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The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

By Philip Dunne

And now my mind
is made up.
Oh, Lucy.
I never heard
of such a thing.
Oh, Lucy, Lucy.
Please don't make it
more difficult.
I know you've tried to be
generous and kind...
but it simply won't work,
my living here.
Eva, speak to her.
Are you serious, Lucy?
Yes, Eva, I am.
And poor Edwin
barely cold in his grave.
He's been dead
almost a year now.
Still you might have
some consideration
for your husband's memory.
I don't see what Edwin's
got to do with this.
I'm not leaving him,
I'm leaving you.
After all we've tried
to do for her.
You mustn't think
I'm not grateful.
You've both been
so very kind to me...
but I'm not really
a member of the family...
except for marrying your son,
and now he's gone.
I have my own life to live...
and you have yours...
and they simply
won't mix.
I've never had
a life of my own.
It's been Edwin's life
and yours and Eva's...

never my own.
Stop sniveling, Mother.
If she's determined
to make a fool of herself...
there's nothing
we can do about it.
But what will I have to
remind me of poor Edwin?
Lucy, have you
considered Anna?
Yes, Eva, I have.
You're willing to take responsibility
for what might become of her?
She's my daughter, Eva.
And what do you
mean by that?
Only what I said.
You're insinuating
that I interfere with Anna.
Don't deny it, Lucy.
Don't deny it, I say!
I'm not denying it, Eva.
Please, can't we discuss this
without quarreling?
I'm sure I don't know
how you'll manage, Lucy.
You haven't any money.
I have the income
from Edwin's gold shares.
Anna and I can live
quite cheaply with Martha.
Do you mean you're
taking Martha Huggins?
And why not? She was with me
before I came to live with you.
Of all the ungrateful--
Please, Eva. I'm sorry,
but I've made up my mind.
But where, Lucy,
where can you go?
The seaside, I think.
I've always wanted
to live by the sea.
Oh, goody.

Well, that's all I have to say.
I should think
it's quite enough.
Apparently there's
nothing we can do about it...
but when you realize
your mistake
and try to come
crawling back to us...
don't expect
any encouragement from me.
I won't, Eva.
Well, it's done.
Oh, it's a blooming
revolution, that's what.
Isn't Whitecliff
beautiful, Martha?
Oh, I am sorry.
It's quite all right.
Are you Mr. Itchen?
Mr. Itchen passed on
30 years ago.
May he rest in peace.
Mr. Boles?
Likewise.
Then you're Mr. Coombe.
Junior.
Of course.
You answered my letter.
Please eat.
Thank you.
I'm Mrs. Muir.
Mrs. Muir, of course.
You were desirous of renting a house.
Yes.
Well, I've selected
several prospects
suitable to a young lady
in bereaved circumstances.
Bowles Yard. Seaside villa.
Three beds, two recept...
complete offices,
company's gas and water...
ideally sits near bus stops,

modern drains, private garden...

1 20.

1 0 deposit.

I'm afraid that's

a little too expensive.

Right.

Labernum Mount.

First-class residential street...

four bed, one receipt,

sun parlor, offices...

company's gas and water,

beautifully planted, short walk--

This one.

Uh, Gull Cottage.

What was that, madam?

This house.

Gull Cottage.

It's exactly the sort of

place I'm looking for.

Gull Cottage. Oh, no, no.

That wouldn't suit you at all.

Labernum Mount.

First-class residential street...

four bed, one receipt,

sun parlor, offices...

company's gas and water--

And only 52. That's very little

for a furnished house.

It's a ridiculous price.

I suppose

there's something wrong.

Is it the drains?

When Itchen, Boles, & Coombe

put up a house for rent...

you may be sure there is

nothing wrong with the drains.

Then why shouldn't it suit me?

My dear young lady, you must

allow me to be the judge of that.

Now where were we?

Oh, yes. Labernum Mount.

Beautifully planted,

short walk from--

But if I'm going to

live in the house...
I should be the judge.
You'll only waste your time.
But it's my time.
I believe there's another
house agency in Whitecliff.
Perhaps they have
Gull Cottage listed, too.
Very well, madam,
if you insist.
I shall drive you to Gull Cottage
in my motorcar.
That's very good of you,
Mr. Coombe.
Uh, Mrs. Muir.
It's only a short drive
to Labernum Mount.
But I want to see the inside.
The inside?
Of course.
What on earth's the matter?
Very well.
If you insist.
Terribly dusty.
The house has been empty
for nearly four years.
Oh.
Office is back there.
Living on the right.
Dining off the living.
Oh.
Of course.
It's a painting.
I thought for a moment...
Who is it?
The, uh, former owner,
a Captain Gregg.
A sea captain.
That explains the scheme
of decoration, doesn't it?
Which is in frightful taste.
Oh, I don't agree with you.
It's really a lovely room...
and most of the furniture

will do as it is.

Mrs. Muir, I must beg of you
not to be so precipitous.

I assure you this house
will not suit you at all.

Oh, but it does.

It suits me perfectly.

What a hideous tree.

What kind of a tree is it?

I believe it is called
a monkey puzzle tree.

Why?

Because it defies the efforts
of monkeys to climb it, presumably.

Why, it ruins the view.

I'll have it chopped down.

Did you say something,
Mr. Coombe?

No, I did not.

Well, I think I'd better
see the rest of it.

As you wish, Mrs. Muir.

What on earth?

What, Mrs. Muir?

That table. I thought you said
no one had been here.

I said nothing of the sort.

I said the house
had been empty. It has.

A charwoman
was here last week.

Well, she must have left
in a frightful hurry.

That she did.

Did she tell you why?

She told me nothing.

She returned the key
to the office whilst I was out.

Oh.

Mrs. Muir, I--

I know, it won't suit me.

But it does.

I'd like to see the upstairs.

The upstairs.

The, uh, main bedroom.
Of course.
He liked to watch the ships.
But what...
That's what it is.
You're clean.
I beg your pardon,
Mrs. Muir.
Oh, not you, Mr. Coombe,
the telescope.
Did you laugh,
Mr. Coombe?
Mr. Coombe?
You would come.
I didn't want to show it to you...
but, oh, no, no,
you had to see it.
Haunted.
How perfectly fascinating.
Fascinating?
I suppose it's fascinating that
this house is driving me to drink.
To drink!
Four times I've rented it
and four times the tenants
have left after the very first night.
The owner's in Australia,
Captain Gregg's cousin.
I've written to him, cabled him
begging him to release me...
but he only replies,
"Rely on you."
Well, I don't want
to be relied on.
I never want to see
this house again.
I wish Captain Gregg
had lived to be 1 00.
I wish he'd never been born.
I'm terribly sorry,
Mr. Coombe.
Well, at least you know now
why it won't suit you.
Yes, I--I suppose so.

