The Constant Nymph

By Kathryn Scola
I have telephoned all over Brussels for you. What kind of a husband are you to desert your wife like this? I walked from the office by way of the park. And while you walked in the park I had to send for Dr. Renee. Because you're ill? No, Mr. Dodd had a letter from the papers from London. A boarder gets a letter, so, you send for the doctor? I thought he'd go insane! He threw his piano over on the floor. Tore up his music. All of it. The work of a year. Good. We shall not hear it again. He shouted out loud that he was no longer a composer. I would have shouted it to him long before... ...if boarders were easy to find. He said he was no longer a composer, but a mechanic. A mechanic? Maybe he is. I'll go up. Tell me, my dear doctor, do you know the difference... ...between a consonance and a dissonance? I'm a doctor of medicine, not a doctor of music. I don't like doctors, I don't need doctors. —What do you need, Mr. Dodd? —Nothing. I have everything. This is very inconvenient. I have patients at the hospital. —Why am I here? —Why are any of us here, doctor? I don't know why we're here now...
...but I know why
you won't be here tomorrow.
Marie and I will require
this room.
Georges, you will consult me
about that.
I've decided!
The house is in my charge!
That is my piano
and this is my chair!
Is there any insanity
in your family, Mr. Dodd?
I have no family, how could I have
any insanity in it?
My dear doctor,
I'd like to pay you,
to thank you and
say good-bye.
It is my opinion that you are
much more than slightly mad.
-Thank you, doctor.
-Adieu.
Good-bye.
Before you put
that money back,
will you glance at this piano?
It's broken.
Can no one be right but me?
What would calm you, Mr. Dodd?
I don't know.
Brandy will not calm you.
And you're smoking all the time.
-You received something from England.
-Oh, yes, from London.
As you know, my symphony was presented
at Regents Hall in London last week.
-Remember?
-Yes, it was very strange music.
Did you ever tell me it was strange?
You heard it?
-We heard it so many times.
-I see.
And it made you uncomfortable.
-Oh, no, no...
-Yes, why should we be afraid?
Georges is right,
listen to this.
This is the foremost
music critic in London:
"It is inconceivable
to this critic..."
"...that a program as delicately
conceived as this..."
"...should be mire by the rude intrusion
of uncomfortable dissonance."
They were uncomfortable, Georges,
and so were you.
It must be that I was uncomfortable
and I conveyed it through my music.
But, we try to make you
comfortable here.
You worked for
a whole year!
That's right, a year, to become
a mechanic. Listen to this:
"However, it is to be considered
that Mr. Dodd,"
"the brilliant, young,
Belgium modernist,"
has accomplished a series of
tonal mechanics."
Now, you see?
I am a mechanic!
-There was another foreign letter.
-I didn't see it.
Yes, two of them.
One from London and
one from Switzerland.
Switzerland? The Sangers!
-What about dinner, Marie?
-What about dinner, Marie?
Every Christmas,
when you go to the Sanger,
you come back so changed
and so gay.
Well, I've known them
since they were babies.
I've seen them grow up.
Your Dr. Renee should meet them.
There he would find insanity
of the most enchanting kind.
Good place for you to go.
-Oh, Georges, please...
What about dinner, Marie?
Ah, poor Sanger.
-Mr. Dodd.
-Mm?
You remember you wrote a song
for the Sanger children?
-A little song?
-Mm-hmm, but you did not send it.
Oh, that. It was too sad.
They're so gay, I threw it away.
No, I found it in the rubbish.
-Here it is.
-You did! Look.
Cello for Kate.
She's the eldest.
Violin for Paula. Little Paula,
she's the youngest.
Piano for Toni...
...and viola for Tessa,
the pick of the bunch.
And the mother?
They all have different mothers,
except Paula and Tessa.
Yes, these two share
the same mother.
And what has Mr. Sanger besides
children and all their mothers?
A genius for music and
a new Russian wife.
-He's rich?
-Tremendously rich.
So much so, sometimes he hasn't got
enough money to buy food.
Yet, they live in a chalet
in Switzerland.
Yes, a beautiful dilapidated spot.
I must go there tonight,
I can't wait.
Give Georges a hug, a kiss and
tell him not to be angry.
And ask him to send a telegram
for me, to Albert Sanger.
Here's the address.
"Arriving Wednesday, kill a pig and
buy some decent brandy. Lewis."
Thank you, Marie.
What's the matter, Roberto?
What is it?
"Arriving Wednesday, kill a pig and
buy some decent brandy. Lewis."
My God, I've been swimming and
I got my hair wet! Oh...!
Kate!
Kate! Kate!
-You'll wake your father.
-He's coming! Lewis is coming!

He says:
a buy some decent brandy"
There, yeah, brandy.
-For Mr. Sanger.
-Give it to me.
I'll get his room ready
with some lovely flowers--
No, we have another guest coming,
a Mr... Mr. Trigorin.
He must have that room and--
Lewis must go to the stable loft.
Oh, God, I got my hair wet--
It'll dry in the sun!
Get Paula, you'll both help me
with the rooms.
Paula!
Paula!
Quiet, you'll wake your father.
Who cares?
You've broken my spine,
I suppose you know that.
-Lewis is coming.
-When?
Any minute.
That ribbon happens to belong to me.
-Where's mine?
-I don't know.
Hurry up if you want to come
to meet Lewis.
He'll be here any minute!
I don't want to stay here
with you, you drunken...
...pig! Drunken pig!
He's a drunken pig.
It's my father
you're talking about.
My husband.
Kate!
-Kate, any coffee apart?
-Please, Lina--
Tessa, take this up to father...
...and tell him about Lewis
and Mr. Trigorin.
-Lend me that ribbon, will you?
-Your hair is pretty without it.
-You had stomach-ache yesterday.
-It's better today.
Here, fasten me up.
-What's the matter with you, Tessa?
-Lewis is coming!
I've got my hair wet and
I can't find my ribbon!
-Where is it?
-I don't know.
-Here, take this one.
-Thank you, Kate, I'll return it.
Take this and don't drop it.
-What about Lewis' brandy?
-I put out half of it. Go on!
Who's there?
It's Tessa, father.
I'm afraid you'll have to
add a little water.
Roberto could only get one bottle.
We owe so much.
Lewis Dodd's coming today.
He sent us a telegram.
Lewis Dodd, yes, I--
I wrote to him.
Father, would you do me
a favor?
What?
Would you let me trim
your hair up a bit?
Lewis will think no one
takes care of you.
-No!
-Oh, come on, please.
What're you going to call it?
"A Little Girl Cutting
Her Father's Hair".
No, no!
-Father?
-Uh?
-Would you tell me something?
-Mm-hmm.
Is Lewis Dodd a really
very fine musician?
Good technique.
He's like the weather.
Today is thunders,
tomorrow is sunny.
Like children playing.
But there's no blood pulsing
through his music, no heart.
It's the new school
that's coming in.
If he'd only cry.
He ever really laughs,
I'm sure he couldn't cry.
If he'd fall in love, if some woman
could disturb him.
I'm sure he's never known
a woman.
If he could suffer,
that's what I mean.
What would make him suffer?
I don't know.
That's something that happens
to all of us.
Father, listen.
It's Lewis!
He's here!
Paula!
Paula, come on!
Didn't you hear Lewis?
Lewis Dodd!
Lewis Dodd!
- You're actually here!
- How are you, darling?
Hello, Tessa!
I've been swimming,
I've got my hair wet.
I wish you kids
would stop growing.
You make me feel very old!
You're growing up like sting weeds.
That's not very nice of you, Lewis.
Oh! What have you got there?
And those beautiful bags?
That's Mr. Trigorin.
The bags are his.
- Where did you find him?
- He's come to visit your father.
Mr. Trigorin staged a ballet
from one of your father's operas.
You are the charming daughters
of Mr. Sanger?
This is Paula.
And this--
this here is Tessa,
the pick of the bunch.
Girls, welcome your guest, please.
He looks like a flea trainer.
- Welcome.
- How long will you stay?
See what I mean, Mr. Trigorin?
They're charming little ladies.
- Ah, signore!
- Roberto, nice to see you!
Please, bring up these bags,
will you?
Oh, where is Toni?
- No, Tessie, you can't tell it.
- Of course, I can.
Lewis is part of this house.
Aren't 'you, Lewis?
What 're you talking about?
Where's Toni?
Toni went to Zurich and
she wrote us a postcard.
She said she was staying with friends
only, we don't believe it.
Father's furious and says he'll
beat her when she gets back--
Wait, wait, one at a time.
You mean our mad little Toni...
...has become a "bad little Toni"?
Yes, and we think Fritz Bercovy
is at the bottom of it.
-We don't know, we're very upset.
-Who's Bercovy?
Fritz Bercovy, he's very rich,
he owns ten theatres now.
-Oh, little Fritz...
-It's very disturbing, Lewis!
-Yes, I know. She'll be back.
-We hope so...
-Oh, good morning, dear Lina!
-Madame Sanger.
Yes, sorry, Mme. Sanger.
-I've got a gift for you.
-A gift?
A beautiful and plump one.
It's waiting for you
on the patio.
-His name is Trigorin.
-Oh, Trigorin!
I know him from
Saint Petersburg. Trigorin!
She's driving Sanger mad.
I think he'd be glad...
-...if she left him.
-I don't know about that.
Children, please.
-Where do I sleep?
-In the loft.
Mr. Trigorin has
the guest room.
-Only if you'd take the other bed.
-With a flea trainer?
On the loft!
-May we help you--?
-No, darling, I'm sorry...
...but I'm dead.
I'm going to sleep.
Oh, if Sanger calls me, wake me...

