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The Go-Between

By L.P. Hartley

'The past is a foreign country.
'They do things differently there.
'I've spent a good part of my life
running away from that country,
'keeping its painful
secrets locked away...
'.. buried deep.'
Why have you become such a dull dog,
when I gave you such a good start?
It was you that let me down.
You flew too close to the
sun, you got scorched.
It was you who made me this
creature of ashes and cinders.
But you've had 50 years to get over it!
'He was right.
'I have lived in the shadow of the past...
'.. afraid it would ruin my life.
'It has.'
Master Marcus.
Come on, frogspawn!
I'll show you our room.
Is it bigger than your
dirty old cave at home?
Oh...
About the same.
Come on!
Father says this is the
grandest house in all of Norfolk.
Is your father here?
No. He's stuck in the city
for the summer. Making money.
I don't want you boys to get too hot.
Perhaps you should go and get yourself
a jolly nice glass of lemonade.
Ah! Marian, my dear.
- Hugh will be here on Saturday.
- Hmm. That's nice.
Hugh coming?
He's staying till the end of
the month, perhaps longer.
Are you sure, Mama? You know
Trimingham never misses Goodwood.
Well, I think this year he means to.

So, Leo. Marcus tells
me you are a magician.
No, not really. Only at school.
He put a curse on Jenkins and Strode
and they fell off the house roof and
broke every bone in their bodies.
They were dreadful bullies.
He could have killed
them, if he'd wanted to.
In fact, it was jolly
decent of him not to.
How powerful you must be, Leo.
I hope you're not going to curse us here.
Oh, no. I wouldn't do that.
Can you put a spell on the weather, then?
It would be lovely to have a hot summer.
Well, I don't know...
I'm sure it's within your powers.
Couldn't you do it, just for me?
In the name of Virgo,
I command the weather to obey me.
Make it a hot summer, the hottest ever.
You can't catch me!
What are we going to do to
combat this frightful heat?
No, no, no -- walk,
don't run, Marcus dear.
Haven't you anything cooler to wear, Leo?
I may look hot, but I'm
quite cool underneath.
Did you leave your summer clothes at home?
I expect Mother forgot
to put them in my case.
Why don't you write and
ask her to send them?
Oh, that would take too long.
Let me take him to town
tomorrow, get him a new outfit.
You'd like that, wouldn't you, Leo?
But I haven't much money...
That doesn't matter. We've got some.
Don't forget, he has the
things at home, Marian.
We'll give them to him

as a birthday present.
Your mother wouldn't mind
that, would she, Leo?
When is your birthday, by the way?
The 27th.
Of this month? How splendid!
Now we can all give him something to wear.
Bags I the ties!
Why don't you wait till Monday,
when Hugh will be here?
Then you could make up a
party and go together.
It wouldn't be any treat to Hugh.
He wouldn't want to go trailing
around the shops with Leo and me.
Besides, by Monday, Leo
will have melted into butter,
and all he'll need will be a muslin bag.
Are you sure you wouldn't
rather wait till Monday?
Quite sure.
But of course, if anyone would
like to come with us...?
Then I suppose we can go, Mama?
Of course.
How beautifully these are mended!
I wish we had someone who
could mend clothes like this.
My mother does it herself.
Those clothes you have at home
don't really exist, do they?
They do, but they're rather old.
We can't afford new ones.
Well, it'll be our secret.
Can I get a cup of tea, please?
Yes, of course.
Thank you.
Anyone would think you'd
never been on a train before.
Leo, I have a few errands to run.
Can you manage on your own for an hour?
I'll see you back at the station.
All aboard!
3.42, calling at Halesham,

Croxham, Brandham...

'Let me look at you.'

Perfect.

Oh, darling Leo, look at you.

What a cool customer he looks!

Just like a cucumber.

And the same shade of green.

It's Lincoln green. He

might be Robin Hood.

And there's his Maid Marian!

- Do you feel different?

- I feel quite another person.

Let me look at you, Leo.

I think it does very well.

Did you see anyone in town?

Not a cat.

