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The Wedding Night

By Edwin H. Knopf

John, where's your host?

First door to the right.

- Tony.

- Well, he had it coming to him.

Well, I didn't say anything.

I only said your last book was stellar,
first time you wrote it.

But it was kind of dull the last three times.

- Well, I can get it published, at any rate.

- Stop it, you two.

You're just green with envy, Gilly,
that's what.

Well, all I know is what everybody says.

You're through, and you don't know it.

Do you want the other one black, too?

LELAND:

DORA:

Hey, call off your pet author, Heywood.

He's mutilating me.

Well, what's the trouble, Gilly?

Hello, Dora, Tony.

Nothing's the trouble. Here, you.

Better let Dora put a beefsteak
on that eye.

GILLY:

one opinion in this land of liberty?

DORA:

This is the only place you can
hear yourself talk. Have a seat.

- Well...

- Well, here.

Don't tell me you read that so soon.

Well, you seemed in a hurry
for the advance.

Listen, I owe so much that

I'm beginning to respect my self-worth.

Mind if I ask you for a thousand?

Five-hundred would just about
pay the liquor bills.

You haven't asked me

what I think of the book.

I don't wanna hear it. I know it's tripe.

I can't accept your book, Tony.

It's not up to our stuff.

Well...

Well, you're entitled to your opinion,

I guess.

It's a good thing for me you're not

the only publisher in the business.

I'd warned you about all this

when your first book was a success.

I told you what this life would do to you.

- Why, I've seen it happen to a lot of you...

- Seen what happen?

- Tony.

- I see. You think I'm through, too.

- I didn't say that.

- Well, why don't you? You want to.

I've published your books, Tony,

for five years,

when no one else would've touched them.

Don't do me any more favors.

I'll dispose of this myself.

If I were you, I'd get out of town and get

some of the liquor out of my system.

- Take a look at yourself.

- Lf I were you, I'd mind my own business.

When you write a good book, I'll publish it.

- Remember that.

- This is a good book.

I said, when you write a good book,

I'll publish it.

What was the matter with Leland?

He went out like a streak.

- We just had a little argument.

- Tony, you didn't.

It wasn't anything serious. He asked me

to rewrite it and I didn't like it, that's all.

- But you got the advance?

- I'll get it. It may take a little time, but...

- Wouldn't he give you an advance now?

- I couldn't let him know I needed it.

- I don't see why not. He's your publisher.

- I'll do it over in a few weeks.

But, Tony, we've got to have some money.
We can't go on like this.
Well, we'll go back to the old homestead
in Connecticut.
Won't have to pay any rent there.
Now, Tony, don't bring that up again.
I won't go to that awful place.
We may have to.
Say, Mr. Barrett.
You know, it don't seem natural,
me calling you mister,
recollecting the names I used to call you
when I chased you out the depot.
- Well, call me what you did then.
- Couldn't do that now.
They tell me you're a pretty big writer.
I wish the critics agreed with you,
Mr. Jenkins.
Say, you make pretty good money writing,
don't you?
If I did, I wouldn't be coming back here.
Well, you make pretty good money here
raising tobacco.
Tobacco, in Connecticut?
Sure, that's tobacco. That's all tobacco.
- I thought that was cabbage.
- Cabbage? Why, that's tobacco!
The Poles raise it.
A whole community of them.
They buy up every part and parcel of land
they can lay their hands to.
- They're women, aren't they?
- Yes, the men work like horses, too.
Never mind the typewriter, Taka.
- Bring this.
- Yes, ma'am.
That's the most important item
in the household.
So much land, nobody use.
He doesn't need to farm.
He must be rich if he writes books.
Manya.
Better we go to back door?
And why the back door?

We're as good as he is.
He must not know that I'm rich,
or price will be high.
But, Father, I told you, Americans
don't act poor to do good business.
All right, front door.
But remember, you do the talking.
All right, Father.
You got everything, right?
Yes, Father. The land is no good.
Nobody used it for 30 years.
- No more than \$5,000.
- Right.
(DOORBELL RINGS)

TONY:

How do you do?
If you're looking for work,
I turned away six already.
I'd be glad to take you on, though,
if you'll work for nothing.
That is, nothing or old whiskey bottles.
That's the best I can do.
- We're not looking for work.
- No?
Well, you're lucky.
Would you sit down?
No, thank you.

