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# So Evil My Love

By Ronald Millar

Mrs. Harwood, ma'am.  
Oh, there you are.  
I've been searching all over for you.  
You know the deck's no the  
place for a lassie this weather.  
Thumbing your nose at the elements.  
I find it exhilarating.  
Oh, exhilarating behind.  
I want your help ma'am.  
My help? In what way?  
Well, it's the malaria cases.  
The fever's mounting  
Will you help me to fight it?  
I'm not a nurse, doctor.  
But you're from Jamaica.  
You've had experience of  
this among the natives.  
You can help you're own folk now.  
Will you come below, ma'am?  
I'm sorry, doctor. Excuse me.  
Mrs. Harwood.  
My husband died of the fever.  
I've just finished nursing him.  
I need rest.  
You're a dedicated woman.  
You're a missionary's widow  
Oh, I know you need rest  
But, before God, ma'am I'm telling you  
This is neither the time nor the place to be  
Thinking about yourself.  
You're an atheist, doctor.  
What do you know of God?  
Doctor!  
Where are the patients?  
Part your lips.  
How ill am I?  
You'll soon be well.  
Your hand feels so good.  
So good.  
Don't go.  
Please, don't go. Please.  
I have to. There are others.  
No. No. We must hurry, please.  
We must keep moving.

They'll never find you in London...  
That's all right. Yes.  
Everything will be all right.  
Promise you'll take care of me.  
Yes. I promise.  
I promise.  
Now, go to sleep.  
There's nothing to worry about.  
Nothing to worry about.  
Nothing to worry about.  
Good morning.  
Don't move, please.  
I should like to paint you  
Just like that.  
Staring at England.  
Oh, Mr. Bellis.  
How, uh, how do you feel?  
Weak as a rat.  
Grateful.  
Eternally grateful to you.  
I owe you my life.  
Oh no. Dr. Krylie...  
Dr. Krylie has many gifts.  
But he doesn't have your hands.  
I know I must have talked  
incessantly during my delirium.  
I hope I said nothing foolish.  
Nothing, uh...  
Nothing.  
Thank you.  
One never knows.  
You glad to be home?  
Yes.  
You have friends, relatives, to meet you.  
No. We were many years in Jamaica.  
My husband and I.  
It was quite impossible. To keep in touch.  
Oh, then, forgive me but uh,  
where will you go?  
To minton street.  
Minton street?  
It's in Kensington,  
just off the high street.  
I have a small property there.

My late husband left it to me.

Property?

How fortunate.

No, nothing imposing, of course.

It's quite small, really.

Really pays more, i think.

Dear, Mr. Bellis.

Yes.

May I lean against your shoulder?

Of course.

You sit here. I'll get some cream.

No. No thank you. I feel much better.

Goodbye, Mrs. Harwood.

But, Mr. Bellis.

I can never forget your kindness.

Perhaps, we shall run into each other again.

I do hope so.

Goodbye, and thank you a thousand times.

Good afternoon, Mrs. Harwood.

How fortunate to find you at home.

May I come in?

Yes. Yes do.

How'd you find me?

You told me the street.

And an obliging green  
grocer gave me the number.

You must forgive my appearance

I was not expecting visitors.

I'm intruding I know,

But I'm afraid I must ask  
for your assistance again.

Oh, what is it?

Mrs. Harwood I'm homeless.

Homeless?

Quite.

But surely, there are many hotels.

For those with money, yes.

I have very little.

I paint, you know.

I hardly know what to say.

It shouldn't be difficult  
to find something suitable.

I'm afraid you misunderstand me.

I was hoping to stay here.

Oh, that would be out of the question.  
You have a vacancy sign in your window.  
Yes, I know, but you see I'm a widow  
And you're...  
I'm going to put my neuralgia  
to bed, Mrs. Harwood.  
And I must say,  
I should appreciate absolute quiet.  
My lodger. Miss. Shoebridge.  
She teaches piano at the high school.  
Only to the girls, of course.  
A perfect chaperone.  
That is, of course, only if you find  
the idea of my presence distasteful.  
Oh, no. Quite the contrary.  
Then may I see the room?  
I, I doubt if it will be what you want.  
You see. It's really most ordinary.  
I like it for that.  
Isn't that a beech?  
And an elm?  
We've crocuses in the back garden.  
And daffodils.  
Really?  
No acacia or pimento or mango?  
Why did you say that?  
Jamaica.  
You're homesick.  
No! Mrs. Harwood.  
I hated the islands.  
I loathed the exile.  
I longed for England.  
With a desperation you can never know.  
Oh yes I can.  
I hated Jamaica, too.  
I thought  
If I didn't come back, I should die.  
And yet I don't know.  
London isn't home.  
Like really.  
You're right.  
It's changed.  
Or we have.  
Yes.

We are alike, aren't we?  
Our own special kind of loneliness.  
Goodbye, Mrs. Harwood. I'm sorry to have  
taken up so much of you time.  
You... you don't like the room?  
Oh, enormously!  
It's 12 shillings a week. Bed and breakfast.  
I should like to make  
all arrangements in advance.  
Oh, that isn't necessary.  
Oh, please.  
Here's a token of good faith.  
I'm sure it'll be a very happy association.  
We have so much in common.  
Yes.  
Oh, don't come down. I'll let myself out.  
Goodbye.  
Dee dum ta tum tum  
Dee da de tem sit still!  
Now Verggie, while mommy combs you.  
That's a good girl.  
Hold still, now!  
Mark!  
All right. All right.  
You were so long, I was worried.  
Are you in trouble?  
How long have they been there?  
I don't know.  
Yet I don't like this.  
I'm afraid for you.  
For yourself, you mean.  
For us both! Ken.  
My name is Mark, not Ken.  
How many times must I tell you?  
Oh, Mark's so common.  
You might use a little bit more imagination.  
Monty's nice.  
Or Albert.  
Why don't you call yourself Albert?  
What are you doing?  
I'm moving.  
Moving?  
Yes, i've taken a room.  
What are you talking about?

I'm a little weary of your attic, my dear,  
And I'm also weary of our  
friends in Bows Street.  
Well, it'll be the same wherever you go.  
Not in the house of the most  
reputable widow in London.  
A widow!  
Yes, and a missionary to boot.  
You're sure it's not Queen Victoria.  
It's just as safe, and just as respectable.  
What do you care about respectability?  
Nothing whatever.  
I do care about my skin, though.  
Mark, I do hate you're going.  
Oh, it won't be for long.  
But, I've only just got you back.  
Oh, stop sniveling.  
Do you have any money?  
What do you think?  
You're a bad liar. How much?  
Two quid. But I need it...  
Give it me.  
But what am I supposed to live  
On sweet lavender?  
Here. Give me half.  
At least half.  
You don't need it. You can make more.  
I can't.  
It's not as easy modeling as it used to be.  
They say the June's gone out of my Juno.  
Then get a little fat in you  
And they'll view you for Venus.  
Don't go, darling.  
Don't go tonight. Please.  
An idiot would know you were there.  
My dear Mark.  
Your teeth are too white.  
If you wish to hide. Don't open your mouth.  
I hardly expected to see you here.  
Why not?  
I'm on excellent terms with the police.  
The police seem curiously ill informed.  
Tell me. How did you go through the cellar  
Next door and are leaving the same way?