We were hard at it the whole
time, weren't we, Leo?

Yes, we were.

Well, he'll be much cooler now, anyway.

What a cheek! He must

know he's trespassing.

- Goodness! I think he's naked.

- Well, you'd better not look.

Ah, it's Ted Burgess, the
tenant at Black Farm.

We don't know him socially, of course,
but he mustn't think us stuck-up.

Whoever he is, we're going to change.

It takes us a long time.

He doesn't swim badly, for a farmer.

I didn't know anyone
were going to be here.

I shan't be long.

Well, don't hurry on our
account. We'll, um...

We'll swim further up.

Oh, by the way,

Trimingham's coming tonight.

Er, he'll probably want to
come and check on the harvest.

I shouldn't be a bit surprised.

Well, I... I think I put him at his ease.

Oh, oh, my hair!

My hair's come down, it's all wet!
I'll never get it dry! I'm coming out.
Is that man going?
Yes. It's quite safe now.
Oh.
Hello, Leo.
Do you know him, Marian?
I don't know, I might have
met him. I don't remember.
You're here, though.
That's the main thing.
Come on.
Welcome back, my Lord.
I trust you had a comfortable journey?
- Perfectly tolerable...
- That's Trimingham.
He was wounded by the Boers.
He was shot in the face.
It's never got right.
He owns this house. Father is
just renting it at the moment.
Mama wants Marian to marry him.
- Mrs Maudsley, you're looking as
radiant as ever. - How kind of you.
But why, if he's so ugly?
Because it's such a good match.
Marian?
Bring his Lordship's bags upstairs.
I don't think we've been introduced.
My name's Trimingham.
- How do you do, Mr Trimingham?
- Oh, just plain "Trimingham" will do.
Aren't all grown-up men called Mister?
Oh, well, doctors aren't, or professors.
That's a title they have.
Ah. Well, I suppose I have a title too.
It's Viscount Trimingham.
But "Trimingham" is quite
sufficient in ordinary conversation.
You can call me Hugh, if you
prefer. I don't charge extra.
You haven't told me your name.
It's Colston.
Mr Colston? Or Viscount?

My Christian name is Leo.
Really, it's Lionel, but
everyone calls me Leo.
Does Marian call you that?
I noticed you were talking earlier.
Yes, she does.
Well, then so shall I.
Do you like her -- Marian?
Enough to do something for her?
Anything.
Well, then take her a message.
Say I've got her prayer book.
She left it behind on the pew.
Marian?
- Hugh asked me to tell you...
- WHO asked you to tell me?
Yes, Hugh asked me to tell you...
WHO asked you to tell me
what? I don't understand.
Marian. Don't tease the poor boy.
She knows exactly who you mean, Leo.
- Trimmingham says he's got your prayer
book. - Oh! - You left it behind.
How careless of me. Please thank him.
Why don't you go back and get it?
I'll fetch it later.
Marian said thank you.
- Is that all?
- Yes.
Is it the Black Death?
I have a headache and some spots.
Mama thinks it's the heat,
but the doctor's coming.
Bad luck.
Perhaps we shall all get it,
then we shan't be able
to have the cricket match.
Is there to be a cricket match?
We have it every year. It
helps keep the locals quiet.
We'll never be able to
lift our heads if we lose.
Ah, Leo.
Marcus will be in bed for a day or two.

The doctor doesn't think it's
measles, but better safe than sorry.
Can you amuse yourself,
somehow, without him?
Perhaps you'll spend
more time with Marian?
I might. If she wants.
I'm sure she does. She's very fond of you.
Soon you'll know all her
secrets, won't you, Leo?
I think it's a messy, dirty business,
and no-one can say otherwise.
But the thing is, once you're
in a war, you must win it.
You must use every
weapon you have. It's...
it's not about bravery, you see,
it's about being the last man standing.
Ah!
What the hell do you think you're doing?
I've a good mind to
give you a thrashing...
I saw you at the river, didn't I?
You're from the Hall.
We better do that up for you.
Come on.
Sit down here while I get
you something for that knee.
You're lucky you didn't
spoil that nice green suit.
Miss Marian gave it to me.
Miss Marian Maudsley.
I don't have much to do with the Hall.
Now, this might sting a bit.
Brave lad.
Some boys might have cried.
How old are you?
I shall be 13 on the 27th of this month.
I should have given you a bit less.
You're small for your age.
Good things come in small packages.
But won't you need that?
I've got plenty more. Do I
look as though I haven't?

