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# Tess

By Gérard Brach

- Good night.

- Good night, Sir John.

Begging your pardon, sir.

We met on this selfsame road  
the other day...

...and I said, "Good night," and  
you replied, "Good night, Sir John."

I may have.

- Did so again today.

- So I did.

Why call me "Sir John" when I be  
plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler?

Just a whim of mine.

I'm Parson Tringham by the way.

I made a discovery about you  
while tracing some family trees...

...for our new county history.

I'm an antiquarian, you know.

You, Durbeyfield,  
are directly descended...

...from the knightly house  
of the d'Urbervilles.

- Did you really not know that?

- Never heard it before, sir.

Raise your head a little so that I can  
see your face from the side.

Yes, that's the d'Urberville  
nose and chin.

- A trifle coarser than of old, but still.

- Daze my eyes.

According to the records, your line  
goes back to Sir Pagan d'Urberville...

...who came from Normandy  
with William the Conqueror.

I've been slaving away  
and living rough all these years?

Well, I thought you might already  
know something about it.

It is true, I got an old silver spoon  
at home and a graven seal...

...but I never paid them much heed.

Where do we d'Urbervilles live today?

You don't live anywhere.

You lie buried in your family vault

at Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill...  
...laid out in lead coffins with your  
effigies under marble canopies.  
- And where be our family mansions?  
- You haven't any.  
No land neither?  
None at all?  
You had an abundance of land  
in the old days.  
What can I do about it, sir?  
Well, as to that...  
- Can I do nothing?  
- Nothing whatever...  
...save possibly chasten yourself

**by thinking:**

"How are the mighty fallen."  
Good night...  
...Sir John.  
Won't you take a quart of beer  
with me, sir?  
There's a grand brew to be had  
at The Pure Drop.  
Though not so good as at Rolliver's.  
Sir John d'Urberville.  
That's who I am.  
What is this?  
- It is our club dance, sir.  
- Club dance?  
- But where are your partners?  
- They've not finished work yet.  
They'll be here by and by.  
- Will you join us till then, sir?  
- With pleasure...  
...but one partner won't go far  
among so many.  
One's better than none.  
It is sad work a-footing it  
with no one to give you a squeeze.  
Don't be so forward.  
- What are you doing?  
- I've a mind to enjoy myself. Come on.  
You're full of nonsense.  
Suppose someone sees us.

All right, go on. Don't wait for me.  
I'll catch you up in five minutes.  
Sir? Hey, hey, hey, sir?  
Hey, sir?  
Life has found me  
a great gentleman.  
- Noblest in the county!  
- Lord, oh, Lord.  
If it isn't your father  
riding home in his cart.  
There bain't be a man in the whole  
of Wessex with finer skeletons than I!  
Father's tired, that's all.  
He sent for the cart  
because our own horse died.  
You know that very well.  
Rows and rows  
of knightly ancestors, I got.  
Bain't be a man in the whole  
of Wessex with finer skeletons than I.  
I'm glad you've come.  
Where are you off to?  
I thought I'd change and help you.  
You bide here. I want to tell you  
what's happened.  
We've been found to be the greatest  
gentlefolk in the county...  
...reaching back long before  
Oliver Crumble's time...  
...back to the days  
of the pagan Turks.  
With monuments and vaults...  
...and crests and coats of arms,  
and the Lord knows what all!  
Is that why Father made such  
a mommet of himself in that cart?  
Our true name is d'Urberville.  
That's why he came home in style,  
not because he'd been drinking.  
Where is he now?  
It was a parson told him  
the pedigree of the matter.  
- But where is he now?  
- Well, to tell you the truth...

...he was that upset, he's gone off  
to Rolliver's to get up his strength.  
Much strength he'll find  
at the bottom of a pint pot.  
Very well, I'll go and get him.  
We'll be back afore you know it.  
Now, look, be a good girl  
and put the little ones to bed for me.  
There it is.

That?

That spoon may be small,  
but my family was great.

- Jack, I've got a project.  
- We owned carriages, estates...  
...and mansions without number.  
- Listen to me.

Is there any money in it?  
It is well to be kin to a coach,  
even if you don't ride in one.  
I've been thinking since  
you brought me the news.

- I've got a project.  
- Which reminds me, woman.  
You better find that dang seal  
of ours, or I'll do you a mischief.

Listen. There's a great lady  
by the name of d'Urberville...  
...living out by Trantridge.  
Well, she's nothing compared  
with us.

Younger branch of the family,  
no doubt.

I'll wager they don't go back  
to King Norman's day.

That's as may be, but she's rich.  
Lot of good her money will do us.

It could do. We must send  
our Tess to claim kin.

- Claim kin?  
- Why shouldn't two branches...  
...of the same family  
be on visiting terms?

It would certainly put her  
in the way of a grand marriage.

Then she ought to go there tomorrow.  
Let's drink to that. Mrs. Rolliver!  
There you are, my poppet.  
We was just on our way.  
But you're asking me to go begging.  
Begging. What are you saying?  
It is all in the family.  
If they was in need, I should  
take them in without a word.  
We all have to take the ups  
with the downs, Tess.  
Now, you must go and see her...  
...and ask her for some help  
in our trouble.  
If the lady received me at all, it  
would be enough if she were friendly.  
You must not expect her to help us.  
Come, come, my dear.  
With your pretty face,  
you could coax her into anything.  
I'd rather try to get work.  
Durbeyfield, you decide.  
If you say she must go, she'll go.  
Well, girl, do you want to go visiting  
this grand kinswoman of ours?  
- I'd much sooner not, Father.  
- There, she doesn't want to!  
I don't like my children making  
themselves beholden with strange kin.  
I'm the head of the noblest branch  
of the family...  
...and I got my pride to think of.  
All this bragging about your ancestors.  
It isn't them as will buy us  
a new horse.  
It's all new.  
Well, my beauty...  
...what can I do for you?  
- I came to see Mrs. D'Urberville.  
- I'm afraid that's impossible.  
She's an invalid.  
What was your business with her?  
I'm her son.  
It wasn't business, it was...

