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# The House Of The Seven Gables

By Lester Cole

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I'm coming.

Alright, I'm hurrying.

Oh, what a night .. what a night.

Isn't it wonderful.

You wouldn't think so if you'd  
traveled 80 miles through it.

Yes I would.

Welcome home cousin Jaffrey.

Thank you. Where's my father?

He's been in the village  
since early afternoon.

I kept supper warm for him.

Oh Hepzibah ..

In the three years you've been here,  
haven't you learned to call it "dinner"?

No .. will you have some?

No thank you.

I'll have some tea, now Hepzibah ..

Yes Jaffrey?

What's all this confounded mystery?

What mystery?

My dear cousin, your innocence  
is far too elaborate.

Why was I suddenly called home?

Summoned, like a schoolboy?

I'm sure your father will be  
here very soon Jaffrey.

Yes, I'm sure he will but  
answer my question: why?

I was in the midst of my  
first important case.

Young lawyers don't find clients growing  
on trees in Boston nowadays.

Even if they have made excellent  
reputations for themselves.

[ Singing ]

So Clifford is still banging  
and bellowing, eh?

You'll be proud of your brother now.

I'll forgo the pride, if only  
I'm spared the noise.

Bring the tea up here Hepzibah.

Yes, cousin Jaffrey.

Well, if it isn't the pride of the  
Pyncheons. Welcome home.  
Good evening.  
Same old chap.  
Been way two years and all  
you can manage is "good evening".  
Well, it is evening I believe.  
You know Jaffrey, you're no longer  
the only success in the family.  
I've sold a composition. Quite a  
remarkable piece of music.  
Shall I play it for you?  
I'd rather know why father sent for me.  
Oh he'll tell you all about that.  
Just think Jaff ..  
Pond & Company, the greatest music  
house in the world, publishing me.  
Splendid .. splendid.  
My legal colleagues will  
be most impressed.  
My brother, a musician .. a gypsy ..  
Shocking, isn't it?  
Boston might think so.  
Boston, that provincial outpost.  
They won't see me for years .. no.  
It's New York for me old fellah.  
And then Europe .. come in.  
Your father has returned.  
Now perhaps, I might be honored  
with some information.  
You weren't very kind to him,  
were you Clifford.  
There is so little kindness in my small  
heart .. I must keep it all for you.  
You know, I don't think it's a good idea  
to leave those two gentlemen alone ..  
Any longer than is necessary.  
Do be respectful.  
I am.  
To all that's beautiful .. to you ..  
Come in .. ah ..  
Good evening father.  
Good evening my son.  
You will forgive I hope this

abrupt summons .. sit down.  
Abominable weather for travel.  
It would have been less trying sir, if I  
had known the necessity for my return.  
Perhaps. I felt a letter  
might not explain.  
Jaffrey, I must make a decision.  
I need your advice.  
What for?  
The decision has already been made.  
Will somebody please tell  
me what all this is about?  
Gladly .. we're selling  
this house tomorrow.  
Selling Seven Gables?  
Yes.  
But that's impossible .. it's fantastic!  
It can't be done without my consent.  
Why not?  
For the past two years you and father  
have been investing the family fortune.  
Without my consent.  
You've succeeded in bankrupting us.  
That money was mine, as well as yours.  
But nobody bothered to get my consent.  
Jaffrey, this has been  
a most trying year.  
Practically everything has gone,  
except the house.  
I've manoeuvred desperately to keep  
that from falling to the creditors.  
We shall lose it anyway  
if it isn't sold.  
The Pyncheon tradition will not be sold.  
As a student of law, Jaffrey ..  
You know the bankruptcy court does not  
accept family tradition as legal tender.  
We can find a way out of  
this momentary difficulty.  
Man alive! Have you no respect  
for the name you bear?  
Your belated reverence is very touching.  
Respect .. Pride .. For whom?  
Perhaps for the honor of our

great, great grandfather?  
The respectable  
Colonel Jaffrey Pyncheon.  
200 years ago he boasted of successfully  
murdering one Matthew Maule.  
In order to steal this land from him.  
Hail to thee, guiding spirit!  
Perhaps we should bow our heads in  
memory to Ethan Pyncheon, noble soul.  
He held high rank in Washington's army.  
And proved his patriotism by selling  
military information to the British.  
I burst with pride recalling Jonathan's  
contribution to Pyncheon tradition.  
He made quite a fortune for himself ..  
After soldiers were discharged  
from the revolutionary army.  
By cheating them in shady land deals.  
And here, our late,  
lamented grandfather.  
Who schemed with John Henry  
before the war of 1812.  
For the succession of Massachusetts  
from the United States.  
To join her with Canada.  
Because this country disapproved  
of his illegal investments.  
By all means, let us sacrifice  
ourselves to such traditions.  
Stop! You forget yourself.  
It's you who forget .. too conveniently.  
You go too far, sir.  
I'm going farther than that.  
I'm going as far as the sale-price  
of this mausoleum will carry me.  
Away from its rotting walls  
and decaying memories.  
This house will never be sacrificed.  
I'll take the matter to court.  
The world will know of this.  
The world already knows too much.  
Clifford's antagonism, his insistence on  
selling the house has become a scandal.  
Jaffrey, do not add to it.

When our solicitor comes tomorrow,  
the house will be sold.  
What a pity men inherit their ancestors  
ignorance instead of their wisdom.  
Jaffrey .. your tea.  
Will you have some, cousin Gerald?  
Goodnight!  
Goodnight my son.  
Now, Hepzibah.  
My child.  
I hesitate to mention it, but could  
you not persuade Clifford ..  
To see how grievously  
he wrongs his family.  
He seems so sure of  
himself, cousin Gerald.  
True, but he's also sure of  
your love and devotion.  
Perhaps less certainty on that score  
may bring about less certainty on this?  
Hepzibah .. you can help us.  
If I but follow the dictates  
of my conscience.  
Yes .. yes .. thank you Hepzibah.