You can throw it away when you're done.
Try walking.
Thank you, Mr Burgess.
Is there anything I can
do for you in return?
Perhaps there is.
Could you take a message for me?
Of course.
But can I trust you?
Can I really trust you
to keep your mouth shut?
Are you ever alone with Miss
Marian? Just the two of you?
Sometimes.
Near enough to give her a
letter without anyone seeing?
Easily near enough for that.
Wait here, then, while I write it.
Is it a secret?
It's more than that.
If anyone else gets hold of this...
it'll be a bad lookout for her,
perhaps for you, too.
I'll defend it with my life.
Is this Mr Burgess' handkerchief?
Yes. He said he didn't want it back.
You can throw it away.
Perhaps I'll wash it out.
It's quite a good one.
He asked me to give you this.
These dresses...!
Aren't you going to read it?
Later, perhaps.
Now, where's that bandage...?
You've already put it on.
So I have.
Your stocking, then.
You mustn't tell anyone about this letter.
Not even Marcus.
Of course not.
I'll be terribly angry with you if you do.
Oh... I won't be.
You see, Leo, it would get us all
into the most frightful trouble.

I won't say a word.
Mercury!
Just the man I was looking for.
Why did you call me Mercury?
Oh, well, Mercury was the
messenger of the Gods.
Can you take a message to Marian?
Tell her we need her to
make up a four at croquet.
You might have to search a bit.
We seem to have lost her.
Bring her in dead or alive.
What are you doing here?
Trimingham asked me to find you...
Why? What time is it?
Nearly seven o'clock.
Oh. We don't dine until 8:30.
He wants you to play croquet.
He said I was to bring
you in dead or alive.
Did he? Well, which am I?
What will you do to
amuse yourself tomorrow?
Well, I might do several things.
I might go for a walk...
Where might you walk to?
I might slide down a
strawstack at Farmer Burgess's.
Oh, really?
Well, if you do go that way...
will you give him a letter?
I was hoping you'd say that!
Why? Because you like him?
Because I like you.
That is very nice of you to say.
Tell her it's all right.
Tell her it's on.
You too, Trimingham.
I'm not much of an adornment.
Oh, do hurry up, Denys.
(Leo.)
Leo is so devoted to you, Marian.
He's like your little lamb.
- Hm.

- He follows you everywhere.
A little adult company goes
a long way at that age.
I thought I might pop into the
village later to visit Nanny Robson.
You know how she likes to see me.
Never mind Nanny.
You ought to pay more
attention to Trimingham.
Why?
You know why.
He's quite put out.
Has he said something?
No, of course he hasn't. But
don't think he hasn't noticed.
I don't know what you mean.
You're being deliberately obtuse.
Oh, Mama...
Leo!
I need you for a moment.
Will you take this to Mr
Burgess in the morning?
I can't go. Marcus is better now.
But still, will you try?
Ah... A love scene!
I heard Marian calling and
I hoped it might be for me.
Can I snatch her from you now?
I thought we might take a
little stroll on the terrace.
How's the postman?
I won't be able to bring
you any more letters.
Miss Marian counts on
getting those notes through.
She won't know what to
do. No more shall I.
You wouldn't want Miss Marian
to stop liking you, would you?
No...
What difference would it make to
you if she stopped liking you?
Where would you feel it?
Oh. So you do have a heart.