I can hardly say what.

- Not business, sir, no.

- Pleasure, then?

No, sir.

It is so very foolish, I...

- I fear I can't tell you.

- Never mind.

I like foolish things.

Try again, dear.

I came, sir, to tell you that...

...we are of the same family as you.

Poor relations?

- Yes.

- Stokes?

No, d'Urbervilles.

Yes, yes, I meant d'Urbervilles.

Tell me...

...do you like strawberries?

- Yes, when they're in season.

- Here, they already are.

Our name has become Durbeyfield...

...but we have several proofs  
that we're d'Urbervilles.

That's who the antiquarians  
hold we are, so Mother said...

...we should make ourselves  
beknown to you...

...as we've lost our horse...

...and we are the oldest branch  
of the family.

I see.

So you've come to pay me  
a courtesy call, really...

...as one relation to another.

- I suppose I have.

- Yes. Well, there's no harm in that.

I would rather take it  
from my own hand.

Don't be so coy, my pretty cousin.

There.

Come, this one too.

It's the perfect place.

Believe me.

You'll look a regular posy!

- What's the matter?

- A thorn.

Cousin, beauty has its price.

I'm not very hungry. Truly, I'm not.

Nonsense.

You must eat something

before you go.

It's no mean ride

from here to your village.

I shall see what I can do for you.

But listen, Tess, no more

of this d'Urberville nonsense.

Plain Durbeyfield, understand?

It's quite a different name.

I wish for no better, sir.

"In reference to your daughter

and further to her visit...

...we write to inform you

of our willingness...

...to consider engaging her services...

...in the managing of a poultry farm

of modern character.

If, after a suitable period,

your daughter...

...proves satisfactory,

we should guarantee her...

...comfortable accommodation

and a good wage.

Your earliest reply would be

greatly appreciated."

So you charmed them after all,

did you?

Let me see that letter.

- Who wrote it?

- Who?

Mrs. D'Urberville, of course.

Look at the signature.

Me? Manage a poultry farm?

- I truly don't think I should go.

- Poultry.

It is just her way of getting you there

without raising your hopes too much.

She's going to own you as kin.

Hey! The seal!



This is it!  
It's the same as ours.  
Look at it, lad.  
A ramping, great, big lion  
with a castle on top.  
There's no denying it, girl.  
Mrs. D'Urberville recognized  
her own flesh and blood.  
But she never even saw me.  
Well, you couldn't expect her to throw  
her arms round your neck...  
...her being an invalid.  
But her son made you welcome.  
He called you "cousin," didn't he?  
I'd rather bide here with you.  
Goodbye, Father.  
- You're off, then?  
- Yes. Goodbye, Father.  
Goodbye, girl.  
You're a comely sight.  
This young cousin of yours...  
...tell him that, being so come down  
in the world...  
...I'll sell him the title.  
Yes, I'll sell it, but a fair price.  
Not less than  
a thousand pounds, mind.  
That's right, tell him  
I'll take a thousand pounds.  
Well, now I come to think on it...  
...he can have it for a hundred.  
I won't stand on trifles.  
Fifty.  
Twenty pounds, tell him,  
and not a penny less.  
- Family honor is family honor.  
- Come, it's time to go.  
I want to walk a little ways  
with Tess.  
So do I, now she's leaving  
to marry our gentleman cousin.  
I'll hear no more of that.  
Mother, how could you have put  
such nonsense into their heads?

She's going to work for a rich relation,  
my dears...

...and help us earn enough money  
to get a new horse.

Oh, Mother, I wish our Tess  
hadn't gone to be a lady.

Don't hold my arm!

Grab me round the waist!

Ungrateful little minx. Why abandon  
me as soon as you feel safe?

The danger came of your foolishness.

I say, what a temper.

When people are on top of a hill,  
they have to get down somehow.

But not at a gallop, surely.

Fancy being asked that  
by a brave little beauty like you.

I always go downhill at a gallop.

You can't beat it

for stirring the blood.

But perhaps you needn't

do so again.

Perhaps not.

It all depends.

One little kiss on those ruby lips  
or even on that satin cheek...

...and I drive at a snail's pace,  
word of honor.

But I don't want to be kissed, sir.

Stop, stop, I beg you!

Very well, do as you wish.

I don't mind.

But I thought you'd protect me,  
being a kinsman.

Kinsman be hanged.

You're mighty sensitive  
for a village lass.

- Oh, my hat!

- Whoa, boy.

You look even prettier without it!

- Come along, now. Up you get.

- No, sir.

- You won't ride with me?

- No, I shall walk.

It's four miles to Trantridge, at least.  
I wouldn't care if it were 20.  
You watch out for Dollop, the bailiff.  
He's a devil.  
Not Mr. Alec. Spends half  
his time on horseback...  
...and the rest of it chasing  
the likes of us.  
His mother's a queer old soul,  
but no real trouble.  
It is a mercy for us she's blind.  
- Mrs. D'Urberville's blind?  
- Stone-blind.  
Their real name is Stoke.  
How's that?  
It were Mr. Alec's father  
had the notion.  
He bought the name  
of an old extinguished family...  
...to make himself important.  
Whatever are you doing?  
Missus is waiting for her birds.  
Quick, it slipped my mind entirely.  
Now, you catch hold  
of Phena there...  
...and that one.  
That one there and the white one.  
So you are the new young woman.  
Well, how are my birds?  
This is Strut.  
He doesn't seem so lively today,  
does he?  
He's alarmed at being handled  
by a stranger, I suppose.  
And Phena?  
Yes, yes.  
They are a little frightened.  
Aren't you, my poor dears?  
Never mind.  
They'll soon get used to you.  
Can you whistle?  
Whistle, ma'am?  
Yes, whistle tunes.  
A little.

Then you will have to practice every day.

I think a lot of my fowls, but there are also my bullfinches to consider.

I had a young lad who whistled to them very well, but he left. They've been neglected for days.