(Thank you, darling.)
-...but gently.
-Yes, I will.

Here, let me do your hair.
Sanger said today that Lewis was like the weather.
That if he never really cried, he'd never be really great.
What do you think could make him cry?
He must've been in love and cried about that.
-He's never been in love.
-How do you know?
He may know a lot of things but...
...he's never known real love any more than we have.
-How do you know?
-I know.
There're things nobody has to tell you about, you just know.
The way you moon over him is enough to turn one's stomach.
I love Lewis, he's mine.
Do you think he knows about it?
I don't think he knows now, but...
...one day, he'll look at me

and he'll say:
"Darling, darling Tessa..."
And everything'll be all right.
-And you'll faint.
-Into his arms, probably.
And he'll be very glad because he needs someone like me.
-Will you keep house for him?
-Of course I will.
Nobody on earth could be
more untidy than you.
Yes, except Lewis, so,
it'll be all right.
Shall you be engaged
or just married?
I'll be his very own wife and
love him as long as I live.
Look, Tess, Toni!
Where?
Come on!
Toni's back!
Toni!
Toni!
Where did you get that hat?
Hello, Tessa.
Toni, you're b-- you're back.
Of course, I'm back.
Lewis is here.
Lewis? Where?
In the loft.
Kate!
Kate, Toni's back!
Toni's back!
Hello!
Hello, darling!
Kate, I'm back.
So I see.
If everyone's going to look
like that, I'm going.
Toni, may I ask
what is upon your head?
The latest style. Zurich.
Zurich? Oh!
For a whole week!
Did you have a good time?
I had a lovely time.
Anything I said I wanted,
Fritz got it for me.
Fritz? Fritz Bercovy?
Fritz, yes!
We had lovely meals.
Not at Fritz's house?
Of course not.
At the Splendid,
the best hotel.
Last night we had asparagus,
and lobsters...
...and iced bombes and peaches...
-Did it make you sick?
Fritz had a saddle of mutton
and we had champagne.
We had champagne every night.
Did he buy you that hat?
No, I bought it
with my own money.
-Do you like it, Lewis?
-Superb.
It's large, but it suits you.
What have you done
to your hair?
-I had it dressed.
-Lovely.
-Sanger says he'll beat you.
-What will you tell him?
-The truth.
-What is the truth, Toni?
Anything you'd prefer to think
if that amuses you.
I know I did nothing
to be ashamed of.
Oh, we're all quite sure of that.
Fritz bought me a dozen
pairs of stokings.
All silk, every shade.
You took clothes from him,
how common.
Wrong, I threw them
out the window.
-I asked him what he took me for.
-Good for you, Toni.
They got caught on
the telephone wires.
People in the street looked
so surprised!
It was windy and they waved
like little flags.
I laughed so hard I nearly
fell out of the window myself!
-Fritz hated to see his money wasted.
-You sound as if you hated him.
I don't hate him.
I made him understand
he was mistaken about me.
I was so hurt...
...because I--
I really thought
he liked me decently.
Don't cry, Toni.
We knew nothing
could happen to you.
But you're home now,
and we love you.
Oh, Toni, darling.
No man is worth a single one
of your tears.
Come, Toni.
Toni, don't cry.
Don't worry about Toni.
-Are you sure she's all right?
-I'm sure she is.
Thanks.
-Sanger's awake now.
-Good. I'll talk to him.
Hey, Lewis, don't tell us
you've been working!
-For the little girls Sanger only.
-Little girls...
When I make a promise
I keep it.
Composed specially for
the Sanger circus. You see,
I made it very simple,
so that you'd have no difficulty
in playing it.
-Isn't it rather sad?
-No comments from you.
Learn it. I'm going
to your father.
"When thou art dead,
the birds will stop their singing."
-It doesn't sound like Lewis at all.
- It's a nice melody.

"When thou art dead,
the birds will stop their singing."
"When thou art cold,
no sun will ever rise."
-Come on, let's learn it!
- "No more, no more..."
"...the joyful days upspringing
shall bless these eyes."
"When thou art in the grave
the flowers blowing...
"...shall hang their heads..."

Sanger?
- Where have you been?
- Waiting for you to wake up.
Pull that shutter, too.
If that mountain could be moved...
...the sun wouldn't come
blinding in here all day.
Where would you like it moved to?
Over my grave.
I'd like a mountain
for a monument.
What would I print
for an epitaph?
Pull up a chair.
About the epitaph,
let it just say...
..."Albert Sanger,
a dirty old man."
No, no, I would say...
..."Albert Sanger, musician
and genius."
And then, if you like,
I could add...
"He was, also, a dirty old man."
No, thanks.
Tell me,
- What about your concert in London?
- It didn't go.
As the English say,
it flopped.
It made them uncomfortable.
Oh, by the way, your daughter
Toni is back.
Antonia? Oh, yes, she went--
Did she tell you where she went?
Yes, yes, and she was completely
innocent, I'm sure of that.
What's going to happen to
the children when I'm gone?
Lewis, I'm helpless.
I haven't got 20 pounds.
Didn't Paula's and Tessa's mother
have people in England?
Oh, yes.
When I ran out with their daughter,
Evelyn Creighton, their mother,
the Creighton family
disowned her.
There was a time when her brother,
Charles, hunted us all over Europe.
His idea was to shoot me on sight,
the American fashion,
and take the sister Evelyn back.
Then, the children came.
He gave up the hunting,
forgot us.
But this brother, Charles,
still alive?
You know this kind of people.
Good old Boston type.
Lewis,
if anything happened to me,
look up for this Creighton family.
They're very rich, get them
to do something for the children.
-They should go to school.
-I know, I know.
Oh, by the way,
you've got a guest.
-Trigorin.
-Keep him away from me!
Little monkeys.
-What is that music?
-Mine, I'm afraid.
Just a trifle I brought
for the children.
You mean, you wrote it?
It's nothing at all.
Leave the door open,
I want to listen to it.
Sugar candy.
It's very nice.
Nice, yes... nice.
You're ashamed of
melody, aren't you?
No, I have no gift for it.
Shut that door.
If you'd done that in London
you wouldn't have failed.
What?
-That is me?
-That is you.
Oh, if I could only
make you understand.
What would I make of it?
A love scene in an opera!
A symphonic poem,
what you will!
Go away, and tell Kate
to bring me some more brandy.
Mr. Bercovy, don't try to explain.
It's a disgrace.
Toni is a child!
But-but, please, madame,
try to understand me, I--
Madame, you're laboring
on a misapprehension!
We know all about it, Fritz!
Lewis! It's so nice
to see you.
Hello, Fritz, you look
very well!
Lewis, from man to man,
I must see Antonia.
From man to man, I doubt
that she will see you.
-No?
-You see, she's a little hurt.
My boy, the next time you ask
a young lady to Zurich...
...pick someone less sophisticated
than the Sanger ladies.
Fritzie, I'm surprised at you!
But, Lewis, honestly,
from man to man,
I had no bad intentions.
I'm very fond of Toni.
So are we all.
Remember that, Mr. Bercovy.
Hey, there! What's the matter?
This is terrible. Sanger said
it was a very nice little piece.
-It is charming!
-Really?
-What's he doing at the piano?
-He plays.
Yes! Trigorin plays very well
for a flea trainer.
A flea trainer?
Paula, please!
-He knows, we told him.
-Oh, you did.
Very sad, Lewis,
but quite playable.
Thank you, Kate.
Sanger said it would make
a symphonic poem, but...
...somehow, I can't quite
agree with him.
Father instincts are
usually right.
Let's try it.
Where's your viola, Tessa?
I learnt it all perfectly
and I broke the strings.
Aw... Come on, let's hear it.
Ready?
No, no. Let's get together.
Nice on key. Paula.
"When thou art dead,"
"the birds will stop
their singing."
"When thou art cold,"
"no sun will ever rise."
"No more, no more the joyful
days upspringing..."
"...shall bless these eyes."
#Ah, say not so...#
Go ahead, sing it.
#When I am in my grave,#
#the flowers blowing
shall make thee garlands...#
#...twenty times as sweet.#
Beauty will live.
#Beauty will live...#
#...though I must sleep...#
#...unknowing...#
-Beneath thy feet.
#...beneath thy feet...#
#...beneath thy feet.#
Very pretty, darling.
Tessa!
Tessa!
-Why did you run away like that?
-I don't know.
It's quiet here, isn't it?
Yes, you hear things
in this kind of silence.
What do you hear?
-This is where I think out my words.
-Oh, poetry?
-No, just thoughts, I can't explain.
-Tell me one thought.
-You'll laugh.
-No, I won't laugh.
Well, there's so many, but,
sad things, like your music.
"I have tonight
a quiet desire to die."
"I have no tide of
exit note to leave."
"O, in this wound-cut earth to lie,"
"O, if they would not grieve."
"I have tonight a quiet desire."
You liked that?
Oh, it's very pretty,
but, you want to die?
I'm not in the least anxious to die.
When I see troubles, I always want to run away from them.
-Then you'd better run away from me.
-Oh, I'll never do that!
Really?
You're such a graceless little baggage.
Strangely innocent.
I've got to talk to you.
-Why?
-Too many Frtizes around.
You know, you've got to be protected.
Protected? But my heart is a very simple heart,
Isn't that some protection?
If you were my little girl, I'd put you in a convent or a school.
I've seen girls in schools, they all have faces like plum puddings.
I'm not a raving beauty, but you wouldn't like me...
-...with a face like a plum pudding.
-I'm thinking for your good.
You don't shut people up in schools for their good.
Supposing I--
I wanted to gaze at the moon one night...
...and I found myself in a dormitory full of pudding faces.
You shouldn't go moon gazing.
-What when I got out of school?
-You'd be a perfect lady!
And would you like me as a perfect lady?
You won't even look at us, my pretty one.
I may go to school, I'm beginning to see points in it.
But I shall always be thinking of you.
No, you must learn quickly
to disapprove of me.
I happen to be very fond of you.
Which is a very grave mistake
to be fond of anyone.
Why?
Before you know it,
you become...
...unselfish, considerate,
self-sacrificing,
all those tiresome things.
-Will you remember that?
-Yes, I will.
And don't go getting fond of
any unnecessary people.
You can be as fond of us
as you like, but--
-but please, don't-- don't--
-Don't what?
Don't go getting married or--
in jail or die, or
anything, please.
I'll try no to.

