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Peter Ibbetson

By Vincent Lawrence

No, I won't go out.
I'll never, never go out!
Now, my dear.
But I don't want
to go out, Mother.
Now, tell Mother
what's the matter this time.
I don't want to go out
because she's out there.
Gogo!
What's this
terrible quarrel about?
I'm building a wagon, Mother.
Yes?
And she wants
to build a dollhouse.
Well, why don't you make
a wagon
and why doesn't she
build a doll's house?
Because she's got
all the boards.
Won't she divide the boards?
But that won't do any good.
I need them.
I need all the boards.
A wagon...
a wagon needs
a lot of boards.
A dollhouse
doesn't need many.
A dollhouse
doesn't even need anything.
Why doesn't it need anything?
Because it isn't
worth anything.
Gogo, you must not annoy
your mother anymore.
Run out and play, dear.
Please.
All right, I'll go,
but I'll never
speak to her again
as long as I live.

And they were all
my boards, Mother.
They were in my yard,
and he came over
and took them.
And what did you do?
I took them back.
Oh, but, darling,
you must be generous
and share your boards.
I did, Mother,
but he wants them all!
Now, dear, be nice to Gogo.
You know
his mother's very ill.
Now, please run out and play
and make up with him.
I'll go out, but I'll
never make up with him.
I never
want to see him again,
forever and
ever and ever.
He's nasty. He's selfish.
He's... he's just an old person!
Gogo!
Hello.
Oh, hello.
I'll give you
just one more board.
This one. A big one. See?
What good is one board?
But it's such a big one.
You can split it.
And anyway, you can make
your wagon smaller.
You don't know
anything about a wagon.
If you weren't selfish,
you'd help me
build a doll house!
A dollhouse!
It's just as good as a wagon.
It isn't any good.

What do you do with it
after you've done it?
What can a wagon do?
A wagon...
A wagon can do anything.
It can haul.
Haul what?
How do you know
when there's somebody who...
who wants something
to be hauled, maybe.
You can't make a wagon,
anyway.
I can't if you have
all the boards, can I?
But doesn't a wagon
have to have wheels?
Yes, of course they do.
You haven't any wheels!
Oh, no, you don't!
I... I didn't say anything,
did I?
I know what you
were thinking about!
But if I hauled something,
we could buy 100 wheels.
I don't want 100 wheels.
I could buy
a 1,000 wheels.
I want these!
Look what you've done!
Look at her face.
Oh, she looks
the same to me.
I will never
play with you again!
I'd rather play
with any other boy in Paris.
And you get in
your own yard!
I'd rather play with
any other girl in Paris,
and I'm going in my yard.
Go in your own yard

and see if I care.
And don't you ever
come in my yard, either.
Gogo.
What?
Do that again.
Do what?
Ya-ya-ya-ya.
It's so funny.
Why do you do it
with your thumb?
This finger is
supposed to do it,
but you always do...
I do it my own way!
Gogo, do it again.
I'll give you a board.
I don't want a board!
I'll give you two boards.
I don't want any boards.
Gogo, look.
Ya-ya-ya-ya.
Madame Dorian! Madame Dorian!
Quick. Quick.
Yes?
Oh, Madame Dorian, please!
Send for the doctor, quick.
Gogo. Gogo.
Gogo! Come here, dear.
Quick! Please!
Come, darling!
Hurry! Come here.
Fetch a priest!
Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done on Earth,
as it is in heaven.
Give us this day
our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not

into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom,
the power
and the glory...
Gogo, don't cry.
And there they were before
his tent on the battlefield.
I remember as if
it were yesterday.
Before his tent,
uh, in council.
And as I rode up
to the general,
the great Napoleon himself,
I... This... this... a
Oui, you got off
your horse.
Dismounted.
I dismounted,
giving the grand salute.
Awaited orders.
I wish we could
keep him here with us,
with Mimsey.
If these relatives in London
shouldn't be gentle
or understanding with him.
Such a strange child,
and so sensitive.
Oh, well,
I suppose we shall know soon.
"Duquesnois,"
said the great Napoleon,
"Maj. Duquesnois"...
Crick!
Crack!
It was a night in late autumn,
frost was on the ground,
but there were
no fires lighted
that the enemy might see
and there they sat,
Napoleon and his generals.