Master Alec whistled to them this morning, ma'am.

Him.

Nor art nor nature ever created a lovelier thing than you, Cousin Tess.

To see that pretty mouth pouting and puffing away...

...without producing a single note.

- It is all a part of my work, sir.

- Never mind. I'll teach you.

I won't lay a finger on you.

See? I'll stay exactly where I am.

Now you watch me.

Don't screw up your lips too tight.

Do it like this.

Blow gently.

Gently.

Try.

No, no. Try again.

Again.

There. You'll manage splendidly now I've started you off.

Tell me, Tess, don't you find my mother a little odd?

I hardly know her, sir.

Well, I'm not in her good books at the moment.

But you should find favor if you treat her livestock well.

If you meet with any difficulties...

...don't go to Dollop...

...come to me.

What? Don't you fancy a dance, then?

I'm mortal tired.

- When are you all going home?

- Soon enough, soon enough.

Well, my beauty.  
What are you doing here  
this time of night?  
I'm waiting for the others, sir...  
...not being acquainted  
with the road home.  
I only have a saddle horse.  
Come to the inn with me.  
I'll hire a trap for us both.  
No, no. Thank you,  
but I promised to wait for them.  
Very well. Silly girl.  
Please yourself.  
What's that creeping  
down your back?  
Well, I declare!  
It is treacle!  
- You dare laugh at me, you hussy.  
- I can't help it.  
No more than the others.  
You think you're the queen  
of Trantridge...  
...just because you're first favorite  
with him.  
She never said anything.  
Leave her.  
I'll show you. I'm worth two of your  
sort for all your airs and graces.  
If I'd known what sort you were...  
...I'd never have lowered myself  
by accepting your company.  
- I'll show you.  
- Hey there, workfolk.  
What's all the row about?  
Quickly, jump up beside me.  
Out of the frying pan, into the fire.  
- Where are we?  
- Passing through The Chase.  
The Chase?  
It is out of our way, surely.  
This forest is one of the oldest  
and loveliest in England, Tess.  
Don't you think it deserves  
to be seen...

...on a glorious God-given  
night like this?

Yes, but...

No buts. There's a good girl.

I'll be honest with you.

I'm happy.

I'm trying to prolong the moment.

You were shivering a while back.

Now I can feel your warmth  
against me.

- Are you still cold?

- No, not now.

I'll let my animal  
walk a little further.

He'll make better progress  
once he's rested.

Tell me...

...what news of your parents' horse?

- They have no horse.

They have since Monday last.

- Did you...?

- Forgive me for mentioning it.

I thought they would have  
written to you.

- I don't know what to say.

- It's nothing.

I knew how important it was  
for your father to have a new horse.

Really.

It's you he should thank.

I'm grateful to you.

Truly I am.

But I almost wish  
you hadn't done this.

Yes, I almost do.

- Is that a reproach?

- Oh, no.

It is very kind of you, I'm sure.

I've been in torment  
ever since you came to us.

- Then I'll leave tomorrow, sir.

- That's absurd.

I don't want you to leave.

That's the last thing I want.

Is there no hope for me?  
None at all?  
Tess.  
I'm dying for you.  
Can't you see?  
Forgive me.  
Oh, please forgive me.  
- Are you hurt?  
- No, it's nothing. Nothing.  
You're bleeding.  
Oh, my God.  
How ever could I have  
done such a thing?  
It's me.  
Don't be so foolish.  
Open the door.  
You'll force me  
to make a noise, Tess.  
My mother has sharp ears.  
She'll hear.  
Enough of this nonsense, darling.  
Open up.  
Why sneak away...  
...like a thief?  
And at this hour in the morning?  
Nobody would've prevented  
you leaving.  
At least let me drive you home.  
Unless you'd care to come back.  
I shan't come back.  
- What are you crying for?  
- I was only thinking...  
...I was born over there.  
Well, we all have  
to be born somewhere.  
L... I wish I'd never been born.  
- There or anywhere else.  
- You're absurdly melancholy, Tess.  
You can hold your own for beauty  
against any woman.  
Queen or commoner.  
I tell you that as a practical man  
who wishes you well.  
If you're wise, you'll let the world

get a clearer sight of that beauty...  
...before it fades.  
Why not make the most of life?  
We didn't fare so badly  
together, did we?  
- I was blinded for a while, that's all.  
- That's what all women say.  
How dare you talk like that?  
Has it never struck you what all  
women say, some women may feel?  
- All right. I was wrong, I admit it.  
- Please, please stop.  
I should like to get down here.  
I'm a bad lot, I suppose.  
A damn bad lot.  
I was born bad,  
and I warrant I'll die bad.  
Listen, Tess...  
...if circumstances should arise,  
do you understand?  
If you're ever in the least trouble,  
the least difficulty...  
...just send me one line, and you shall  
have whatever you need by return.  
You really won't come back?  
Goodbye, my four months' cousin.  
Goodbye.  
Tess?  
It is no use her pretending  
she hates it...  
...and wishes it in the churchyard  
and herself beside it.  
She loves that child of hers.  
Poor little mite.  
It don't look long for this world.  
Good evening, Durbeyfield.  
- What's your business?  
- My business?  
The child. I must baptize it before  
the Lord gathers it to his bosom.  
What child are you speaking of?  
All my children are baptized.  
You ought to know.  
Durbeyfield, don't play games



with the Almighty.

I don't play, sir, I work!

I work! Like a beast of the field.

You can tell the Almighty that  
from me.

- My baby's dying.

- You ought to have been more careful.

Like it or not, Jack,  
that child was born.

It is here, under your own roof.

- Not true.

- Father, come to your senses.

For pity's sake, let the vicar in!

He shan't set foot inside this house.

Not over my dead body!

There's enough disgrace  
on my name as it is.

O merciful God, take pity.

Take pity on him.

Send down your anger on me.

But have mercy on my child.

My child.

I should like to ask you  
something, sir.

Well, speak, girl. I'm listening.

Each of us shares  
in your sad affliction, my child.