Why does he haunt?
Was he murdered?
No, he committed suicide.
Uhh! I wonder why.
To save someone the trouble
of assassinating him, no doubt.
Come. We'll go
to Labernum Mount.
Mrs. Muir.
Mrs. Muir, if you please.
You'll probably think it
very silly of me, Mr. Coombe...
but I've decided to take
Gull Cottage after all.
I mean, if everyone rushes off
at the slightest sound...
of course the house
gets a bad name.
But it's too ridiculous, really...
in the 20th century,
to believe in apparitions
and all that
medieval nonsense.
But you heard him laugh.
I heard what might
have been a laugh.
It might have been the wind
roaring down the chimney.
If I may so say, Mrs. Muir,
fiddlesticks.
I want Gull Cottage.
In my opinion, you are the most
obstinate young woman I have ever met.
Thank you, Mr. Coombe.
I've always wanted
to be considered obstinate.
Very well, Mrs. Muir...
on the understanding
that I disclaim all responsibility
of what may happen...
you shall have
Gull Cottage.
Don't you dare come in.
Bringing your muddy feet

through my nice clean kitchen.

Landlubber.

Uh, there.

Nothing like soap and water
to make everything shipshape
in Bristol fashion.

Yes.

What did you say, Martha?

Why, I said--

What did I say?

Shipshape in Bristol fashion.

I've never heard you use
that expression before.

Huh. Must have been
the sea air.

Come along, Mrs. Muir.

I'll have that iron,
if you please.

But I've nearly finished.

You've done enough
hard work for today.

Besides, you know,
you're supposed not to be--

If you're going to start
telling me I'm not strong...

I'll pack you off back to London
on the first train.

Dear old London,
how I miss it.

Now come along,
upstairs to your room
and a bit of shut-eye
before tea.

I feel so useless.

Here I am nearly
halfway through life...

and what have I done?

I know what I done,
all right.

Cooked enough steaks
to choke an hippopotamus
and kept the name of Huggins
as fair as the day I found it.
You've led

a very useful life, Martha.
I have nothing to show
for all my years.
I suppose you call
Miss Anna nothing.
Oh, heavens.
I can't take any credit for her.
She just happened.
Yes.
That's what my old mum
always used to say.
I was the 1 1 th.
Oh.
Hurt yourself?
Here, let's have a look.
Oh, it's nothing,
just a scrape.
But I am tired. I think
I will take a little rest.
Begging your pardon,
Your Highness.
There.
This will keep you
nice and warm.
Thanks, Martha,
you're an angel.
Ha! Ain't noticed any wings
sproutin' lately.
I'll call you in plenty
of time for tea.
Oh, it's you.
I crept up, not
wanting to wake you
in case you
was still asleep.
Tea's all ready.
Miss Anna will have it all
cleared off in no time
if you don't hurry.
I've got a nice bit
of fresh fish for you, too.
Martha, I had
such a curious dream.
Did I close the window

before I went to sleep?
You did, and scraped your finger.
Don't you remember?
It's shut now, ain't it?
Yes.
It's shut now.
Sleep tight.
Good night, Mummy.
I love the sea, and so does Rummy.
And so do I.
I put hot water bottles
on the kitchen table, ma'am...
and the kettle's
on the stove.
Oh, thank you, Martha.
Good night, ma'am.
Good night.
Should I leave this on, ma'am?
No. This will do nicely.
I know you're here.
I say, I know you're here.
What's wrong?
Are you afraid to speak up?
Is that all you're good for,
to frighten women?
Well, I'm not afraid of you.
Whoever heard
of a cowardly ghost?
Now if the demonstration is over...
I'll thank you not to interfere
while I boil some water
for my hot water bottle.
Light the candle.
Go ahead, light it.
How can I when you keep
blowing out the match?
Light the blasted candle!
Well?
You'll--You'll forgive me
if I take a moment
to get accustomed to you.
You're Captain Gregg.
Aye.
I'm sorry I called you names...

coward and so forth.
I didn't really believe in you,
or I wouldn't have.
It must have been
embarrassing to you.
Why?
Why, I mean because
of the way you died.
The way I died, madam?
I mean because
you committed suicide.
What made you think
I committed suicide?
Mr. Coombe said--
Coombe's a fool.
They're all fools.
I went to sleep
in front of that confounded
gas heater in my bedroom...
and I must have kicked the gas on
with my foot in my sleep.
It was a stormy night like this
with half a gale blowing from
the south-southwest
into my windows...
so I shut them as
any sensible man would.
Wouldn't you?
Yes, I suppose so.
Then the coroner's jury
brought in a suicide
because me blasted
charwoman testified
I always slept
with me windows open.
How the devil should
she know how I slept?
Oh, I'm so glad.
Do you have a strange
sense of humor, madam?
I mean because you
didn't commit suicide...
but if you didn't,
why do you haunt?

Because I have plans
for me house
which don't include
a pack of strangers barging in
and making themselves at home.
Then you were trying
to frighten me away.
You call that trying?
I'd barely started.
No, that was enough
for all the others.
They didn't want any part of it,
let me tell you.
Didn't even stop
to weigh anchor.
They just cut their
cables and ran.
I think it's very mean
of you frightening people...
childish, too.
In your case,
I'm prepared to admit
I charted the course
with regret.
You're not a bad-looking
woman, you know...
especially
when you're asleep.
So you were in my room
this afternoon.
My room, madam.
I thought I'd dreamed it.
Did you open the window
to frighten me?
I opened the window because
I didn't want another accident
with the blasted gas.
Women are such fools.
You, of all people,
should not have brought that up.
I wouldn't call that remark
in the best of taste.
Well, I'm sure it
was very kind of you...

but I am quite capable
of taking care of myself.
Now, if you don't mind.
Well, what's the matter now?
I just wanted to see
if you were really there.
Of course I'm really here...
and I'll still be here when
you've packed up and gone.
But I'm not going.
The house suits me perfectly.
My dear woman,
it's not your house.
It is as long as I pay rent.
Pay rent to me blasted cousin!
He's the legal owner.
Legal owner be hanged!
It's my house...
and I want it turned into
a home for retired seamen.
Then you should have
said so in your will.
I didn't leave a will.
Why not?
I didn't expect to kick
the blasted gas on with me foot!
I won't be shouted at.
Everyone shouts at me
and orders me about...
and I'm sick of it,
do you hear?
Blast! Blast! Blast!
Temper. Ha ha!
Or laughed at, either.
I won't leave this house.
You can't make me
leave it. I won't!
Here, belay that.
Stop it now,
do you hear me?
If there's one thing I can't stand,
it's a woman crying.
Stop it!
Blast it all, madam.