**[ Singing:**

"I can't remember how I met you."  
"But stars were shining on your head."  
"And though you smiled  
at me so sweetly."  
"I can't remember when or where."  
"The scene, my love,  
I can't recall to view."  
"For through it all,  
I just remember you."  
"And when I dream  
beneath star-lit skies."  
"I recall the color of your eyes."  
Hepzibah.  
I .. I hope I didn't upset you ..  
what happened downstairs.  
Well, you see I had to tell the truth.  
Why allow such hatred to remain  
beneath the surface festering?

A clean wound heals much more quickly.  
You were right Clifford.  
But ..  
Well?  
Your father asked me to speak to you.  
What?  
He shan't use petticoats as weapons.  
Clifford.  
I'd rather you conserve your impetuous  
energies for emotions more deserving.  
Oh forgive me dearest.  
May I speak now?  
Yes.  
I listened to him most attentively,  
and I only asked one favor.  
That he leave it to the dictates  
of my conscience.  
And did that satisfy him?  
Yes.  
I've searched my conscience.  
And ..?  
I've found ..  
I could never love you blindly Clifford.  
So that your every act and thought  
would seem just and courageous.  
It's because of your courage and  
sense of justice that .. I love you.  
I can only .. hope to prove worthy  
of such love, Hepzibah.  
You have my darling .. and now  
I know .. the house must be sold.  
It shall be sold .. we'll live  
in New York, Hepzibah.  
People there have vitality.  
They look ahead, not backwards.  
You know, they're constructing buildings  
five stories tall! Scraping the sky!  
Men reaching towards the heavens  
instead of digging into dusty archives.  
We'll leave the dirges behind us.  
There's music in those people Hepzibah.  
Laughing, struggling, working  
people. That's living music!  
You're right, Clifford ..

It's already inside you.  
Treasure hunt?  
Yes. Yes, you could  
call it that if you like.  
So, this is the reason for your  
pious defense of your ancestors.  
Not the legend of their nobility, but  
the fable of their hidden wealth.  
This is no fable, you fool.  
One million acres of the  
State of Maine .. Ours.  
I've dug into ancient  
archives in Boston.  
Aside from this map, I've actually seen  
documents referring to the land grant.  
Somewhere, hidden in these  
rotting walls as you call them ..  
Along with other papers, is a  
deed to Colonel Jaffrey Pyncheon.  
Signed by King Charles the Second.  
If you find them, what  
value would they be?  
That was a 180 years ago Jaffrey. The  
city is there now, thousands of people.  
Will you issue orders of eviction?  
But Clifford, don't you see?  
With the original deed in our possession  
the government must compensate us.  
It will mean millions for  
us Clifford .. Millions!  
Help me .. work with me.  
We'll turn the house down  
board-by-board until we find it.  
There's nothing to find, you fool.  
There are no hidden staircases,  
no secret rooms.  
Those were fables grandmother invented,  
on rainy afternoons for our amusement.  
You might as well believe there's a half  
million in gold hidden with the deed.  
She used to speak about that too.  
It has yet to be proven otherwise.  
And Maule's curse?  
Perhaps you believe that



old Matthew Maule's ghost ..  
Still hovers over the Pyncheons,  
wreaking vengeance?  
It has yet to be proven otherwise.  
Well .. goodnight.  
And .. don't let the witches get you.  
Whoa .. whoa boy .. easy there ..  
Morning Mr Fuller.  
Morning Miss Hepzibah.  
A new horse Mr Fuller?  
Yes, a beauty isn't he.  
Two years old he is, and full of the  
old Ned. Faster than lightning.  
Mr Fuller?  
From tomorrow, hold our mail at the Post  
Office until we send a forward address.  
So you're finally going to sell?  
Yes, Mr Fuller. Today. It's settled.  
Well, well .. I heard a heap  
of conversation, but ..  
And it's all settled?  
Well .. get on Ginger!  
So, they're finally  
selling Seven Gables?  
Yes, all settled.  
"Settled" is it? Well .. well .. well.  
They're moving out tomorrow.  
Don't believe it.  
They've been talking  
that way for a year.  
If Mr Fullers says it's all settled  
Abigail, I guess it's all settled.  
I wonder who's fool enough to buy it?  
I say, that Gerald Pyncheon has no  
right to sell that accursed house ..  
To an unsuspecting stranger.  
He can't help himself.  
It's that young Clifford's doing.  
He's a wild one, I tell you.  
The old man is afraid of the boy.  
I remember Clifford saying to him,  
right in the square:  
"I'll see you dead afore you're chained  
to the poverty of your tradition."

Nothing but bad blood,  
dressed up in fancy words.  
Mr Fuller, have you heard the news?  
I hear lots of news Mrs Reynolds.  
It's settled, finally settled. The  
Pyncheons are selling Seven Gables.  
Well ..  
Time was when the United States mail  
was the fastest thing round these parts.  
Get on Ginger ..  
Clifford, I've been looking  
all over for you.  
You packed everything you need, darling?  
Hours ago.  
We can't leave today Clifford.  
Why not?  
It's impossible. Arrangements of  
all kinds are still to be made.  
Where's that lawyer?  
Dearest Clifford, you know he isn't  
expected until late this afternoon.  
Now, will you please come  
in and eat something.  
Your father and brother  
have almost finished.  
No thank you.  
Aren't you hungry?  
I'm starved.  
But I prize my appetite much to have it  
ruined by Jaffrey's face over the table.  
Darling, don't talk like that.  
Why not? Hepzibah ..  
Do you know why Jaffrey is so  
anxious to keep the house?  
Fondness of memories.  
No, fondness of gold.  
He believes in all the witch's tales  
about hidden treasure and Maule's curse.  
Even about the old well.  
Still .. the water is  
brackish .. undrinkable.  
Oh that's undoubtedly the ancient  
sewage system seeping into it.  
And yet ..