We're all members  
of the suffering body of Christ.

My son was baptized.

Baptized? By whom?

By me, last night.

What procedure did you follow?

I woke my little brothers  
and sisters...

...and made them  
kneel down to pray.

'Liza-Lu held the prayer book open.

I lit a candle.

And then?

Then I held my child like this  
over the basin.

Yes.

I poured some water on his forehead,

**and I said:**

"I baptize thee...

...in the name of the Father,  
Son and Holy Ghost."

- Did you make the sign of the cross?

- Yes, I did that too.

Will it be just the same  
as if you'd baptized him?

In the sight of God, I mean.

Yes, my dear girl.

It will be the same.

Then you'll give him  
a Christian burial?

That's another matter.

Another matter? Why?

Well, that would concern  
the village as a whole.

Not just the two of us,  
you understand.

Won't you do it, sir?

Just this once?

I'm sorry.

I beg you, please.

I told you.

It's out of the question.

Then I don't like you.

I shall never come  
to your church again.

Never.

Never!

- Hey, Mr. Crick.

- Eh?

What, here already?

We didn't expect you afore tomorrow.

It is quite a step from here  
to Weatherbury.

- Marlott, sir. I come from Marlott.

- Yes, Marlott.

Well, that's even further.

Quite sure you can stand it here?

It is comfortable enough  
for rough folk...

...but we don't live

in a cucumber frame.  
I'm accustomed to that.  
I used to know your part  
of the county when I were a lad.  
Good. Right you are.  
Well, you'll want a rest  
and a morsel of food.  
I'd rather begin now,  
to get my hand in.  
Oh, come on.  
You must be famished.  
No, thank you.  
A little milk will suffice.  
Well, if you can swallow that,  
so be it.  
It is what I hain't touched for years.  
It lies in my innards like lead.  
To my thinking, the beasts  
aren't giving all they should.  
That's because there's  
a new hand come amongst us.  
I've known it happen afore.  
They do say that the milk goes up  
into their horns at such times.  
Anyone would think we were  
back in the Middle Ages.  
I don't appear to be making  
much progress.  
Take it gentle, sir. Take it gentle.  
Whoa, now.  
- It is skill that does it, not strength.  
- So my aching fingers tell me.  
Mrs. Crick's too proud to come  
milking with us, and that's a fact.  
Still, there's little enough  
to wherit about.  
And we do eat like gamecocks.  
No, you'll like it here.  
Mr. Crick, he's a very kindly man.  
Just fancy. He has his own  
family pew in church.  
Dairyman Dick all the week  
On Sundays, Mr. Richard Crick  
Who's that playing?

Mr. Clare.  
Mr. Clare.  
Him that's learning to milk.  
Angel Clare, he's called.  
Angel.  
It is no common name.  
He never says much to us,  
more's the pity.  
Why?  
Does he scorn common folk?  
Quite the opposite.  
He often makes mock of old families.  
It is quite simple.  
He's a parson's son  
with a mind to be a farmer.  
He's already tried his hand  
at sheep farming.  
Now he's learning dairy work  
with Mr. Crick.  
But what does he hold against  
old families?  
He says they're...  
...worm-eaten.  
That be your soul trying to escape.  
It is bread, that's all.  
No, it is when you sneeze,  
you're like to blow your soul away.  
As I see it, no soul can leave  
its mortal shell afore a body dies.  
What if a man falls down  
in a faint, Master Crick?  
Well, that's a different matter.  
The spirit bides there inside you,  
but you cannot feel it.  
But we can sometimes make  
our souls leave our bodies.  
How's that, then, maidy?  
Only have to lie  
on the grass at night...  
...and look straight up  
at some bright star.  
And stare at it with all your might.  
And by and by, you'll feel  
you're falling into the sky...

...miles and miles from your body...

...which you'll don't seem

to need at all.

Tess!

Why run away like that?

- Are you afraid?

- No, sir. Not of outdoor things. No.

- But you have your indoor fears, eh?

- Heavens, yes.

Of what?

I couldn't rightly say.

Of the milk turning sour?

No.

Fear of life, in general?

Yes, sir.

So have I. Very often.

Life's a puzzle. Don't you think?

Perhaps...

...now you put it that way.

It is no use. It won't take.

If this continues, I shall have

to call on Conjuror Trendle.

I don't say I believe in him, mind.

But if nothing else works,

I shall have to try it, shan't I?

Somebody here's in love, I'll be bound.

That can cause it, so I've heard.

Conjuror Fall,

to the side of Casterbridge.

He had the knack of it

when I was a lad.

It is a pity. He must be feeding

the worms by now.

My grandpa used to go to Conjuror

Mynterne out at Owlscombe.

But there's no folk

like him these days.

Somebody's in love, I tell you.

- What's the matter?

- The blasted butter won't come.

- Why is that?

- To my mind...

How warm it is today.

I think I'd be better out-of-doors.

They do say it happens  
when people are in love.  
I remember as a girl...  
Don't push.  
He looks so sad.  
Whatever can he be thinking of?  
Well, not of us.  
You can rely on that.  
You're a fine one to talk, lzz.  
- I saw you.  
- What did you see?  
It was the other day.  
I saw you kissing his shadow.  
Here he comes again.  
Dear eyes...  
Dear face...  
Dear Mr. Clare.  
It is terrible to think he'll never wed  
any one of us.  
More likely, he'll ask us to milk  
his cows for so much a year.  
What are we going to do?  
We shall have to take  
the stone-bridge road.  
We'll be late.  
- Doesn't he go to church?  
- No, never.  
I wish he would.  
You look like cats afraid of water.  
Only on account  
of our Sunday best, sir.  
Very well. I'll carry you  
just as you are.  
No, no, I'm far too heavy.  
Nonsense. I could carry  
all four of you at once.  
Hold on to me. That's it.  
I should put my arms around  
his neck and look into his eyes.  
There's nothing in that.  
There's a time for everything  
under heaven.  
A time to kiss and a time to cuddle.  
Shame on you, lzz.