Crick! Crick!
Mrs. Dorian, please.
What name,
please, sir?
Colonel Forsythe,
from London.
Madame Dorian
has been expecting you.
Won't you
please come in, sir?
Thank you.
Crick!
Crack.
Ha. That is better.
If you do not answer
if I say, "Crick,"
how do I know
you are paying attention?
You got off
your horse.
Dismounted.
"Duquesnois,"
said the great Napoleon...
Yes, there they are.
They?
My daughter.
Oh, yes.
They're about
the same age
and the dearest children
together I've ever seen.
Hmm.
I'm afraid it's another loss.
Gogo!
Your uncle is here
from London.
How do you do, sir?
And this is your daughter?
How do you do, my dear?
Uh, how do you do?
Well,
let's have a look at you.
Yes.
Yes, you have

your mother's eyes.
And what have we here?
Ah, sturdy.
Sturdy. That's very important
on a horse.
Ah, good wrist.
Good hand.
A fine figure of a horseman.
Many ladies will watch
you ride by, my boy.
And now, sir,
we will be on our way
to your new home.
What new home?
Wait until you see it.
But where is it?
Now, that's a surprise.
The home is not here
in Paris?
No!
But I don't want to go away
from Paris.
Little boys don't choose
where they want to go.
But I can't leave Paris.
And why not?
Be-because I can't.
What?
I can't.
The desperate love
between children.
Is there anything in the world
forgotten so soon?
I would say, Colonel,
it was forgotten
the last thing of all.
All right, run along.
Say goodbye
to your little playmate.
Hello.
Hello.
Are you going away
somewhere, too?
No.

Thank you
for looking after him.
Where is the lad?
Gogo!
Wait right there, now!
In here.
Come back here!
You young scamp.
Don't take me away. Mimsey!
Don't. Mimsey!
Mimsey, I'll be back.
Don't! Don't take me away.
Don't! Mimsey!
Don't take me. Don't!
Gogo?
What sort of name is that?
It's my name.
Your name?
Who gave it to you?
She did.
Here, stop it, lad.
What's your real name?
Pierre.
Pierre Pasquier.
No. No. That will never do.
Your mother was English.
She was an lbbetson.
And you're going
to be English, too.
An English gentleman
that I shall be proud of.
I have it. Peter!
Yes, your name
shall be Peter.
Yes.
Yes. Peter.
You may take my family name
and be Peter Forsythe,
or you can take
your mother's name.
I'll take my mother's name.
Very well, then.
From now on, your name shall
be Peter lbbetson.

Leaving early, huh?
Yes, but I'm leaving
by Greenwich time,
not Slade's time.
It's five minutes
to six now.
Fast in the morning
and slow at night.
What difference does it make
what time it is?
What's that?
Nothing... nothing.
Look here, Peter,
why do you keep saying
things like that for?
As if you had
some kind of joke
that no one else knew?
No reason,
no reason at all.
You know,
I think there's
something wrong with you.
Maybe you should come along
with us oftener and forget it.
Where?
Well, there's all London
and the whole night.
We begin with gin bitters
and barmaids,
and end up with
an aching head.
What's wrong with that?
I don't know.
Well, wh-what else
is there to do?
Nothing.
Well, I'd rather have
barmaids and gin
than nothing.
I'd rather have nothing.
Although I give you,
it's better than
having an uncle

that talks of nothing
but hocks and spavins!
There he goes again!
Well, have it your own way.
You can stay here
and work if you like,
we're off.
Goodbye.
Pull down the shades
and lock the door, Peter.
That's a silly looking...
Bless me.
Bless my soul.
What was that?
Uh, I'm sorry, sir.
I threw something.
Bless my soul.
Oh, it's quite all right,
of course.
But I don't know
why you should be angry.
That looks
very satisfactory.
Very satisfactory.
You've evidently solved
that problem, Peter.
Well, good night, Peter.
Mr. Slade.
Yes, Peter?
Mr. Slade,
I'm leaving you.
I'm through.
Why, bless me, Peter.
I've had all of
London I want.
I- I'm fed up with everything
I can think of.
Plans and buildings
and people and fog
and l... everything else.
I'm going to America.
Peter, you can't do that.
Why, you are the most
promising young man

in my employ.
I should hate to lose you.
You can become the
most prominent architect
in London
if you'll just apply yourself.
Well, I... I don't feel
very much
like applying myself.
Peter, what you need
is a rest.
You've been
working steadily.
Take a holiday
and go to Paris.
Go to Paris and play.
Why?
It isn't any good, sir.
What is it, Peter. A lady?
No.
What, then?
I don't know.
Well, whatever it is,
it's no good
runnin' away from it.
Being happy
ain't in places.
Being happy
is inside of you.
And, I think you ought to be
a little ashamed, Peter,
a fine,
big young man like you.
That's right, sir,
give it to me.
It is a little funny, though.
Here I am with everything
to be happy about,
and I'm not.
And here you are,
as happy as anybody
and, well, you have plenty
to be unhappy about
if you wanted to.