They are not very bright.  
Nor are they very stupid.  
Your homecoming appears to have caused  
them considerable embarrassment.  
And you, my dear friend.  
How does it affect you?  
You've been some time  
in paying your respects.  
Well. I've.. I've only just learned  
that you were back.  
Yes. Yes, and then...  
My unbounded delight was tempered  
only by my desire for your safety.  
How ardent. How very ardent.  
You must remember that it was I, not you  
That was forced to run for Jamaica.  
Yet it was you...  
Let us say it was both of us.  
Undoubtedly that would be  
the opinion of the court.  
And not to put too fine a point upon it  
We should both hang.  
That is a prospect I am prepared  
to go to some pains to avoid.  
Yes, but not at my expense.  
Let us have this perfectly clear, Edgar.  
Whatever happens to me happens to you.  
Two pints of brown ale. Right sir.  
Always rooftops and always late.  
Such a bore.  
You need the exercise you're much too fat.  
You seem to be bursting with news.  
What are your plans?  
Have at papillion.  
The american Market in old masters  
is positively at its peak.  
With your talent we can  
fake a nice little line in  
Rembrandts, rubens  
And live in comfort  
for the rest of our lives.  
No.  
I'm the best painter in England.  
I refuse to destroy the one thing



in the world I believe in.  
I've told you that before.  
Unfortunately, the art dealers don't share  
Your enthusiasm for your work,  
my dear fellow.  
I do not understand you, Mark.  
You steal pictures because you have to eat.  
But why not fake them?  
Are theft and forgery so far removed?  
Your artistic opinions don't interest me.  
You know nothing at all about pictures,  
Except about how to dispose of them  
in your rather dubious way.  
Oh, very well.  
The men alters canvases  
return from the louvre  
To lord milbrooke's on  
the 14th of next month.  
Good. We shall visit lord  
milbrooke on the 14th.  
Oh no. Not me. They now positively know.  
The last time there was blood!  
One paper openly referred to it as murder.  
Last time I left everything to you.  
This time I shall plan it myself.  
To the milbrooke collection which  
we shall collect on the 14th.  
Unless they collect you first.  
Unless they collect us first.  
Cress sandwiches and ginger biscuits.  
I must say I'm getting very tired  
of bread and butter from for my tea.  
Mr. Bellis has been ill.  
His appetite needs stimulating.  
Personally I don't eat  
enough to keep a bird alive.  
You should.  
The idea. Ceylon! The very idea.  
Seems nothing but fetch and carry  
for your gentleman friend.  
Wipe you mouth, Mrs. Shoebridge. There's  
a piece of watercress on your chin.  
How lovely they are.  
They're so yellow this year, aren't they?

So much more yellow, when you wear them.  
That color becomes you.  
You should wear it more often.  
I... I've been looking at some  
of your new paintings.  
You have?  
Tell me about them.  
I'm afraid I don't know very much about art.  
Why not?  
You know about other things.  
You're warm, sensitive,  
And kind to strangers.  
They're unusual, aren't they?  
They're not at all like photographs.  
I don't believe paintings should be.  
Others agree with me.  
But not in England.  
Here, they're steeped  
in the dry rot of the past.  
I'm sure they'll sell one day.  
Yes. The day after my death.  
As Mrs. Shoebridge would say,  
So sad. He was quite, quite brilliant  
Been over my head for years.  
You're in high spirits today, Mr. Bellis.  
You too.  
You know I've never heard you laugh before.  
More important. I've never seen you laugh.  
You're a different person.  
Different? In what way?  
Usually you're so..  
Forgive me but,  
So reticent.  
When you laugh, you're gay, very gay indeed.  
I'd like to paint you.  
Me? Oh, surely not.  
Your hair is so lovely.  
I'd like to see it down.  
Down around you shoulders.  
No. Please.  
Nobody need know.  
Come into the light.  
I think I'll try a sketch first. May I?  
If you really want to, Mr. Bellis.

That's all for today.  
Light's gone.  
Don't you want to see it?  
I've told you. No.  
It's almost finished.  
I never want to see it.  
Come here!  
I want to know what you think.  
Once when I was a girl  
This is the way I thought I was.  
I really haven't done you justice.  
Your eyes are deeper  
Your skin is whiter.  
But I have got your carriage.  
The way you hold your head way up.  
That's rather good don't you think?  
Do you really see me like that?  
You are like that.  
You jest.  
The girl who gave it to me in Jamaica  
Had been married in it.  
She said it would make me happy and gay.  
Has it?  
I never dared to try in on till now.  
Well, how to you like yourself?  
Olivia!  
Olivia!  
Why did you have to paint me like that?  
Why?  
I paint only what I feel and what I know.  
It was deliberately cruel.  
Deliberate, yes. Cruel, no.  
My life was to be rich  
and full and complete.  
I planned it all when I was young.  
Oh, you wouldn't have  
known me when I at school.  
I was the leader of everything  
I danced the best. I even looked the best.  
Why did you have to bring it all back to me?  
Everything that I wanted to be.  
Everything!  
Time lost.  
I don't know why I'm talking like this.

I want to know about you, Olivia.  
I want to know all about you.  
Don't.  
You're not afraid of me.  
You're afraid of yourself.  
You're sure the pictures  
are going to be crated?  
How else would they travel?  
Well, I shall pray desperately for fog.  
It's helpful, but not vital.  
You know actually I shall be doing  
England a great public favor  
By getting rid of the monstrosities.  
History will thank me.  
Only if history knows the truth about you.  
In which case..  
In which case I and my pictures  
will hang together.  
Charming thought.  
Getting nervous, Edgar?  
Relax.  
The police have long since  
given up looking for me.  
And as far as they're concerned  
Minton street might just  
as well be in Australia.  
Relax.  
The immediate future  
Seems to me dark and forbidding.  
Stand just where you are gentlemen.  
We'll relieve the caretaker of his keys.  
And we'll lock these gentlemen in.  
I'm sorry for the inconvenience.  
But it's unavoidable.  
Now, get over there!  
You too!  
You can't do that..  
Get quiet.  
It'll save a lot of unpleasantness.  
Don't shoot you fool!  
Run for it!  
It's nearly three o'clock.  
I brought your lunch.  
Leave it.

Mark.

Yes.

You were out all night.

Where did you go?

I couldn't sleep, so I went walking.

Why didn't you call me?

Why should I?

I heard you come in.

It was after six.

I couldn't sleep until you came in.

Sorry.

What is it, Mark?

We're out of luck, Olivia.

Something I'd depended on

Has fallen through.

Well only temporary I'm sure.

No, permanently this time.

I haven't any money. No prospect of any.

I haven't a sou.

I have to get away.

Away?

Yes. Australia, South Africa.

Somewhere.

No, Mark, no.

We'll not be parted now.

What do you suggest?

I've never really loved a man before.

Nor been loved in return.

I've never known what it was.

Now, I know.

Nothing shall take it from me.

Nothing!

Eat your lunch.

Dear Susan,

I have but lately returned

from the West Indies.

Where I was widowed by the plague

That swept the island.

You're my only friend in England

And I've longed to see you.

I should like to come to your house,

if I may.

To renew the friendship

That was once so dear to both of us.

Mrs. Harwood, madame.  
I understand she's expected.  
Not by me.  
Susan?  
Yes.  
Please. Please show her in.  
Rogers.  
Who is this women?  
A very old friend.  
The widow of a missionary from Jamaica.  
She wrote to me. And I asked her to call.  
Without your husband's knowledge.  
I didn't want to bother him.  
Since he's been so ill.  
I'm sure he wouldn't mind.  
We were such great friends.  
We used to have such good times  
At school together.  
School days are over.  
A missionary's widow  
is not a suitable companion  
For the wife of a prospective peer.  
Show this person about her business, rogers.  
No!  
No!  
Very well...  
Oh, please.  
Please. He's been so well.  
Let him sleep.  
I'm fully aware of my son's illness.  
I'm also aware of the reasons for it.  
Please.  
Please. Please.  
Olivia!  
Susan, my dear.  
Oh, how good it is to see you.  
Why didn't you write to me earlier?  
Oh, I'm so sorry about your bereavement.  
You must tell me everything about Jamaica.  
I think it's so wonderful  
Of you to have given your life to God.  
But then, you always were the unselfish  
And generous one, weren't you?  
Even at school.