Yet what, darling?  
I recall my great uncle.  
He died with ..  
Sudden paralysis. Throat haemorrhage.  
That isn't Maule's curse.  
That's the Pyncheon curse.  
Greed .. wilful inhuman selfishness.  
A combination of high blood-pressure  
and thin-veined aristocracy.  
They're haunted by conscience, not the  
calcified bones of old Matthew Maule.  
Oh darling.  
Now you're not going to allow  
black memories of the past ..  
To ruin a future so bright  
and shining as ours.  
Isn't that a new dress?  
Yes .. is it pleasing to you?  
As pleasing to me as  
it is becoming to you.  
We'll keep it for special occasions,  
our 25th and 50th anniversaries.  
It'll be gone before then. Moths will  
get it and it will fall to pieces.  
No it won't. No more than that beautiful  
warm smile of yours will ever fade.  
To that proposition Mademoiselle,  
I dedicate myself.  
Clifford darling, don't ever grow up.  
Pray forgive this interruption ..  
Father would be honored by a visit  
from you .. he's in the library.  
A beautiful day, isn't it.  
I had thought so, until a moment ago.  
Now isn't that amusing.  
I hadn't until a moment ago.  
We really make the weather  
ourselves, don't we Hepzibah?  
Yes, father?  
Clifford, there still remains besides  
the house, a few government securities.  
Very few.  
Yes, yes.  
However Jaffrey is confident that we

can collect these bonds immediately.  
Invest them in something less secure  
perhaps, but far more profitable ..  
And within the year we would ..  
Yes, and within the year, even that last  
shred of security will have vanished.  
What about your promise to me?  
As the eldest son, I have always  
recognized your rights.  
As your father I must insist that you  
refrain from questioning my authority.  
I do not refer to your authority  
sir .. but to your promise.  
Ah .. you run from me in a moment of  
weakened decision. I realize that now.  
Sir, it is unthinkable ..  
That the Pyncheon birth-rite should  
be put upon the auction block.  
Even Hepzibah knows that.  
But she conceals her sympathy  
for fear of your displeasure.  
That it is untrue!  
You dare to call me a liar?  
As long as I stay alive, I am the head  
of this house, and it shall not be sold!  
For the last year your conduct has  
brought us nothing but shame.  
Disgraceful scenes in public.  
You have humiliated me  
beyond all endurance.  
Now I command you to  
leave this house. At once!  
You are no longer my son.  
I want never again to see your face.  
That's the easiest way to  
get out of a promise.  
Out! .. out ..  
Father!  
Father!  
Hepzibah! Jaffrey!  
Clifford!  
I don't know what happened ..  
Suddenly, he fell ..  
We'd better send for Doctor Willett.

It's too late.  
Murderer.  
Jaffrey .. you don't know  
what you're saying.  
You can't mean that, Jaffrey.  
Don't let grief cloud your reason.  
Don't sound like one carved in granite,  
Jaffrey .. say you are mistaken.  
I see.  
The house is ours now.  
Yours and mine.  
Me out of the way.  
You fool!  
You can't press such charges. No  
jury on earth would convict me.  
Murderer!  
If killing a money-mad  
fool is murder, then yes ..  
Don't, don't .. don't!  
Murder!  
He tried to kill him, I tell you.  
Who?  
Clifford Pyncheon.  
Gentlemen of the jury.  
The State has charged Clifford Pyncheon  
with the murder of his father.  
Both the Prosecution and Defense,  
have fully presented their cases.  
Before retiring in an attempt  
to reach your verdict ..  
I wish to remind you that your duty  
is to consider only matters of facts.  
My instructions will be few.  
You are to decide, solely upon  
the evidence presented ..  
Whether the defendant  
committed the crime.  
The Defense has sought to prove that  
Gerald Pyncheon died as the result of ..  
A sudden illness .. a constriction  
of the throat, a paralysis.  
The Defense alleges this occurred as  
the result of a violent verbal quarrel.  
That it was brought about by anger.

The Prosecution has offered testimony  
by which it hopes to prove ..  
Beyond any reasonable doubt,  
the guilt of the defendant.  
They called upon Dr Willett, for  
years, physician to the deceased.  
Dr Willett has testified the deceased  
exhibited no symptoms of the ailment ..  
The Defense alleges to have existed.  
The State further offers in evidence  
the testimony of The Coroner.  
Who confirms that allegation.  
That the deceased suffered a severe  
blow on the head .. prior to death.  
The defendant has admitted being in  
the room with his father at the time.  
Swearing that no blow was delivered  
with the paperweight given in evidence.  
On which blood stains were found.  
It has been sworn before you as truth ..  
That upon one occasion, the defendant  
cried aloud in a public square:  
"I would rather see you dead .."  
"Than chained to the  
poverty of your traditions."  
Six witnesses have testified under oath.  
That attracted by the angered  
voice of the defendant ..  
They saw the defendant attempt  
to take the life of his brother.  
They have sworn that they heard him cry:  
"If killing a money-mad fool  
is murder .. then yes!"  
Yes!  
He's not charging the jury. He's  
convicting you .. look at their faces.  
In closing, let me repeat.  
It is for you to decide which of the  
evidence is in accord with the facts.  
The jury will now retire  
to reach a verdict.  
Your Honor .. there is  
no need for us to retire.  
Silence! Or the court will be cleared!

Silence!

Have you reached a verdict?

We have, Your Honor.

The defendant will  
rise and face the jury.

We the jury, find the defendant  
Clifford Pyncheon, guilty as charged.

No, no! He's innocent! You  
all know he's innocent.

Silence!

Please, Your Honor.

It is to our everlasting disgrace.

That in these modern times, such  
barbaric demonstrations should occur.  
The State's behaviour during this trial  
has turned into a travesty of justice.  
Ignorance and prejudice reminiscent  
of 17th century witch-hunting.

Have condemned an innocent man.

We remind Counsel for the Defense ..

That his remarks insolently question  
the integrity of this court.

Order!

Clifford Pyncheon .. step forward.

This court has found  
you guilty of patricide.

And it therefore becomes my duty ..

To pronounce sentence upon you.

Because of the failure of the State ..

To offer proof beyond the circumstantial  
evidence which has convicted you ..

