And your fool aunt caught me
smiling at a girl.
Aunt Beatrice didn't tell me.
Well, I'm telling you.
And you're gonna like me as I am.
Roger.
You wrote that you wanted
a different kind of happiness.
Can you forget those blasted letters?
Oh, please, no!
These letters are you!
I never wrote them!
Do you hear me? I never wrote them!
Another man wrote them
just to amuse himself!
And you meant nothing to him, just
wish those letters mean nothing to me.
I'm sick of competing with a ghost.
I gonna solve this!
No! No, Roger, no! I love them!
Roger! Don't! Please, Roger!
Roger, don't burn my letters!
Aghhh!
My letters! My letters!
My letters!
My letters!
My letters! My letters! My letters!
And now you know, Victoria.
You realize I shouldn't speak?
I couldn't tell them the truth in time.
And when I regained my voice,
it was too late.
I couldn't tell you.
You didn't know me.
I had to keep silent
to protect your sanity.

But it made it worse for you.
A lie never works...
no matter what our motives.
I can't even ask you to forgive me.
Oh, Aunt Beatrice. It was my fault.
It wasn't your fault.
It was because I...
loved a man that didn't exist.
Who was he?
Who wrote those letters?
We'll never know.
I hope you never find him.
He is the man we should hate.
Hate?
Victoria.
Yes?
Alan?
- You heard?
- Everything.
You wanted to find
Victoria Morland for me.
For you, Alan. For you.
Victoria.
Nobody can build happiness on a lie.
Beatrice learned that.
And Roger Morland and I.
Tell me. If you found the man that wrote
those letters,
would you hate him?
I don't know.
"I think of you, my dearest,
as the distant promise of beauty
untouched by the world. "
Alan!
You think you'll forgive me?
It was terrible waiting for you.
But finding you
was such a great miracle.
It makes anything I suffered
seems only a small payment in return.