That's scripture.

I always heed the prettiest  
verses in church.

If you helped me, perhaps I could  
climb along the bank.

Tess.

I've gone to three-quarters of this  
trouble for your sake alone.

She's angry. She doesn't understand.

She'll kick over the bucket.

Forgive me, my darling Tess.

I don't know what came over me.

There's only one excuse for it.

I love you.

Yes, I love you.

Angel?

Angel.

Hello, Mercy. Forgive me.

I didn't see you.

Forgive me.

Welcome home.

- How are you?

- Very well.

God be praised. You look radiant  
with health, I see.

The open air, probably.

Have you come to spend  
the holidays with your brothers?

Are they here? I had no idea.

No, I'm only paying my parents a brief  
visit to settle some urgent business.

Then I won't detain you.

I have my Bible class  
to take, in any case.

Au revoir, Angel.

- Angel!

- Angel! My boy.

I apologize, Father. I had no time  
to warn you of my arrival.

Perhaps you've forgotten how  
to write. With a pen, remember?

I brought you farmhouse delicacies.

Black puddings

and a bottle of mead.

Black puddings?  
It's true your mother and I  
have regretted...  
...hearing so little of your news.  
You must bear with him, Father.  
Spending all his time  
with sheep and cattle...  
...takes one closer to nature  
but further from Oxford.  
I would remind you, Felix...  
...that a university education  
means nothing...  
...unless it redounds  
to the glory of God.  
It can also redound  
to the glory of man.  
Only in the second place.  
How far are you  
in your apprenticeship?  
It's drawing to a close.  
What counts is spiritual cleanliness.  
Isn't that so, Father?  
The two go together, my boy.  
Father tells us you intend  
setting up on your own.  
Yes.  
- In what part of the world?  
- I don't know yet.  
The colonies perhaps.  
Heaven preserve us.  
It would suit the type of  
farming I have in mind.  
- What colony?  
- The choice is wide.  
Or I may settle in a foreign country.  
Some places offer land to immigrants  
on very favorable terms.  
Brazil, for example.  
Wonders will never cease.  
Nothing's settled yet.  
I came here to discuss it.  
That among other things.  
Shall we take a drop of good  
Mrs. Crick's delicious mead?



Oh forgive me . I forgot.  
Strong drink is the root of all evil.  
Take us into your confidence.  
Is it something serious?  
Not serious, but something  
important. The truth is  
son't you think it's time  
i considered marrying?  
Yes indeed my boy, yes indeed.  
Your mother and I have sometimes  
debated the same question.  
Really?  
And what sort of wife would you favour  
for a budding farmer like myself?  
Truly christian, god-fearing woman.  
One who will be of help and  
a comfort to you in all things.  
The rest matters little.  
You musn't hesitate, dear son.  
Why hesitate?  
To marry your heart's desire.  
Mercy Chant.  
She may be fond of over-  
decorating the church and  
flipparies and flowers,  
scraps of lacys and so forth but  
It's merely a girl's fancies. It will pass.  
Mercy's a pure and virtuous girl.  
Oh yes I know she's pure and virtuous.  
But honesty compels me to  
inform you that I have other plans.  
Other plans?  
Very much sir.  
Mercy Chant appeals more  
to you than she does to me.  
I'm not disputing her merits  
I'm only speaking of my own inclinations.  
My dearest boy.  
Angel.Please remember that  
you are addressing your parents.  
I'm aware of that.  
I already know the woman I intend to marry.  
Her name is Teresa Durbeyfield.  
Father, Mother. I respect you both.

I also respect Mercy Chant.  
And have no doubt  
she'll find worthier husband with or  
without your help. As for me,  
my mind is made up.  
Oh it's you...  
Tess, I want to ask you this now.  
Will you be my wife?  
I love you with all my heart and soul.  
I can not be your wife.  
Don't you love me?  
Oh yes yes...  
I'd rather belong to you  
than anyone in the world.  
Forgive me. I can't marry you.  
It was the good lord who put  
this nice young person's in your way.  
You must believe that.  
But with respects to your question,  
I tell you quite private but  
very strong. On no accounts,  
say a word about your bygone trouble.  
Never a word, my girl. Least of all to him.  
Tess. Why does the idea of  
becoming my wife displease you?  
I never said that. It would please me so much.  
It's simply that I can not.  
Why? Is there someone else?  
Don't i deserve to know the truth?  
Well?  
Not now  
When then?  
Later.  
But why?  
I'll tell you when we get home.  
You'll stop loving  
me when you know.  
Let me wait till then.  
Londoners will drink it at  
their breakfast tomorrow, won't they?  
Yes but watered down,  
in case it goes to their heads.  
Strangers that we have never seen.  
You saw me once before.

you know that?  
I did?  
You wouldn't dance with me.  
It was at Marlott.  
Of course!  
That's incredible!  
You remember now?  
Tessy!Tessy!  
Now my girl.  
Yes. I may never again be  
brave enough to tell my story.  
Then get on with your precious story.  
I was born at such and such place  
and in such and such a year...  
I was born at Marlott and i grew up there.  
I was in the Sixth Form when I left school.  
They said that I would make a geed teacher.  
But there was trouble in my family.  
Father was no great worker.  
He drank. Anyway, my parents, they...  
it was then that something happened.  
Something which changed my life like.  
They discovered  
that we were not Durbeyfields  
but D'Urbervilles.  
WELL, go on.  
WELL, that's it.  
WELL the D'Urbervilles are an old family.  
I know  
On account of being of that  
name my mother thought that...  
I was sent...  
-I had a...  
-A what?  
I was told that you hated old families.  
Is that all the trouble?  
None of that matters, Tess. Say you'll be my wife.  
Say it, Tess. SAY it, my dear love!  
Yes yes yes...  
my health, my simplicity.  
I'm a strangeness of my situation.  
I perhaps lessen my fault.  
But since I've committed it I am guilty.  
I must be guilty.