JAN:

Mr. Barrett, we came
to see about a field you had.
Is by my land, on this side.
- Nobody's used it for a long time.
- For 30 years, nobody use.
- It would have to be cleared...
- Is full of rocks and weeds.
- All right, Father, you talk.
- You do okay. Go ahead.
Mr. Barrett, my father wants this field.
If you're interested in selling,
how much do you think you'd want?
Well, as far as I'm concerned,
if you've got an old pair of shoes or...

- What?

- I mean, well...

Well, it's customary for the buyer to make an offer, isn't it?

- Then we'll offer you \$4,000.

- \$4,000?

Well, if you don't think that's enough, we might go to...

To \$5,000.

- Cash?

- Yes.

Well, that's different.

I didn't understand, that's all.

You take \$5,000?

There are four answers to that.

Positively, absolutely, definitely and yes.

Then it's settled.

If you bring the papers, you may have the money.

- Well, we can settle that right here.

- There's no hurry.

As long as we have your word.

My dear young lady, you not only have my word, you have my solemn oath.

Signed, sealed and delivered.

- Come, Father.

- What? Is all right?

- Yes, Father, we have an option.

- Option?

Well, that's all right. Come.

- **MANYA:**

- Thank you.

- Thanks.

- **TONY:**

DORA:

TAKA:

Ice is the second most important item in this household.

Remember that.

Our neighbors, Dora. My wife.

How do you do?

- Is that your woman?

- Yes, my woman.

My woman tell me,
ask you if you take milk.

Well, I can take it or leave it alone.

My father means that
we sell milk around here.

- He wants to know if you'd like to buy it.

- Yes.

I'm sorry, you'll have to arrange all that
with the cook.

Cook? You no cook?

No, I no cook.

She does so many other things,

Mr. Novak, that...

Well, you know, mixing drinks and...

(CHUCKLING AWKWARDLY)

Well, if you don't mind
going around by the kitchen,
the cook'll tell you
how much milk we need.

Thank you.

- Goodbye, Mr. Barrett.

- Goodbye, missus.

- **DORA:**

- Goodbye, Mrs. Barrett.

- **TONY:**

- Goodbye, Mr. Barrett.

Well, we certainly have
delightful neighbors.

We must have them up
to dinner sometime.

Don't make fun of our neighbors.

Mr. Novak is a Polish plutocrat
with a big business proposition.

(IMITATING POLISH ACCENT)

Yeah, me swap milk. You swap what?

Seems I have an old field full of rocks
and stones, and no good to anybody.

But to him, it's worth 5,000 smackers.

- What's the catch?

- No catch.

They said, come down and sign the papers tomorrow and I'll get the money.

Actually, \$5000?

- Cash.

- Tony.

And I spent the morning cursing your ancestors for leaving us this place.

I'm sorry, Grandfather.

Were you the one who cleared that lovely field with your own bare hands?

Bless your heart.

I don't think I'll sell the field after all.

- You don't what?

- I know I won't.

- Have you lost your senses?

- No, I've just come into them.

Do you realize that we are stony broke?

That I haven't a rag to my back?

\$5,000 would keep us for months in New York.

Yup.

And you're going to talk a lot of sentimental nonsense about this old place?

- You haven't even seen it in 15 years.

- Yep.

You put that in your next book.

It'll sound much better there.

You're very funny, Dora, but the field is still mine.

- And you won't sell?

- No.

- Tony Barrett, you come down from that...

- You get away from me.

- You come down here, I said.

- I like it up here.

Am I gonna have to come up there and get you?

I hate to waste this.

- You wouldn't dare.

- No?

- (SQUEALING) You devil, you...

- Get away from me, Delilah!

TONY:

No, thank you.
My father is inside,
if you came about the land.
Here, let me try it, just for fun.
See if I've forgotten how.
(CHUCKLING)
Well, I guess I'll stick to writing.
This way, Mr. Barrett.

JAN:

my wife and me.
You were a very handsome
young man, Mr. Novak.
After we finish business,
I show you some more pictures.
Old country.
I'm afraid I haven't time today, Mr. Novak.
Good.
I don't know how you say in English,
but in our country, we say...
Na zdrowie!
- Is right, Mr. Barrett?
- Is right, Mr. Novak.
- He has bought another field?
- Yes, Mother.
Land, more land, more tobacco,
more wood.
- Smells good in here.
- Prune soup.
- You like it?
- I've never tasted any.
You never eat prune soup?
No.
By golly, Mr. Barrett, you stay here,
eat prune soup with us. Eh, Kaise?
Is right.
Yes, sir, you stay right here,
have Sunday dinner with us.
Real Polish dinner.
I'm afraid you have
a lot of company already.
That's only my friend,

Sobieski and his wife,
and his brother and Fredrik,
and five more children.