I withhold the death penalty ..

And sentence you to life imprisonment  
in the State Penitentiary.

Look at her. Coming to court in a dress  
like that. She ought to be ashamed.

Hold your wicked tongue, you  
gossiping old .. witch.

I'll see the Governor of the State. I'll  
not rest until you're free Clifford.

You look so beautiful in this dress  
Hepzibah. I'm glad you wore it today.

I'll always remember you  
just as you are now.

The court wishes at this time to publicly commend Jaffrey Pyncheon. His love of justice exceeded his natural impulse to shield one of his own blood. Mr Pyncheon, I predict that such virtues will not remain unrewarded. You will go far in the service of justice and your country. One minute, all you. Your Honor .. I am innocent. More than any living soul he knows that I am innocent. It is because your lie is so great, so infamous .. That decent human beings cannot believe it to be a lie. You've sacrificed everything that's decent, everything that's honorable. You've used the most degenerate means to gain your ends. You have the house. With it .. you have inherited the Pyncheon tradition. All the tradition of your ancestors. You believe in those traditions, don't you. You believe in your heritage. Then may you also inherit Maule's curse. God has given him blood to drink. I intend to start the dismantling in the attic. First of all, all the flooring must be torn up. Then the plaster broken out of the walls, and the boards removed carefully. Board by board? That will be expensive Mr Pyncheon. It will take time. I shall be on hand to see that that time is not wasted. Of course, if the job isn't to your liking. Oh no. I'll start the first thing in the morning.



Thank you Mr Pyncheon.

My dear cousin, this manner of departure is not befitting a Pyncheon.

I forbid you to leave this house in this way.

What will people say, if I permit you to wander the streets?

Even if such scarlet tendencies have been fostered in you.

Good morning Mr Barton.

Good morning .. oh hello my dear child.

Father's Will?

Yes.

No, no. Don't go Hepzibah. You are quite concerned in this little matter.

Well, shall we adjourn to the library?

Come.

I trust you can dissuade my cousin from any thoughtless action.

To leave now, would be in the worst possible taste.

I uh .. I might even make her a small allowance .. temporarily.

I won't let a little thing like that stand between us.

I seek only one thing between us .. distance.

It will not be necessary to concern yourself about Hepzibah, Mr Pyncheon.

Your late father made certain modest provisions ..

I won't trouble you with the legal details my dear.

You may examine the Will and documents at your leisure.

The estate is quite uncomplicated.

Fortunately, the deceased was heavily insured.

And the benefits there from, will more than cover all outstanding debts.

You will have about

400 dollars a year, Hepzibah.

That's splendid .. then the house is free of debt.

I was afraid I might have  
to borrow to save it.  
That would not have been of your concern  
under any circumstances Mr Pyncheon.  
About six months ago.  
Long after the planning of this Will.  
The deceased sought to prevent creditors  
from seizing the property so ..  
He signed the deed of ownership  
over to someone else.  
Thus this house, its furnishings,  
the grounds upon which it stands ..  
Became, and still remains .. the legal  
property of .. Hepzibah Pyncheon.  
Goodbye my dear.  
There is infamous trickery behind this.  
I'll fight with every legal weapon,  
with the Supreme Court if necessary.  
My dear sir, surely you can apply your  
energies to something more productive.  
If my years of legal experience  
can serve you ..  
Be advised, that you have no more  
chance than a .. zephyr in a wind-storm.  
Of all the crimes this evil  
house has bred in the past ..  
None have been so cruel .. so  
nakedly shameless as yours ..  
You destroyed your brother for it,  
a joyous, living human-being.  
You exchanged him for rotting timbers.  
And depraved dreams of gold.  
With all that's beautiful in life ..  
You cling to one craven desire ..  
this cursed, hateful house!  
You'll never have it. I'll live alone  
here. I'll pay for my own life.  
You'll never again set foot in it!  
What was that?  
What is the meaning?  
I don't know.  
Something strange has  
happened in that house.  
Thank you Ginger.

Let go of me!

Shut up.

You may shut me up, but there are other voices, thousands of them.

Get in there!

Tell the judge I'm not through. I stand on my right to free speech and assembly.

Maybe you'll sit down and shut up before we're through with you.

You'll never be done with me.

The prison hasn't yet been built that can stifle mankind's cry for freedom.

Do you know why I've been thrown in here?

For the crime of advocating freedom.

For defending the abolition of slavery.

In a land that was founded 70 years ago with the blood of freedom-loving people.

Today, those same fighters are in prison, persecuted, shot.

Can Americans have forgotten so soon?

We abolitionists will remind them of their heritage.

Thanks.

Perhaps you sir, can unravel this enigma?

How is it possible to arrest a man for speaking freely of freedom ..

In a country whose constitution guarantees freedom?

And justice.

Precisely.

There I was, addressing a meeting which was disrupted by a band of ruffians.

The result? I am became incited to riot!

And for that, mind you.

I stood before a jury whose verdict was decided upon before they heard the case.

A judge whose mind was made up before I could offer my testimony.

And for that, I have been confined to this foul cell for ten long days.

Thanks.

Ten long days ..