Because the lord sawfit to take my child.  
If what I have just written,  
failed to pass my lips,  
in your presence, then I have  
repeated it a thousand times  
in my heart. For it was the  
fear of losing you forever.  
For love of you,  
Is hall conquer that fear  
and bring you this letter  
Once you are savoured Angel  
you'll hold the rest  
of my life in your hands.  
I hope and I tremble. I love you.  
Oh darling!  
I've been assumed to put  
an edge on my appetite.  
I'm starving.  
Angel.  
Angel please.  
I must speak to you.  
What's the matter?  
I want to confess all my past faults, all of it!  
Later Sweetheart. Once we are married,  
we'll tell each other everything.  
I have some failings of my own to confess!  
I required and charge you both  
as you all have to answer  
at that dreadful day of judgement.  
Let the secrets of all  
hearts should be disclosed.  
If either of you know any impediments  
why you may not be  
lawfully joined in matrimony,  
Ye do now confess.  
Will thou have this woman  
for thou wedded wife  
To live together after  
god's just ordinance  
In the holiest state of matrimony,  
will thou love her, comfort her,  
honour and keep her in sickness  
and in health and forsaking  
all other, keep thee only unto her,

so long as ye both shall live?  
I will.  
Welcome sir, welcome ma'am.  
Mr Plunkit told me to make ye at home.  
The rooms, they are ready.  
They are on the first floor.  
Mr Plunkit had to leave for Manchester  
so you'll have the whole house  
to yourselves. I hope you  
are very comfortable here.  
The house is inclined to be  
damp but I put a good fire  
in the drawing room and  
leave it the afternoon.  
As for food, look, I've prepared  
you a cold supper and maybe  
there's a nice bottle of wine to go with it!  
Tomorrow, if you wish, I'll  
bring you some of my husband's  
excellent cider. He makes it himself.  
Oh... oh... to use your ups...  
The... bedroom!  
A bit of surprise, love.  
I've totally prepared...  
my son picked it in the bush.  
Oh... it's a good bed.  
I think you'll find that you like it.  
now i'll leave you to yourselves.  
cheerio  
Which are my hands and which are yours?  
They are all yours.  
Open it. It's for you.  
Family jewels.  
Is this for me?  
Of course.  
Truly?  
Put them on. Put them on now.  
Oh god, how beautiful you are.  
Come and see.  
I have a confession to make my love.  
You have something to confess?  
Why not? You think far too highly of me.  
Now listen. I want you to forgive me.  
And not be angry with me

for failing to tell you earlier.  
This is nothing for fear of losing you.  
I shall be brief.  
Not long before we met,  
I lived in London for a time.  
There, I met a woman older  
than myself. Ours was a false  
relationship. A sad one.  
It was all over in a few weeks.  
That's all there is to tell.  
Do you forgive me?  
Angel, oh, Angel.  
You are so utterly good and gentle  
I was mad to fear you'll hate me.  
I have a confession too Angel.  
Something of a same kind.  
Well, tell me at table. WE'll talk over supper.  
I'm hungry, aren't you?  
I told you. I have a confession like your own.  
What confession?  
I shall be just as brief.  
His name is D'Urberville like mine.  
Alexander D'Urberville.  
His family bought the title.  
Their real name is Stoke.  
It was fate that drove me to work  
for false relations as a way of  
hoping my own folk to live.  
Alec, Alexander took advantage of me.  
Lioness strength... my defeat.  
I became his mistress  
and his affaire without love.  
Like yours, my sad union  
ended after a few weeks.  
We bore a child which died very young.  
My life was a ruins until the day I met you.  
I'm going out.  
If you don't forgive me.....  
but I forgive you, Angel.  
Yes, I know.  
But you.... you don't forgive me?  
You were one person, now you are another.  
I have mercy.  
I have mercy.

Angel, what do you mean by that laugh?  
How can you speak to me like this?  
It frightens me. How can you?  
You are not the woman I loved.  
Well, who am I then?  
Another woman in her shape.  
It is not the woman I love... but  
another woman in her shape.  
Angel, Angel, please.  
I was a child, a child when it happened.  
I... I knew nothing of men.  
You were sinned against. That I grant you.  
So you don't forgive me.  
I forgive you, but forgiveness isn't all.  
You don't love me.  
I can not help associating your lack  
of firmness with the decline of your family.  
Decrepid families imply indeficient  
will-power and indecadent conduct.  
I thought you were a child of nature.  
But you are the last in the line  
of degenerate aristocrats.  
Breakfast is ready.  
You can get rid of me.  
What did you say?  
You can get rid of me.  
You won't see me.  
Good god.  
How can you be so simple?  
You are too much of a child.  
Too immature.  
Too ignorant I suppose.  
Leave that!  
You are my wife, not my servant.  
I am your wife but you  
don't want to live with me.  
You are going to go, aren't you?  
I couldn't stay without despising myself  
which is worse than despising you.  
How can we live together  
while that man exists?  
He is your natural husband. Not I.  
Can you honestly tell me to stay?  
No.

But it's absolutely necessary  
that one of us remain here  
to avoid a scandal.  
We must at least keep up appearances.  
Oh yes we must.  
What will you do?  
I can go home.  
You sure?  
If you leave me, I shall go home.  
Certainly.  
Cross-in-hands, sir.  
Yes I know.  
Come  
Now let's be clear about this.  
There's no anger in our hearts.  
Even though something  
has happened between us  
which I cannot endure at present.  
I shall let you know where I go  
and if I think i can  
bare it, if I'm capable of it,  
I shall come to fetch you.  
I shall wait.  
Until then, you'd do better  
not to try and join me.  
Until then, I must not join you.  
May I write to you?  
Oh yes. If you are ill  
or in need of anything.  
Ha very good day to you Mr Clare.  
I've brought you some groceries.  
There is some chicken,  
come sausages and bacon.  
Thank you, thank you so much.  
I've also brought you some butter,  
some flour, a dozen eggs  
But that's far too much.  
Newly-weds are always hungry sir!  
From tonight onwards,  
I shall cook for you myself.  
The truth is, you see, for sometime  
I shall be needing less than  
that, because, infact,  
I shall be alone for a day or two.