She counts on getting those
letters through, same as I do.
It's something we both look forward to.
They're not just ordinary letters.
I know.
She'll miss them.
She'd cry, perhaps.
Is that what you want?
You look hot.
You better come in.
'I thought I'd find you
out in the fields.'
I came back here to look after Smiler.
Is she ill?
In a way. She's going to have a foal.
Why is she having one,
if it makes her ill?
It's nature.
Between you and me, she
did a bit of spooning.
But spooning's so silly!
Spooning isn't silly.
That's just something spiteful
people say when it's...
well, when it's something
they want to do themselves.
They're envious, you see.
If you spoon with someone, does
it mean you have to marry them?
Generally speaking.
Could you spoon with someone
without marrying them?
I suppose so.
Right, that's enough
questions for one day.
But you haven't answered them.
You've hardly told me anything.
I'll make you a bargain.
I'll tell you all about
spooning, on one condition.
You go on being our postman.
Hello, Mercury.
Er, bad news, I'm afraid.
We couldn't get you in the

team... to play the village...
so you're going to be twelfth man.
Twelfth man! I never expected anything.
I'm glad you're pleased. Now, do
you feel like taking a message?
Ask Marian if she's going
to sing Home Sweet Home
at the concert after.
Tell him I'll sing it if he'll sing
She Wore A Wreath Of Yellow Roses.
But I don't sing.
Oh, it was only a joke.
Do you think so?
Just do your best, old boy.
No-one can do more than that.
- Ma'am. - Morning.
- Morning.
Ladies.
Hall team. You ready, chaps? Shall we?
Time to meet the enemy.
Good luck.
- Yes, good luck.
- Good game.
Mr Burgess, this is Leo
Colston, our twelfth man.
Master Colston and I
already know each other.
He comes to slide down my strawstack.
Ah, yes, of course, he told us.
But you should make him
run errands for you.
He's a wizard at that.
I'm sure he's a very
useful young gentleman.
Come on, lads, let's have 'em.
OK, gents.
Come on, lads.
Yes. Well played.
Ah, splendid!
Come on.
Take a single.
Come on, lads, look lively.
Well done.
- Bad luck.

- Good luck.
Good shot, sir. Well played.
Come on!
Sorry. Lad's a bit wild.
Oh, don't worry in the
least. All's fair, and so on.
Well done.
Now, come on, chaps.
- Right, shall we?
- Yep.
Come on, Ted!
Show them what you're made of, Ted.
Come on, Ted.
Everything depends on getting
Ted Burgess before he's set.
Burgess is just a hitter.
That's it, Ted.
Show them how it's done.
Come on, chaps. That's it.
You're a good boy, Ted.
Isn't it exciting?
You don't want them to win, do you?
Come on, Ted.
If we don't get him out soon,
we'll lose. That is unthinkable.
Can you carry on, old man?
No.
- One more.
- Leo.
Good luck, Leo.
Good luck, Leo.
I'm going to put you at square leg.
Now, you won't have much to do,
but sometimes he hooks one.
Just there.
Well done.
- Well done, Leo.
- You got him.
Well done, old man.
We did it!
Sorry, Ted.
It was a damn good catch.
Well done, Ted.
Thank you very much. You

played extraordinarily well.
Have you tried that ale?
I'm sorry, madam, but the
accompanist is feeling a bit seedy.
There's no-one to play the piano.
Well, Marian can play it.
Marian! Marian, you'll
play the piano, won't you?
Now, who'll start us off?
Come on, Ted! Give us a song.
Oh, no, no, no.
Go on, Ted! Get up there, Ted!
Don't disappoint us, Ted.
All right.
Go on, lad. You surprise us.
Er...

My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose.
My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune
And fair art though My bonnie lass
So deep in love am I
And I will love you still My dear
Till the sea's gone dry.