School was fun, wasn't it, Olivia?  
And such a long, long time ago.  
It is a long time...  
Oh, you've still got the little locket  
I gave you.  
How dear of you.  
It helped remind me of you.  
This, and your letters.  
I kept every one.  
I believe I have them still.  
You're joking, aren't you?  
No.  
You mean you really do have them?  
Yes.  
But Olivia,  
I said things in them I didn't mean.  
You know I didn't mean...  
Of course I know.  
Why have you still got them?  
Because they were yours.  
Like a breath of home.  
Only because of that?  
Yes.  
Well,  
Now you really must dispose of them,  
mustnt you?  
If you wish.  
The moment I get home.  
Thank you.  
You've never met my husband, have you?  
He's quite marvelous. So distinguished.  
Everybody says he's bound  
to be given a title.  
Won't that be wonderful.  
Wonderful  
Do have some tea.  
Will you pour for yourself  
I'm afraid I'm a little nervous today.  
Oh, is anything the matter?  
I'm so worried about Henry.  
He's been so ill.  
Oh, I'm sorry. What's the matter with him?  
His heart.  
He's been to the best doctors

In harley street in vienna  
But nobody can stop these terrible attacks.  
Oh, don't worry, Susan.  
I'm sure he'll recover.  
You're so strong, Olivia.  
I envy you your strength.  
You envy me?  
My dear Susan, how very, very odd.  
Is something wrong?  
No, not really.  
Susan, I'm going to ask you a favor.  
Anything, Olivia. Anything.  
A friend of mine.  
A person of great worth and talent.  
Is in debt and I have no means  
of helping him.  
And I was wondering if you could possibly...  
I have no money.  
It's all in Henry's hands.  
You see, I understand so little  
about those things,  
He's so capable.  
I'm sure he his.  
It was hard to ask you.  
Let's not say anymore about it.  
You're not angry with me,  
Are you, Olivia?  
You know I'd give it to you if I had it.  
Don't you? You know I would.  
Oh, let's not embarrass  
each other any further.  
I do have 20 pounds!  
20 pounds that I've saved  
from the housekeeping money.  
No please. I couldn't possibly...  
I'll go and get it.  
I insist that you take it.  
Where's you friend, Susan? Is she gone?  
Not yet, Henry.  
I didn't mention her coming  
because I didn't want to bother you.  
See anyone you like. Of course.  
But I think I might be told.  
I've learned to expect



very little from you, Susan  
It seemed unimportant. Really it did.  
Oh, Henry, it's been so wonderful  
for me to talk to her.  
If you could only realize your  
responsibilities. Perhaps in time..  
I will, Henry. I will try.  
Give it to me.  
What?  
If you mean...  
Give it to me.  
Henry, I assure you that I...  
Now go and say goodbye to your friend.  
There.  
I wish it were more.  
Oh, thank you Susan.  
I'll pay you back  
the first moment I can. I...  
I really appreciate this.  
Oh, no!  
Please look on it as a gift.  
After all. You and I are...  
You and I are friends.  
What's the matter? What happened?  
It's Henry. He's terribly upset.  
Oh, I am sorry, Susan.  
I shouldn't have let you do it.  
I... I do hope I haven't caused you...  
Oh no. It isn't the money.  
It's just that he's very harsh,  
very very harsh.  
Sometimes I think I can't...  
Is there anything I can do to help?  
Yes, there is. There is.  
Well, tell me.  
If I could talk to you sometimes.  
But of course.  
Olivia.  
Come and stay here with me. Please!  
Come and stay with you?  
But I have my own house.  
I don't think I can do that. Really I don't.  
Well, you think about it.  
At least, think about it.

I'm afraid it's quite impossible.  
But we'll meet again.  
Make it soon.  
Dear Olivia. Make it very soon.  
Goodbye dear. And again, thank you.  
Mark!  
Yes,  
Mark, where are you?  
Up here.  
Come down a moment.  
What is it?  
Come quickly.  
There! 20 pounds.  
Sorry it isn't more  
Because they're very rich,  
and they can afford it.  
But her husband keeps control of her money.  
And she's afraid of him.  
Who is?  
Oh, Susan freeman. Mrs. Henry Courtney.  
She gave it to me.  
We were at school together.  
What does this mean?  
It means you won't have to go to  
Australia or anywhere else now.  
You know all my life  
I've known women, Olivia.  
But I've known no other woman like you.  
And I've known no other man.  
Well!  
We will have a fine house  
and jewels and luxuries.  
Susan hasn't what I have.  
What you have my dear is a penniless painter  
Who allows you to borrow from your friends.  
Oh, 20 pounds means little to Susan.  
Poor Susan. So pampered. Such a fool.  
She asked me to come and stay with her.  
Really?  
Uh huh.  
Yet I felt she was half afraid of me.  
Of you why? Why of you?  
It's too ridiculous.  
These are Susan's. I got them in Jamaica.

Dull reading I'll wager.  
Oh, no. Full of confidences  
And revelations.  
I promised I'd destroy them.  
What are they? Revelations?  
School girl chatter or..  
No Mark. I can't tell you.  
They're not for strangers.  
Am I a stranger?  
Not to me.  
To Susan.  
Mark! Mark, what are you doing?  
Nothing interests me more  
Than what one woman writes to another.  
Mark give them back to me.  
Now please listen to me, Olivia.  
In any relationship between  
a man and a woman  
There's one cardinal rule for success  
No secrets.  
It must be all, or nothing.  
Mark, you know I can't bear it  
when you talk like that.  
Darling.  
Well!  
I must say. I've had just about enough.  
I'm leaving the house this instant.  
I shall send for my boxes in the morning.  
Good afternoon.  
But you don't understand, Mrs. Shoebridge.  
Indeed. I'm a respectable woman  
, Mrs. Harwood.  
I always thought you were.  
But what's been going on this last month  
Has convinced me that you're  
possessed of the devil.  
Mark, what can we do?  
We can't stay here.  
Why not?  
Perhaps, if I run after her and tell her...  
Olivia.  
What we're doing isn't wrong.  
But it is, Mark, it is.  
Darling, we love each other.

When things are better  
for both of us we'll...  
You can't stay here now.  
Very well.  
I shall leave at once.  
Where, Mark?  
I don't know.  
I'll find somewhere.  
I'll pack my things.  
I can't let you go. I couldn't  
do without you. Not for an instant.  
It could always be like this.  
Please, God.  
I know a place in France.  
It's near the sea. Merville, it's called.  
It's a villa.  
It can be ours, Olivia.  
Yes.  
"Dearest Olivia" how happy I am."  
"But an hour ago, I saw John again"  
"And I know, now,  
my affections are reciprocated."  
"If only I had met him before  
I had married Henry."  
Susan Courtney. Sir John Curle.  
The key to Merville.  
What do you mean?  
That Henry Courtney,  
Esquire, Queens Council,  
would gladly give a thousand pounds  
to have these letters in his pocket.  
And if the attachment between  
the young Mrs. Courtney  
and the gallant Sir John  
were to be encouraged,  
the possibilities would be endless.  
And that the first step  
is Mrs. Howard to accept the invitation  
of Mrs. Courtney to stay with her  
and that once firmly  
established in the household...  
Give me that letter!  
Don't you think we have  
a right to a life together?