We got lots of room. You stay.

Well, if it won't be too much trouble
for Mrs. Novak.

Is no trouble.

Do stay, Mr. Barrett.

All right, thanks so much.

- I will.

- Good.

(CAR HORN HONKING)

Sobieskis.

I show Peter Sobieski papers now.

He don't believe me.

(CHUCKLING)

- Is there something I can do to help?

- Help?

This work is for the women, Mr. Barrett.

Oh, sorry.

(SPEAKING POLISH)

ALL:

KAISE:

Wait.

No. Is good.

Is good, Jan. Everything is good.

Now I pay 5,000.

We said four.

JAN:

PETER:

- My boy Fredrik is a good boy.

- And Manya is a good girl.

Besides, she's been much more to school
than Fredrik.

My Fredrik is a smart fellow, too.

JAN:

in your house. Old woman, too.

Manya's strong.

She works hard, like two womans.

PETER:

- Maybe I give a tobacco wagon.

- Is done.

Is done.

(CHUCKLING HEARTILY)

- Hello, Manya.

- Hello, Fredrik.

Say, you look good.

You sit there, Mr. Barrett.

Go on, sit down, make yourself at home.

You like better, this chair?

Oh, no, my chair's all right, I was just...

(MEN LAUGHING)

Your prune soup.

You eat, Mr. Barrett.

Mr. Barrett never taste prune soup before.

No?

It is good.

JAN:

for me. That's enough.

TONY:

how you make this cake.

KAISE:

Use lots of sugar with the strawberries.

GRANDMA:

some more cream for your cake?

TONY:

Everybody, have wine.

Now, listen to me, everybody.

This morning I buy land from Mr. Barrett.

Manya, she say no buy more land.

It's more good to have money.

I say is more good to have land.

Because is not for me, this land.

Is for Manya and Fredrik.

So, when they two get married,

they have land for plant tobacco

and for build house.

Manya, Fredrik, your hands.

Manya, is not right.

JAN:

Now, Fredrik, you take Manya's hand.

God bless your union, make it fertile.

God bless your land, make it rich.

- Amen.

- **ALL:**

JAN:

Will be happy, have lots of babies.

Now you kiss.

Everybody, Na zdrowie!

ALL:

Sobieski, now we go to see the land.

You better hurry, Mrs. Barrett!

Number 10 comes in at 2:00.

I can't go without my husband.

Oh, why doesn't he come?

Everything fixed, windows, doors.

I lock them up now, please?

Yes, lock it up and throw away the key,
as far as I'm concerned.

Me, too. I no like country, not as much.

Like better New York.

You and me both, Taka.

House full of funny noises at night.

No can sleep.

It's the ancestors, Taka.

They get down off the wall at night and
walk around, see how things are going.

Yes, I think so, too. Ancestors.

JENKINS:

Mr. Barrett.

Hello, Mr. Jenkins.

You're here early, aren't you?

No.

- I thought we were taking the late train.

- **DORA:**

- Did you get the money?
- Well, what's the hurry?
- Did you get it, I said?
- I did.

Then come on, everything's ready.

I was scared out of my wits
you'd come back without it,
but I would've gone anyway.

- One more day in this crazy place...

- Here, here, not so fast.

I'm not going.

You're not going?

Sorry to let you down, Dora,
but I'm staying right here.

I've found my next book.

Bring them back in, Taka. We're not going.

I know how you feel, Dora,
but you're wrong this time.

I'd been running all over looking for a life,
and I found it right here under our noses,
in America.

Those people, Dora, they're a godsend.

They're like something
out of another world.

And what a family. My head's full of it.

Wedding bargains, prune soup,
and Sobieskis and...

How interesting.

Well, I must say, you're a lot of help.

Well, I know you, Tony. Last year,
it was the sailors in that stupid boat,
and the year before, the natives in Spain,
and I tagged along,
peering over your shoulder for months,
and what happened?

What happened? You didn't write a line.