Don't you go
feeling sorry for me.
I've got everything
a person needs, I have.
I can hear things
and smell 'em,
and see 'em, too.
Those I want to.
What do you mean,
you can see things?
Of course I see 'em.
I can tell you
about some things
just as good as you can.
And I know what
that model looks like.
And I've seen the way
the ocean comes in
and goes all white
when it swishes down.
And flowers, and...
But, sir, you can't
really see those things.
You were born...
Yes, Peter,
I was born blind,
but I've seen things
just the same.
But... but how could you?
I mean...
You don't see
just with your eyes.
It's inside of you someplace.
Some of 'em said
it was dreams.
But I says it's because
I had to see that way.
Well, sir,
it's... it's too much
for me.
But that's because
you ain't never had
to make anything
happen inside of you.

You'll find out what's wrong
and it'll be there, Peter.

Well, sir,

I... I wish it were
as easy as it sounds.

You try the holiday.

I... I don't really want
you to leave us, Peter.

Well, sir, I'll go to Paris
and I'll come back.

Oh, you make me
very happy, Peter.

Very happy indeed.

Good night.

"The way the ocean comes in
and goes all white
as it swishes down."

Why don't you try
telling me in English?

Oh, you're English?

Rather!

I knew you was English,
I've been watching you
sittin' over there.

Look, I'll be through
my turn here, in a bit.

Wait for me?

Why not?

Really?

That wouldn't be
half nice.

Oh.

Well, that's funny.

What's the matter with them?

Oh, I don't know.

Nothing I suppose.

They're just not like...

Well, like you.

Oh, like me.

There never was anybody
quite like me.

Oh, now,

you don't pull my leg.

All right, I won't.

No. I know you won't.
You don't even know
if I have any.
No legs?
You're an odd one.
You don't care if
I have any, do you?
Oh, yes.
Oh, no, you don't.
Do you?
Oh, yes, I... I do.
Who is she?
Who is who?
The lady.
There is no lady.
Oh, come off it, now.
A young man like you
wouldn't be feeling
the way you do,
if there wasn't a lady
mixed up in it.
There is no lady.
I... I wish there were.
What then?
Nothing.
You want some wine?
Yes.
Why does everyone
ask that question?
Oh, you know,
you don't need to grouse
over it.
All I asked was...
Now I really...
I'm not grouching.
It's all right.
Forget it, please.
All right.
What do you see?
Crick!
Wait a minute!
Monsieur Gogo.
Crick!
Crack!

Crack!
Crack!
Come on, finish your wine.
Why?
We're going down the street.
Garcon!
Where?
The house where
I used to live.
Come on, let's go
and see if it's still there.
All right.
You're a queer one.
All the places to go in Paris,
and you hustle me out
into the country.
Come on. Here it is.
Are you sure?
Sure?
Is this where you lived?
Yes, here.
Oh, it's a bit run down,
isn't it?
And she lived there.
Who's she?
Oh, look.
The kid I played...
Peter, a swing! Oh!
Come on, Peter, swing me.
I haven't had a swing since...
Hey, look.
Whee!
It was... it was right here.
The wagon.
Hmm. I wish I could
show you that wagon.
Maybe you think
you've seen wagons, but...
Whee!
I want to tell you
it was the craziest...
Oh, Peter, swing me.
You should have seen
the boards.

They were...
well, they were boards,
I suppose, and...
and it had some wheels.
Yes, it certainly had wheels.
They went round
and the thing moved.
Peter, come on.
The bench.
We crawled under there.
Yes, we certainly did.
Hello.
There he is, sir.
Peter!
How do you do, Mr. Slade?
Peter, I'm sorry to write
and break into your holiday,
but I knew
you wouldn't fail me.
No, sir.
And, I hope you're rested
for you've some more
traveling to do.
Yes?
To Yorkshire.
Oh, you've heard, no doubt,
of the Duke of Towers?
Oh, yes.
Yes.
At the Duke's
place in Yorkshire,
he has decided to tear down
the old stables
and replace them
with new ones.
So you must go on
the train at once.
Very well,
I'll see what I can do.
Oh, uh, there's...
there's one thing more, Peter.
The Duke or
probably the Duchess
was more than anxious