I love this house.
I thought I must stay here
the moment I saw it.
I can't explain it.
It was as if the house itself
were welcoming me...
asking me to rescue it
from being so empty.
You can't understand that,
can you?
I suppose you think
I'm just a silly woman...
but that's the way I feel.
Well, there might be
some truth in it at that.
I felt that way
about a ship once...
my first command.
Found her rusting
in the Mersey...
gear all foul
and a pigsty below.
Always swore she sailed
twice as sweetly for me
as she would
for any other master
out of gratitude.
Well, you love the house.
That counts for you.
And you've got spunk.
You didn't frighten like the others.
That counts for you, too.
You may stay...
on trial.
Oh, thank you.
Keep your distance,
madam.
I'm sorry.
You made me so happy.
No intention
of making you happy.
I merely want to do
what's best for the house.
Then we're agreed,

and you'll go right away
and leave us alone.
I will not go right away.
Why should I?
Because of Anna,
my little girl.
I don't want her
frightened into fits.
I never frighten
little girls into fits.
Think of the bad language
she'd learn and the morals.
Confound it, madam,
my language is most controlled...
and as for me morals...
I lived a man's life,
and I'm not ashamed of it.
I can assure you
no woman's ever been the
worse for knowing me...
and I'd like to know how many
mealy-mouthed bluenoses
can say the same.
She's much too young
to see ghosts.
Very well. I'll make
a bargain with you.
Leave me bedroom as it is...
and I'll promise not to go
into any other room in the house.
And your brat need never
know anything about me.
But if you keep the best bedroom,
where should I sleep?
In the best bedroom.
But...
In heaven's name,
madam, why not?
Why, bless my soul,
I'm a spirit.
I have no body. I haven't
had one for four years...
is that clear?
But I can see you.

All you see is an illusion.
It's like a blasted
lantern slide.
Well, it's not very convincing...
but I suppose it's all right.
Then it's settled.
I'm probably making a mistake.
I always was a fool
for a helpless woman.
I'm not helpless.
If you're so confoundedly
competent...
you'll notice your kettle's
about to boil over.
Oh, so it is.
Oh, one thing more.
I want me painting
hung in the bedroom...
the one that's
in the living room.
Must I?
It's a very poor painting.
It's my painting.
I didn't invite your criticism.
I make that
part of the bargain.
I want you to put it there now,
tonight. Good night.
Good night.
I mean, it doesn't
do you justice and--
You might at least have
turned the light back on
before you left.
Such nonsense.
My dear, never
let anyone tell you
to be ashamed
of your figure.!
There!
That's the last of them.
Never held
with mourning meself.
I always say life's

black enough as it is
without dressing in it, too.
Cheer up, Martha.
Life isn't as bad as that.
Who said it was?
Good afternoon.
What have you done with
me monkey puzzle tree?
I expect it's chopped
for firewood by now.
Hang it all, madam!
I planted that tree
with me own two hands.
Why?
Because I wanted
a monkey puzzle tree in me garden!
Think how much prettier
a bed of roses will look there.
I hate roses!
I hope the whole blasted bed
dies of blight!
I wish you wouldn't swear.
It's so ugly.
If you think that's ugly...
it's a good thing you
can't read me thoughts.
You seem to be very
earthly for a spirit.
And you, madam, are enough
to make a saint take to blasphemy!
Blasted women!
Always make trouble
when you allow one aboard.
Captain Gregg,
if you insist on haunting me...
you might at least be
more agreeable about it.
Why should I be agreeable?
Well, as long as we're living--
I mean, if we're to be
thrown together so much...
life's too short to be forever
barking at each other.
Your life

may be short, madam.
I have an unlimited time
at my disposal.
There you go
arguing again.
Try to say something
pleasant for a change.
Ah, that's a--that's
a pretty rig you have on.
Oh, thank you, sir.
Much better than
smothering yourself
in all that ugly
black crepe.
I happen to have been wearing
mourning for my husband.
Whom you didn't love.
How dare you say that!
Because it's true.
You were fond of him perhaps...
but you didn't love him.
I suppose you're jealous
because no one
put on mourning for you.
That shows how little
you know about it.
Some poor, misguided
female no doubt.
Three poor, misguided
females to be exact.
I should--I should think
you'd be ashamed of it
instead of boasting
about it.
Why? They
misguided themselves.
I never raised
a finger to help them.
That's not what I've heard
about sailors.
Seamen, confound it!
Sailor is a landlubber's word.
Why did you marry him?
Edwin?

I don't really know.
He was an architect.
He came down
to plan an addition
to my father's library.
I was only 17.
I remember I'd--
I'd just finished a novel
in which the heroine was
kissed in the rose garden
and lived happily ever after.
So when Edwin kissed me
in the orchard--
But it was different
after you left the orchard.
He didn't beat you, did he?
Oh, no!
Poor Edwin.
He never did anything.
I'm afraid he wasn't even
a very good architect.
He couldn't have designed
a house like this.
Who did?
I did.
It reminds me of something--
An old song, or--or a poem.
"Magic casements,
opening on the foam
of perilous seas,
in faery lands forlorn."
That's Keats, isn't it?
The nightingale.
Strange to find a sea captain
quoting Keats.
Oh, life's slow at sea.
Plenty of time for reading
in the off watches.
How romantic.
Reading lyric poetry
up in the crow's-nest
with the sheets
bellying in the wind.
Sails, blast it all, madam!

A sheet's a line, a rope.
Ropes can't belly.
I don't know anything
about the sea
except that it is romantic.
That's what
all landsmen think.
Seamen know better.
Then why do they
go to sea?
Because they haven't
the sense to stay ashore.
Heaven help
the ordinary seaman.
Were you ever one?
For several years,
while I learnt me trade.
It's hard to imagine you
being an ordinary anything.
You got callers.
Oh, dear!
Whatever can they want?
Who is it?
My blasted in-laws!
But she's resting, ma'am.
Then we'll go up.
Quick! Hide or--or go away
or decompose.
Dematerialize, madam.
Whatever it is,
do it quickly.
No fear.
They can't see me or hear me
unless I choose
that they should.
Oh, then please don't choose.
I'll get rid of them.
Why don't you let me?
I've had plenty of practice.
Say the word,
and I'll keelhaul them.
No. You're not to do anything!
Well, Lucy.
Talking to herself.

Oh, my poor Lucy.
You look so pale.
Well!
What an ugly room!
Oh, it isn't really.
Whatever do you want
with that telescope?
I--I like to look at the stars.
You never liked
to look at the stars
when you lived with us.
Sit down, Mother.
And what a hideous painting.
Anyone with a face
like yours, madam...
should steer clear of
expressing such opinions.
Why on earth don't you
take it down?
Because I like it, Eva.
I'm--I'm very fond of it,
really I am.
Ha ha ha! Liar.
Of course.
If you want a portrait
of a strange man
in your room...
well, that's up to you.
I'm sure you didn't come here
merely to criticize the decorations.
No, we did not.
Oh, poor Lucy,
we've such bad news for you.
I suppose it's all for the best,
everything considered.
Don't you, Eva?
And in my opinion,
we're just in time.
So perhaps our bad news
is good news after all...
and now we can all
go home and live together
and forget all this nonsense
about living alone.