I'll write here, all right,
and about these people. I've got to.

Oh, well. I'll lay in a case of scotch
and some detective stories.

Sweet of you.

Tony, why can't you write about them
in New York?

Your best book was around

a life you didn't know.
You're always bragging about it.
You're just coddling yourself.
I've heard that before.
Well, I'm only trying to snap you out of it.
Well, leave me in it, whatever it is.
I'll be grateful.
Taka, put those bags back in.
(SPEAKING JAPANESE)
So what?
Holy cats! All jumbling up!
I'm going to New York, Tony,
whether you do or not.
I'll hate you if I stay on here,
and you'll hate me.
Well, here it is.
I only got it for you in the first place.
I didn't wanna go, myself.
- You go if you want to, Dora. I don't mind.
- Wouldn't you really, Tony?
I'll be busy, and Taka's here,
and he'll take care of me.
I could just stay a few weeks,
and then come right back.
Just to see some of our friends
and get some new clothes.
I wouldn't spend much. Honest, I wouldn't.
Spend all of it.
You've been sweet about that,
and I want you to blow yourself.
Bring the bags in, Taka.
You know I can't do it.
You're too darn sweet about it.
You're pretty sweet yourself.
- But you'd better go.
- No, I'll be dutiful.
Would you mind not being dutiful?
Will you please go to New York
and stay there till you're not? Will you?
Yes. I am going.
I know what's good for me,
and I know what's good for us, too.
Put mine back, Taka.
And leave Mr. Barrett's.

- Mr. Barrett's?

- Yes, and your own.

You're staying with the ancestors.

And hurry up, Jenkins. I wanna get out of this place before I change my mind.

Get away from me, Tony. I don't wanna have another word from you.

- Just lay off the drink.

- Drinking's out.

- And good luck to your Poles.

- Thanks.

I hope you have better luck with them, than you did with...

- Ah, now.

- I hate you.

Fix me a highball

before you start that, Taka.

Ancestors.

Stephen needs a drink.

(SPEAKING JAPANESE)

- How about something to drink, Taka?

- Coffee ready soon.

I'll take my whiskey without coffee this morning, Taka.

Take those empty ones out.

I don't like to look at them.

Say, just who is it you carry on that brilliant conversation with at night, Taka?

Talking myself. Very nervous.

Don't like country much.

Well, talk to yourself a key lower, will you? It'll help a lot.

I can't hear what I'm saying to myself when I'm listening to you.

I hearing you, too, talk.

Shut that door, will you?

(DOOR CLOSING)

- **TAKA:**

- Good morning, Taka.

It's getting cold, isn't it?

(AFFIRMING IN JAPANESE)

Nobody uses the milk,

there is no need to bring it.

We use, sometime.

Mr. Barrett, he likes sometimes
with whiskey.

- Hot milk, whiskey. You like?

- I never tasted it.

Boy, you taste sometime. Very good.

Will you please ask Mr. Barrett
if I should bring only...

Hello, there.

I've been wanting to see you.

Come in, will you?

I'm sorry, Mr. Barrett,
but I have to get back.

Don't be like that.

Come on in, where it's warm.

Now, sit there by the fire.

I've been wanting to talk to you
ever since that Sunday,
but I could never get a chance.

Your boyfriend was always around.

I've been here every morning
with the milk.

Well, I'm not usually up at that time.

It's somewhere around daybreak, isn't it?

(CHUCKLING) I wouldn't call 7:00 daybreak.

Well, you're late this morning, aren't you?

Yes, my father went to town,
so I helped to load the wagon.

You know, you're quite a girl.

Every time I see you, you're hewing logs,
or watering the horses or doing something
a man should be doing.

You know, I'm sorry

I sold your father that field,
since I saw you heaving those stones
around in it.

Why shouldn't I? It's my field.

You know what I want
to talk to you about, Manya?

No, I don't, Mr. Barrett.

Well, my friends call me Tony.

Do they, Mr. Barrett?

I thought we might be friends,
since I'm trying to write a book about you.

About me?

Trying to. Got two lines, so far.

Why should you write a book about me?

You shouldn't wonder about that.

You know, you're the most interesting person I've met in a long time.

That's why I wanna know more about you.

There is not much to know.

For one thing, I'd like to know how you feel about that marriage your father rigged up for you.

How should I feel about it?

Well, you didn't act like you went for the idea.

I was only a little surprised, that's all.