Are you interested in the cause, sir?  
The cause of freedom, yes.  
Well come in with us. When you  
get out of here, join the fight.  
I'd be glad to but .. I'm not  
sure if I'll ever get out.  
Allow me to introduce myself.  
My name is Clifford Pyncheon.  
I fail to see the humor.  
Sorry sir, but you see, it is funny.  
For almost two centuries the Pyncheons  
lived in fear of my ancestor's curse.  
My name sir, is "Matthew Maule".  
You don't believe in that nonsense?  
No, of course not ..  
Good evening Hepzibah.  
You're late, Mr Barton.  
I expected you yesterday.  
My apologies Hepzibah. I  
was out of town on business.  
But now I am at your service.  
Yesterday I had unwelcome news.  
Mark Pyncheon, a distant  
relative, died a fortnight ago.  
Oh, my sympathies.  
His daughter is homeless  
and without a penny.  
It is written that she is arriving  
here, to live with me.  
Well Hepzibah, a young  
girl may brighten your days.  
We need affectionate companionship.  
I can't afford that luxury.  
She may lighten your burden.  
Death leaves only an  
added burden for the living.  
You know, I've barely been  
able to support myself.  
Letting rooms not a success, huh?  
No .. there is just the  
young Mr Holgrave.  
Oh yes, that's the young man that makes  
the new-fangled pictures upstairs.  
About this child .. with her to care

for, I will need more money.  
When does she arrive?  
I don't know. Perhaps immediately.  
There is but one solution .. trade.  
Trade?  
I shall convert the front  
room into a cent-shop.  
But .. but you can't Hepzibah.  
It's just impossible.  
Selling cookies and  
cider .. a gentlewoman ..  
Trading in pickles.  
The outlay will be negligible.  
The rent free.  
The child will help me run the  
shop and thus maintain herself.  
Have you discussed this idea  
with .. with Mr Holgrave?  
Mr Holgrave? .. Why?  
Well .. a gentleman might not like  
his lodgings over a cent-shop.  
I shall inform him at once.  
Thank you for coming over.  
Let me advance you enough money  
to prevent this rush into trade.  
No thank you Mr Barton .. I've accepted  
too many kindnesses from you already.  
You are a very obstinate girl, Hepzibah.  
[ door knocks ]  
Come in.  
Forgive this intrusion Mr Holgrave.  
Intrusion?  
Why, a visit from you is a  
rare and honored occasion.  
I came to give you sufficient notice.  
You may care to give up your lodgings.  
You aren't giving up the house?  
I will convert the parlor into a shop.  
The place will no longer  
be suited for a gentleman.  
Well, the matter is easily  
settled Miss Pyncheon.  
I am no gentleman, neither  
by birth nor by instinct.

Your conduct has always  
let me to believe you were.  
I speak frankly, Miss Hepzibah  
for surely we are friends.  
This decision marks a  
new epic in your life.  
Hitherto, the lifeblood has been  
chilling in your veins as you sit aloof.  
While the rest of the world  
was fighting out its battle.  
The moment you start to work ..  
and become engaged with people.  
You'll have the sense of  
contributing .. however little ..  
To the struggle of mankind.  
And that .. not money, is the  
only success there is in life.  
Such ideas .. have not been  
voiced in this house ..  
For many years.  
You'll hear them again Miss Hepzibah.  
[ door knocks ]  
Well, a visitor .. Seven Gables  
is coming to life tonight.  
Perhaps I should say .. life  
is coming into Seven Gables.  
The honorable Jaffrey Pynchon ..  
preserved for posterity.  
Good evening.  
Come in.  
I ..  
I'm Phoebe Pyncheon ..  
you're cousin Hepzibah.  
Yes.  
I'm sorry about your father.  
Welcome to Seven Gables.  
This room connects with mine.  
To have so invited myself  
into your home is ..  
Is an unforgivable intrusion.  
Had you another place to go?  
No cousin Hepzibah.  
Well then ..  
Didn't I say you were welcome?

Oh yes, cousin Hepzibah. Thank you.

I shall prove no burden to you. My fingers are nimble with a needle.

I shall relieve you of all kitchen chores and be as helpful as I can.

I plan to open a cent-shop.

A cent-shop?

I can help. I can run it for you cousin Hepzibah. I know all about such things.

Once at a fair I had a table .. everyone said my wares were wondrously displayed.

My receipts were the highest of all.

Oh, you will let me help, won't you?

Won't you?

Yes.

Oh, cousin Hepzibah.

You will find an extra comforter in the wardrobe, should the night turn chilly.

Goodnight cousin Hepzibah.

Goodnight.

Very good.

Splendid.

The leaflets will be ready for distribution tomorrow, Mr Wainwright.

Yes, and I have forty lads ready to scatter them over the county.

Reverend Smith ..

In his letter Garrison stated that 30 more negroes had arrived in a fortnight.

Arrangements have been made for their safe conduct to Canada excepting one.

Our financial help is sorely needed.

And we're ready to give it to them, ain't we Deacon?

Oh yes, certainly.

Our people have responded nobly to the cause. How much have we now, Deacon?

Oh well over 5000 dollars.

You have it carefully hidden away, Deacon?

Oh indeed, Mr Wainwright.

Most carefully.

The Deacon will turn the money over when you're ready to deliver it, Mr Holgrave.

Garrison will communicate with me.  
It will be any day.  
Well, goodnight, gentlemen.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight Reverend.  
I'll let you know when I hear anything.  
Very well.  
Goodnight Deacon .. pleasant dreams.  
Same to you, sir .. same to you.  
Well, can you imagine?  
Who would ever think that old maid  
Pyncheon would go on to trade?  
A cent shop ..  
Miss Pyncheon. Her sour face will scare  
more people than her sweets can attract.  
Sweets? You are right.  
Goodbye and thank you very much.  
Our first sale! Oh we will be  
successful, I know we will.  
Won't we Mr Holgrave.  
Why, it's a foregone conclusion, people  
will be drawn from great distances.  
Really .. why?  
Your smile .. it's magnetic.  
Cousin Hepzibah and I really have  
much to thank you for Mr Holgrave.  
Why, without your help this shop  
would not have been possible.  
Oh I didn't do anything. Cut through the  
door and window and built a few shelves.  
But you're a photographer. How is  
it you're so expert at carpentry?  
Miss Phoebe. You're right to question  
the source of my innumerable talents.  
To prove my main occupation.  
In my short career I've had success as a  
schoolmaster, a salesman of perfumes ..  
Steam locomotives .. political  
editor of a newspaper.  
Why go on? The list is without end.  
Oh, you take nothing seriously.  
May I prove to you  
otherwise Miss Phoebe?  
Oh, a customer ..