There are other ways.  
Name one.  
A missionary's widow.  
A painter before his time.  
We belong among the rejected.  
We belong to each other. Isn't that enough?  
Hardly.  
This is our escape. Don't you recognize it?  
Our opportunity.  
Lose it and we lose each other.  
Mark.  
I won't starve, Olivia.  
Mark, I've known from the beginning.  
Oh, I've known lots of things.  
But I pushed them to the back of my mind.  
Because I loved you.  
And because of that I've done things  
that are against my nature  
Against everything that I've believed.  
Do this one thing and we're safe.  
Darling, all your life you denied yourself.  
You've devoted yourself heart,  
mind and body to the service of others.  
You've been good and kind and generous.  
But what have you to show for it?  
Today, poverty, misery, loneliness.  
Tomorrow, another miss shoebridge.  
Stay if you want to, and die, wretchedly.  
Or come with me. Come with me and live  
I told you Mrs. Harwood,  
We are not continuing  
the mission in Jamaica.  
But there must be something else.  
There's need for the word of God everywhere.  
I sometimes think we need  
a mission in Regent Street.  
But we are without means.  
I must get away from England, Mr. Watson.  
It's desperately important.  
I have here a letter from Jacob Simmons.  
You remember him?  
Oh, yes. He went out to the transvaal.  
A worthy man, Mrs. Harwood.  
He has contributed yeomans service

In moving the mission  
from Manketu to Pretoria.  
Despite the death of his dear wife  
six months ago.  
Now he asks for aid.  
Oh, yes.  
He is anxious to marry again.  
Marry again?  
Yes.  
I was wondering.  
You say your position is desperate.  
Oh, I... I hadn't thought of... remarrying.  
There's no other way.  
May I... may I think about it.  
Of course. Of course.  
Thank you.  
Goodnight, Mrs. Harwood.  
Good afternoon.  
Good afternoon.  
Please sit down.  
I asked you to come here instead of my house  
Because I want to talk to you privately.  
You've accepted my wife's invitation  
To stay with us for a week or two.  
Why yes, I... I hope you don't object.  
On the contrary.  
My wife thinks very highly of you.  
Susan and I are old friends  
from our school days.  
Though life has treated us  
rather differently  
Mrs. Harwood, I should like to  
engage you as my wife's companion,  
At a salary of 75 pounds a year.  
I was asked as a guest.  
I hadn't expected payment.  
I should expect certain services in return.  
Since you put it on that basis I...  
I think the salary should be  
a little bit more.  
Do you?  
You um.. You take lodgers.  
A Mrs. Shoebridge and a Mr. Bellis.  
Your house is mortgaged, and you

recently made another loan on it.  
I think 75 pounds a year will do  
very well for the moment.  
What would my duties be?  
To look after Susan.  
To be with her constantly.  
To be responsible for her to me.  
You see, my wife drinks  
more than is good for her.  
A good deal more.  
How long has this be...  
Over a year.  
Mrs. Harwood.  
I must talk to you in confidence.  
I've always wanted to perpetuate my name.  
My wife has unfortunately been unable.  
She's being treated by various doctors.  
One of them suggested that  
sherry might have a tonic effect.  
The habit is growing stronger every day.  
It must be cured, or I shall be forced  
To have her committed to a sanatorium.  
Oh, I'm shocked Mr. Courtney.  
I believe you can help us if you will.  
I will do what I can.  
Mark, dearest,  
Susan is depending on me more and more.  
She gave me a lovely dress today.  
Henry is cold and distant,  
But he tolerates me because  
I'm helping Susan.  
And in a funny way, Susan is helping me.  
Today, she'll get to dress my hair  
The way they're wearing it in paris.  
My darling, you were right.  
It isn't as difficult as  
I thought it would be.  
I'm beginning to enjoy it.  
I can't wait for you to see me  
in my new clothes.  
Mark.  
Yes.  
You love me?  
I adore you.

That's not the same thing.  
No.  
Do you love her?  
I'm not sure.  
I might.  
I said, I might.  
Well, what does that mean?  
Well, it means I'm capable  
of emotions I distrust.  
And I don't like it.  
I don't like it at all.  
You don't like what?  
Would you like a gold chain with  
a little locket on the end?  
Has it got a jewel in it?  
No, no jewel.  
I'd like just the same.  
Now I really feel I'm your girl.  
You're all the girl I want or need.  
Mark, I want to be with you always.  
You will be soon.  
A few more weeks, and then..  
America?  
America.  
Ohhh... I do so want to go to Ohio.  
I've got a cousin in Ohio.  
Darling, Kitty.  
You've no idea how disinterested  
I am in you cousin in Ohio.  
Goodbye.  
Yeah, what's the hurry?  
I have to go out.  
Ohhh.  
It's always like this.  
When shall I see you again?  
Soon.  
Tomorrow, I'm gonna' buy myself a coat  
With a hood for traveling.  
A green one. Will you like that?  
If it doesn't cover your face.  
Oh, Mark  
You say things so prettily!  
But I never quite know what's  
going on inside your head.



One day, I'll tell you. You may not like it.

Goodbye, Mark.

Morning, John.

Good morning, ma'am.

Oh, how lovely.

From the garden. They match your cheeks.

Thank you.

Oh, Alice.

I'm going out tonight. Bring my things to Mrs. Courtney's room.

Yes, ma'am.

Put them on the bed.

And so, dear john.

And so, dear john.

I'm writing to you

In the hope that we may see each other again.

I pray with all my heart.

Thank you, Olivia.

Thank you, Alice.

Olivia.

How shall I sign it?

Why not, as ever?

As ever.

And now, the envelope.

Sir John Curle.

L6 Albany, Piccadilly, London

I'll post it myself. I'm going out.

Must you?

Oh, why?

I told you this morning.

Private business.

What's the matter?

It's Sunday, and Henry's at home all day, and I..

You can stay in your room until dinner.

I shan't be late.

Promise?

I said so.

Now give me the letter, and try not to worry about nothing.

Henry's a man.

He needs to be handled, that's all.

It's been a new life,

since you came here, Olivia.  
Somebody to talk to,  
and somebody that I can trust.  
That's good.  
You look wonderful.  
Thanks to you.  
Oh, madame.  
Mr. Courtney would like to see you.  
He's in the conservatory.  
Thank you. Oh, Roger.  
There will only be Mr. and Mrs. Courtney,  
incidentally, I shall be part...  
There'll also be Mrs. Courtney senior,  
madame.  
Antimony, isn't it?  
How do you know?  
We used it on the islands to kill insect.  
Tarantulas mostly.  
I have some experience with drugs.  
Really?  
Odd interest for a woman.  
You sent for me?  
Your report, please, Mrs. Harwood.  
There's nothing to report.  
Your wife's health is improving.  
Her spirits are not what I would wish.  
Susan needs to go out more.  
To meet more people  
It would do her good.  
I'm not interested in social functions.  
But you are interested in curing  
your wife. Aren't you?  
Mrs. Harwood,  
you were engaged as a companion.  
Not as a diagnostician.  
Susan is a woman, Mr. Courtney.  
I expect you think it trite  
and foolish of us women  
To want these things, but we do.  
What women want is one thing.  
What's good for them is another.  
I'm sure you know best.  
Thank you, so much.  
Mark.

Olivia.  
Oh! To be with you and to feel you close.  
I'm alive again.  
Has it been difficult?  
Only because without you, I'm nothing.  
You have changed a little.  
Your eyes are bright and shining.  
You're more beautiful than ever.  
I changed, my darling,  
the first moment I saw you.  
I know that now.  
Mark, I wish it were over.  
Soon, very soon now.  
A present from Courtney?  
Uh huh. From his private garden.  
I picked them myself.  
With permission?  
Without.  
Oh.  
Quite the mistress of the house already.  
I should like to be.  
Oh, it's a lovely house.  
Tell me about Susan.  
Did you manage to, uh...  
Mark, tell me you like my dress.  
I think it's lovely.  
I changed for you.  
You're a different person.  
Absolutely transformed.  
Susan gave it to me.  
Gave you the money for it, you mean?  
No, it's hers. She has no money of her own.  
Only a small personal allowance.  
Oh.  
Oh, really?  
Nothing else?  
Nothing, except a few bonds.  
Bonds? What are they?  
Do you like my hat?  
Why I adore it. It's lovely.  
But about these bonds.  
Exactly what are they?  
They're kimberleys.  
Several thousand pounds worth, I think

Negotiable?