**Say:**
and hope to die".
Cross my heart
and hope to die.
Dear Lewis--
Tessa!
Tessa!
Lewis!
Lewis, quickly!
-What is it, Kate?
-Come up here!
He hasn't been coming out for days.
He was angry, but he--
Let's get him on the bed.
He-- he started to cry,
he asked me to
hold his hand...
...and then he fell
on the floor, on his face.
He cut himself...
He's dead!
He cut his nose!
Don't stay here.
Come, Tessa.
Don't you dare touch him!
Lina!
Look.
"To remind Lewis Dodd
of his nice little tune..."
"...a symphonic poem which
could be entitled 'Tomorrow'".
Poor father!
We don't have enough!
Here comes Tessa with more.
Is it one of those things
coming on?
-Is it your heart?
-No, I'm a bit winded, that's all.
-You shouldn't run uphills.
-No...
Who's that?
-It's Fritzie!
He must have come
on the early train!
No, that's his own car.
Fritzie!
-Come on!
-No, you go.
-Why?
I don't want to see that
dirty money-grabbing little lad.
Send my breakfast up here
while I finish the border floor.
-Oh, Mr. Fritz.
-Roberto.
So the master is gone.
Yes, Mr. Fritz, and not only
the master is gone,
but the madame, she's gone.
-Really? Dead?
-Unfortunately, no.
She's just gone, with
Mr. Trigorin. You remember?
-Oh, yes.
-And Miss Kate,
she's gone to Milano,
to study voice.
-Fritz!
-Oh, hello, girls.
I read about it in the papers
in Zurich, after the funeral.
-My heart is broken for you.
-Thank you very much, Fritz.
We can now offer you Napoleon
brandy scotch whisky and port.
-Yes, and steak and kidney pie.
-And Yorkshire pudding.
We have company.
It's our mother's brother,
Mr. Charles Creichton
And his daughter, Miss Florence
Creichton. They're very rich.
Lewis sent them a letter
and said that we were penniless...
...and destined to lead
a shameful life. And since...
...his sister was our mother...
why, over they came!
They've been here for a week.
Our cousin, she's very swish.
She has a personal maid with her.
Come here.
Her name is Hamilton.
-Yes, Miss?
Ms. Hamilton, would you be
so kind as to...
...take Mr. Bercovy's hat and scarf?
Please, don't trouble.
Thank you very much.
-You see?
-Wonderful.
Tell me, Lewis Dodd,
is he here?
-He's gone swimming.
-Yes, with our cousin Florence.
-Oh, she's a musician.
-No, she's very beautiful.
And, tell me, where is Toni?
She won't go to England
to school either.
She says she wants a job
in a cabaret in Paris.
And do nothing but
drink champagne,
eat a great deal of food and
listen to the latest music.
And I tell you she will not!
I'm going to marry her.
-That would be lovely, Fritz.
-Oh, yes, Toni'd love money.
-Good morning, Uncle Charles.
-What?
-I missed him.
-Who've you missed?
Somekind of crow
outside my window.
Awful fellow.
Five o' clock this morning,