- Good job, Ted.
- Not bad, boy.
Not bad.
Don't they make a lovely couple!
Done us proud, Ted. Well done.
Well, what about our twelfth
man? Can't he give us something?
- Come on, Leo.
- Well done, Leo.
Go on, then, Master Colston.
Well done, young man, up you go.
Don't be nervous, Leo.
Well, what's it to be?
I only know Angels Ever Bright And Fair,
but it's a sacred song.
That doesn't matter. I know it.
Come on, then, Master Colston.
Sh, sh, sh.
Angels

Ever bright and fair
Angels
Ever bright and fair
Take, oh, take me
Take, oh, take me to your care
Take me
Take, oh, take me
Angels
Ever bright and fair
Take, oh, take me to your care
Take, oh, take me to your care.
Golly, you did look pleased with yourself.
But at least you got rid
of that brute Burgess.
God, when I saw him at
the piano with Marian...
it made me go all goosy.
Can you keep a secret?
I heard Mama talking.
Marian is to be engaged to Trimmingham.
It'll be announced next week.
Are you glad?
Yes. I am.
I'm sure I am.
Why is there no fifth Viscount?
He's not here.
Well, that's rather a sad story.
He was killed in a duel
and some people thought it
rather a disgrace to the family.
Was he killed avenging his honour?
In a way.
He thought his wife was too
friendly with another man.
So he challenged the fellow to a duel.
The man shot him.
It should have been the other way around.
Yes, he was unlucky. His wife's
friend was rather a good shot.
I didn't know people
fought duels about ladies.
Well, they did then.
Would the Viscount have minded
so much about the wife's friend

if he hadn't have been
married... only engaged?

Quite as much...

.. I should think.

I think it would be better
for all concerned to bring
the announcement of the
engagement forward.

We agreed it would be
the end of the summer.

- No. The whole matter is settled.

- No-one asked for my opinion.

Trimingham has been the
soul of honour and patience!

You couldn't make a better match.

- You mean YOU couldn't!

- You're being childish!

Am I to be allowed no say in my own life?

What possible objection could you have?

Don't you dare turn your back on me!

Leo, there you are, I was looking for you.

Will you do something for me?

Of course.

Will you take this?

Where to?

The farm, you silly.

Oh... I can't.

Why not?

Because of Hugh.

- He might not like it.

- What's Trimingham got to do with it?

This is a business matter
between Mr Burgess and I.

You come into our house and we
make a great fuss of you, and now
you have the infernal cheek to say
you won't do a simple job for me!

I'll never speak to you again.

I know.

You want paying, don't you?

Well, how much do you
want, you little Shylock?!

Do you ever miss?

Well, I'm a pretty good

shot, though I say it myself.
You been crying?
Come on.
Have you got a letter for me?
Have you any message for her?
Yes.
But do you want to take it?
Not much.
But if I don't, she'll be angry.
So it was her that upset you, then?
What can I do to make
things right for you?
Well, last time I was here you
said you'd tell me about spooning.
So I did.
Well, it's a job for your dad, really.
He should be the one to tell you.
My father's dead -- and I'm
quite sure he never spooned!
It's putting your arm around
a girl and kissing her.
I know that. But it's something else, too.
It makes you feel something.
It makes you feel on top of the world.
There must be more to it.
What do you like doing best?
Something that happens in dreams.
Like flying, or floating... or waking up
and knowing that someone you
dreamed was dead is really alive.
Right, well, I've never had
that dream, but you get the idea.
Think of that, and add some more...
and that's what spooning's like.
But you still haven't really told me.
You heard.
It's what you like doing
best, and then some more.
What more? I won't take any
more messages unless you tell me!
Look, you'd better clear off
quick or you'll be sorry!
Master Colston! Leo!
Wait!

It's deadly nightshade.
Belladonna. Every bit of it is poisonous.
Don't!
You'll die!
It must be a loony talking to himself.
They're spooning!
Let's go and see who
it is and rout them out.
No. Leave them alone.
What confounded cheek!
Why should they come here to do it?
I wonder what Mama would say.
No, please don't tell her,
Marcus. Promise you won't!
Your shot, old man.
He's daydreaming.
You look tired, Leo. You should rest.
He was up all night thinking
about his catch, I expect.
But for him, Burgess
would have won the day.
So, I've been talking to Burgess
about joining up to fight the Boer.
He's a likely man -- single, no
ties. He would make a first-rate NCO.
He's a good shot, too, by all accounts.
Not that I'm any
advertisement for Army life.
Is Ted really going to join up?
Oh, we're on "Ted" terms now, are we?
Well, yeah, the first time I
asked him he didn't want to.
But yesterday, he seemed
to have changed his mind.
Thought he might like a crack at them.
So, you think he'll go?
I think he may.
He won't be altogether
a loss to the district.
I didn't think you'd come again.
Is it true you're going to the war?
Who told you that?
Lord Trimingham.
Did you know Marian and he were engaged?