that whoever I sent
was as near being
a gentleman as possible.
Oh, a gentleman!
Yes. Yes.
You will live there,
it seems,
for quite a stretch.
It means that
you will be
in very close contact
with the family, and...
And as you say,
they want a gentleman.
You speak
my very thoughts.
The holiday,
it was successful, I hope?
Very.
Oh, I'm glad.
I'm very glad.
There's nothing
like a holiday.
Paris, and the ladies!
Uh, there were ladies,
Peter?
Yes, there... there was a lady.
A lady. Oh, dear, dear,
that sounds serious.
Was she beautiful?
She was very beautiful.
She was eight years old,
still wore
a little white dress
and I shall
never forget her.
Oh, bless me! Eight years old.
Oh, bless my soul.
Here in the country,
we don't get the fog
that London gets,
but I understand
it's been fine
in London, too.

Very fine.

And, l... I suppose
those are the stables.

Yes, sir.

Well, they've seen
their best day, all right.

Yes, sir, they have.

And a long day
it's been, too.

I'll go down
and have a look at them.

Yes, sir.

Mr. Ibbetson?

Yes.

I'm the Duchess of Towers.

How do you do?

How do you do?

I expected you this morning.

Well, I missed my train.

Oh.

Well, I'll tell you
what we want here.

You see, we need more room
in the stables,
so we want an addition
built onto that end there.

A new wing to match exactly
what you see down here.

Oh, You don't... you don't want
entirely new stables?

Certainly not.

Well, I'm... I'm sorry.

I... I had a fine idea, I think.

I was going to have
the stables sort of a,
well,
almost a new building,
uh, using part of
what's there, of course,
but, uh, with a new roof
to match your house
as if they'd been built
nearer the same time.

Understand?

Yes, I see what you mean.
But, oh, we wouldn't tear down
the old stables for anything,
Mr. Ibbetson.
Well, they're your stables.
Uh, you want this wing to...
To match the other exactly.
Well, this is just
a rough sketch.
An idea that will make them
all seem new again.
I don't want them
to seem new.
Well, uh, I don't mean new
the way you mean.
Uh, they'll look as old
as ever
but, well, the only chance
to have any beauty about them
and have them conform to
your own house is to, well...
Something like that.
There's really no use
wasting any time about it,
Mr. Ibbetson.
I've told you
just what we want.
All you have to do
is just go ahead and do it.
You want the wing
to match that?
Yes.
Well, I can't do it.
Why not?
Because I don't like it.
Oh, and just what has
that got to do with it?
Because I can't do
anything I don't like.
I see.
It hurts your artistic
temperament, perhaps.
Well, it, uh,
hurts something.

And if I were a horse,
I wouldn't even live in it.
I'll send Jenkins
up to pack your bag,
Mr. Ibbetson.
Thank you, Your Grace.
I've enjoyed
my visit very much.
You're impertinent.
And I intended to be
such a gentleman.
Come in.
I've brought you
some dinner, sir.
Really?
Well, well.
What time is it, Jenkins?
Uh, quarter past eight, sir.
And my train leaves?
Quarter past nine.
In exactly one hour, sir.
And, that singing,
is that the duchess, too?
Oh, no, sir.
That is a lady called Ginghi
from the opera.
Of course
you've heard of her.
Indeed.
Evidently a party.
No, sir. Just a few friends.
Will you require
anything else, sir?
No, thank you.
Oh, just one thing more.
Yes, sir.
Will you give
this to Her Grace
and tell her I repay her
for this lovely dinner.
Very good, sir. Thank you.
I beg pardon, Your Grace.
The young man upstairs
asked me to give you this

in order to repay you
for the lovely dinner,
he says.

Jenkins.

Your Grace.

Has Mr. Ibbetson left
for the station yet?

No, Your Grace.

I think possibly,
you'd better tell Mr. Ibbetson
that the night train
is a very poor one
and that he had
better wait over
until the morning.

And Jenkins, you might ask
Mr. Ibbetson if he'd care
to come down
and hear the music.

Very good, Your Grace.

My dear, what in the world
has happened?

Look.

The young architect
with whom I quarreled,
he's drawn
a picture of the stables
as he would like to do them.

Evidently
the horses agree with him.

Rather impertinent,
I should say.

Yes.

A very impertinent young man.

Hello.

Hello.

I'd be so glad
to be there.

We might go down together.

Yes, we might.

It has been a long time
since you went.

You're smiling,

Mr. Ibbetson.