What news is this?
Your gold mine, Lucy.
It's petered out.
They've stopped
paying dividends.
It was in The Times
this morning.
Oh.
Oh.
Avast now.
Don't make a scene
in front of these swabs.
I don't intend
to make a scene.
Oh. Oh, of course
you don't.
You're my brave little girl,
that's what you are.
Oh, Lucy.
My little Lucy.
Please.
Make her stop that
eternal caterwauling
or I will take a hand!
You keep out of this!
Oh, Lucy!
Ha ha ha!
Oh, blast!
Oh! Did you hear her, Eva?
Yes, I heard her.
Stop sniveling, Mother.
If that's what you want,
we will keep out of it.
I didn't mean you.
Then just whom
did you mean?
Well, I--I could
explain, I suppose...
but--but you
wouldn't believe me.
All I know is
that you're acting
in a most peculiar fashion.
The only charitable explanation

is that the solitude
has preyed on your mind.
She thinks you've got
bats in your belfry.
Oh, pipe down!
I mean, I want to think.
Very well, I will pipe down,
as you put it...
but it should be
perfectly obvious
that with your income gone
there's only one course
for you to follow...
and that is to come
home now, with us.
You mean
give up this house?
Naturally. It was idiotic
to take it in the first place...
and now that you're a pauper,
how can you possibly stay?
Don't do it, Lucy.
Do you want me to stay?
Yes.
Do you really mean it?
Of course I mean it.
Tell them to shove off.
We'll think of something.
I'm sorry. It's very kind of you
to want me back...
but I'm going to stay.
I'll manage somehow.
So, please be good enough
to shove off.
Very well.
You're obviously insane...
and I for one want nothing more
to do with you.
Come, Mother.
Captain Gregg--
Captain Gregg,
where are you?
Don't forget your promise.
It's too ridiculous!

I'm going to give her
one more chance.
Stop pulling me, Mother.
I'm not pulling you, Eva.
Stop it, I say!
I'm not touching you, Eva.
Off we go!
Let me go! Aah!
Oh! Oh!
- Oh!
- Oh!
Mummy's coming aboard
in a motorcar.
Mr. Coombe is invited for tea.
Oh! I'm so glad you found
the house suitable after all.
I'm convinced now that
we were unduly concerned
about the possibility
of a ghost haunting it.
As you say, how could
such things exist
in the 20th century?
Indeed. How could they?
Still, you must admit
it's a very isolated location...
and I've often thought of you
out here alone
without the protection of a man,
the right man, could offer you.
I only hope when
I reach the afterlife
I have a little more dignity.
Dignity?
Do you call it dignified
to throw yourself
at a herring-gutted swab
like that?
I asked Mr. Coombe here
because he's the logical man
to help me find lodgers
for the summer.
Lodgers?
Oh.

Here, weigh your anchor.
Forgive me, my dear.
I've been seriously misled.
I thought you wanted
to sign him on for a husband.
Mr. Coombe?
That walrus!
It's my experience that women
will do anything for money.
Now you and your blasted
experiences have ruined everything.
No. No. No.
There's no harm done.
I couldn't allow you to
take in lodgers in any case.
They're worse
than passengers at sea.
It's them or starve.
Not at all, my dear.
I've solved all your problems.
You're going to write a book.
A book?
But I couldn't.
I find it hard enough
to write a postcard.
No, but I can.
I can write a book...
and you can put it
down on paper for me.
What will the book be about?
Me. The story of me life.
And we'll call it,
uh, let's see.
We'll call it, uh...
Blood and Swash.
Yes. Blood and Swash
by Captain X.
I don't think that's
at all a nice title.
It's not meant to be.
It's meant to be sensational,
like the subject.
But it takes months
to write a book.

What are we to live on
in the meantime?
You have jewelry?
A little.
Pawn it.
But I couldn't!
Blast your eyes, madam.
Will you understand?
You're trying to
crawl off a lee shore.
Can't afford to be squeamish.
I do understand,
and don't swear at me.
Start with that
ugly broach.
But Edwin's mother
gave it to me.
All the more reason
to pawn it.
You don't like
Edwin's mother...
and you hate her broach.
Really, Captain Gregg.
I'll have you know
I'm very fond
of my mother-in-law.
Very well. If you're
so fond of her...
you can go back
and live with her.
I think I can get
about 10 for it.
I'm glad you're
going to be sensible...
and since we're
to be collaborators...
you can call me Daniel.
That's very good of you.
And I shall call you Lucia.
My name is Lucy.
It doesn't do you justice,
my dear.
Women named Lucy are always
being imposed upon...

but Lucia, now there's
a name for an amazon...
for a queen.
I don't feel much
like a queen.
I feel frightened
and confused
and wondering what
the future will bring.
Don't you trust me?
Oh, I do, Daniel,
when I'm talking to you.
When you're not here, I--
Well, it's asking a great deal
to expect anyone
to trust her whole
future to a--
To someone who isn't real.
But I am real.
I'm here because
you believe I'm here.
And keep on believing...
and I'll always
be real to you.
Yes, Daniel.
Ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha!
Well, what's the matter?
You haven't finished
the sentence.
I know. It's--
It's-- It's that word.
I've never written
such a word.
It's a perfectly good word.
I think it's a horrid word.
It means what it says,
doesn't it?
All too clearly.
What word do you use
if you wanted to
convey that meaning?
I don't use any!
Well, hang it all, Lucia.

If you're going to be prudish,
we'll never get the book written.

Now, put it down
the way I give it to you.
Good.

Now, at this point,
having had a drink...
I, uh, I went upstairs.

Why?

Why what?

Why did you go upstairs?

Because I saw no harm in it.

You must have been
very young and foolish.

I was young,
but I was never foolish.

Inexperienced, perhaps...
curious, as young men are,
eager for adventure.

I matured early.

I wish I'd known you then.

How old were you, Daniel?

16. It was my first voyage.

Only 16.

I suppose you'd
run away from home.

Yes. I was an orphan.

Brought up by a maiden aunt
in a country village.

Now, let's get on with it.

Where was I?

Upstairs.

Ah, yes!

The customs of Marseilles
are different to any--
Different from.

To or from, who cares?

This isn't a blasted
literary epic.

It's the unvarnished story
of a seaman's life.

It certainly is unvarnished.

Well, smear on
your own varnish.

Change the grammar
all you please...
but leave the guts in it.
I think it would be nice
if we included a chapter
about your early life...
your school days.
I never went to school.
I was educated by the vicar.
Poor man. He must have
had a dreadful time.
He enjoyed every minute of it...
except for the time
I put a snake in this bed.
You must have been
a horrid little boy.
I suppose you were
a model of all the virtues
when you were 1 2.
Certainly I was.
I won a prize
for deportment at school.
I can see you.
Fat little girl
in hair ribbons.
I wasn't fat.
I was skinny.
Just as bad.
And I wore my hair in braids.
And a thousand freckles.
You, uh, you still
have freckles.
Only seven of them...
and I'm told
they're most becoming.
They are at that.
Good heavens! 11:00.
I--
I had no idea
it was so late.
Yes. You had better
be getting some sleep.
We'll put in
a full day tomorrow.

Daniel, what did your aunt do
when you ran away to sea?
Oh, probably thanked heaven
there was no one around
to fill her house
with mongrel puppies
and track mud
on her carpets.
Did she write to you?
Every Sunday for seven years.
I was at sea
when she died.
It was the year
I got me mate's ticket.
What are you
thinking about, Lucia?
I'm thinking how lonely
she must have felt
with her clean carpets.
Seen that Coombe
in the village.
He give me this for you.
Oh, thanks, Martha.
It's another demand
for payment of the rent.
He did say something
about sending the bailiffs
to put us out.
I've got a little money
put by, ma'am.
There ain't been nothing
to spend it on here.
Oh, thank you, Martha...
but I wouldn't dream
of taking it.
We'll manage somehow.
Yes, ma'am.
It's unimportant.
Don't worry about it.
What if he sends the bailiffs?
I'll handle them.
Bailiffs are nothing
but sea lawyers
come ashore.