It's a charming customer ..  
It's Jaffrey Pyncheon.  
I wish to see Miss Pyncheon immediately.  
Good morning, Judge.  
Ah, Holgrave. I fear you have  
betrayed my friendship.  
You might have warned me of the  
birth of this disgraceful enterprise.  
Hurry girl, get Miss Pyncheon.  
Permit me to introduce  
the young lady, Judge.  
I wish a moment alone with you.  
Your wishes are not served here.  
Very well .. if you prefer the airing of  
your shameless conduct before strangers.  
First of all you allow this house to  
deteriorate into a village slum.  
Then you turn it into a lodging house,

**and now this:**

I'll not permit such a blot on our name.  
If your name needs  
protection from anything ..  
It's from the scandalous enterprises  
you yourself have lent it these years.  
This shop will be closed.  
I will request the courts to  
issue a restraining order.  
You will leave here .. at once.  
News! Excellent news.  
The very best of .. news.  
I hope you will share our joy, sir.  
Your years of waiting are not in vain,  
Hepzibah. Clifford is to be released.  
The new Governor has commuted  
your brother's sentence.  
The papers are already signed my dear.  
The station is headed for destruction.  
If people's votes puts an incompetent in  
office it is time to withdraw the vote.  
Or restrict it to those  
who vote your way.  
Exactly!  
Would you go to meet him, Hepzibah?

No.  
His homecoming should be regarded ..  
As if he were merely returning  
from a brief journey.  
I suppose you'll want to get  
his old room ready, eh?  
It has .. always been ready.  
I think someone's in the house.  
Yes.  
I must have left the front door open.  
No, I did.  
He's come home.  
But why didn't you want to see  
him last night, cousin Hepzibah?  
Look to the biscuits Phoebe.  
They're to be brown to the point of  
burning, but not burnt, mind you.  
Did you bring a pot of  
honey from the cellar?  
Yes, cousin Hepzibah.  
The "clover" I hope. He always  
insisted on wild honey.  
Shall I start the eggs now?  
Heavens no, child.  
Not until he's at the table.  
He must see you first Phoebe.  
Just as you stand there in the sunlight.  
And smile when he comes in.  
Your beauty will please him.  
The golden sunlight of your hair.  
It will warm his heart.  
Oh no, cousin Hepzibah.  
He'll find you as lovely as ever.  
Good morning Clifford.  
This is cousin Phoebe of whom I wrote.  
Good morning, child.  
The shop. I ..  
Excuse me, sir.  
Your .. breakfast is ready Clifford.  
I will start the eggs.  
Please, Hepzibah.  
I want to look at you.  
There's little left to see, Clifford.  
Let my eyes be your bearer.

And then your beauty will never fade.  
Time only makes more beautiful  
a heart such as yours.  
How can I ever make known  
to you .. my gratitude.  
My humility before such  
a loyalty and courage.  
Smile Hepzibah.  
Now that we're together again.  
Smile ..  
It's not now too late for us, Clifford.  
No.  
In a short while ..  
The past will be but a shadowy memory.  
Two hundred and thirty-six.  
Two hundred and thirty-seven.  
Two hundred and thirty-eight.  
Two hundred and thirty-nine.  
Got it! Relax ..  
Relax? I can't ..  
I'll have it free in a moment.  
Why that wasn't long. A year ago it  
would have taken a half-hour.  
Today, science has advanced and can take  
a picture in less than four minutes.  
I thought it would never end.  
Why did you want this picture  
of me Mr Holgrave?  
So that people won't accuse me of  
being such an unconscionable liar.  
How can I proclaim you the most  
beautiful maiden in the universe ..  
And have no proof?  
The daguerreotype doesn't lie.  
But Mr Holgrave ..  
Phoebe .. when are you going to  
stop calling me Mr Holgrave?  
Do I have to wait until people  
call you Mrs Holgrave?  
Mr Holgrave!  
I'm sorry.  
Phoebe .. what I'm  
trying to say is that ..  
I love you more than life itself.

Oh but .. that can't be.  
Your life is so full. You're ..  
Your interests are so many, why ..  
I haven't scope enough  
to make you happy.  
There can be no happiness without you.  
Phoebe .. you do love me?  
You are looking into my heart ..  
Mr Holgrave.  
Mr Holgrave .. permit me to introduce ..  
Mr Clifford Pyncheon.  
I'm honored sir.  
How do you do.  
My Pyncheon has just returned  
from .. a distant land.  
He will stay on with us.  
You'll enjoy Seven Gables, sir.  
Yes Mr Holgrave, I think I will.  
The very first thing I'm going to do is  
make this garden beautiful again.  
Then we aren't leaving this  
house at once, Clifford?  
Not yet.  
Not right away.  
Clifford, you think of Jaffrey again.  
Please don't .. he's a man  
of great wealth and power ..  
All these years, you've been waiting  
alone .. in this cold, empty tomb.  
I didn't mind darling .. I knew all the  
time that we would be together again.  
And we are ..  
Now the past can become a distant dream.  
It will, dearest Hepzibah.  
Then don't seek vengeance, Clifford.  
Providence and fate .. will best  
reward him for his crime.  
Crazy I tell you.  
Twenty years in prison have  
made him lose his mind.  
Maybe.  
It happens. I know ..  
I was in once for thirty days and  
I almost went crazy myself.

Maybe. But this Tribune doesn't lie.  
It says here that when he was in prison,  
he studied a lot of old documents.  
What's all this mystery about Clifford  
Pyncheon looking for gold?  
Gold, gentlemen, is not unlike  
happiness. It is where you find it.  
But this paper claims ..  
Jeremiah, you're old enough to know  
that newspapers say all sort of things.  
Aye, but he's crazy I tell you.  
Didn't he kill his father?  
Did he now?  
Well .. the courts say so.  
The courts say lots of things, and  
sometimes they're right too.  
Your health ..  
Mr Holgrave.  
Why, if it ain't Mr Weed.  
Oh Annie, a glass of buttermilk  
for the gentleman.  
Good evening Phineas, and how is the  
honorable Judge Pyncheon this evening?  
Honorable, is it?  
Merely a figure of speech,  
gentlemen. A figure of speech.  
If he's got a million, he's  
automatically honorable.  
He's in excellent health, sir.  
Of course he is. As he dines on  
the meats of those he cheats.  
And the widows and orphans  
he turns on the streets.  
Judge Pyncheon is most  
anxious to see you, Mr Holgrave.  
It's a matter of great urgency.  
Can it be the good judge is displeased  
at the portraits I made of him?  
Heavens, no.  
Well, can he possibly be wanting  
to pay me for my work?  
Heavens, no! He never pays.  
That's why he's so rich.  
And that's why he stays so rich.