You saw something
in the garden, perhaps,
that made you smile.
I thought so, yes.
I thought I saw
the new stables.
Built my way
and they were very beautiful.
Have you always had
your own way?
Oh, since I was so high.
And I've always
had my own way
since I was so high.
Hmm, no one can remember
that far back.
Oh, I can.
Who are you,
Mr. Ibbetson?
Uh, an architect.
Oh, yes, and something
of an artist, too.
My dear, I've some news
for you, and good news, too.
Oh, really.
I just traded
Willets out of a horse.
I traded old Major
for his colt. He's a beauty.
Unbroken and with
plenty of spirit.
It'll be good sport
to break him.
Well, I'm very glad
if you are, dear.
Perhaps you've gathered,
Mr. Ibbetson,
that my husband is very much
interested in horses.
Possibly, Mr. Ibbetson isn't
quite so interested in them.
Oh, I'm sorry.
You're going
to build our stables?

Oh, yes, indeed he is.
And he's decided
to do them my way.
Haven't you?
Hmm, a slight difference
in opinion, I hear.
I hope you stand
by your convictions, sir.
Are you fond of horses?
Well, uh, I'm afraid
the way I was brought up
didn't give me any
great fondness for them.
Well, every man
to his choice, of course.
If you're not interested,
I warn you to change
the subject quickly,
because my husband
talks horses
quite as well
as he rides them.
And he's a very
fine horseman.
I'm sure he is.
It'll be all right?
Mmm-hmm.
That little colt's
my special favorite,
and he doesn't like
he rain a bit!
He doesn't either.
All he needs is a, uh, pipe,
slippers and a mug of ale.
Well, the work's
nearly finished, isn't it?
Odds and ends, nearly.
And very nice, too.
Thank you, sir.
I hope you can write Mr. Slade
I was, uh, a gentleman.
Oh yes, you've been
most patient with me
and with my stupidity.

Oh, I've enjoyed it
thoroughly.
I mean...
Put on the deeper curve,
I think.
Here they are.
Take him to the clearing
back of the paddock.
Yes, sir.
I'll ride him there.
I do wish you got Richards
to ride him first.
Oh, we'll get along famously.
We understand each other.
Or we will.
He's coming along.
He has sense, learns quickly.
It was a fine exhibition.
Oh, well,
he rides horses
almost as well
as he talks them.
Isn't that
what you said?
Everybody can do
something.
As for you,
Mr. Ibbetson,
you are to be
congratulated, too.
The stables are coming along
very nicely indeed.
Thank you very much.
I noticed that they were
finally built your way.
Oh, yes.
Yes. I can see now that I was
quite wrong about them.
Well, I'd better go up
and change.
He is a good horseman.
Are you a little envious?
Perhaps.
Well, we can all do something.

But what can I do?
Smile.
Oh.
And quite enough.
How gallant.
Well, I better get back
to what I can do.
You know, I think
it's going to rain after all.
You better get
your little house
and your papers back
under their shed again.
There's quite
a storm gathering.
I dreamed about a storm
last night.
It was rather like that.
The sun was shining
quite brightly here
and over there
it was so black.
We were out driving
in a coach and four.
I never saw anything so black,
you were very frightened.
But you were smiling.
Yes I was,
I was terribly frightened.
And when the storm broke
and the horses
started running...
I was just as frightened
as you were,
only I pretended I wasn't.
Yes, I know you were.
Do you remember
my saying to you?
Yes,
when they got to the river
the horses would stop.
And after we came
to the river?
I can't think.

Hmm.

W- what are we talking about?

How could we both know

what happened there?

Where?

Oh, you mean in the dream?

Yes, the dream.

But, how... how is it

we could both be there

and how could we both

know about it?

Well, I don't know, but...

Well, I assure you it can't be

very important, Mr. Ibbetson.

It must be

just a coincidence.

Now, wait a minute.

We can't laugh it away

that easily.

But it's nothing.

Nothing.

We were probably talking

about horses last evening

and, well, I remember

discussing the storm

that was brewing.

And indeed, here it is.

Yes, but why should it

happen to us?

Mr. Ibbetson,

we're not mystics.

I suggest that we both

forget about it.

Well, we are reflective

tonight.

No trouble with the stables,

I hope, Mr. Ibbetson?

Oh, no.

And you are pleased?

Oh, very much so.

And how much longer,

Mr. Ibbetson,

before the stables

will be completed?

Oh, uh, two or three days.

That soon?

About.

A quick job I should say.

And how long have you

been here, Mr. Ibbetson?

Uh, two months tomorrow.