he'd start:
Same yesterday.
I'm going to take measures.
Oh, please, don't shoot
anything today, Uncle Charles.
What are you doing?
All right, then, if you say so.
You're like your mother,
my sister Evelyn.
We never could get her
up to Scotland for shooting.
Well, good morning, my dears.
Good morning.
You keep looking at me.
I don't know who you are.
Strange morning.
Everywhere I look, I find
something looking at me.
First, that crow...
...then you.
-That's our great friend.
-Friend?
-He's one of our greatest friends.
-Fritz Bercovy.
-What do you play?
Billiard, rummy,
anything you wish.
-Not a musical chap.
-He owns ten theatres.
In the ten most important cities.
You look like the kind of chap
that's up to something.
Are you?
Just what are you doing here?
Forgive me but I came to assist
in a financial predicament...
-...of the Sanger family.
-It's all done, my boy, all done.
They're going to England and
to school.
Thank you very much... sir.
Well, now my breakfast.
-Where's Florence?
-She's gone swimming.
-Really? Robert!
-Oh, it's Roberto.
-Why the "o"?
-It's Italian.
Robert-o!
Breakfast-o!
Florence told me to go
and pick some flowers.
-Well, go and pick them, then.
-Come on with me!
-Oh, stop brooding. Come on!
-I'm not brooding.
-You are.
-I'm not.
Come on!
-What's that?
For your father's grave.
Where is it?
It's up the hills.
-Where is Toni?
-I don't know. Find her.
Toni! Fritz is going to marry you!
Florence is very beautiful. 
She is beautiful but she is 
so sure about everything. 
You think she is sure of Lewis? 
I wouldn't be surprised 
if she bewitched him. 
Poor Tess. 
When you love someone 
as I love Lewis... 
...you've just got to 
understand things. 
Florence is only beautiful and 
she just happens to be here but-- 
Secrets? 
Hello, Florence. 
-Did you find any primula? 
-No, they grow over by the lake... 
...and we didn't have time 
to get any before breakfast. 
We'll get Lewis 
to raw us over later. 
I can't wait to take you to England 
and buy you some decent clothes. 
Well, we don't yet know whether 
we're sure we want to go. 
And I'm not so sure you aren't 
too young to know what's good for you. 
You see, we're too young for 
some things, we're too old for others, 
-we're in between, you know. 
-Yes, I've been through that stage. 
Hi. 
Have you been behaving, girls? 
Really, Lewis, sometimes 
you can be very pompous. 
I hope that's put you 
in your place, Mr. Dodd. 
I think we should go 
and get the flowers. 
Get plenty of flowers and put them 
in a vase in the middle of the table. 
-Yes, we know. 
-Come on! 
Come on.
What's the matter? You have a funny look on your face.
- Funny?
- You're a fool.
The fool is wondering.
You look like a man who's wondered a lot.
Mmm-hmm. A little hopelessly
I'm afraid.
From what I've heard of musicians, you're all the same.
Strange and a little off-the-earth.
-I've come to the earth, suddenly.
-Do you like it?
-Do I like you?
-I didn't mean that.
I mean, being on the earth, out of your clouds.
I do, I do like it very much.
But I'd like to take you back to my clouds with me.
When do you leave, sir?
At your word.
This is becoming very pretty and very gallant.
I mean it, very much.
You must've had a great success with this method of approach.
No, I've had no success whatever. Ever.
Poor Mr. Dodd. I'm not going to attempt to believe you.
What woman could resist a trip to the clouds...
-... with someone as...?
-Mmm-hmm?
-I'm stumped.
-Oh, you mean, someone who wanted to kiss you the minute you got off that train?
-To kiss?
-Uh-huh.
A beautiful woman
gets off the train...
...to rescue some girls,
and a poor musician...
...wants to take her
into his arms and kiss her.
And they lived happily everafter.
You know they could.
I swear they could.
-I will, I think.
-What?
Live happily.
Florence!
Why do you think I stayed
up here this whole week?
I don't know. Why?
Tell me, I want to hear.
I wanted to find my way
up to you in your clouds.
See, I'm not exactly
the cloudy type.
I didn't know my way
until you told me.
You're so real,
so definite.
Is that what you like?
It's what I love.
Oh, Paula, darling--
Lewis, I--
I'm sorry, but--
Come here.
Breakfast is ready and--
Uncle Charles is screaming
for everyone.
Mm, yes.
Paula, my lamb,
I have news for you.
Florence and I are going to
get married.
Are you?
Yes.
But you scarcely know each other.
Don't be such a little woman.
Do I sense competition here?
Quite possibly.
Suppose you run along, young lady, and have those hands washed.
Certainly.
Tessa!
Tessa!
Uncle Charles, have you seen Tessa?
Oh, Tessa, she was here a moment ago...
...messing about with some flowers.
I'm famish!
Where are the others?
Robert-o!
Tessa!
Tessa.
- Have you seen Tessa?
- I came in just now, Miss.
- Roberto, have you seen her?
- She's gone to find Miss Toni.
Here they are, now.
Tessa!
Tessa!
- She's fainted.
- She's quite pale.
Bring her into the house.
- You told her.
- Yes.
What's happened?
Told her what?
Poor little Tessa.
She often does this when she runs too hard.
Take her to our bed, Lewis,
I know how to take care of her.
She's all right, Florence.
I can take care of her.
All right.
They're excitable little things, aren't they? It's just a faint.
There's always something silly happening up here!
All right you are, father dear.
What are you laughing at?
When you hear my news you're going to faint.
I'll faint if I don't get my breakfast. Robert-o!
S, s, signore!
Well, what's the joke?
The joke will wait till after breakfast.
Have you gone barmy, too?
Yes, I'm afraid I have, darling.
Hello.
-She has faint before.
-Oh, please, go, Roberto.
Poor little Tessa.
Go and have your breakfast, Lewis.
Why did you run so fast?
Don't talk to her, Lewis.
Please, go.
She's all right now.
If you need anything call me.
-Isn't that Lady Longborough's mare?
-Yes, sir.
Hello, Charles!
Oh, there you are!
Hello... hello, Charles.
My dear Constance.
One can drop off at this slow pace.
I've been behind you all over around the park.
I couldn't mistake that fat back of yours.
-When did you get back to London?
-About a week.
What's all this about Florence?
My girls tell me that... she's hidden that beautiful husband of hers away.
I can't wait to know what's wrong with him.
That's a long story. You're coming tonight, of course.
Yes, I called up Florence and accepted at once.
I can't wait to see this man,
this Mr. Dodd. Who was he?  
-That's still a matter of conjecture.  
-Oh, I see.  
Not a bad looking sort of bloke,  
bangs away all day on a piano...  
Nothing wrong, really.  
It's all quite beyond me but...  
...as long as he keeps  
Florence happy.  
-She's all I've got left, you know.  
-Is she happy?  
It's something new for her,  
a chap like this.  
We, Creightons, have always been  
on the exploring side.  
Mmm, I remember, that nice  
sister of yours, Evelyn.  
That was a sort of  
musician fellow too, wasn't it?  
Yes, well, that's too  
another story.  
-Well, I see you tonight, right?  
-All right.  
-Good-bye.  
-Good-bye.  
Take care of yourself.  
-What's all this about?  
-Mrs. Dodd's orders, sir.  
Reception tonight.  
The second piano, sir.  
Oh!  
-Be careful!  
-Careful!  
-Where you want it, governor?  
-I'll let you know.  
The hat, sir?  
I'd like to know how you got it  
into your head that I'm a pianist,  
-which I'm not.  
-That's a pose, darling.  
We're married.  
Why pose to me?  
I've heard you play with Carolli, so...  
...I have Carolli coming to play
the piece with you.
The other piano is coming in now.
Then let him play alone!
Why stick me out there
on exhibition?
I promised myself you'll play,
I promised lots of my friends--
I will not be told
what I must or must not do!
I've never permitted to be bullied
and I'm not going to start now.
I'm not a child.
Aren't you behaving like one?
One thing in the world I hate
is your class of upper-class.
-Pompous, hard-headed, domineering.
-Now, you're becoming rude.
If you hated my class,
why did you--?
I know. Why did I marry you?
Well,
you said that before, and
each time you ask...
...I find it more difficult to answer.
-You'd not dare say such a thing--
I do dare! I have dared,
it's the blunt truth.
It's most un gallant and cruel of you
to say such a thing to my face!
You dislike the truth.
I'm sorry I haven't got
the gift for that...
...mental sleight of hand
you people call manners.
I won't allow you to say
such things to me.
Then, stop me, or leave me alone.
-Madame...
-What?
The other piano, madame.
Oh, yes. Bring it in here
with the other one, will you?
Come on, boys.
-Good morning, Lewis.
Good morning, Charles.
I'm very angry.
You're very wet.
Nevertheless, I-I--
I've never felt less like talking
to anyone in my life.
You two people are turning
this house into a camp room.
If this sort of brawling
gives you such squack...
why don't you go out in the park
and shout it out?
Was I very noisy?
I thought you weren't earnest!
And I'm sure the servants
and those workmen out,
even the policeman on the corner
would share my impression.
Whenever did you learn
to behave like this, Dodd?
Where did Florence learn
to believe she's a superior being?
Florence has no such illusions.
Whatever minor differences
arise between you...
...you could have the decency
to keep it between yourselves.
Yes, Charles.
I realize that you're
a different sort of chap.
You have your ideas about things
and we have ours.
And there you are,
it's love's young dream and...
...I can readily see that
it could easily go on the rocks.
I don't care about you,
but Florence, well, naturally...
...she's a great concern to me.
And let me tell you, Dodd,
I think, well--
you seem to take a certain
satisfaction on upsetting her.
No, no...
Look, those people we had
to lunch last Thursday,
you lunched in the park!
And told her you'd rather
eat with the birds...
...and share your lunch with them.
After all, that is--
well, it seems to me, I'm sure
that if I cared for a woman--
-well, you know what I mean.
-My dear Charles,
I will not be run by Florence
or anyone else.
Oh, no, come,
come, my dear chap.
How is she trying to run you?
She wants me to become
a concert pianist overnight...
-...and perform at the party.
-The poor girl's got her heart set on that.
-I know.
-I dislike this piano business myself.
But she's got quite
a lot of friends and...
...you've been sort of
a mystery chap to them all.
-You know Florence.
-I wonder.
Have you had any doings
with horses?
-Mm?
-Horses.
Horses? I'm afraid not.
If you'd had, you'd know that
a strong light hand works wonders.
-Oh, you mean, slap?
-With Florence? Oh, dear, no!
Not on your life! Then,
you would have fireworks!
But a light rein,
Lewis, my boy.
She's got plenty of spirit.
You wouldn't have her otherwise.
And she's really devoted to you.
I know that.
You are the first and only one.
And she's a woman.
And a very charming one.
I do see clearly what you mean.
It might easily be that
I'm the one that's wrong.
-We must do something about it.
-Ah, good boy.
I'm really very sorry
about all this.
Now, don't you lean over
too much the other way.
She'll take the bit in her teeth
if you give her too much ahead.
-I see. Thank you very much, Charles.
-Not at all.
Hello.
Here's your piano.
I hope it's in tune.
Uh-huh. Very nice.
You're nice.
Do I always seem
to get my own way?
I see no reason why
you shouldn't.
I'm afraid my way is a little
on the selfish side sometimes.
But in this instance is
as much for you as for me.
-For me?
-I want them to know you, like you.
In other words, I want
to show you off.
I'm really very proud of you.
You can't blame me, can you?
In that case, I shall play
from the heart.
Who is that letter from?
-Paula.
-Oh, Paula?
-The girls! Let me see it.
-No, it's to me and private.
There can't be nothing private
about those kids.
-It's addressed to me.
-It's addressed to both of us.
I'm losing my patience with them.
-Why?
-They're spoiled, both of them.
"When Florence wrote that letter
to say we must stay,"
"our hearts were broken."
"It's probable that
we shall hang ourselves,"
"but Tessa insists that
it is a coward's game."
"Hanging, I mean."
"The girls here are hateful.
They say we don't wash."
They don't wash...
"Because of Tessa's heart,
she doesn't have to play hockey."
"I do, while she goes off and
thinks of so many things."
"One thing I know she wonders is..."
"...whether you're having a nice time
and like being married."
Well, they should be the ones
to lose their patience.
It sounds like a horrid school!
They've been there four months!
Darling, how can you say that,
I was there myself.
The girls say it, both of them.
They're not liars.
Lewis, didn't you yourself
want them to go?
-Didn't you write to father to come
to their aid? -Yes, I know.
Didn't I voluntarily constitute
myself their guardian?
I know you did, darling.
-What are we going to do with them now?
-Let them stay where they are.
There's Tessa with a bad heart...
Darling, I'm assured
it's not serious.
It's called valvular lesion, I went into the matter thoroughly. Valvular what? It sounds ugly. I don't like it. No, we must take this our way. And send her where? Wherever she can stay, just as she is. We'll go down to the school and see what it's all about. Darling, I know what it's all about. Tonight we have the party. I'll go down with you tomorrow. All right, we'll surprise them. Nothing would surprise those simps. You always seem to be digging at them. Do I? Yes. You should bring this on a tray, Roberto. S, signora. "Sanger sisters disappeared this morning." "Last seen at about 11:00. Are they with you?" "We'll not inform police until I hear from you." There! You see? I do see. I'm going to wash my hands of them, that's all. Fine. While you're washing your hands... ...I'm going to find them. Where? Roberto! S, signore. First, I'll go to the school. Would you be kind enough to phone them there? And tell them to advise the police. Lewis... I'm almost afraid to remind you that we have guests tonight. Guests?