Mark, I don't know about these things.

Well I do.

Bring them next time, will you?

Uh huh.

We'll celebrate our reunion.

Oh, Mark!

What about jewelry?

Trinkets, mostly. Locketts and pins.

And an emerald brooch I rather fancy myself.

No letter yet?

Letter? What letter?

Oh, now, Olivia. I asked you...

Ohhh!

Do you mean this?

Was it difficult?

Not very.

I told you she's a fool.

I'll post it on my way back.

No, no, no, not this one.

Copy.

A copy?

Surely the handwriting will be...

Will be identical.

I have a friend who's highly talented.

You leave it to me.

Mark, I don't understand.

Darling, you don't have to understand.

You don't have to understand anything

Except that I love you.

Oh, madame.

Mrs. Courtney has been asking for you.

I think you perhaps you'd better go up.

Thank you, Rogers.

Oh, Olivia, where have you been?

I needed you.

What is it?

Oh, I hate him! How I hate him!

Oh, really Susan.

I left Henry in a perfectly amiable mood.

What's happened to upset you?

Now stop sobbing and tell me.

He's had an attack.

The doctor's with him now.

But it wasn't my fault.  
I couldn't help it.  
Shhhh. Susan pull yourself together, now.  
Pull yourself together.  
It'll be quite all right.  
Now, sit down here  
Tell me all about it.  
It was just after I came upstairs.  
His mother had gone to her room  
And he came in here. Put his arms around me.  
And kissed me, and...  
Well, go on.  
I pushed him away.  
And then suddenly,  
He got red in the face  
And had trouble breathing.  
And he collapsed on the floor.  
And I.. I.. I just stood there,  
and I wished he would die.  
Oh, nonsense, Susan.  
You didn't wish anything of the kind.  
You were just so terrified,  
you didn't know what to do.  
No. I wished he would die.  
I still do.  
Now listen, Susan...  
Don't let anybody come in here.  
Susan, Henry's asking for you.  
He's very ill. Go to him.  
But isn't the doctor in there?  
Dr. Cunningham has gone.  
Henry has dismissed him.  
Is there anything I can do?  
I'm not a nurse,  
But I have some experience,  
Especially in the case  
of high blood pressure.  
How do you know this is a case  
of high blood pressure?  
The symptoms are clear enough.  
Come with me.  
Cunningham gone? Is that fool gone?  
Yes, Henry, he's gone.  
Get pound. I told you to get pound.

I sent for him.  
I asked for Susan. What's she doing here?  
I think I can help. I have some medicine,  
A drug we used in Jamaica  
to relieve the heart.  
You are not to doctor my son.  
What is this drug?  
Something the natives made up.  
My husband said it resembled a german drug  
That he knew about,  
but was very much better.  
Do you have some here?  
Yes, in my room.  
Get it.  
Henry, I beg you not to do this.  
You know what cunningham said.  
Did he tell you?  
No, but don't distress yourself.  
He said we could never have a son.  
You knew that, unless you marry again.  
He said it was I, not she.  
You understand? I not she.  
He doesn't know. He can't know.  
There's a french doctor near vichy.  
I'm going to him as soon as I can get up.  
I'll get dr. Pound.  
Good morning, elsie.  
Good morning, Mr. Courtney.  
Good morning.  
Mrs. Harwood.  
Thank you for your aid last night.  
No, not at all.  
Your remedy was a great help.  
Don't take it away.  
Well, I hope you won't be needing it again.  
I'm going to vichy, tonight.  
I shall leave my wife in your care.  
If you wish to go out occasionally,  
both of you,  
It may not do any great harm.  
Thank you.  
500 pounds, sir.  
Thank you.  
There's a ready Market for

kimberley shares, Mr. Bellis,  
We'll shall be glad  
to handle all you can provide.  
It's quite possible my client will be  
willing to dispose of more of them.  
I shall be in touch with you.  
Pardon my curiosity, sir, but  
Can you now disclose your client's identity?  
No, he still wishes to remain anonymous.  
Financial reverses, you understand?  
Good afternoon, smothers.  
Good day, Mr. Bellis.  
Do you see him?  
No, not yet.  
Olivia, are you sure he will come?  
Well he wrote that he would.  
I see no reason for him to change his mind.  
There's edna louise.  
Now she'll tell Henry that I've been here.  
Oh, there's no need to worry.  
Mrs. Harwood.  
It is Mrs. Harwood, isn't it?  
Don't you remember me?  
Why, of course, Mr. Bellis.  
We crossed together from Jamaica.  
Yes, and you were so kind.  
I have not had an opportunity  
To express my thanks or my admiration.  
How charming of you.  
May I present Mr. Bellis.  
Mrs. Courtney.  
Mrs. Henry Courtney?  
Do you know my husband?  
Only in business.  
We have certain mutual interests.  
I trust they prosper?  
Exceedingly, so far.  
How cautious of you.  
I'm a cautious man.  
Really?  
I should have said quite the opposite.  
Well appearances can be deceptive, you know.  
Oh, would you excuse me, please.  
Who's that, Olivia?

A man of some talent.  
He... paints, I believe.  
How clever.  
He likes you. Did you notice?  
Oh, nonsense.  
Olivia.  
Look, over there behind lord bayah.  
Mrs. Courtney.  
Sir John.  
What a pleasant surprise.  
Mrs. Harwood, may I present sir John curle.  
I've heard a great deal about you.  
I haven't seen you for a long time,  
Mrs. Courtney.  
Oh Mrs. Courtney has not been well,  
but she's thriving now.  
She tends to go out a good deal.  
I am delighted.  
Oh, how stupid of me.  
I seem to have mislaid my fan.  
Sir John, would you show  
Mrs. Courtney the pictures  
While I go and look for it.  
With pleasure.  
Susan?  
It's so long.  
I can't believe it's really you.  
Standing close beside me.  
Two years, without a word.  
I didn't dare write before.  
But now it's safe?  
No.  
But Olivia's given me strength.  
Without her, I wouldn't have  
had the courage to write to you.  
I'm so terrified of Henry.  
If only I could help you.  
John dear, I must talk to you, properly.  
This week, while Henry's away.  
Where could we meet?  
Saturday. My sister's giving a dinner party.  
I'll see you're invited.  
I think I prefer  
Gainsbury's duchess of Devonshire.



I've never seen it.  
It was stolen in 1876.  
How wicked of someone!  
Ah, wickedness abounds Mrs. Harwood.  
It's as universal as love.  
Where is she?  
With sir John.  
She's behind us. Don't look now.  
I sold the bonds for 300 pounds.  
Three hundred! I thought at least five.  
Are you doubting me?  
Oh, no.  
Should I?  
I should like you to kiss me.  
I have an idea it might outrage  
the bishop of London on my left.  
So, consider yourself kissed.  
I think you should run along now,  
And break up Mrs. Courtney's romance.  
Love thrives with frustration.  
The first reunion should be short.  
Goodbye, my darlinig.  
Goodbye, my dear.  
An old friend of ours is  
casting curious glances, Mark.  
I'm feeling a little parched, my dear Edgar  
Would you care to join me in a glass  
of something at the metro pole?  
You know it's criminal leaving  
these pictures behind again.  
Such a suburb Market in america.  
Susan.  
Are you ready?  
We shall be late.  
You look beautiful  
Thank you.  
I am so excited.  
This is my first new evening dress  
in such a long time.  
How do I look?  
Lovely.  
Take the hair our of your eyes.  
Olivia, do you think that John...  
He'll be very impressed.

Susan.

Come into the drawing room.

I want to talk to you.

You, too, Mrs. Harwood.

Henry.

When did you get home?

Why didn't you tell me?