Just.

And how long have you been

in love with my wife,

Mr. Ibbetson?

No, thank you.

Our string beans.

Early this season, Jenkins.

Or are these beans

from our garden?

Yes, Your Grace.

And how does the garden grow

this season, Jenkins?

Average?

Uh, better than average,

Your Grace.

In fact, I've never

seen it better.

That will be all, Jenkins.

Explain yourself.

I am not a fool,

my dear,

and don't try

to take me for one.

I mean, you're in love.

But that is obvious

and not to the point.

The point is,

Mr. Ibbetson,

are you to be

congratulated again?

Meaning?

Meaning

just where do we stand?

Has it gone beyond a kiss yet?

Why don't you answer him?

What for?

Yes, what for?

Have we ever so much
as touched fingers?
No.
Have we ever given
such a thing a thought?
I've given nothing else
a thought.
Have you?
Hmm. A lovers' quarrel.
Are you afraid of him?
Watch your tongue, sir.
I'll watch nothing.
I'll tell you
everything instead.
I'll tell you
what you've done.
Do you know
what you've done for me?
You've made life bearable.
You've rid me
of a pain in my heart
I've carried all my life.
She was a little girl
and I-I've carried her
in my heart and brain.
A little girl
in a little garden.
We were torn apart.
All women have faded
before her face
until I saw yours
and now I'm rid of her.
I look at you
and don't see her.
I see you.
Crick.
Crack.
Never mind, Katherine.
Please don't bother tonight.
Anything else I can do,
Your Grace?
Nothing, thank you.
Good night, Your Grace.
Good night.

I think everything's
been packed, sir.
If you care to, uh...
Take... take them down
to the carriage.
I hope I haven't, uh...
Take them down
to the carriage.
I just want to know
how things are.
What things?
Does the young man
still leave in the morning?
He does.
And you will regret it,
of course.
That has nothing whatever
to do with it.
My dear, I may not be
your great lover,
but I have the pride of one.
And?
I must be very sure
that the Duchess of Towers
is the Duchess of Towers.
I am not a barmaid.
I grant you.
So it will be unnecessary
to forbid you
to even see him again.
I do not intend
to see him again.
Very good.
And now we'll forget
all about it, won't we?
All about it.
Come here.
Tonight. Now.
We're leaving here.
You couldn't go, could you?
Not without you.
Peter, we can't.
Listen, Mary.
I loved you years ago,

and I lost you.
And I've never known
a moment's peace
from that day until now.
I went back to that garden
not long ago,
and you were still there,
in that funny little
white dress
and I knew then
that I had never loved
anyone else and never could.
And then I met you here.
I didn't know it was you,
but I fell in love
with you again
and I'm not going to
lose you again. Not ever.
I don't want any more of life,
Mary, without you.
Where were you, Peter,
all these years?
You didn't try to find me.
We'll make up for it.
We said
we'd find each other.
The train leaves
in a little while.
We'll see him first
and tell him,
and then we'll wait
in the station.
We can't.
You mean
you don't care enough.
Oh, Peter.
What else could it be?
You got married. I didn't.
You forgot our garden.
Yes, that's it.
I forgot, didn't I?
Do you know
how much I forgot?
Oh, yes, I forgot the garden

and the little white dress.
That's why I kept it,
I suppose.
And then I got married,
didn't I?
And that couldn't have been
because life was so empty
that nothing mattered.
Mimsey.
They... they tore it all
to pieces,
pulling me
down out of the tree.
Get dressed.
I'm afraid.
Why?
I don't know.
But he's been kind.
We'd have to hurt him.
We can't help that.
That isn't reason enough
for losing each other.
Do you remember this afternoon
at the stables?
We found we even shared
each other's dreams.
What was that, Peter?
I don't know.
But I do know that
we knew what had happened.
And I know this.
No two people
could be so close
if they weren't meant
to love each other.
It isn't right of us
to think of anything else.
You know that, Mary.
Yes.
Of course I know that.
Mimsey, it's you.
Very, very pretty.
I should have waited
for your permission,

Mr. Ibbetson.
Before coming into
my wife's bedroom.
I'm sorry.
The instant you thought
I had gone...
That's a lie.
Peter.
My wife protects her lover.
A woman as I've never
seen her before.
A woman in love, at last.
Yes, we do love each other.
We've loved each other
all our lives.
And there isn't anything
any of us can do about it.
He is not my lover.
We would have gone away,
but there couldn't be
anything behind your back.
I've heard enough.
But you're right, my dear,
you will not make love
behind my back.
I'll give you
your one chance.
There never lived
a Duke of Towers
who would give you any other.
Get into your lover's arms.
Still trying to starve
yourself to death, are you?
His Lordship
don't like the cuisine.
Quiet. Quiet, you.
I'll tell you
what the Governor says.
He says you got
a sentence to serve
and you're going to serve it.
Tomorrow, we'll shove it
down your throat.
With the Duchess's regards.