Our party.
Oh! Well, if I find them
I'll be here.
You will not humiliate me by being
among those missing, will you?
Don't be absurd! I'm certainly
going to find those children!
The florists ask if you'd like
festoons in the drawing room.
I don't care.
-Hello, Florence.
-Hello, Constance.
Hello, Alicia.
-What on earth are you doing out here?
Go along, darling.
I'll be there in a moment.
You'll catch your death of cold.
-Good evening.
-Good evening, madame.
Ah, there you are, Charles!
Hello, Contance. Alicia.
How are you, Turtle?
Any woman's voice singing
gives me a toothache.
A nerve I suppose.
You should hold whiskey
in your mouth, over the tooth.
I can't do that. I've been drinking
brandy and they don't mix.
-Wouldn't brandy do as well, mother?
-Yes, I suppose so.
Your Florence will have
more than a toothache...
...if she doesn't come away
from that draughty door.
Really? Oh, well...
Come on, let's go in.
What were you doing at the door?
You'll catch your death of cold.
It's humiliating. I don't even know
where he is.
He'll sure follow those wretched children
onto the continent.
-And never come back, any of them.
-Don't say that.
Take that look off your face.
It's an excellent party.
In spite of that dreadful woman
warbling her head off.
-Good heavens!
-What?
There's that Fritzie chap.
Did you ask him?
Lewis wanted them asked. I didn't think
they'd come all the way from France.
Hello, there.
I didn't see you come in.
-You were very preoccupied, madame.
-At the door, yes.
-I'm glad you're here.
-Oh, I love parties...
...and Fritz loves moving in
higher circles, so we came.
I was frightfully sick
on the boat.
Florence, you're looking
awfully worried.
The children run away from school
and we're in a panic.
-Lewis is out searching for them--
-Fritz and I thought they would do it.
By the way, I'm going to
have a baby.
Florence, did you hear anything
since I telephoned?
No.
-Hello, Lewis.
-Lewis, darling!
-Did you find them?
-No, I'm worried to death.
What did you do?
I was going up to Seven Oaks
from that school...
...and I knew you wanted me back
for this thing.
I've got Scotland Yard
after them.
Darling, hurry and change,  
Roberto's waiting for you.  
Oh, yes, I must. You two,  
come up with me, we can talk.  
Yes. Careful, darling.  
Hurry!  
Roberto! I'm going to have a baby.  
Un bambino, magnifico, signora.  
-Hello, Roberto.  
-Mr. Fritz.  
Mr. Lewis, they are here.  
Signorinas Paula and Tessa.  
-Here?  
-Yes, they arrived two hours ago.  
-Did you tell madame?  
-No, the girls would not have it.  
They see the people,  
they're afraid, so...  
...they wait in the stables.  
-Go and get them! Pronto!  
Ah, that's a load off my mind.  
-In the stables?  
Yes, the studio were I work  
is over the stables.  
Lewis, Fritz and I've been talking.  
As I'm going to have a baby  
I'll need company and--  
Little Toni is going  
to have a baby.  
Lewis, don't embarrass me.  
Oh, I've got to dress.  
Paula could come with us  
to Paris.  
She'd be very happy with us and  
she could go on with her dancing.  
And we could leave Tessa to your  
tender mercies. -Yes!  
When is the big performance?  
-Four weeks, Regents Hall.  
Come along, Fritz.  
He must dress.  
I'll be down!  
This is Toni and Mr. Bercovy.  
Lady Longborough.
Her husband.
Are you hiding a family
as well as a husband?
Will you excuse me, please?
Who are those little girls?
-My little sisters.
-And the police were after you.
-The police? Lewis, you didn't!
Of course I did!
What was I to do?
Tessa, did you know
the police were after us?
Lewis!
-They're back.
-So we all heard.
Hello, Florence. We do hope
we're not in the way.
-Of course not. Hello, Tessa.
-Good evening, Florence.
Lewis--
What are you so shy about?
I'm not shy.
I've come to lay my bones
among you.
Darling, it's been so long.
-Longer than the longest book.
-Yes.
Come along. You're like a little boy.
You're younger than they are.
What a beautiful suit.
Thank you, darling.
-I'm really sorry about all this.
-About us coming back?
No! Here we go.
Now, you kids, behave.
Please don't be angry, Florence.
We couldn't bear that school
a moment longer.
Now, why didn't you let us know
you were running away?
We've been off our heads all day!
Haven't we, Florence?
I imagined you dead
under trains,
hanging from trees...
I could not bear it!
We'll go down now.
I'll send you up something to eat.
Oh, thank you so much, Florence.
We starved.
You haven't had anything to eat?
-When did you get here?
-Hours ago.
-Why didn't I know?
-Darling, you were having a party.
Naturally, they were afraid
you'd be upset.
-You can see that, right?
-Anyone would think I was an ogress.
I shall play for you,
sweet Florence...
-as I've never played before.
-What are you going to play?
-The Sanger Symphony.
-Oh, Lewis, are you?
It's called "Tomorrow",
a symphonic poem.
Even you will like it.
Come along, darling.
Can we listen, you think?
I shall be most hurt
if you don't.
-From up there, girls.
-Naturally, Florence.
Florence, where have you been?
Lewis, my boy,
I want to introduce you...
...to one of my oldest friends.
May I present my son-in-law,
Mr. Lewis Dodd. Lady Longborough.
-How do you do, Mr. Dodd?
-How do you do?
At long last.
-This is my daughter, Alicia.
-How do you do?
-Captain Turtle.
-How do you do?
-Turtle?
-Yes, sir.
I will buzz along. You know,
a little bubbly water.
Yes, run along.
-Excuse us.
-Careful, dear.
-Yes, mother.
-Is his name really Turtle?
-Yes, Turtle.
Archie Turtle, yes. Why?
I don't know.
What's the joke?
-It's no joke, Charles.
-What's no joke?
Captain Turtle!
Isn't there a fable about
a fox and a turtle?
You mean, the hare
and the turtle.
He has a fine pack of foxhounds,
if that's what you mean.
Yes, that's exactly
what we mean, Charles.
You two seem to have clicked.
Have you met before?
No, no, very unfortunately.
Dodd's very well-mannered.
He couldn't look less like a musician.
You should live in this house and
hear him musicianing every morning.
My husband used to sing in the bath
every morning, regularly.
I'm sure he did. He had
good cause to be happy.
I could beat Florence for
hiding you away from me.
Florence! Come here!
Constance is stealing your husband.
To the piano with me, my boy.
Mr. Carolli's waiting for you.
Besides,
you're making too much
of a success with women.
-If you take him away I shall go.
I'm 72 years old,
I don't like music.
-I have an appointment with a horse.
-Tonight?
No, early in the morning. Sylvia, my mare, gets fretty if I'm late.
Mr. Carolli's getting fretty about your music. Come along.
-I'd love a drink.
-You can have one later.
Please stay.
He's going to play now.
Yes, I stay. Get me a straight chair.
It was very kind of you to come, Mr. Carolli.
You know, I'm not a concert pianist. You'll have to do most of it.
You have written a mouthful.
-A lot of people don't like music.
-Quiet, father, please.
That wretched woman warbling got them all in.
-On your own head be it!
-Father...
It's a wonder to me any reasonable piano... can stand up under such a pounding. Maybe that's why they have two pianos.
Quiet, Uncle Charles.
-What's the matter with you?
-That's not what he said he'd play.
The first opening chords were the ones Sanger wrote on that day but--
-the main theme is so dissonant.
-There's no melodic line.
There's no feeling of it, it's just rhythm.
It's very modern.
It's long way from tears.
-What do you mean?
Sanger said Lewis would be great
if he could only cry or suffer.
I suppose this is
a form of suffering.
Don't joke.
Listen to it.
I am, and he's forgot
his heart again.
He did remember it once.
Remember?
Then Florence came along
and he lost it again.
And they lived happily everafter.
-That's not what I mean.
It's his music.
Well, what can you do about it?
Lewis has gone from us.
What else could it ever be now?
-Good morning.
-Good morning, Miss Tessa.
-Nice party last night?
-Yes, Miss.
-Good morning.
-Good morning, Miss.
-Good morning, Tessa
-Good morning, Florence.
-Very nice last night, Thorpe.
-Thank you, madam.
There'll be six for lunch.
Tell the cook to come down.
-Good morning, Hamilton.
-Good morning, Miss Tessa.
-Oh, Florence?
-Yes.
-It must've been a lovely party.
-Yes, it was.
I'm really awfully sorry about it.
Yes, we must talk about that.
At least you got one of us
off your hands.
I just saw Paula off at the station
with Toni and Fritz...
...and she looked very happy.
Now I only have
one little problem.
Speaking of problems, where's Lewis?
At work, in the studio.
-Oh, thank you.
-He's working.
Yes, I know.
-Good morning, Robert-o!
-Good morning, signorina.
If you have a bad heart, why you dash upstairs like that?
Here I am, the last of the brood.
And the pick of the bunch.
-Well, I'm glad about one thing.
-What's that?
You haven't been turned into a lady.
I thought that's what you wanted me to become.
No! Promise me you won't change.
You're perfect as you are.
-You think so?
-I know so.
-Is your concert on the 28th?
-Uh-huh, 28th., Regents Hall.
-Are you very excited about it?
-Not a bit.
-I wouldn't blame you.
-Why?
It's only my opinion.
Of what?
Of what Sanger's opinion would be if he had come to your nice party.
In the first place, it was not my nice party. It was Florence's. It sounded a bit like it.
Tessa! Are you being ungracious?
Of course not.
I only meant that, uh--
What?
-What? What do you mean?
-You know what I mean.
You mean this?
-Don't stop. It's so exciting.
What's exciting?
You really took them by storm
last night. They were thrilled.
They were amateurs! Ask Tessa
what she thinks of it.
-Why should I?
-She's a musician.
What is your opinion, Tessa?
Well, it was very loud,
and very defiant,
and it was very aggressive,
and I suppose some people...
...pretend to like it even
if they didn't understand it.
And did you understand it, Tessa?
Thank you, Florence.
Unfortunately no and I don't think
Lewis did, either.
That is, if he's as honest about
his work as he always has been.
What are you talking about?
A symphonic poem entitled "Tomorrow"
by Lewis Dodd. Remember?
That's what she's talking about.
It was very beautiful. Once you had
a melodic line you were going to develop it.
-And I haven't developed it, I suppose.
-No, you haven't.
Oh, what's the matter with you,
darling Lewis?
I don't know, I'm bewildered.
You aren't taking her seriously,
are you? Why argue with her?
Lewis had something very worthwhile.
Once. Sanger said so...
...and at the time Lewis agreed.
Then he must have become
ashamed of it and--
hid it under a lot of--
-A lot of what?
Mathematics!
Lewis is in deathly terror
of sentiment.
About his work, I mean,
aren't you, Lewis?
The melody is here!
Oboes.
Listen.
I did listen last night.
Eight miserly little bars
and then...
...suddenly, off you go and
sound like a railway engine!
Bang-a-tee, bang-a-tee, bang!
Bang-a-tee, bang-a-tee, bang?
What do you mean?
Really, Lewis, I wonder
you have the patience.
Of course I have patience.
She's a Sanger.
Sanger or not, I hope
you won't change it.
I must say, all you Sanger people
are so talented.
It's a wonder to me you don't write
something of your own.
I wish I could, but, you see, I have
no talent or-- vocation for anything.
Well, let's change the subject.
I've spoken to Miss Batterfield
on the phone...
...and she refuses
to have you back.
So, I decided upon a new school,
that is, if they'll have you--
No, school for Tessa
is out of question.
She can't play games and...
...she doesn't like girls
and girls don't like her.
What are we to do with her?
~The first thing is to find out...
...what her instinct tells her
about this piece.
You wouldn't think of changing it.
~Why not, if it's wrong?
~Your concert's in four weeks!
You don't think I'll perform
knowing I had missed.
You haven't missed.
You're caught up in all this
mad Sanger nonsense again.
After you worked so steadily
and so seriously.
Perhaps, too steadily
and too seriously.
Tessa, will you speak
when you're spoken to?
Will you please not
lose your temper?
Oh, I started this. I'm sorry.
All right, all right... Err,
let's stop all this, Florence.
If you don't mind, I--
I'd like to think a little.
Of course. We'll go for a walk
in the park, Tessa... 
...and talk about you and
what to do. Come along.
No, as a matter of fact,
I'd like Tessa to stay here...
...and talk about it.
Obviously, she remembers
the original play.
Of course I'll stay, Lewis,
if you really want me to.
Would that be all right, Florence?
Certainly.
Lewis, that's it!
All right, it'll be
four dozens of these.
Mrs. Lewis Dodd,
200 Grosvenor Square.
Four dozens of these. Mrs. Lewis Dodd,
200 Grosvenor Square.
I'll take the large one.
Please wrap it up nicely,
I'll take it with me-- excuse me...
Do you think
it's too large for Lewis?
No, it's beautiful but
I don't think he'll wear it.
I think he will.
Do you by any chance send
bouquets to male composers?
I've never heard of it, Miss.
-I'm sending flowers to Florence.
-What are you sending?
-Roses, four dozens.
-Oh, Fritzie!
Wouldn't it be fun if you sent
the flowers to Florence from Lewis?
He's never sent her flowers,
he's been working so hard.
She'd be so pleased!
All right, then I'll send
some more from Toni and me.
Oh, no, that would take
all the gloss off the gingerbread.
There'd be nothing but roses.
Let's just send these from Lewis.
All right. And what shall I
write on the card?
She knows your handwriting.
He can write it.
The cards, please.
Thank you. Uh...
...would you be kind to write
in a kind of untidy handwriting...
"To dear kind Florence"
No, "kind" isn't right, she--
It's not enough--
What is she?... uh...
"To dear, dear,
patient Florence..."
"To dear, dear, patient Florence,
with all my love, Lewis."