A very lovely dress, Mrs. Harwood.

Thank you.

I wasn't expecting you for several days.

Sit down, Susan.

What a surprise.

We were just going out to dinner  
with lady safer.

Mrs. Harwood.

Wasn't it nice of her to ask us?

Since when have you been  
transacting business

With the firm of smathers and fortescue,  
a stock broker.

Why have you never told me.

That you have shares in the kimberley mines,  
And why did you sell them?

Answer me.

I wanted to buy some new dresses.

I was under the impression  
that you are adequately clothed.

A woman likes to change,  
to wear something new.

Who's idea was this?

Mine. You see I thought that...

Well, let's just say, that we thought...

We?

That you also decided to extend  
your wardrobe, Mrs. Harwood.

No. No, of course not.

In that case it's remarkable that  
you should appear in a costume

Which must have cost more  
than your year's wages.

Oh, I gave it to her.

Really?

And what other gifts has my wife made you?

What else have you acquired?

Susan is my oldest friend.  
If she chooses to give me these things.  
I can only marvel at  
your powers of persuasion  
And my wife's gullibility.  
Whatever Susan did for me  
she did of her own free will.  
It's of no importance.  
Susan will be leaving for the  
argyle sanatorium tomorrow night.  
She won't require your services any longer.  
Sanatorium?  
Henry, you don't mean that.  
Now, go to your room,  
and try to write lady safer a note.  
Telling her of you sudden indispositon.  
Olivia.  
But she's so much better, I assure you.  
She's controlling herself...  
I told you to go to your room.  
You can't do this. It's inhuman.  
Mrs. Harwood. I took you into my house  
Believing that you were a decent,  
orderly person.  
I find, on the contrary,  
that you're a cheat and a thief.  
And that you have taken advantage  
of your presence here  
To corrupt my wife.  
Under the circumstances your opinion  
is, to say the least, impertinent.  
Whatever Susan is you have made her,  
With your unkindness, your intolerance,  
Your complete indifference to  
anybody's feelings except your own.  
Make quite certain that you're out  
of this house within 15 minutes.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
Mark.  
Mark!  
Mark?  
Oh, Mark!  
Mark.  
Oh, darling.

Olivia, what are you doing here?  
It's happened.  
What's happened?  
He knows about the shares.  
He came at me like a demon.  
He told me my services  
weren't needed any longer  
And ordered me out of the house.  
He's sending her to a sanatorium.  
Mark, tell me what to do!  
Calm yourself, darling. Calm yourself.  
The first thing to do  
Is sit down and have a glass of wine  
While you tell me all about it.  
And don't worry. We'll find a way.  
Mark.  
Yes.  
I hate the idea of going  
to his office again.  
I hate it for you, but it's necessary.  
It's cold and musty.  
I hated that first meeting.  
He knew so much more about me  
Than I knew about him.  
Your hair's like silk.  
I love you, so much.  
Darling.  
I've not seen these before.  
They're Susan's.  
Oh. You're learning.  
Almost too easily.  
I have her pearls, and you have her bonds.  
The darling left me.  
Scruples again?  
No. I'm beyond that now.  
It does seem, I don't know  
A rather sordid way of making  
a life for ourselves.  
There's no other way, darling.  
No.  
Five minutes unpleasantness.  
That's all it means.  
If only I could believe that.  
Ten at the outside.

Supposing he refuses?  
He won't.  
He can't afford to. He has no choice.  
Neither have I.  
How do I know these are not forgeries?  
They are copies. I have the originals.  
The most recent is dated over two years ago.  
My wife has been foolish  
But obviously it was all over long ago.  
Please not the date of this one.  
Sir John curle.  
I take it this also is a copy?  
Yes.  
Who has the original?  
I have.  
And what does sir John have?  
Another copy.  
You think of everything, Mrs. Harwood.  
How much?  
Five thousand pounds.  
In cash.  
And if I refuse?  
I see. An open scandal.  
How will I know there aren't others?  
My word.  
Not exactly a guilt-Edged security.  
I shall have to liquidate certain holdings.  
It will take a few days.  
You may have until tonight.  
Tonight!  
You are certainly forcing the pace.  
I'm now going to your house  
to collect my belongings.  
I shall wait for you there.  
How much?  
Nothing yet. Tonight, at his house.  
I told you to wait for it.  
Oh, don't worry. Tonight.  
Are you positive?  
Absolutely.  
I had the whip hand, and he knew it.  
I was utterly in command.  
You enjoyed yourself.  
Yes, the power of it.

It was a wonderful sensation.  
I've never had it before.  
I was quite calm,  
My heart wasn't pounding,  
My mouth wasn't dry.  
I was utterly in possession.  
I'm beginning to know you, Olivia.  
I'm beginning to know myself.  
The boat train leaves at 8:30.  
I'll meet you at the station.  
We're going tonight?  
Your ticket.  
Cabby, stop here.  
Mark, it's happening.  
I never really believed it.  
Charing cross. Eight o'clock.  
Well, thank you, Mr. Smathers for your help.  
You can rely on Mr. Jarvis' discretion  
in this matter, sir.  
He's helped me on several occasions.  
Good day, sir. Good day.  
I suppose there's no doubt  
about this man, bellis.  
Not a shadow, sir.  
He goes by various names.  
Robert Campion, Gilbert Lemoin  
and Kenneth Arrow.  
It's all here.  
They could hang him with that little lot.  
When they know where to look for him.  
But they don't know.  
Not yet, sir.  
I'll go on to scotland yard from here.  
You'll make no charges nor take  
any proceedings whatever  
Without my authority. Is that understood?  
But murder is involved...  
This enquiry was made at my request  
It will remain in my hands.  
I have my duty, sir.  
With which I promise  
I shall not interfere, in due course.  
Come in.  
Oh, curtis.

Yes, ma'am.

Did you give my message to Mrs. Courtney?

I did, ma'am, but I daren't let you see her, the masters orders.

Is she well?

She's wretched, ma'am.

He's taking her to Scotland tonight to a sanitorium, or something.

It's to be the death of her.

Well tell the coachman to take these things to charing cross at once, please.

The station, ma'am?

The boat train to dover.

You're going abroad, ma'am?

Yes.

Come in.

Yes, Roger?

Mr. Courtney would like to see you immediately, madame.

Downstairs.

Thank you.

I only won't keep you a moment, Mrs. Harwood.

I've very little time, Mr. Courtney.

I agree. In fact I should say you have not time at all.

A fascinating character, your Mr. Bellis.

He seems to have committed almost every crime in the calendar.

What are you talking about?

Forgery, larceny, murder.

Murder!

You seem surprised.

Burglary, theft,

We'll exclude painting, though

I gather his is outrageious enough

To be considered a crime by the critics.

It's all here in detail.

Much of it unknown to the police, as yet.

What do you want?

My wife's correspondence.

The originals, this time.

In exchange for this.

Who else have you told?