My wife has been obliged  
to rejoin her parents.  
Was there any illness in the family?  
No no nothing of that kind.  
It was all arranged beforehand.  
So as far as all my meals  
are concerned during Mrs. Clare's  
absence, I'll talk of that later.  
Well shall... shall I leave the basket?  
Yes, indeed... the basket'll do for the day.  
I was passing on my way home sir.  
WE wanted to wish you well.  
You and Mrs. Clare.  
She's not here.  
I'm on the point of leaving  
myself as you see.  
I'm leaving England.  
I've made up my mind to go to Brazil.  
Brazil? I am pleased. Tell Mrs Clare,  
I hope the journey agrees with her.  
She will not be leaving for the present.  
I'm going on ahead to get  
the measure of the place and  
see what life there is like.  
How's Retty?  
Good. REtty's as strong as ever.  
And Marian?  
Marianne's taken to drinks sir.  
Really?  
Yes. Mr Crick's got rid of her.  
And you lzz. Are you well?  
With you gone sir, how could we be?  
There... tis said.  
Bye sir.  
Goodbye lzz.  
Izz!  
If I was to ask you to  
come with me now,  
Come to Brazil with me,  
would your answer be yes?  
To come with you I should  
leave everything this minute.  
You know what it will mean  
in the eyes of the society.

I wouldn't care.  
Do you love me so much?  
I've always loved you.  
More than Tess.  
No. Not more than her.  
Nobody could have  
loved you more than Tess.  
She would have given her life for you.  
I could do no more.  
Oh... it's vanity.  
Good night my pretty.  
Good night sir.  
It is late for a maid to be roaming  
around the manor by herself.  
Have you lost your way then?  
Step up here beside me and  
I'll take you a part of the road.  
for you scarce put one  
foot in front of the other.  
Ride with me I say.  
Ah? But I know you.  
You are that Mr Stokes-  
D'Urberville's fancy woman.  
You weren't too proud  
to cock-a-leg for Groby.  
Trollop!  
If it isn't my little Tess.  
Oh poor poppet. What a state you are in.  
You are so cold!  
Here. Get that inside you  
This will warm your bones  
Go on my love. Drink it.  
Get it out  
You mustn't let yourself go.  
Even bad luck runs out in the end.  
Take my word for it.  
I can't go on.  
You'll feel better tomorrow.  
OH no. I can't go on. My life...  
If I had the courage, I'd like to die.  
Don't talk such flubbery.  
Why didn't you come and see me sooner?  
Eh? I could have taken you in here, my girl.  
Is there still some work here.

In this wretched place?  
There's always work here.  
Come... have some  
of my nice soup.  
After that, we must  
take off those slum,  
mirky clothes and  
prettify yourself. Eh?  
Just to make me jealous again, hey?  
WEll, Tessy.  
Are you the new hand?  
T'was you was it?  
Is that all you've done?  
T'is a mighty poor show.  
She's not accustomed to it.  
I don't keep useless hands here.  
I'm not payed for what we do.  
So where's the difference?  
No arguing.  
I want the whole lot cleared.  
Well, it's too late.  
You'd better.  
Now, you not mind Groby.  
T'is just as well.  
Ah... I know lord loves us.  
but it's not like it was at the dairy.  
Dairyman on the deck all the week,  
On Sundays he's the Mr Richard Crick!  
It don't do to pray here missy.  
There's been a curse on this place.  
This is the Cross-in-hand, isn't it?  
Aye. So it is.  
On the count of a malefactor  
they tortured here, in ancient times  
they did nail his hand onto the  
post and then they hangged him.  
The bones are down  
there to this day I'm told.  
OH!  
What have you found?  
An old pair of boots.  
STill in good condition.  
Could be of use to the poor.  
There! Have a look.

I knew nothing of your circumstances.  
Nothing at all until your mother wrote to me.  
My mother?  
She wrote what you should  
have told me a long time ago.  
I came at once.  
Tess...  
Why did you never say anything?  
I had nothing to ask of you.  
That isn't so.  
You wear your ridiculous pride like a h  
And you put me even more  
in the wrong than I was!  
Against my will  
I have done my duty for my child.  
On my honour i did it.  
honour...  
I want to take you away  
from this wretched place.  
Somewhere you're worthy of.  
What is this strange temptation  
that misery holds for you?  
Come to your senses.  
Come away with me.  
your father's ill.  
Did you know?  
yes...  
they fear the worst.  
your family will be evicted if he dies.  
I'm offering you my help sincerely.  
Noone else seems to care.  
Who is this husband of yours?  
How can he abandon you like this?  
Tess!  
There's a point beyond  
which obstinty becomes stupidity.  
Are you in love with this drudgery?  
I may be a sham-D'Urberville  
but my little finger can  
do more for you than  
your blue-blooded ancestors.  
I'm right. You know I am.  
Forget about all this  
and forget about that mule

that you call your husband.  
Go on. Hit me. I shall not cry out.  
Once beckon...  
always beckon again.  
That's law.  
I was your master once  
and so shall be again.  
If you are any man's wife,  
you are mine.  
My own dear husband.  
I shall die soon unless  
I get a word from you.  
All my letter have  
remained unanswered.  
Have you even received them?  
I long for one thing only.  
And that is to see you again.  
Come back to me Angel.  
Come back to me and save me  
from the thing that threatens me.  
Any reasonable person would  
call this a ludicrous situation.  
I offered to help you.  
You wanted all of that.  
You prefer to turn yourself into gypsies.  
Please go.  
In other words, Mrs. Clare,  
you are asking me to let  
you starve in peace.  
Go away!  
You'll be civil yet.  
What's to become of me  
and my poor little mites?  
WE be the D'Urberville family.  
It's written there isn't it?  
Oh yeah... it's written there  
fine enough. I grant you.  
But the rooms have been taken.  
You never sent in your deposits.  
He means the money to  
pay for the account, mother.  
There's more to life than money sir!  
You can not leave these poor,  
fatherless children in the streets.