**No, just say:**
"Love..."
"Dear, dear, patient Florence.
Your Lewis."
Thank you.
No, he wouldn't say that. Um...
Leave out the "your".
Just say "Lewis".
"To dear, patient Florence.
Lewis."
Thank you. Send them over right away
You know the address?
-Yes, Miss.
-Thank you.
Come on, Fritzie.
-Thank you.
-You'll write it very untidily, right?
-Yes, Miss.
Ooh, look, they're all over London.
I'm so excited I can hardly breathe.
Would you stand still
just a minute? Thank you.
I wish Toni and Paula
were here to see it all.
We'll be over in Spring to stay,
after the baby.
Isn't Toni excited? It's such fun
creating things, isn't it?
-Good evening, sir.
-Good evening.
-Is tea ready?
-Yes, Miss.
You'll see Lewis if I have
to carry you. - I have to go.
-I'll take the box.
-I carry my dress. Come on.
-Hello, my darling Uncle!
-Hello.
You remember Fritzie, don't you?
-How do you do, sir?
I have to go to the hotel now--
-No, no...
Mr. Fritzie, I shall never
forget him.
How do you do, sir?
You look nice and warm
and comfy.
I have to go back.
-You're going to say hello to Lewis.
-I have an appointment!
You come and pour me
a cup of tea.
This place is like the Sahara desert. Not a soul in sight and it's after 5:00. All right, I will. Good-bye, sir.