I said, quiet!
There's your water.
Would you stay
with us awhile, Mr. Towers?
How can he stay?
He's got a date
with the Duchess tonight.
I thought he was here
for life.
He's gonna meet her
after that.
Sure, sure, after life.
In jail for life,
for a wench.
Oh, but she was worth it.
I've been here 16 years
and I know.
Well, I've been here 10.
Only I croaked her
instead of the gent.
I'm sure she was worth it,
wasn't she, Mr. Towers?
Tell us all about her.
Come on.
Come on, tell us all,
Mr. Towers.
Tell us. Come on.
Quiet! Get back here!
Stop this.
You must like the dungeons.
Ten days aren't enough
for you, eh?
40 lashes will quiet him.
A born troublemaker,
he is.
Won't eat, won't talk,
won't even hear you.
He'll hear the whip.
They'll all hear it
if there's one more peep
out of any one of them
tonight.
Light the gas.
How much longer, Mr. Ibbetson,

before the stables
will be completed?
Has it gone beyond
a kiss yet?
The children are grown up.
My wife protects her lover.
The honor of my house
has been violated.
Get into your lover's arms.
I will content myself
with passing upon you
the sentence of the law,
which is life imprisonment.
Order.
And that is how it happened.
My husband fired first.
Guilty!
In passing sentence,
this Court regrets
that the only punishment
it can give to the woman,
whose unholy love
brought about this tragedy,
is the reproaches
of her conscience.
They can't keep us apart!
We'll find a way.
I won't go.
I won't go.
No, I won't go, I tell you.
I tell you, I won't go!
Let go of me! Let go!
That's enough.
I said that's enough.
Silence, I said!
Hmm. Spine.
Worse than I thought.
Not much we can do
for him.
Not worth moving him,
poor devil.
Can't last long.
Hopeless.
Peter.

Peter, dear.
Peter.
Mary.
Mary!
Listen, dear.
Listen.
You're free, Peter.
You're free.
Free?
Take my hand.
We're going to escape.
How?
Take my hand.
It's a dream.
Come, Peter.
It is a dream.
Peter.
Peter.
Listen to me.
Don't you understand?
We're dreaming together,
just as we did once before.
But it isn't real.
Who is to say what is real
and what is not real?
We're dreaming true.
A dream that is more
than a dream.
Oh, you must believe me.
Believe? Lies.
All this is a lie
I'm dreaming.
I'm dreaming you.
I'm dreaming myself.
I'm not talking to you here.
I'm sleeping over there
with a broken back.
It's going to be
a long sleep
because I've made up my mind
I'm going to die, tonight.
I know. I know.
And you will, unless...
I'm... I'm talking to you

as if you were really here.
I am here.
You must believe that, Peter,
it's our only chance.
Don't ask why,
just... just believe.
Perhaps it's because
our love is so deep.
Oh, Peter, don't you see
what is before us?
We can be together,
not only now, but always.
It's happening now.
It's happened before
and we can make it
happen again.
No! No.
In a moment
you'll disappear
and I can't wake up
to this again.
Leave me alone.
Leave me alone.
I won't.
I won't let you die.
I love you.
They're driving me
from you.
I must find some way.
Peter, look.
Listen to me.
Do you see this ring?
Is it real? Remember it.
If I promise to send it
to you tomorrow,
will you try
to live until then?
When you get this ring
here tomorrow,
then will you believe?
Look at it.
Unless I'm
really here now,
I couldn't know

to send it to you.
Look at it.
Do you see it?
Yes.
Remember it.
You'll get this ring
tomorrow.
Mary. Tomorrow.
Not worth moving him,
poor devil.
Can't last long.
Mary. Tomorrow.
What are you doing?
Getting this dead one
out of here.
Thought I told you
to get him out last night.
The warden sent us
on another job.
He's alive.
He's what?
He's alive.
Did it come?
Did what come?
Oh.
It didn't come.
Peter lbbetson.
I see no reason
why it can't be arranged.
I think it can't, Warden.
The man died last night.
Aren't you mistaken, Doctor?
I feel sure he's alive.
I examined him myself.
I would know
if he were dead. I feel...
Will you take this ring
to him at once?
But, madam.
Please.
It didn't come.
Do you mean this?
It's real.
Of course, it's real.