Is that why you're going?
I don't know that I am going.
It's up to her, really.
Look here, you haven't told
anyone about this, have you?
No.
She said you wouldn't.
I wasn't so sure, but she
said we could trust you.
I'm sorry I shouted at you.
It's natural for a boy your age
to want to know those things.
I just didn't feel like it...
not after hearing you sing like that.
Don't trouble yourself. I know
other people who'll tell me.
Well, so long as they
don't tell you wrong.
Shall I take one more message for you?
Are you sure you want to?
Yes...
just this one last time.
Well, tell her tomorrow's
no good, I'm going to town.
But Friday at half past
six, same as usual.
Have you got that?
Friday at half past six, yeah.
Ted?
Go to war?
What do you mean?
Trimingham asked him to sign
up, and he said he might.
Do you mean that?
Hugh made Ted say he would enlist?
I don't think Hugh could MAKE him go...
Ted as strong as he is,
stronger, I should think...
That's where you're wrong.
Ted is weak, as weak as water!
Hugh is far stronger...
Oh, my God...
If Hugh dares, I'll make
him put a stop to it!

Blackmail is a game two can play.
I'll tell him I won't
marry him if Ted goes.
You mustn't! They might hurt each other...
They might.
I tell you, Ted is a dangerous
man when his blood is up.
Perhaps Ted wants to go.
Oh, but he couldn't.
He couldn't.
Marian...
.. why don't you marry Ted?
I can't.
I have to marry Hugh.
I've got to.
'Well, tell her tomorrow's
no good, I'm going to town.
'But Friday at half
past six, same as usual.
'Have you got that?'
He said today is no good...
but Friday, six o'clock...
Are you sure he said six? Not half past?
Yes. Six o'clock. He was quite certain.
Bless you, Leo.
You're a friend in a thousand.
I don't want bad things to happen.
I don't want Ted and Trimingham to fight.
I want it all to end.
This is the only way.
I'm sorry, Marian.
I'm sorry, Ted.
Leo the all-powerful commands
that Marian and Ted will quarrel.
Marian will go to the outhouse
at six... and Ted won't be there.
They'll quarrel. And they'll
never see each other again.
And Trimingham won't be killed in a duel.
I command it to be so.
I command it.
- Here's tea.
- Could I have some more milk, please?
This toast is a little underdone.

Tea or coffee, sir?
At least our birthday boy
is dressed for the weather.
He won't have to change
like the rest of us.
What do you say to a picnic at
luncheon, Leo, if it's not raining?
I expect you'd like the morning
free to play with Marcus.
Yes, thank you, Mrs Maudsley.
It's Leo's birthday, Mama. He
should choose what he wants to do.
But he's chosen, hasn't he?
Well, no. You... You've chosen for him.
I think you'll find the
arrangements perfectly satisfactory.
And then at... six o'clock...
.. we can help Leo cut his cake.
At six? Tonight?
Yes, of course tonight.
Can't it be...
Can't it be what?!
That will be very nice.
You must tell Ted I can't
be there at six o'clock.
Oh, no...
But I say yes...
I can't.
Marian!
Leo?
What were you fighting about?
I was just teaching the
little beast a lesson.
I wanted him to take a
note to Nanny Robson,
let her know I'll visit her
some time this afternoon.
Would you believe it, he refused!
I shouldn't let it worry you, Marian.
You say Nanny hardly remembers
whether you've been or not.
I thought Leo and I might
take a walk in the garden.
He hasn't seen it properly yet.