Gentlemen, gentlemen, we're  
living in an age of miracles.  
Come, Mr Weed.  
Don't worry, my dear Deacon.  
You can leave everything to me.  
Oh thank you, thank you so much.  
Goodnight.  
Yes?  
Mr Holgrave.  
Well, have him come in.  
Good evening.  
Evening Holgrave.  
You know Deacon Foster?  
Oh yes, we meet quite frequently,  
don't we Deacon.  
Yes, yes, quite frequently.  
Well, good evening gentlemen.  
Good evening.  
Sit down.  
To be frank with you, I seek advice.  
I find myself deeply concerned  
over my brother since his release.  
Yes, he has suffered a great deal.  
True, but then crime profits no-one.  
However, I refer to these disquieting  
rumors in the newspapers.  
Poor Clifford's search for  
treasure? I saw that too.  
It's true, isn't it?  
I'm afraid it is.  
His incarceration has left  
his mind unbalanced.  
But it's perfectly harmless Judge  
Pyncheon. A childish fancy.  
Of course, of course.  
But tell me.  
How does he come to such hallucinations?  
From what I gather, he spent his prison  
days studying some ancient documents.  
Where did he get them?  
I don't know, but he's got them.  
Old maps, and the original architect's  
plans of Seven Gables.  
The man is mad I tell you. He should

be committed to an institution.  
But why? He's absolutely  
harmless, Judge Pyncheon.  
All he does is go around tapping  
walls and removing a board or two.  
Do you know ..  
He thinks there's half a million in gold  
hidden away in that house someplace.  
A half a million ..  
Yes, yes.  
Very amusing, but be fair Holgrave.  
Don't you think he and everyone would  
be happier if he were in an institution?  
He's happy there. Can you imagine?  
He has plans of secret staircases.  
He says his ancestors built them to hide  
from witch-hunters and Maule's ghost.  
Secret staircases, Maule's ghost?  
The documents show that?  
So he claims. A half a million ..  
Good morning ladies.  
I wish to see my brother.  
He doesn't share your wishes.  
You cannot conceal from me matters that  
are common knowledge in the village.  
I don't know what you mean.  
Clifford's insanity.  
Such evil gossip can only have been  
started by one person .. yourself.  
Would you swear this is untrue? That  
Clifford is not tearing down the house?  
Seeking the money ..  
Such ideas are furthest from his mind.  
[ Bang! ]  
[ Bang! ]  
I knew I could rely on Mr Holgrave's  
word. Mr Holgrave?  
My dear cousin, I fear that  
your loyalty to Clifford ..  
Has .. overshadowed  
your adherence to truth.  
You can't endanger the community  
by harboring a madman.  
Oh well, no matter.

I've already written to the State  
Asylum for the Mentally Incompetent.  
They can handle Clifford  
far more efficiently than I.  
Judge Pyncheon!  
I must see you .. I must talk to you.  
Well get in.  
Mr Holgrave.  
What cruel jest is this Mr Holgrave?  
Well, it was not my intention  
to alarm you, Miss Hepzibah.  
Just what was your intention?  
Well .. just an impulse .. a  
momentary lapse of reason.  
I merely sought to add realism to ..  
Realism? .. For what?  
Are you responsible for that  
slandrous story in the papers?  
Matthew, please tell us what's happened.  
Perhaps you have found it amusing to  
rekindle the fires of Jaffrey's greed.  
Since Clifford's return, you've  
been together constantly.  
It's a strange way to repay  
friendship, Mr Holgrave.  
He can explain cousin Hepzibah.  
Can't you Matthew?  
Unfortunately the explanation  
is not mine to give.  
Please leave here as soon  
as you find new lodgings.  
Mr Pyncheon sir, I beg  
you to be more explicit.  
In a short time, I shall be called  
upon to account for this money.  
My dear Deacon, I have already told you  
that no news can be expected this week.  
But it's an investment  
of such a large sum.  
You have entrusted it  
to a Pyncheon, sir.  
Morning Mr Fuller. Anything for me?  
Must be .. or Ginger never  
would have stopped.



Here .. here you are .. yes sir.  
Thank you.  
Giddy-up Ginger.  
Forgive me cousin Hepzibah ..  
I'll try not to act silly again.  
He knows his presence  
is intolerable to us.  
Yet a week has passed since I  
asked him to seek other lodgings.  
But .. why does cousin  
Clifford wish him to stay?  
Clifford doesn't know anything  
about what has happened.  
I didn't want to upset him.  
Once he's gone .. it will be  
easier for you Phoebe, won't it.  
Matthew Holgrave has spent  
his last night in this house.  
When he returns he will find  
his possessions on the doorstep.  
Cousin Hepzibah, please  
don't send him away.  
If Matthew leaves,  
I must leave with him.  
Cousin Hepzibah .. I love him.  
We must leave Seven Gables at  
once Clifford, before it's too late.  
Hepzibah, you're trembling.  
I fear for you.  
But why?  
Don't ask me to tell you  
Clifford .. trust me please ..  
Take me away Clifford. As far away from  
this house we can go. I beseech you.  
We can't go just yet Hepzibah.  
But why?  
I should have told you right  
away .. but I'm not free.  
My sentence was merely commuted.  
Until I can prove I am innocent .. we  
cannot marry .. I have no civil rights.  
I had hoped, by now ..  
Oh it doesn't matter, we'll go anyway.  
We must leave this house today darling.