It's true?
It's a ring.
It looks like a ring,
but it isn't.
It's the walls of a world,
and inside it
is the magic of all desire.
Inside it is
where she lives
and everything inside
leads to her.
Every street,
every path,
and the eighth s-s-sea.
It's a world.
It's our world.
Peter.
Peter.
Mary.
Mary.
Peter. Peter!
There's no one here
but you and me.
Look.
I'll give you
just one more board.
I didn't know whether
it was really there.
I... I was afraid...
But you needn't
be afraid, Peter.
The strangest things
are true
and the truest things
are strange.
What're you going to do?
I'm going to build
a wagon I never finished.
Look. There're our tracks.
We made them
in the mud yesterday,
remember?
So we could walk
in them when they dried.

How clear it is.
Clear as the top
of the world.
It is the top of the world.
Of course.
We came from
way down there.
Tiptoe on top of the world.
Listen.
Do you hear it?
Is it music?
Music, sir,
I heard it today
and I brought it with me
so you could hear it, too.
I knew you'd like it.
And I have
a gift for you.
It's why
I brought you here.
Would you be good enough
to look?
Oh, Peter, how beautiful.
How did you do it?
I built it for you
out of the clouds,
the heavens and the stars.
All very simple.
All very beautiful.
Yes.
Let's go in.
What's the matter?
We can't go in.
A breath would blow it away.
Don't think such things.
They'll come true.
We're free forever
as long as we live.
As long as we live?
As long as we live.
Listen.
What's that?
The music of the organ,
that's all.

Listen.
Don't you hear it?
It's the thunder
of the world.
Mary?
Peter.
Peter!
We lost each other
and it might happen again
for always.
We made the storm
and the terror, Peter.
I know.
We didn't believe.
We ran.
I made you afraid.
You see, I can't quite
get the chains off my feet.
No more words.
No more fears.
They divide us.
Maybe we are still
too much tied
to our bodies back there
to be quite free,
but always
we can come here.
We'll be with each other
every possible moment.
Every moment.
As long as we live
for years and years
and years.
Very faint.
The wonder is
it beats at all.
Strangest case
I've ever known.
Young man,
you're going to live.
Live?
Live.
Yes. For years.
For years and years

and years.
But, Your Grace,
you're tired.
Your Grace,
you're as white as a sheet.
I'm quite all right,
Katherine.
Now just please go.
Ah, but you're not all right,
Your Grace,
you even have
a fever.
I'll get the doctor
straight away.
I don't want the doctor.
But, Your Grace...
Please.
Just go, Katherine.
Very well.
Mary.
Mary, what?
It's all right.
I'm frightened,
that's all, a little.
What are you
frightened about?
It's all right, really.
Peter, hold my hands.
Peter.
Yes, dear.
Listen, darling.
There's something
we have to face.
It's something... something...
We can't meet here forever.
I hadn't thought
about that.
We've been too close
to heaven.
How much longer?
Oh. Oh, a lot longer. Look.
Look, we're both so young.
A lot longer.
Peter, hold my hands.

Mary. Mary!
It's cold.
Hold my hands, Peter.
Tighter. Tighter.
Mary.
Mary.
I will make
all arrangements.
Don't take it so hard.
Death comes to us all.
Peter.
Mary.
I'm here beside you.
I hear your voice
but I can't see you.
Oh, hear me then, my dear.
I have such a little time.
I feel that I'm hanging
to a windowsill by my wrists
but I had to reach you.
I fought my way back
to bring you peace.
Every thought,
every fear that you've had,
I know already.
That's why I had to
come back to you.
Oh, Peter, you do hear me?
Yes, Mary.
There's so much to say
and so little time
to say it in.
I'm waiting for you.
Then there is something else,
Mary, beyond?
Oh, Peter, I knew
how to tell you about it
before I left
but here...
Here there... there are
no words for such loveliness.
A loveliness greater than
any we've known.
I can hear the flowers growing

and the bells pealing
for life and for death.
You'll have just begun
to live, Peter.

Mary. I...

I know.

There is nothing more
to say.

Goodbye, my loved one.

No more fear.

No more pain.

Rest well

for such a little while
and then we will be together,
forever.

Mary.

Mary.

Mary.

Mary, you've forgotten
your gloves.

You mustn't lose them.

I'm coming to give them
to you.