Come along, Leo.
Are you interested in flowers, Leo?
A little, but mainly poisonous ones.
Mm-hm. You won't find many of those here.
How sweet of you to take
Marian's note to Nanny Robson.
Does she often send you with messages?
Not often. Just once or twice.
It rather worries me that I
stopped you going just now.
Perhaps you should go. You
know the way, of course.
Not quite, but I can ask.
You don't know the way?
Even though you've been there before?
Stanton! We have a note for
Miss Robson, rather urgent.
Would you mind taking it?
I haven't got it! It must have fallen out.
Feel again.
Very well. Just tell Miss Robson
that Marian will visit her
some time this afternoon.
I could ask you to turn out your
pockets, but I won't do that.
I'll just ask one question.
You say you took messages
for Marian before.
If you don't take them to Nanny
Robson, to whom DO you take them?
I think you are rather tired, Leo.
Go to your room immediately,
and rest until your party.
We must look after you...
for your mother's sake.
Ahhh!
- Many happy returns.
- Many happy returns, Leo.
Very happy birthday to you, Leo.
The number 13 is unlucky, so...
so we've put 12 candles round
the big cake, and then, when they're
blown out, you can light this one.
- When will that be?

- When Marian comes.
She wants to be the first
person to give you a present.
Well, she's missed her
chance! Leo can have mine now.
I think it turned out rather well.
Come and sit here, dear, next to me.
Come on, Leo, show us what you can do!
Leave a piece for Marian.
Yes, er, she... she
ought to be here by now.
I sent the carriage for
her. It'll be back soon.
Why don't you p-pass the cake around, Leo?
Excuse me, madam.
Miss Marian wasn't at Miss Robson's...
.. and hasn't been all day.
Where CAN she be?
Well, all we can do is wait.
No, we won't wait!
I'm... I'm going to look for her.
Leo, you know where she
is. You know where she is.
- Mrs Maudsley...
- You can show me the way.
Mrs Maudsley, please, Madeleine...
Stay here!
I know you know where she is.
Come on.
Come on.
You know where they are.
Come on!
No!!!!
Liar...
serpent...
deceiver...!
'But for that fateful summer of 1900...
'.. everything would be different.
'My life would be different.
'I should not be alone.
'I've been a foreigner
in a world of emotion...
'.. ignorant of its language.
'The truth is...

'I've been too afraid... to live.'
I'll drop it round to Brandham later.
Very good, Steven.
Leo?
(Leo.)
I half expected you to look
as you were, a little boy.
I should know you anywhere, Marian.
Well, Marcus was killed...
.. in the first war...
Denys also.
And your mother?
Oh. Poor Mama.
Those nervous types...
Well, she couldn't stay
with us, she had to go away.
And, Leo... You were
ill, too, weren't you?
I lost my memory. Or
rather, I chose to lose it.
But I recovered, in my fashion!
And Hugh? What about him?
Oh, he married me.
He was as true as steel.
We raised a son.
I saw your grandson in the village.
Does he remind you of anyone?
His grandfather, Ted Burgess.
Does he know?
The village is a hive of gossip.
He hardly ever comes to see me.
He's got some kind of grudge against me...
His own grandmother!
He wants to marry a nice
girl but he can't ask her
because he feels weighed
down with all of this.
He feels ashamed, he feels
there's some kind of curse on him.
A curse?
Yes. But you could help, Leo.
Tell him.
You know all the facts,
you know what happened.

Ted and I... were lovers.
I'm not a child any more, Marian...
to be ordered about.
Please!
You owe it to us... to Ted and me.
Do you remember...
.. what that summer was like?
There hasn't been such a
beautiful summer since.
And what was the most
beautiful thing in it?
Our feelings for each other.
And it was beautiful love.
Wouldn't you feel proud to be
descended from such a union?
Yes. Yes, I would.
So tell him.
Tell him... everything.
Make my grandson give up this
ridiculous notion that he
can't marry.
Every man should get married.
You too, Leo.
You're all dried up.
I can see that.
It's not too late.
Don't YOU feel the need for love?
Tell my grandson there's
no spell or curse,
except an unloving heart.