It would be a crime!  
Missus...  
Hospitality is sacred,  
even among the Pagan Turks!  
Please Missus... tis your own fault.  
We'll see about that.  
We are a true descendents  
of the knightly D'Urbervilles.  
Nobody leaves us in  
the streets like raw apples.  
Not in the home of our ancestors.  
Our boards are in the  
crip there laid out there in their carpets.  
what's with you...  
No, my dear. What's true is true.  
Your poor father's eyes  
are on us. We mustn't shame him.  
Oh lord protect his own.  
On the weekly champ he punished.  
Ladies stopping here then?  
no my good man. we are going on.  
Good man... good man...  
I ought to get by to Marlott.  
Unload Darrell.  
Where?  
Here!  
Here?  
Yes Here.  
We shall camp beside our church  
until the town of our ancestors,  
Find us our shelters.  
Now come on children.  
Set to work.  
Why am I on the  
wrong side of this door?  
Yeah!  
It's me Father, Angel!  
My boy, my poor boy.  
I've been ill but I'm alright now.  
Why have you treated me  
so monstrously Angel?  
I do not deserve it.  
I have thought it over carefully  
and I can never, never forgive you.

You are cruel. I shall try to forget you.  
All I ever received of  
your hands is injustice.  
Mr Durbeyfield.  
Beg your pardon?  
You are Mr Durbeyfield?  
They don't live here no more.  
Since when?  
Since John Durbeyfield died.  
Do you know where they went?  
Durbeyfield... from 1832 to 1888  
more properly D'Urberville of once  
powerful family of that name  
and directly descended  
through illustrious lines  
of Pagan D'Urberville.  
Likes of a conqueror.  
How are the mighty fallen?  
Ah yes... how indeed.  
May I? for the poor.  
I prefer to settle  
the Mason's account.  
You'd think he's never  
been paid for his work.  
They were an odd family.  
My colleague Mr Tringham,  
would have done  
better to have kept his mouth shut.  
I should like to see Mrs Clare.  
Tess  
Yes I know. She's not here.  
You are Mrs. Durbeyfield.  
Yes  
Where is she living?  
I don't know.  
I'm her husband.  
I guessed as much.  
Then tell me where she is.  
Please, tell me.  
Leave her. Leave her in peace.  
My poor girl's suffered enough.  
She don't care to see you sir. Never.  
Mrs Durbeyfield,  
take pity on a lonely,

wretched man.  
Tell me where to find her.  
I beg you.  
She's at Sandbourne.  
Sandbourne? But where?  
It's a large town these days.  
That's all I know. Sandbourne.  
Excuse me.  
I'm looking for a Mrs. Clare.  
Would you by any  
chance know her address?  
Ah, George. You got a Clare around?  
No... we've had a lot of  
visitors here. You know.  
Or Durbeyfield. Miss Durbeyfield.  
D'Urberville at the Herons.  
That's it. D'Urberville.  
It's a boarding house sir. Can't miss it.  
Whereabouts?  
Yes?  
Please excuse me  
for calling at this hour.  
But do you have a Teresa  
D'Urberville staying in your board?  
Mrs D'Urberville you mean?  
Yes.  
Please come in.  
Would be kind enough to  
tell her that her relative  
is anxious to see her?  
It's rather early sir. What name shall I give?  
Angel.  
Mr Angel?  
Angel. It's my christian name.  
She'll understand.  
I'll go and see if she's awake.  
Tess. I came to ask your forgiveness.  
It's too late.  
Too late? My darling wife.  
I've come to fetch you.  
I'm going to...  
Don't come near me Angel please.  
Too Late. Too Late.  
I'm not the man I was. I've suffered too.



I humbly beg you to forgive me.  
Yes. yes... But I tell you it's too late.  
Don't you know at all? Don't you?  
How did you find your way here?  
I saw your mother.  
I waited and waited for you.  
But you didn't come.  
I wrote to you. But you didn't come.  
He has been good tome.  
To all of us.  
He's won me back to him.  
He's upstairs.  
Go now Angel. Go please.  
Never come back anymore.  
Good morning my dear  
WEll, what's the matter now?  
You feeling unwell?  
Is that why you have the vapours?  
Yes? No?  
yes I know. You are moping as usual.  
For god's sake, try and make an effort.  
Did you have a bad dream?  
Brazil perhaps?  
These mooning hysterics  
of yours are in poor taste.  
Don't forget we are  
lunching with the Bennets.  
I'd like you to look presentable.  
A genuine D'Urberville.  
I came to tell you that I killed him.  
I've done it.  
I don't know how  
I don't know.  
I tried to rake him with my glove put  
the blood in his mouth  
I thought I might be capable of it  
Yes... yes. It was from that day on  
What's mean?  
I've killed him  
I won't desert you.  
I shall protect you by  
every means in my power.  
Whatever you may or may  
not have done, I love you.

I love you.  
Will they hang me?  
WE must get out at the next  
station and head north on foot.  
They'll be looking for us at the Wessex ports.  
Once we reach the north  
we'll go abroad.  
WE have makings of a mule here.  
and a bottle of wine.  
Rest at last.  
We must leave at once.  
WE must leave here as soon as possible.  
My life couldn't be a matter of weeks?  
Why not wait for them here?  
Since they'll catch me in any case.  
I'm going to save you.  
Do you hear?  
I'm going to save you.  
Can't we rest here?  
I'm afraid not. By day this place  
is visible from miles around.  
There are no stars tonight.  
Perhaps we could have made  
our souls take flight together.  
Do they sacrifice to god here?  
No . To the sun I believe. It's a Pagan temple.  
Older than the ages.  
Older than the D'Urbervilles.  
Do you think we shall meet again after death?  
I'm afraid Angel. I'm afraid.  
There's no use sir.  
The whole country's roused.  
She's sleeping. Just a little longer.  
Have they come for me?  
Yes.  
I'm ready.