No one.  
How do I know I can trust you?  
You don't.  
This may be...  
Just a copy.  
It may and it may not.  
That's your gamble.  
He'll hang, Mrs. Harwood.  
It's a fair exchange.  
My good name for his life.  
There were nine.  
Oh, yes, by all means.  
By the way. You were quite right.  
It is just a copy.  
Mr. Courtney's had another attack.  
A bad one.  
So sudden.  
Darth, please.  
We were talking quietly.  
Take him up to his room and  
fetch doctor. I'll come up.  
Have a nice trip, ma'am.  
How is he?  
He's still unconscious, madame.  
Mrs. Curtis is with him, madame.  
I'm going for Dr. Pound.  
Who has the key to Mrs. Courtney's room?  
What? I have it ma'am.  
Give it to me.  
Quickly, please.  
What do you think of this spectacle?  
Listening at keyholes.  
Locked in like a child.  
He's very ill.  
Is he? I'm glad. I hope he dies.  
With all my heart. I hope he dies!  
Stop it, Susan.  
If I had the power to save him.  
I wouldn't, I wouldn't.  
Sorry, dear.  
It's all right now.  
It's all right now.  
Susan, listen to me.  
I know you didn't mean



what you said just now.  
But, if he should die.  
It's the one thing you'll remember.  
You'll remember wishing it.  
It'll seem like your doing.  
But I didn't mean it, not really, Olivia.  
It's just that I'm so overwrought.  
Of course you are.  
But he's ill, desperately ill.  
You must help him, if you can.  
What can I do for him?  
He's had these attacks before.  
Think, think, Susan. What did you do then?  
Last time you helped him,  
with that medicine.  
D'you remember?  
Yes.  
It did help.  
It might again.  
I'll try. Shall I?  
Take care of her, Mrs. Harwood.  
It is over.  
It was a bad attack.  
He always had a weak heart.  
Heart failure was not the cause of death.  
Not the heart.  
No, Mrs. Harwood.  
Papers sir. Paper sir. Papers.  
Mark.  
The new lady?  
Yes, please.  
There you are, lady. All set for dover.  
Hope the king's fine for you.  
Here you are.  
Thank you, sir. Thank you very.  
He's dead.  
Dead?  
He knew everything about us.  
About you.  
Go on.  
He was in bed ill. It was absurdly easy.  
I had to, Mark. I had to.  
Room for Lidland? That's the ticket.  
Sorry to trouble you.

Pshew! Thought I wasn't gonna make it.  
Clocks stopped.  
I must have forgotten to wind her.  
I can't think why?  
Do it every morning me life.  
First thing as I get outta bed.  
Regular as clockwork.  
Ha, ha, that's good. Hear that?  
Clock-Clockwork.  
Ha, ha. What a one I have!  
Hello. Going to paris, eh?  
Me, too.  
Elywell's my name. Joe Elywell, commercial.  
Gilbert Lemoin.  
Ha, ha, ha. Mr. And Mrs.?  
That's the stuff. Always take the Mrs.  
I would have brought mine if I could,  
Only she's been dead and gone now  
on two years, poor soul.  
Got a quinsy, you know.  
Snuffed out like a candle.  
Excuse me, must get a paper.  
Quickly. Who knows?  
Nobody, yet. I think the doctors suspect.  
You?  
No.  
I never went near him.  
It was Susan.  
I made her give him...  
Tickets, please.  
The lady's not traveling.  
All rightie, sir.  
Mark.  
There's bound to be an inquiry.  
An inquest, perhaps.  
You just can't disappear.  
They'd suspect you at once.  
If they'd gone throuh what I have..  
They'll discover you within 24 hours.  
You must go back and face them.  
You must go back.  
No, I'm going with you.  
You'll ruin everything for both of us.  
Mark, I need you. I've no strength left.

That's when you're strongest.  
Now listen carefully.  
You must account for your movements tonight.  
You were going abroad.  
You had sent your luggage to the station.  
You had to collect it.  
Susan needed you.  
You'd canceled your journey.  
Do you understand?  
Mark, I implore you.  
You know nothing about  
the cause of his death.  
You had no motive.  
You know nothing about me.  
I was your boarder, and that's all.  
You don't even know when I've gone.  
Is that clear?  
I'll write to you from Paris.  
Send letters to the  
cafe Durand Montparnasse.  
And keep your head, darling, and use it.  
You'd better finish that inside,  
friend. We're just off.  
Goodbye, darling.  
For three days, gentlemen  
You've heard the testimony  
Regarding the death of Mr. Henry Courtney.  
It has been established that he had  
become morose and ill  
Largely owing to his lack  
of issue to his marriage.  
You may consider this sufficient motive  
For a man to take his own life.  
It is for you to decide whether he did.  
Whether, indeed,  
it was possible for him to do so.  
As to the second alternative  
That the antimony was  
deliberately introduced  
Into the deceased's medicine  
by someone else.  
Implying a verdict of murder by persons,  
a- unknown, or b-known.  
You have heard evidence that the medicine

Was given to Henry Courtney by his wife,  
on her own admission,  
And on the evidence of the maid, to curtis.  
You have heard Mrs. Courtney deny  
She knew the medicine contained  
a deadly poison.  
From the time Henry Courtney was  
carried into his bedroom by the butler.  
Only two persons had access to him,  
The maid, the curtis and his wife.  
Which brings us to the implication  
of murder by persons known.  
Witness has been borne  
That Mrs. Courtney had been heard  
to desire her husband's death.  
The most recent occasion  
being not half an hour  
Before the fatal dose was administered.  
In addition, you have heard from  
Mrs. Courtney senior  
That her daughter-in-law  
was addicted to alcohol.  
And that the deceased had planned,  
on the night of his death,  
To take her to a sanatorium  
in Scotland to effect a cure,  
Strongly against her will.  
Gentlemen, this evidence  
may lead you to conclude  
That the motive for this crime,  
if crime it is,  
Lies in one direction and  
with one person only.  
Do you have any letters for me?  
Ah, rien, monsieur.  
Are you sure?  
Absolument, monsieur.  
Hello, Mark.  
This is lusette, a very charming model.  
She has no english,  
but her art is international.  
Mark bellis, my dear, wanted  
by the police of three continents,  
And most of the women.

Enchante, mon ami.  
Get rid of her.  
Au revoir, lusette. A tout a l'heure  
Cette a deux, au revoir, cherie.  
Garcon. Un autre beer.  
Read it to me.  
L'affaire Courtney?  
Umm. Ahaaaa.  
Stop grunting like a pig and translate it.  
Concluding her evidence,  
Mrs. Harwood repeated her conviction  
That the deceased had taken his own life  
By deliberately placing the poison  
in his own medicine bottle.  
Huh. Sad, of course.  
Say, this strikes the right note.  
Verdict tomorrow. That's today.  
Well, well, it's a foregone conclusion.  
Suicide.  
Murder.  
Murder?  
What else do you expect?  
The evidence is all against her.  
Poor girl. She fainted in court.  
No wonder, that fool almost  
denounced her in his summing up.  
Rubbish!  
The girl killed her husband.  
I can't say I blame her.  
The man was a swine.  
No question about it. She did it.  
She did?  
Certainly!  
Forgive me,  
but I was foolish enough to think  
You mentioned something about suicide,  
just now.  
The law suggests murder,  
and I agree with the law.  
You agree with the law.  
This is a unique occasion.  
It calls for a toast.  
To the law.  
Gentlemen of the jury,

are you agreed on your verdict?

Yes, sir.

How say you.

We return a verdict of willful murder  
Against Mrs. Susan Courtney.

Silence, please.

Mrs. Susan Courtney.

You have heard the verdict of the jury  
And you are committed on my warrent  
To stand trial at  
the next central criminal court.

Officer, close the court.

What are you doing here?

Who exactly are you?

Jarvis is the name, ma'am.

Confidential investigations promptly  
and personally performed.

Your servant, ma'am, and humanities.

I've no business with you.

Oh, I know that, ma'am.

There's nothing you want investigated.

Quite the reverse, if anything. Hum?

What do you want?

Only the pleasure of knowing you, ma'am.

Oh, I know it's customary to be introduced  
Through a mutual friend.

But as our friend, yours and mine,  
Is no longer with us.

You'll pardon the liberty, I'm sure.

Did you know, Mr. Courtney?

Know him ma'am?

Why we hadn't a secret between us.

Anytime he wanted to know something or other  
about someone or other,  
he'd come to me and I'd dig it up for him.

And the things you find in  
the most respectable neighborhood

You'd be surprised, ma'am.

Why take that little place of yours  
in Minton treet, for instance.

Now, who in the world  
would have thought that

In that house lived a pair of murderers.

Oh, don't go ma'am, please.