Do you love him?

Of course I love him.

Well, I like you for saying that, but I don't believe you.

I don't care if you believe me or not.

You can't tell me a girl like you, so different from these people around here, the way you look and talk and everything, would be contented to marry a man like...

What's his name?

Fredrik is a good man, and I'm happy to do what my father says.

You're not. Not in my book.

My Manya's gonna put up a fight.

She's not gonna be railroaded into a marriage just because two old men decide she's a good bargain and works like two womans.

Manya.

Manya, I'm sorry.

I won't ask you any more questions.

- I've got to go, Mr. Barrett.

- Please, Manya.

It's lonely as the deuce here, and my wife, she deserted me.

Well, I can't help that.

I have work to do, even if you haven't.

Manya.

Don't be so moral.

It doesn't go with those eyes.

- Please, let me go, Mr. Barrett.

- Manya.

In my book, they're gonna get you into lots of trouble, those eyes.

Let me go.

You haven't told me a thing about yourself, but I'm learning an awful lot.

That will teach you some more about me.

And after this, if you want some milk, you can come and get it.

(ROOSTER CROWING)

(SHEEP BAYING)

Isn't it very early in the morning for a writer to be up?

- I'm sorry I frightened you away.

- You didn't.

I didn't want to come, that's all.

I wish you had.

I wanted you to read what I'd written.

I've got four pages now.

You must be very tired.

I am.

I was thinking of giving it up as a bad job.

Maybe you're trying to write about the wrong girl.

Well, it's not a question of the girl anymore.

No?

No, that was just my excuse for not writing.

And what is the excuse now, if it isn't the girl?

Well, the usual one, at this hour, is the mood.

I pity my poor cow, if I didn't get in the mood to milk her.

And our fields, if I didn't feel like plowing them.

Well, writing is not exactly the same as plowing, you know.

You make your living from it, don't you?

Will you read the four pages?

When they have four chapters, I might.

If you'll come again with the milk,
I'll have them tomorrow.
I think next spring is safer.
(COUGHING)

Taka.

Taka!

Taka!

TONY:

Hello.

Well, you took your time.

Why did you bother to come at all?

Well, Taka didn't come this morning,
so I had to bring the milk.

Well, I must say, you showed
a lot of respect for my four chapters.

- Have you got them?

- Have I got them?

(SCOFFING)

- Where is Taka?

- Taka?

He no like Connecticut, he no like snow,
he no like job.

In fact, he no like.

Oh, darn.

Well, I guess I'll have the bone.

Here, give that to me.

See?

Well, I am impressed,
if that's what you're trying to do.

You get some warm clothes on
while I fix the breakfast.

With pleasure.

(MANYA LAUGHING)

MANYA:

Good.

- What do you call these, Manya?

- Gorace ciasto.

Will you make gorace ciasto
for me every morning?

I might, to get someone
to make them for you.

Well, it will be hard to find someone

around here. Very hard.

They wouldn't wanna work for me because

I talk to myself and walk in the woods.

- Looks like you'll have to do it for me.

- Eat your breakfast. Don't talk so much.

Do you wanna see me show off?

First you do this.

I learned that in Germany.

Then you do this.

But very carefully.

I learned that in Egypt.

Now, you bring this slowly

into contact with

this.

But not too slowly.

In fact, not slow at all.

(LAUGHING)

Now, you see that?

It looks difficult,

but it's really not difficult at all

when you know how.

Now, watch.

You apply "A,"

but very carefully,

to "B."

Now you watch very intently until it goes.

And if it doesn't go?

Well, if it doesn't go, you go back to bed

and stay there till spring.

Now, Miss Novak,

if you're sufficiently in your place,

we'll go...

We'll go on with our work.

Congratulations.

Thank you.

- So, you don't think I have four chapters?

- I'll believe it when I see them.

Not only four, but seven.

You've done all that

since the day I saw you?

Well, that sermon you preached

was enough to put anybody to work.

(LAUGHING) I didn't say the last part.

Well, you're a bit more poetic, I'll admit.

But you said my pen was a cow.

(GIGGLING)

(READING)

- Will you read some of this story to me?

- Will I?

If you only knew

how I'd hoped you'd ask me.

Taka wasn't a very good audience.

He liked books

with shooting in them, he said.

Is that about you, the book?

Well, this is about a chap who
came back to the place he was born,
all messed up.