-Fritzie...
...you go through there and up those stairs, and don't forget to tell Lewis about the flowers for Florence... ...so he knows.

-Oh, yes, the flowers. Ooh, nice!
Oh!
-What?
I got a stitch. It's all right, it's nothing. I'm so excited about tonight. Lewis' name is advertised on all the sandwich boards. Oh, well!
-Look.
-What is it?
It's my dress. Toni sent it, Fritz brought it. I won't look such a child in this, will I? You don't call yourself a child, young woman. Well...
It's fresh. If I'm not a child, then, why does your sweet daughter... ...insists on bundling me away to that finishing school in Harrogate? I assure you, if it doesn't finish me, I-- shall be here at home on and off until I die. That is, of course, if Florence invites me. Oh, my darling Uncle...
Can't I marry you? Then I'll have some place to stay on my holidays.
You'd have me whacking at that silly piano all day, just as you're doing with that extraordinary son-in-law of mine. Yes, you're right, he is extraordinary. And very, very tired.

-Hello, Florence.
-Who's tired?
Lewis. He worked until 2 o'clock this morning... ...and rehearsed till 11:00.

-Oh, you have your tea, father.
-Yes.
-All set for tonight?
-Yes, we're going to the Savoy.
-Oh, Florence?
-Yes?
Speaking of the Savoy, I was wondering how you like this dress.
-Toni sent it, Fritz brought it.
-Fritz?
I thought I heard his voice in the studio.
If they want their tea, they'd better come now. It's getting late.
I sent for Lewis twice.
-I'll get him.
She'll get him...
-She hasn't already?
-What are you talking about?
You know, I'm not quite such a fool that I don't see what's going on. It's obvious, a blind man could see it. - No, no, no...
...I mean what's going on with you, not with anyone else.
You are the one that's heaping coal to fire. And let me tell you...
...if you care about your husband, you'd better pull yourself together. Stop moaning about like a woman in a novel.
You have little Tessa
on the defensive for him.
I heard it just now.
I dislike her intensely.
Yes, and you made that
quite obvious to all and sundry.
I saw my sister Evelyn get herself
into just such a mess...
...and it killed her.
Lewis has been very happy here
and so have I...
...until these wretched
Sanger children came storming back.
They're like a drug to him.
There's some language between them
that only they can understand.
I feel like a stranger
in my own house!
He said quite casually to me today
that he might go away after the concert.
What?
-Go away.
-There you are...
...he's like a weathervane,
this fellow.
I hardly see him anymore.
Lewis is the only man
I ever truly cared for...
...or ever will care for.
It's some sort of a strange,
slow process of defeat.
Either very innocent...
or very clever.
If you don't stop
hammering away at it...
...you'll force him to make
a bolt for it. You'll see.
You don't want them to bolt, do you?
That's my nightmare.
I'm so afraid of that.
-I couldn't stand it.
-Poor little Florence.
Come on, get your chin up.
You always had your own way.
You won everything you wanted
all along the line.
Now, if you have to be
a loser, well--
Don't worry, I won't lose.
I think I'll toddle off.
...advertising your name
on the sandwich boards everywhere!
My dear sir.
I'm just going to get forty winks
before the show.
It isn't a show and don't you
fall asleep tonight, either.
Don't you think you
ought to get forty winks?
My lambkin, I don't even want
twenty winks. I'm wide awake.
Florence, darling, sorry I'm late.
Blame it on Fritzie.
So, you are the culprit, Mr. Fritz.
How's Toni?
She was fine when I left her.
I'm going to telephone her now.
My dress, Toni sent it.
You like it?
- Very pretty.
- Thank you.
- Tea, Mr. Fritz?
- No, thank you. I have to go.
We'll be seeing you tonight, Fritzie?
- Yes, of course.
Tea, Lewis?
- No, thank you, darling.
Later on, I might have a brandy and soda.
- Oh, I'll get it for you.
He said later!
I'm sorry.
Well-- I might just as well
have it now.
Here's Thorpe.
Bring the bottle of brandy
and some soda, will you, Thorpe?
I forgot to tell Lewis
about the flowers.
You know, I'm very jealous.
-Who's been sending you flowers?
-Lewis.
Come on, let me see the card.
-Lewis, I forgot...
-What did you forget?
-Madame, I can explain, I--
-It was really my fault.
We were at the florist's and--
Oh, Fritzie, you spoiled it all...
-What has he spoiled?
-Well, Florence, you see, I--
I bought some flowers for Lewis
to give to you and then,
Fritzie forgot to tell Lewis--
Yes, of course! I did ask Fritz
if he'd be kind enough to--
Lewis...
Thorpe, please put this flowers
in Mr. Dodd's studio. - Yes, madam.
Oh, darling, you're not cross,
are you?
Of course not. Why discuss it?
Although I don't think
it's important enough to lie about.
You know, I'm a thoughtless brute.
I should have done something
like that on my own.
I'm sorry, darling, it's the nature
of the beast, I'm afraid.
I have no regrets. Anyway,
you have Tessa to think for you.
Florence, truthfully, it was only an idea
I thought and it went wrong.
-Well, see you tonight, Fritzie.
-Yes...
Did Mr. Fritz think of the words
"patient Florence"?
Oh, darling, you are patient.
And you're altogether too nice
to be upset, today of all days.
-You won't recognize the music, Fritzie.
-Has it been changed?
Got a little heart in it now.
And you're familiar with Lewis' heart.
I appreciate it,
if that's what you mean.
But I suppose I always have.
- Good night, Lewis.
- Good night. See you tonight.
Come take the weight off your feet.
What do you think it is with Florence?
I don't know.
She's quite unaccountable.
- What do you think it is?
- I don't know!
Today I told her I'd go away somewhere alone after the concert.
I see, that could easily be it.
Was she very angry?
No, on the contrary,
she was very quiet.
I feel sorry for her.
But we shouldn't be talking about this private thing, should we?
I suddenly feel ashamed.
- I felt ashamed for so long.
- Don't say that, I don't want to hear.
- Then, you know what I mean?
- No, I don't want to know.
Are you disturbed about me?
Of course I am!
- Little Tessa...
- Such a "little Tessa",
such an insignificant nuisance little Tessa.
I think I've known it always.
And yet, why didn't I know?
Lewis, whatever you think you know,
you must forget it now.
- I love you, Tessa.
- No.
I know I always have.
Once a long time ago,
when I kept a diary...
- ...I wrote something down.
Did you?
"One day Lewis will look at me
and everything will be all right."
And I didn't look.
There were other things to see,
that was all.
Please don't talk about it.
It's too late now.
No, it isn't.
You're coming away with me.
-Why did you marry Florence?
-I don't know. Now.
You couldn't have thought
anything about me.
Tessa, I always have, really.
Then it was unfair to both of us
for you to marry her.
You were so mad to get her
that you forgot all about me!
Oh, if only you had waited a bit.
It was something I didn't realize.
Can you understand that?
How can I not understand you?
You've been in my mind all the time.
You've never really been away from me.
I promised myself to you
such a long time ago.
My darling.
No! There's Florence.
She's my cousin,
I've been living in her house.
She's been very kind.
Anyway, you belong to her.
But if it weren't for that,
I'd rather go away with you...
...than anything else in the world.
But I can't do this.
They'd say we've been carrying on
behind Florence's back,
I'd be a traitor. I can't.
One must do as one thinks right,
mustn't one?
I said my say.
Non giusto.
Oh, Robert-o.
Scuzi, signore, but, all the servants
go to the concert but me.
Poor souls! Well,
if you must hear it,
there's a wireless radio
down in my study,
-You can switch it on down there.
-Grazie, signore.
All right, Robert-o.
Florence!
Are we going to be late as usual?
It's half past.
Very beautiful, my dear.
Thank you, father.
-I don't know about Lewis.
-Oh, Lewis, well, uh--
-Go along, father.
-Well, hurry. That's a good girl.
I couldn't face this thing without
a bite and a glass of something.
-I'll be down.
-Well, hurry. That's a good girl.
You look lovely, my dear.
-No white tie, dear?
-No, I'm not conducting tonight.
I prefer to wear this.
-I see you packed.
-Yes.
-Take me with you.
-Oh, Florence,
Don't you think
it's much wiser for us--?
I'm sorry about this afternoon, but
I thought you sent me some flowers.
Oh, darling, I can understand so well
how you felt.
Can you understand how I feel
now that you're going away?
Lewis, I'd do anything in the world
that you ask me to.
Go anywhere, be or do
anything.
Florence, I can't let you
say things like these.
I mean, you can't put yourself
in this position.
-After all, that's-- I'm the one--
-Oh, I don't care, I mean it.
I'm honest, we're married
and I love you.
If I haven't completely understood you
it's not my fault because I've tried.
And all the time I had the feeling
I was succeeding bit by bit.
This is humiliating, really.
-For you?
-No, of course not. For you!
You're attractive and young.
You deserve so much more
than I can ever be to you.
You're giving me up?
Oh, please, you can't
put it that way.
All right.
It's you don't want me anymore.
Give me another chance.
I'm begging you.
Look at me.
Don't tell me
what's in your mind just now.
I don't think I could stand it.
I'm sure I couldn't.
You're going away for a while,
I'll wait for you.
You might miss me.
I hope you will, a little.
Will you do me a favor
while I'm gone?
-Anything.
-It's about Tessa.
-What is Tessa to do with us?
-You were speaking of understanding.
If you could just try
to understand her.
But, what does Tessa matter
just now?
-Well, I won't be here and...
And what?
If I could only be sure that
you two are good friends and...
...that you understand her...
Yes.
Don't look like that.
Go on.
Well, you know Tessa,
she's tender and loyal...
...and she deserves to be loved.
Since when have you loved her
so deeply?
Always, I think.
And why did you marry me?
I saw no-one but you, then.
Have you told her?
Does she know?
Yes, and she will have none of me.
She spoke of you, immediately.
That's why I'm asking you to try
and understand what she's really like.
Don't ask me to try
and understand. I do!
You dare suggest--?
I do dare!
I told you she'd have nothing to do
with me! Ever, because of you!
I don't believe it!
I've seen enough of them all
to know they can't be trusted.
And in this house! How could you?
What else could it have been?
You couldn't even think
such a thing about that child.
Don't call her a child! It makes it
even more contemptible.
I put the thought away again and again,
because it was so horrible.
Because I felt that,
no matter what she was,
you... you, at least, were decent!
I told you to go to the concert.
-I was getting the smelling salts, madam.
-I don't need them!
-They're for Miss Tessa, madam.
-Miss Tessa?
-She fainted. One of them spells she has.
-Where?
In her room.
I'll take them.
Come in.
-Hello, Florence.
-I thought you were ill.
Hamilton said you were.
It's just one of those silly
dizzy spells. I'm all right, really.
Please, don't bother.
It's the excitement of tonight and...
Yes, the excitement of
so many things.
You'd better rest here. You could have
applications during the performance.
-No, I won't.
-Lie down. I'll call Dr. Tomlin.
-Please no, these things pass off.
-You'll do as you're told.
What's the matter, Florence?
You know...
I should've never come here.
I'm only a nuisance.
Don't you think that
if I packed my bag and...
...went away with Fritz, stayed with
Toni and Paula for a while in Paris...
...got some job and were out of the way,
don't you think it would be better?
Did you know that Lewis was leaving
for the continent after the concert?
-Yes, but not to Paris.
-You know his plans?
Florence, don't have
those thoughts, please!
-He only said he was going away.
-And you promptly have palpitations!
Go away.
Why did you run away from school?
To be near Lewis.
Why did you unsettle him
about his work?
You know what I'm talking about.
And you succeeded, didn't you?
Didn't you?
- With Lewis? Me?
- Of course!
Oh, you're making
a horrible mistake.
Such a little girl,
so innocent.
I'm talking to you now
as one woman to another.
I'm accusing you directly
into your face.
You've flung yourself at my husband
in this house and you succeeded!
I can't help it if I love Lewis! I did
long before you came to Switzerland!
It's not a happy thing, it brought
nothing but sadness into my life.
Yet, it's so overwhelming
I wouldn't want it to be different.
But I have come to understand
he is your husband and--
I'm not going to see him anymore.
That's the reason I want to go away.
As for your thinking that
we did anything else...
...that's horrible and shocking, and
I wouldn't even lower myself to deny it.
But I've told you I love Lewis
and I can't help it.
You talk of love?
You don't even know what it means.
Yes, I do. I know all about it.
- What do you mean by that?
- Florence, please!
Tessa!
Tessa, come along.
Tessa.
Shouldn't you get going?
It's getting late.
I do think I'd lie down.
Yes, I will.
Please, don't be late.
I'm all right.
-Here are the smelling salts.
-Thank you.
Come in.
-Oh, what a pretty dress.
-You think so?
-Ready?
-No.
-What's the matter?
-Oh, well, I--
-What happened?
-I had a few flutterings inside and--
Nothing for you to think about.
You'd better hurry.
-What caused it?
-All the excitement of the concert.
Have they sent for the doctor?
Of course not, I'm used to them.
I know all about my valvular "lessons".
-What?
-My... lesions.
They go as quickly
as they come.
-Sure you're all right now?
-Of course, I wouldn't lie to you.
Hurry up and finish dressing.
I'll tie that up for you.
Well, I wonder if I should.
Why?
These spells behave in the most
embarrassing ways sometimes.
I wouldn't want to go fluttering
in the middle of the performance.
They come rather quickly, a sort of
humpy feeling here, and then...
...things start to go
a little blurred,
and then you'd have me
slithering on the floor,
and considerate old gentlemen would break
their poor backs trying to help me up.
Then tomorrow the critics would say
that you stunt your audience.
Or at least, one of them.
So, I think I'll stay here quietly and concentrate.
I may possibly be going away.
I think I'll think about it now.
Where would you go?
Anywhere, away from our situation.
It's getting late.
Better be going.
No. Our piece is not played until last.
"Our piece".
Oh, sweet generous Lewis.
There's no-one like you in the world.
I've always known that, but you haven't.
You haven't know yourself at all.
-No, until today, I think.
-You mustn't.
Tessa, you know,
I've lived so much longer in this hard world than you have...
but you have such wisdom about things.
-Have I?
-Yes.
You said downstairs so truly that ours was an impossible situation.
I wonder if you know how many things have made it so.
It isn't that I'm married to Florence.
It isn't that there are so many years dividing you and me.
It's something that has been with me ever since I was a little boy.
Hearing strange music in almost anything.
-You know?
-Yes.
Everything, anything that came into my mind...
-...was never quite of this earth.
-Really?
Poor, poor dear Lewis.
You never really possessed happiness, have you? I've known nowhere to find it. I never had the power to sense it or take it. I've been very fortunate. I've always had it, as long as I can remember, I've been very fortunate, thanks so much to you. You know, I've never thought of you as either older or younger--
Tell me, did you ever suspect and then brushed me off for being a child? No, truthfully, no. Although when I thought you were lost I nearly went out of my mind. No, it was just this evening, downstairs. When I looked at you... ...everything I ever longed for seemed to be there, for me. Really, you must go to your music, now. I'll be thinking of you. Please, go, dear sweet Lewis. Please. I don't want to leave you a bit. Even if I ask you very nicely? I'll come back. Aren't you going away? You said you were. I'm coming back. Hurry. Bless you. You always kissed my forehead. Even when I think of you, my forehead pops up to be kissed naturally. Beloved. It's a very beautiful word. You can feel it, but it's so hard to say. What? Beloved. I forgot to give you your flower.
I don't know when I'll see you again
to give it to you.
Because I'm going away.
I must.
Lewis!
Florence is having fits.
We gave you up.
Come on, boy.
Horses are leaving the barnyard.
Sorry.
Are you a shrinking violet?
We thought you deserted us.
With all due respect to Beethoven,
the thing gave me a headache.
Oh, Constance, it was his Fifth.
Here's Lewis.
Lady Saunders, General.
Hello again. This is your place.
Oh, no, please.
- The place is packed. Where were you?
- I walked.
He hasn't miss a thing.
The whole thing's very loud and harsh.
Your hands are like ice. Well,
even I'm nervous. Success, Lewis.
Oh, I forgot. Good luck!
- Good luck.
- Same here!
Thank you very much.
- That's Regents Hall coming through.
- Yes. Where do you go?
- With Fritz, to Paris.
- I'll get you something to eat.
All right.
- I've been calling you.
- Yes, Lewis.
You wanted me
to call you, didn't you?
Yes, I've waited so long
to hear you call me.
You're not going to school,
or anywhere else.
Then I'll never be
a great lady.
-You want to be?
-No, no.
I want to be growing up
like sting weeds.
That doesn't sound very nice, Lewis.
You want to be with me,
always, don't you?
Yes, always. Forever and ever.
It's the owl of death
that frightens me.
You must never be afraid.
You must be protected.
-Protected?
-Yes.
But my heart is a very simple heart.
Isn't that some protection?
Yes.
May I protect you, or try to?
There are so many years
between us.
But you belong to me,
even before I was born.
When you were a little boy,
you must have longed for me,
for me to take care of you.
I was on my way to you then.
I'm late, but I'm here.
I've been waiting for you.