I'm so tired, Daniel.
I can't see straight
or think straight.
Ah, now then...
there's only one more
chapter to do.
Better be at it.
Lucia!
I'm ready, Daniel.
Good, my dear.
To all who follow
the hard and honorable
profession of the sea...
to the after-guard
and forecastle alike...
to masters, mates,
and engineers...
to able-bodied
and ordinary seamen...
to stokers, apprentices,
ship's boys...
carpenters, sailmakers,
and sea cooks...
I dedicate this volume.
The end.
The end.
Now, tomorrow
you'll take it to the publishers.
I hope they like it.
They must like it.
They will.
It's strange. I--
I didn't think so at first.
Somehow--
Somehow it's a very wise book.
It has elements of wisdom
in it, my dear.
I didn't lead
a very wise life myself...
but it was-- it was a full one
and a grown-up one.
You come of age very quickly
through shipwreck and disaster.
I never understood

the sea before...
or the men who go to sea.
Why did you write
the book, Daniel?
It wasn't merely to
save the house for me.
Partly that.
For you and the retired seamen
you'll leave it to in your will...
but mostly to help
people understand...
to make them understand.
All those
comfortable swabs
who sit at home
in their beam-ends
reveling in the luxuries
that seamen risk their lives
to bring to them...
and despising
the poor devils
if they so much as touch
a drop of rum, and--
and even sneering at people
who try to do them some good
like you and me.
Well, uh...
tomorrow, the publishers.
Tacket and Sproule
in Great Smith Street.
Now be sure you see Sproule.
He owned a small
sailing yacht.
He came in fourth
in a club regatta once
and fancies himself as the very devil
of a seafaring man.
Ha ha ha!
To tell you the truth, he doesn't know
a crossjack from a scuttlebutt.
Yes, Daniel.
Ship out there.
Too close, by the sound.
It's the loneliest sound...

like a child lost
and crying in the dark.
He's lost,
all right...
with a captain
cursing a blue streak
and wondering why
he ever went to sea
instead of opening
a grocer's shop
like a sensible man.
Fog in the channel
is treacherous.
I'd rather face
a northeaster.
Still, it's honest, the sea.
It makes you face things
honestly, doesn't it?
There's something
on your mind.
Yes.
What's to become
of us, Daniel?
Of you and me?
Nothing can become of me.
Everything's happened
that can happen.
But not to me.
When we were
writing the book...
I was happy.
We were accomplishing
something together.
Now, when I try to
think about the future...
it's--it's all dark
and confused...
like--like trying
to see into the fog.
You've been working too hard,
cooped up in the house too long.
You need a change of scene.
But I love it here.
You should be out

in the world more...
meeting people.
Seeing men.
I have no desire
to see men.
You should, Lucia.
You're a confoundedly
attractive woman...
or hadn't you noticed?
Really, my dear,
you owe it to yourself.
Yes, Daniel.
Good night.
Good night.
My dear.
Oh, Daniel, I'm afraid
we've got ourselves
into an awful fix.
I should like to see
Mr. Sproule, please.
I see you're back,
Mr. Fairley.
Obviously.
Have you decided to wait?
Forever if I must.
I should like to see
Mr. Sproule, please.
Can't see Mr. Sproule
without an appointment.
But I have a manuscript.
So you have a manuscript.
Most unusual.
No more so than your adenoids
and your bad manners.
Now, take the lady's name.
Leave your name.
Mrs. Edwin Muir.
Mrs...
Mrs. Edwin Muir.
Gull Cottage,
Whitecliff-by-the-sea.
Can't I have just a few moments
with Mr. Sproule now?
I've come all the way in

from Whitecliff.
All for now.
Is it a cookbook?
I hope not another
life of Byron.
Or is it
a book of dreams?
You're trying
to give me a hint.
Has it something
to do with ice?
Is it really very important
for you to see old Sproule?
Oh, yes, so important.
Then see him you shall...
and it is your good fortune
that I'm not only irresponsible...
but also unreasonable.
I don't understand.
I had an appointment

at 11:

I arrived at 1 0:30
and wouldn't wait.
I'm only here now because
I followed you back.
So you may have
my appointment...
for which you
are just in time.
That's very good of you,
but I'm afraid I can't--
Now, my dear young woman...
if you will set aside
your book of social graces
for just long enough
to seize an opportunity
that you want very much
by merely indulging a small
natural selfish instinct.
Without doubt, sir, you are
the most forward gentleman
I have ever encountered.
Without doubt.

Mr. Fairley.
Forward.
Oh, no, no.
I couldn't.
It's quite all right.
Oh, no, really.
Here now--
She's mad about you.
Couldn't you tell?
Come in, Fairley.
Come in.
Your new book is terrible...
the most awful trash
I've had on my desk since--
Who are you?
I--I'm-- That is--
Who let you in?
Why, the gentleman outside
said it was all right.
Oh, he did, did he?
Well, it isn't all right...
and I'll trouble you
take yourself elsewhere.
Oh, please, Mr. Sproule.
I simply had to get in
to see you. I--
I have a manuscript.
Of course you have.
20 million discontented females
in the British Isles
and every blessed one of them
is writing a novel.
Don't tell me what's in it.
I know.
Bless my soul, madam,
I've got to publish this bilge
in order to stay in business,
but I don't have to read it.
No, madam, I do not.
And now if you'll pardon me,
I'm busy.
Come back here,
you blasted grampus.!

Madam.

Tsk, tsk, tsk.
You're such
a nice-looking woman, too.
Oh, I'm terribly sorry,
Mr. Sproule.
I didn't mean to say that...
but you're all wrong
about the book.
It isn't what you think at all.
It's...
It's a biography.
It's the unvarnished record
of a sailor's life.
A sailor's life, eh?
I ask your pardon, madam...
but what do you know
about sailors?
Oh, a great deal,
believe me.
Unvarnished, you say?
Well, perhaps I have time
for a few pages, at that.
What's your name?
Mrs. Muir.
Heh heh heh!
Ho ho ho ho!
I have been waiting here
for three hours.
I consider it outrageous!
Still in there?
Sent luncheon in at 2:00.
For two?
Well! You're not going to pretend
that you wrote this.
No.
No. It's a man's book...
and what a man.
Is he-- Is he your husband,
Mrs. Muir?
Oh, no.
This Captain X,
I'd like very much to meet him.
Oh, I'm afraid
that's impossible.