Now, before he ever comes again.  
Who?  
Jaffrey.  
I'm waiting for him to come here again.  
No! He's planning to harm you.  
I also have plans ..  
Vengeance is not a weapon for human  
hands. Clifford, you don't understand.  
There's Mr Holgrave who lives  
here. His name is really ..  
Matthew Maule .. I know .. he's a  
friend of mine, dearest Hepzibah.  
Now let me explain this to you.  
Excuse me sir, but the mail has arrived.  
Deacon Foster called earlier this  
morning sir, before you had awakened.  
He seemed quite disturbed.  
Everyone is disturbed. We  
live in disturbing times.  
Yes, sir.  
You may go, Weed.  
I must have that money.  
Now, now. Calm yourself.  
No, no I can't. It's your continued  
"evasions" if I may use such a word ..  
That cause my agitation.  
When I brought this money,  
you said it was a safe investment.  
That I could have it back  
the moment I needed it.  
You knew it wasn't mine,  
that I'd have to return it.  
Well, now the time has come.  
My dear man, there is always an  
element of risk in these transactions.  
A storm may delay the ship for  
weeks. It may even be captured.  
A ship? Captured?  
Perhaps you'll finally tell me  
what this money is invested in?  
We're not engaged in something illegal?  
Are you suddenly concerned  
over moral values, Deacon?  
You did not ask me that question when I

told you there was a profit to be made.  
Yes, it is illegal.  
Your money went to help finance  
a slave-runner from Africa.  
A slave-runner? .. Abolitionist  
money financing a slave-runner?  
Oh what curses will follow me!  
Oh help me Jaffrey, help me put it back  
before they find out .. lend it to me.  
You idiot! You think I would have come  
to you for money had I any of my own?  
But you're so wealthy.  
I have been at times,  
but now I am penniless.  
You could mortgage this house.  
I already did so, six months ago.  
Well, what am I to do?  
Well now, brace yourself  
man, brace yourself.  
What's going to happen? Look at me,  
I've weathered worse storms than this.  
Yet here I am, still un-battered.  
I'm ruined.  
How can I face those good  
people .. I'd sooner kill myself.  
You have my word sir ..  
the word of a Pyncheon.  
And there is every reason to hope.  
You are a resourceful man, Jaffrey.  
If you want to, you can help me.  
I will Arnold .. go home and keep your  
mouth shut until you hear from me.  
Weed!  
Yes sir?  
I'm going to the house at Seven  
Gables. I'll be back shortly.  
Yes sir.  
Good morning Mrs Foster,  
is the Deacon at home?  
No.  
We've been looking for him  
all over town. Where is he?  
You'll find him over at  
Judge Pyncheon's.

There's a smell of a  
mackerel about this.  
I wish to see Mr Pyncheon.  
But cousin Clifford is .. I mean ..  
Never mind what you mean ..  
If you don't announce me,  
I shall announce myself.  
You look well Jaffrey.  
Overfed, but well.  
I haven't come here to discuss  
my health. I know.  
You want the house, don't you Jaffrey?  
Well, you can have it .. and  
everything that goes with it.  
If you will just sign this paper.  
Now, why should I do that?  
You'll have the house,  
I'll gain my freedom.  
Sign a confession that I accused  
you falsely at the trial?  
It doesn't read in that way .. it merely  
states that perhaps you were in error.  
That's all Jaffrey.  
You made a mistake.  
Now you wish to rectify it.  
You are mad aren't you.  
I advise you to turn the house  
over to me immediately ..  
Before I am forced to have you  
committed you to an institution.  
The authorities are deeply concerned at  
your odd behavior since your release.  
[ door knocks ]  
I must see Judge Pyncheon. Where is he?  
In the library.  
Oh, just a moment ..  
The money Jaffrey,  
I must have it at once.  
If we have business to discuss  
we'll do it in my office.  
No Jaffrey, I can't wait. They been  
out to my house looking for me.  
They follow me. They suspect ..  
I don't know what you're

talking about Arnold.  
Will you please wait outside for me.  
No, I won't. You got me into this.  
You never said what you  
would do with the money.  
You promised to let me  
have it back in time.  
Here they are! Jaffrey, here they are!  
They're coming here! Jaffrey! They're  
coming here! How can I face them?  
Think of my family, my children!  
Think of their disgrace when  
they hear of my betrayal!  
Oh Jaffrey, please!  
I had made up my mind  
before I came here.  
You got me into this.  
You are going to take the blame.  
[ gunshot ]  
Murderer.  
You don't know what you  
are saying Hepzibah.  
Well don't stand there  
staring at me that way.  
Murderer!  
You know it isn't true. You  
know I didn't do anything.  
I heard a shot I tell you.  
Let us in!  
See who it is Phoebe.  
You know who it is.  
Don't let them in.  
Clifford, they'll kill me if they find  
out what I did with their money.  
Hid me .. the secret staircase ..  
There is no secret staircase.  
But you lie! The plans! Holgrave  
told me of the plans.  
There's no plans, no Holgrave ..  
His name is "Matthew Maule".  
Matthew Maule?  
It's Mr Wainwright, Mr Hawkins,  
Reverend Smith and Matthew ..  
Ask them in.

No!  
No .. no, don't let them in! They are fanatics! They'll murder me.  
Here .. I'll do anything you want .. anything you say.  
There .. you're free now .. you can have the house .. and all the money in it.  
No .. no, no ..  
Oh Matthew, quickly .. hurry ..  
No, no, no. Don't let them in!  
Keep away from me! Keep away from me!  
I now pronounce you man and wife.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you, sir.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you, sir.  
Don't dawdle, you'll miss the train.  
Come o, your things are at the station.  
Matthew .. Matthew, we must go.  
Where's that red carpet-bag?  
It's over here.  
Clifford .. Hepzibah ..  
You know, I've always thought of you two, just this way.  
Time will never leave its mark upon you.  
I will always see you two s you were ..  
In the very beginning ..  
Don't worry, everything will be alright.  
Goodbye Mr Barton, goodbye.  
Never forget to write sometime ..  
T-G