*Sanger said:*

suffer... or cry..."
Lewis...
#When I am dead,#
#another love will cheer thee.#
#The sun will rise...#
#...as bright tomorrow morn.#
I'm afraid!
The words frighten me!
#The birds will sing...#
#though I no longer near thee...#
#...must lie forlorn,#
#lie forlorn.#
#When I am in my grave,#
#the flowers blowing...#
Where's Mr. Dodd?
Where is he?
-He left.

Where's Dodd?
-He went before it finished.
Did Florence go with him?
I didn't see her.
She left just after.
We'll stop by our house
for a nightcap.
-Your cab was just driving away. Lewis--
-Excuse me.

Roberto, where is Miss Tessa?
Darling, I must talk to you
for a moment.
-I can't go on with you hating me.
-How can I possibly hate you?
How can you not hate me?
I've said unkind, wicked things.
-I was jealous. Can you understand?
-Of course I can understand.
I won't stand in your way
another moment.
And I want to tell her so
myself. May I?
Why this sudden change?
Because I love you and
I want you to be happy.
This is all my fault, Florence.
I'm the guilty one.
How can you possibly
be guilty?
People don't arrange these things.
Something else does, I'm sure.
I realized that tonight, watching you
in the box, hearing at the music.
Anyone else would have been--
But you've been gentle and very honest.
-But that's because you are you.
-My dear Florence.
Don't think that I haven't been conscious of your quality of--
No, I just happen to exist outside your inner world and Tessa's.
I understand it very clearly.
You must never be sorry for me.
We're friends, all of us, aren't we? Always?
-Always, yes.
-Here they are.
Not a servant in the house. Florence sent them all off to that show.
Go on with your story, sir.
-No, no, Charles, your incorrigible.
I never saw the girl again.
Girl? She was over 30.
-That's right, don't you think, sir?
-What?
About 30.
-She's asleep?
-Yes.
-Is it her bag?
-Yes.
-She's going away?
-Yes.
Did she hear the concert over the radio?
Yes.
Tessa!
Tessa.
Little Tessa...