He's--He's away.
On a voyage, of course.
Yes. A very long voyage.
Bless my soul,
what a yarn!
What a life!
I'll tell you a secret.
If I hadn't had a mother
and two sisters to support...
I'd have gone
to sea myself.
Bless my soul,
to live like that!
Instead of sitting there
turning out
indigestible reading matter
for a bilious public.
Tsk tsk tsk!
Of course we'll publish it,
Mrs. Muir.
Now, you're empowered by
the captain to act for him?
Yes. He's given me the rights.
Good. Well, my dear...
you presented me
with a most enjoyable day.
Bless my soul,
yes, remarkable.
Now, you just leave
everything to me
and be happy that
you know such a man.
There aren't many
like him these days.
You appreciate that?
Yes, I think so.
Well, goodbye, Mr. Sproule.
Goodbye, Mrs. Muir.
Goodbye.
Mr. Fairley.
Coming.
It's easy to understand
why the most beautiful poems
about England in the spring

were written by poets
living in Italy at the time.
How do you do?
I'm not a poet,
but I've got an umbrella...
and your hat,
if I may say so...
is singularly inadequate
under the circumstances.
I didn't bargain
for this blasted rain.
That is, I'm afraid
I shall be late
and miss the last train
for home.
I could call you a cab...
if you ask nicely.
Oy! Cab!
Where to?
Victoria.
Victoria. What a coincidence.
Victoria, cabby.
I know you won't mind
Sharing my cab with me, will you?
Not at all.
The word you're
looking for is "brass."
Brass?
To describe
my behavior and me.
You don't approve
of either, do you?
Not very much.
Still, in a way
I should be grateful to you.
Of course...why?
Because Mr. Sproule
has agreed to publish my book.
Splendid. So the old boy
has developed a weakness
for feminine literature, has he?
I can't say
that it's one of mine.
This book

might surprise you.
It's surprising enough
to find a lady author
infinitely more exciting
than her heroine
could possibly be.
Do you write, Mr., uh...
My name is Miles Fairley.
Yes, I write a little.
Children's books.
Children's books? You?
I should like to see one.
I'm afraid you already have.
I write under the name
of Uncle Neddy.
Uncle Neddy?
You're Uncle Neddy?
Ridiculous, isn't it?
Then all of your cynicism
must be nothing but a pose.
You're adored by half
the children in the world.
Uncle Neddy is a pose.
Deep in
my innermost heart...
I loathe
the little monsters.
My little daughter
is not a monster...
and she'll be
very excited to know
I've been talking
to her favorite author.
I shall make an exception
of your daughter.
I'm looking forward
to meeting her
and your husband, too.
My husband is dead.
Oh.
Oh?
Oh, I do wish he'd hurry.
Well, there's no rush now.
We'll get there in time.

Here's an empty one.
Well, goodbye, Mrs. Muir.
Goodbye, Mr. Fairley,
and thank you very much.
Not at all.
Are you all right?
Oh, yes, quite all right.
Thank you.
Cheero!
Oh. You've been
eavesdropping.
Feminine literature.
What's he mean,
feminine literature?
He had no way of knowing
it's your book.
Brass, he says.
I'll polish his brass for him.
And the way he was
smirking at you...
like a cat
at a fishmonger's.
You should have
slapped his face.
Why? I found him
rather charming.
Rather charming. Now you're
starting to talk like him.
How in blazes
do you want me to talk?
That's better.
I think you're being
extremely childish.
I'm only trying to
protect you
from your
own worse instincts.
I'll manage my own instincts,
thank you.
What made you lie
to the blighter?
I didn't lie to him.
You did. You told him
he was Anna's favorite author.

You know perfectly well
she hates Uncle Neddy
and reads nothing but Deadeye Dick,
the Rover of the Spanish Main.
Well, I had to say something.
You should have
pushed him out of the cab.
In another minute,
I would have.
Why, Daniel,
I believe you're jealous.
Of course
I'm not jealous!
Do you take me
for a blasted schoolboy?
Besides, jealousy
is a disease of the flesh.
I've never known you
to be so disagreeable...
today of all days.
What's so wonderful
about today?
The book, Daniel.
Mr. Sproule liked the book.
Of course he liked it.
And now I can buy
the house.
Just as we planned.
I'm not sure
I want you to have
the blasted house after all.
Oh, Daniel, please.
Oh, I suppose being a woman,
you can't help it.
Can't help what?
Making a fool of yourself.
Daniel, you stop sulking.
You yourself said that
I should mix with people...
that I should see...men.
I said men, not perfumed
parlor snakes.
He's a man
and a very nice one.

Anyway, I shall never
see him again.
Cheer off, you blasted mud turtle!
There's no room!
I beg your pardon, madam.
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Will my name stay there
forever, Mr. Scroggins?
Forever and a day...
and I've cut it
nice and deep
so all the ships at sea
can see it as they sail along.
My goodness!
Mummy!
Mummy, come and see
what Mr. Scroggins has done!
I'll be right out, darling!
Mr. Scroggins says
I'll always be here...
and all the captains
of all the ships
will look at me
through spyglasses.
Why, that's very thoughtful
of Mr. Scroggins.
Just think of all
the lovely shipwrecks
we'll have on this beach.
Now, in the meantime,
what do you say to getting dressed
and plotting
our course for home?
Oh, please, Mummy!
Mr. Scroggins and I
have got to build
a breakwater and a canal!
I'll be pleased
to bring her home, ma'am.
All right, Skipper,
but mind you're not too late.

Life is just one coincidence
after another, isn't it?
Thank you for returning
my handkerchief, Mr. Fairley.
I feel rather ashamed
about having taken it.
You should be.
Only as a writer,
of course.
It was much
too obvious a device.
And in questionable taste.
But very necessary.
I wanted to have
something of you
until I saw you again.
You're quite accomplished,
aren't you?
I should think
being Uncle Neddy
would satisfy anyone.
No. I also paint...
under the name of Renoir.
Oh, you're such a fool.
That's the nicest thing
you've ever said to me.
And what, if anything,
do you do as Miles Fairley?
Play the fool, generally.
Specifically, I behave
quite idiotically
towards a certain young lady
that I fell in love with
while passing on a stair.
Mr. Fairley, please.
I have no illusions
about my conduct.
Am I being unforgivably
offensive, Lucy?
Lucy?
That's your name.
It's been so long
since anyone called me that.
No, you've done nothing

really unforgivable.
It's just that I'm not--
Come and take a look
at my canvas.
Why, it's me.
You've been painting me.
You've been
watching me bathe.
But always from
a respectable distance.
Not too bad, is it?
I think
it's very flattering, really--
It will need
a thousand Renoirs.
That was unforgivable,
wasn't it?
But I shall not go away,
even if you send me...
and I shall see you again,
even if you forbid it.
I'm sure I have no control
over where you go or...
or what you do.
Then you won't forbid it.
So now you've been kissed
in the orchard all over again.
You've been spying on me.
I merely happened to be
cruising in the vicinity.
I don't believe you.
Why did you let him?
I--I didn't.
He took me unaware.
Ha ha ha! My dear,
since eve picked the apple...
no woman's ever been
taken entirely unawares.
Just what do you mean
to insinuate by that?
When a woman's kissed...
it's because deep down
she wants to be kissed.
That is nothing

but masculine conceit.
Nevertheless, it's true.
Well, now what happens?
He'll stay, or he'll go away.
It doesn't matter to me
one way or the other.
I think it matters to you
more than you'll admit.
Isn't that so, Lucia?
Why bother
to ask me, Daniel?
You seem to know my mind
better than I do.
You don't like him, do you?
He puts brilliantine
on his hair.
Most men do.
And he uses perfume.
Blasted near drove me
out of his room.
You shouldn't have been
in his room in the first place.
So you can find an excuse
for everything.
Only because you're
attacking him, Daniel.
I know. It's a natural
human reaction.
I wish you
wouldn't be so superior
just because
you're...not alive.
And he is,
very much so.
It's no crime to be alive.
No, my dear. Sometimes
it's a great inconvenience.
The living can be hurt.
I don't intend to be hurt.
No captain intends to pile his ship
up on a reef, but it happens.
You yourself said I should
go about in the world.
That means taking risks.