You've nothing to fear from me.  
Why don't you go to the police?  
No evidence. No proof.  
And no chance of obtaining  
the one or the other.  
Neither have they.  
Why do you come to me?  
As a student of human nature. Ma'am,  
I've spent a lifetime studying crime.  
And I wanted to meet a woman who seems  
to have committed the perfect one.  
A woman with the nerve not only to do it,  
But to let another woman hang for it.  
Get out of here!  
I was afraid you'd take it like this.  
Ah, well.  
Think of it.  
There she'll be, Mrs. Courtney, I mean,  
Through weeks of trial and appeal,  
Suffering all the slow,  
majestic processes of the law.  
Until at last early one morning  
Justice is done.  
And she is hanged by the neck until dead.  
And here you'll be, all that time,  
Unmoved, unshaken, hardly giving  
the matter a moments thought.  
Just calmly and quietly going  
about your business.  
Here in the house where it happened.  
A brave woman, Mrs. Harwood.  
Good day, to you, ma'am.  
Susan.  
Susan.  
I knew you'd come.  
How do you feel?  
Are they treating you well?  
Is there anything I can do?  
Nothing.  
Sir John came to see me yesterday, Susan.  
Susan.  
He loves you.  
He'll help you to be all right.  
He's with you all the time.

Remember that.  
No use.  
I killed him, you know.  
Has to be me.  
Couldn't have been anybody else.  
I wanted him to die, remember?  
I must have been out of my mind.  
Henry was right.  
He wanted to put me in a sanitorium.  
He killed himself.  
No.  
He killed himself.  
Not Henry.  
He would never let me be free of him.  
Isn't it strange.  
He doesn't seem to be dead, at all.  
I can't stand the waiting any longer.  
Will it be soon, do you think?  
I don't mind it if it's soon.  
It's, it's just the waiting.  
No, oh, I know.  
It's time to leave now.  
Don't go.  
Oh, please let me stay. I must talk to her.  
I'm sorry.  
My dearest,  
I saw her today, in the prison hospital.  
Dear God, the sight of her lying there.  
I'll never forget it.  
The fear in her eyes.  
Her torment.  
Her absolute faith in me.  
How long I can endure this agony  
of mine, I don't know.  
I'm without comfort,  
Without sleep,  
And above all, without you.  
Go and see Duval.  
Tell him I'll fake a Rembrandt for him.  
Two if he likes.  
And I want five thousand francs each.  
Find out when the next boat sails  
for New York, and get me two berths.  
Rembrandts, you don't



Yes, and hurry.  
You fool.  
Fool? For doing the one thing you've  
been begging me to do for months?  
I begged you, yes. But no,  
I'm a great artist, you said.  
I won't destroy the one thing I believe in.  
I called you an idiot, but I admired you.  
Now I've got nothing but contempt  
For your romantic obsession  
with your former landlady.  
Obsession, perhaps you're right.  
Perhaps that is the word.  
But this last two weeks,  
I've been living in torment.  
One side of my brain battling  
against the other.  
My heart battling them both in turn.  
And I'm sick of it.  
I'm sick of pretending I don't know.  
I'm sick of pretending I don't care.  
But I do know. And I do care.  
Now, do as I told you.  
No evidence. No proof,  
And no chance of obtaining  
the one or the other.  
Neither have they.  
Implying a verdict of murder  
By persons,  
a, unknown, b, known.  
It's no use. I killed him, you know.  
But the medicine was given  
to Mr. Courtney, by his wife.  
As a student of human nature, ma'am,  
I've spent a lifetime studying crime.  
And I wanted to meet a woman who  
Seems to have committed the perfect one.  
A woman with the nerve not only to do it,  
But to let another woman hang for it.  
Stay here, if you want to,  
to die, wretchedly.  
Or come with me. Come with me, and live.  
Till at last early one morning,  
justice is done.

She's hanged by the neck until dead.  
I can't stand the waiting any longer.  
Will it be soon?  
I don't mind it if it's soon.  
It's the waiting.  
Oh!  
Where were you going. In this?  
I can't sleep, Mark. I'm going to tell.  
Then I'll sleep.  
I must sleep.  
We're going away, Olivia.  
Together.  
As we always planned.  
I'm taking you away.  
But, Mark, it's too late now.  
I must tell someone, please.  
Oh, I'm so tired.  
I don't know.  
Yes, I do.  
That's why I'm here.  
He's dead. I'm glad he's dead.  
I don't regret that.  
He was cruel and selfish. Utterly selfish.  
I did it, and I'd do it again.  
You.  
They'll hang her, won't they?  
Not for weeks. Not for months, perhaps.  
But they'll do it.  
Early one morning justice is done.  
I went to see her again today.  
She thinks she's guilty.  
She's a little mad, you know.  
She actually believes she killed him.  
She'll probably confess, tomorrow.  
That's funny, isn't it?  
That's funny.  
Olivia, listen to me.  
They'll take care of her  
In a nursing home. That's all.  
Do you understand?  
They'll say she's not responsible.  
And that's true, now, isn't it?  
Whatever you tell them can't change her now.  
And he made her that way,

her husband, not you.  
Are you listening?  
A home? Just a home?  
Yes.  
Oh, if I could believe that.  
You can. You must.  
Where could we go?  
To Ireland. We'll be married there.  
And then America.  
The other side of the world.  
When?  
Tomorrow.  
Oh, take me now.  
Darling, we can't be seen together.  
They're watching for me, perhaps even here.  
I can't let you go.  
But, it'll only be for tonight.  
Now listen carefully.  
You must leave openly  
for the country for a rest.  
Not without you.  
Oh, darling, pack your things. Put  
them in a hansom then I'll meet you.  
Where?  
The abbey. Westminster.  
10 o'clock tomorrow night.  
I'll have everything ready.  
Mark, I love you completely.  
Till tomorrow.  
Is he here?  
Is who?  
Him. Oh, Mark I mean, Mark Bellis.  
There's no one here by that name.  
Come on.  
Now would you all try to play me up.  
A man said he saw him here.  
And that he'd be back.  
Man? What man?  
What was he like?  
Old bloke with a soft voice  
and a bushy moustache.  
Why all the questions?  
Well, I see we're all covered up.  
I must say it's a great improvement.

I never did like that red plush.  
So faded.  
And that brown stain on the carpet.  
I told Mark straight,  
I said donno how you can live  
in a place like that.  
You've been here before?  
Ha. Ha. Ha. Yes.  
Don't tell me you didn't know?  
You mean to say,  
he didn't tell you about me?  
I knew about you, all right.  
What's the matter?  
What are you staring at?  
Here, what are you...?  
Would you please go?  
You're right on time.

**Euston at 11:**

Breakfast in Dublin thursday morning.  
And the royal mail sails  
for New York in ten days.  
Are you happy?  
Darling, you're tired.  
You need rest. And you shall have it.  
We haven't any money, but we'll be  
lucky together. I'm sure of it.  
We'll follow the sun.  
I'll paint you against the California sky  
Picking oranges in a white muslim dress.  
With you're hair down about your shoulders  
The way it fell the first day  
I asked you to pose for me.  
Do you remember?  
You were so shy, and so very beautiful.  
I think that was the moment  
I first fell in love with you.  
And I've fought that moment  
a thousand times a day.  
I planned my whole life.  
And loving you wasn't part of the plan  
Now, it's the heart of it.  
The only part that counts.  
On the whole, I like myself

less than I can possibly say.  
You're my one excuse for living.  
Although it's taken me quite  
some time to make myself admit it.  
Please forgive me.  
And please forgive me for what  
I've brought you to, as well.  
Murder.  
That's all over with.  
No.  
Darling, you must forget it.  
I'll give you my life, for what it's worth,  
To make up for it.  
Cabbie,  
To the nearest police station.  
A brave woman, Mrs. Harwood.