I know, my dear.
Real happiness is
worth almost any risk...
but be careful.
There may be
breakers ahead.
I will, Daniel.
Hello, Martha.
Hello.
Like my picture?
No.
That's honest, anyway.
It's indecent,
that's what it is.
Him painting you in your
bathing costume like you was a...
I don't know what.
Oh, come, Martha.
This is the 20th century.
We must rid ourselves
of the old fetishes and taboos.
Huh! Learnt a lot
of new words, ain't you?
We're never
too old to learn.
No. Nor to make fools
of ourselves either.
"Uncle Neddy."
All right, my girl.
Let's have it.
What's he up to?
What's he want with you?
Well, I rather think he's going
to ask me to marry him.
And you'd be willing to.
I might.
Why shouldn't I?
Because he ain't good enough
for you, that's why not.
He's the kind of man
no decent woman
would associate with.
Martha, what right have you
to talk like that?

Well, I got a right
to me own feelings...
and I got a feeling about him.
How dare you!
I'm sorry.
It's just that I've been
so worried about you lately.
Now, Martha.
There's nothing to worry about.
I know he isn't perfect.
Perhaps he's conceited
and erratic...
even childish...
but he's real.
Real?
I thought I was impervious
to emotion...
a respectable widow woman
with a growing child
and a hide
like a rhinoceros...
but I'm not.
I need companionship
and laughter
and all the things
a woman needs.
I suppose I need love.
Well, I hope
he can give it to you.
Now, suppose you
go on downstairs
and make us both
a cup of tea.
I'll finish up.
Yes, ma'am.
Well, Daniel...
haven't you anything to say?
Happy?
Oh, I've never
felt like this before.
How?
I don't know.
Tell me.
Like...Like looking

down from high up...
all dizzy and unsure.
You won't fall.
I'll hold you.
It isn't right, it can't be,
to feel like this...
like...I don't know.
It is right
because you're happy.
Martha's gone up.
It's Anna's bedtime.
Just this once,
pretend you've forgotten.
But I didn't.
Just this one night.
There'll be so many nights,
darling...
two lifetimesful,
till we're both old
and even Anna's
grown and married, too.
What's wrong?
I'm jealous.
I'm even jealous
of a little girl.
But she's my daughter.
I can't just forget
my duty to her.
When you're with me...
I want you to forget about
everyone else in the world...
your duty, and what
the world will say.
I think you
must be a magician.
You make it seem all wrong
to consider my duty
and only right that I...
I thought you were
one woman with sense...
but you're like
all the rest of them.
Fall for any man
who'll promise you the moon

and end by taking everything
you have to give.
Oh, don't trouble yourself,
my dear.
It's not your fault.
I should have known
it was on the chart.
You've made your choice...
the only choice
you could make.
You've chosen life...
and that's as it should be...
whatever the reckoning.
And that's why
I'm going away, my dear.
Oh, I...I can't help you now.
I can only confuse you more
and destroy whatever chance
you have left of happiness.
You must make your own life
amongst the living.
And whether you'll meet
fair winds or foul...
find your own way to harbor
in the end.
Lucia, listen to me.
Listen, my dear.
You've been dreaming...
dreaming of a sea captain
that haunted this house...
of talks you had with him...
even a book
you both wrote together...
but, Lucia,
you wrote the book...
you and no one else--
The book you imagined
from his house...
from his picture
on the wall...
from his gear
lying around in every room.
It's been a dream, Lucia.
And in the morning

and the years after...
you'll only remember it
as a dream...
and it'll die...
as all dreams
must die at waking.
How you'd have
loved the North Cape
and the fjords and
the midnight sun...
to sail across the reef
at Barbados...
where the blue water
turns to green...
to the Falklands
where a southerly gale
rips the whole sea white!
What we've missed, Lucia!
What we've both missed.
Goodbye, my darling.
Listen to this.
From Mr. Sproule.
It's about the book
I've written.
"Our check for 1 00
advance royalties
as you requested."
You mean to tell me they paid you
good money for that?
Martha, have you
been reading my book?
I'm supposed
to dust in here...
and what falls under me eye
falls under me eye.
I'm surprised at you.
It's like eavesdropping.
I'm surprised at you.
Such language! Lummy.
Well, if you're writing
about a sea captain...
you have to use the sort
of language he would use.
He'd have a hard time

living up to your idea of him.
Mr. Sproule wants me to come
into town to sign some papers...
but I...I can't possibly
leave here now just when--
Just when what?
I'm expecting Mr. Fairley.
We're having a picnic.
You mean he is.
I heard you, Martha.
Please remember
that I'm going to marry him.
Yes, ma'am.
By the way,
I've been thinking
we might put that portrait
of Captain Gregg up in the attic.
Don't you like it anymore?
It was a silly idea
to hang it in here.
I--I don't know
what possessed me.
Atmosphere, I suppose.
Yes, ma'am.
I'll hang it in my room,
if you don't mind.
Of course not.
Perhaps you can
get Uncle Neddy
to paint one
of himself instead.
Martha!
"Dear Mr. Sproule...
"I find that I am unable to leave
Whitecliff this week
and hope that you...'
A boy brought
a note for you.
A billet-doux,
I dare say.
Oh, how terrible.
Mr. Fairley has been called up
to London for a few days.
What's so terrible about that?

There!
Is that all,
Mr. Sproule?
Except to deposit the checks
to your account when they come in.
I congratulate you, my dear...
and I congratulate
the captain, too.
Oh, the captain.
And I intend to hold you
to your promise to introduce us.
Oh, yes,
I did promise, didn't I?
You know...
someday when I've known you
a little longer, Mr. Sproule...
I'll tell you the truth
about the captain.
Goodbye
and thank you again.
Goodbye, Mrs. Muir.
Would you please give me
Mr. Fairley's address?
Miles Fairley?
Yes, please.
Uh, here it is, Mrs. Muir.
Number 14,
Albemarle Street.
Thank you so much.
Yes, ma'am?
I'd like to see
Mr. Fairley, please.
Yes, ma'am.
What name, please?
It's Mrs. Muir.
Yes, ma'am.
Will you wait in there, please?
Mrs. Muir? The maid said
you wanted to see my husband.
Perhaps I can help you.
Husband?
Or if you don't mind waiting.
He should be back soon.
He's taking the children

to the park.
I've had them abroad
for the past few months.
We just returned.
Miles is making up
for lost time.
Please sit down.
If you're a friend of his, you know
how fond he is of the children.
You are a friend of his,
aren't you?
I--I'm a writer.
We, uh... Mr. Fairley and I
have the same publisher.
How exciting.
I don't often meet
one of Miles' literary friends.
You'll wait for him,
won't you?
I expect him back any minute,
and we'll have tea.
No, I...
I'll go.
I'm afraid
I've made a mistake.
Mistake, Mrs. Muir?
Yes. I--I'm sorry.
I think I understand,
my dear...
and I'm sorry, too.
Truly I am.
You see, it isn't the first time
something like this has happened.
Mrs. Muir.
Come on in, ma'am.
I brought you
some nice hot milk.
Oh, there, there.
He ain't worth it.
Blast his hide.
He ain't worth it.
Where you been?
Just walking.
You've been doing a lot of walking

these last few months.
You mustn't go
tiring yourself out, now.
I'm not a bit tired.
Off to your room
and a nice bit
of shut-eye before tea.
Martha, do you know
what day this is?
Wash day.
Yes, but it was exactly a year ago
that we came here.
We went up
these stairs together...
and then I hurt my finger
on the window.
Remember?
Yes, ma'am.
Then I had a dream.
I remember you
telling me about it.
It was a very
strange dream...
the first of many dreams.
Now, then, off with your dress.
No. I'll rest in the big chair.
Whatever you say, ma'am.
Go on down, Rummy.
Thank you, Martha.
I'll call you in an hour.
Mummy!
Hello, Anna!
Anna! Darling!
This is a surprise.
How did you get off
from the university?
They don't know I'm away.
But--
Come on, Bill.
Don't be shy.
This is Bill, Mummy.
How do you do?
How do you do?
His real name is Sir Evelyn

Anthony Peregrine Scathe...
so of course
he's called Billy...
and we're thinking
of getting engaged.
Anna!
Well, I haven't even
asked her yet...
but if she keeps on
committing us...
I suppose I'll have to.
We've come for
your blessing, Mummy...
and we haven't had tea.
Anna, you--you quite take
my breath away.
Darling, you just make
yourself at home in there...
and we'll help Martha
with the tea.
Well, if I'm not wanted.
Oh, we'll sing out
when we want you.
Come on, Mummy.
There will be
two more for tea, Martha.
Martha!
Miss Anna.
And you'll find a strange young man
in the living room.
Who?
Well, what do you think?
Gracious. You haven't
given me time to think.
I gather his name
is Sir Evelyn Scathe...
and you want to marry him.
Sir Evelyn?
I met him at a dance
in London.
He's a sublieutenant
in the navy.
You know my weakness
for sailormen.

Well, it's the first
I've heard of it.
Oh, it's a lifelong vice.
But what do you
want me to say?
Don't matter what you say.
She'll have her own way,
same as her mother.
Don't you go making eyes
at him, now.
Only a lieutenant?
Captains is more in my line.
Oh, I've never been
so happy in all my life.
Then I'm happy, too...
and I shan't waste time
with questions.
I knew you wouldn't,
and wait till you hear.
I've discussed it with Bill.
You're to come and live with us,
you and Martha.
Oh, no, darling.
Oh, but you must.
You've been alone
so much of your life.
You're very kind,
but... it's hard to explain.
You can be much more alone
with other people
than you are by yourself...
even it's people you love.
That sounds all mixed-up,
doesn't it?
No, not a bit, but if you ever
change your mind...
Get a plate, darling.
And some extra cups.
No. I--I won't
change my mind.
I love this house,
and I've been very happy here...
and I shall live here till I die.
With Captain Gregg?

What did you say?
With the ghost
of Captain Gregg?
Anna, what are you
talking about?
Oh, I knew the captain
very well.
When I was a little girl...
the first year we lived here...
we used to have
the most wonderful talks.
You didn't.
It was all a game
I made up, of course...
sort of a dream game...
but it was a very real
while it lasted...
and he stopped
coming suddenly.
I suppose I was growing too old
and sophisticated for him...
but I grieved and grieved.
I was hopelessly
in love with him.
Heavens. You look
as if you've seen a...
Don't tell me
you saw him, too.
No.
No, not for years.
Then you did.
Oh, Mummy, you don't suppose
he really haunted us.
No, darling.
Things like that can't happen.
It was only a dream.
The same dream for both of us?
Perhaps I set you off
by telling you about my dreams.
Little girls are
very impressionable.
I don't remember
your telling me.
Oh, tell me now.

I'd love to hear about them.
Well, I can't remember them
very well...
just bits and pieces...
a phrase here and there,
a look...
and I think I dreamed most of my book
Blood and Swash.
I must have.
I never could have
thought of it.
All these years,
I--I've tried to remember...
but I can't.
Do you know
what I think?
I think you
fell in love with him, too.
I did nothing
of the sort.
Oh, I wouldn't blame you
if you had.
When did you
stop seeing him?
After about a year,
I dreamed we quarreled...
and it was about a man.
Uncle Neddy.
Anna, did you know
that Miles and I--
I used to pray
you wouldn't marry him.
And you were so right.
I saw him about five years ago
at a dinner party.
He was bald and fat.
He drank too much, and then he cried.
It seems his wife finally had enough
and took the children away.
You never can tell, can you?
Once I thought I wanted
to spend the rest
of my life with him.
Oh, perhaps he did exist,

the captain.
Perhaps he did come back
and talk to us.
Wouldn't it be wonderful
if he had?
Then you'd have something--
you know what I mean--
to look back on
with happiness.
No, darling.
He never existed.
We made him up,
you and I.
I just wasn't intended to have
that kind of happiness...
and I haven't missed it,
really I haven't.
Oh, I've been lonely
at times...
but there have been
compensations--you...
now Bill...
and dear Martha.
We sit and chatter
like a pair of parrots.
And this house...
and the sea
and the gulls...
and memories...
I have those, you know.
Even if it was a dream.
Now, come along...
and we'll join your young man
for some tea.
You, come in here.
Catch your death.
What were you
doing out there?
I don't know.
You know what
the doctor said.
Oh, bother the doctor.
He's an old woman.
Yeah, and you ain't

a young one anymore.
Here's a letter from Anna.
What she say?
Little Lucy's engaged
to the captain
of a transatlantic plane.
Anna's very happy
about it.
Says it must
run in the family.
Airplanes, not in my family,
they don't.
I suppose she means captains.
Here, drink your hot milk.
Not now, Martha.
I'm too tired...
and I have a funny pain
in my arm.
No wonder,
standing out there in the fog.
Come on, drink it up.
Stop bossing me, Martha.
I don't want
any hot milk.
Now, now.
Don't get in a state.
I'm not in a state.
I--I just want to be left alone.
Bossing me.
Very well. The bossing
I never intended.
I only brought the milk
for your own good.
Bossing me.
I'm tired.
And now you'll never
be tired again.
Come, Lucia.
Come, my dear.
Martha...