Pretty well finished,

as far as the world was concerned.

Well, no use talking about it. I'll read it.

"There was no feeling of familiar things
as Stephen looked around him.

"The hills. He remembered his gaunt
and sharply outlined..."

"Night fell and he trudged on.

"Sonya beside him, sensing his loneliness
and daring not to speak.

"Suddenly, he dropped on the soft earth.

"She knew he was weeping
and wept with him.

"Soon, their weeping filled the air
as naturally

"as the soft sound of insects around them.

"How did I come so far, so far,
in these short years?

"How, Sonya?"

That's as far as I've gone.

I didn't know you felt like that.

I wouldn't have said what I did to you.

So, you got back, huh?

Where were you all morning?

What were you doing up there?

- **MANYA:**

- Where were you?

- I was at Helena's.

- You were at Helena's?

It's too bad I didn't see you there.
Well, Helena's old man was
chopping wood for Mr. Barrett.
He saw you through the window.
She was on the sofa,
listening to him all morning and laughing.
In the front room. They were...
He was only reading me his book.
He reads you his books?
She's been there a lot of times.
Helena's old man said so.
I was helping him.
He writes a book about the Polish people.
And he doesn't know what
the Polish people say and do.
Well, I'll show him what
the Polish people do.
You don't go in his house.
- And if I see you listen...
- He put a pillow under her head.
He put a pillow under your head?
- There is no harm in that.
- Go in the house!
And you don't take milk to that
no-good man, not ever. You understand?
Right? You come help me with the pigs.
Wanna watch me, while I kill pigs?
- No.
- Manya.
Fredrik wants you should watch,
while he kill pigs.
- I don't want to. It makes me sick.
- You do what Fredrik wants.
It makes me sick, I tell you.
(CHUCKLING)
Makes lots of women sick,
sticking pigs, huh?
(PIG SQUEALING)
Hi, there, Mr. Barrett.
Got a telegram for you.
- Thanks.
- That'll be 25 cents.
I could have saved you the quarter
if I read it to you over the phone,

but your wife gave me tarnation
for that one.

Okay. Wait. Maybe there's an answer.

- Got a pencil?

- No.

Here.

Send a wire to Mrs. Barrett
at this address.

Say, "My work won't let me. Love, Tony."

"My work won't let me. Love, Tony.

"My work won't let me. Love, Tony."

Say four more words, for the same money.

Haven't got any more words to say.

- "Very happy Thanksgiving. Sincerely."

- Fine, say that. She'll like that.

Here's a couple of bucks.

This ought to cover it.

Yeah. That's fine. Thanks.

"My work won't let me. Love, Tony."

"My love won't work me." That ain't it.

"My work won't love me." That neither.

"I can't love my work."

Oh, shucks. I'm losing my memory.

(HUMMING)

I'm afraid I'll have to
discharge you, Miss Novak.

I don't quite like the way
you tuck in these covers.

Better than Hezzie Jones can do.

- Hezzie Jones?

- Yes.

I got her to come to work
for you tomorrow.

Can she cook good grunts
and wheat cakes?

Yes. She sings well, too.

I know how to stop that. I'll out-sing her.

I left your supper in the oven.

You mean, you left rations
for the winter season.

No.

I hate people who
tuck in the blankets, Manya.

I like mine loose,

so my feet can express themselves.

There.

Can't you catch any better than that?

I thought you were

an efficient cover catcher.

You should leave the cover off.

No, no. Not this one.

I count these patches

when I'm going goofy at night.

Fifty-four red ones and 56 white ones.

And 98 what-do-you-call-thems

on the wallpaper.

Mine has over 100.

Yours don't look like snakes, though.

Mine look like Mr. Sobieski.

- (IN POLISH ACCENT) Yeah?

- (IN FORCED ACCENT) Yeah.

Is good land, Peter.

Yeah. Good land. Yeah.

- Is good price, Peter.

- Yeah. Good price. Yeah.

- Is too good price, Peter.

- Yeah. Too good price. Yeah.

Maybe you better yet

give another pig, huh?

- Is good.

- Is good.

I can't bring the milk anymore.

My father was angry. Fredrik, too.

I couldn't have come to tell you,

but they went to town.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, too, Manya.

We've had fun, haven't we?

- Yes.

- I'll miss you.

- I waited for our mornings.

- I have, too.

You know, I'd never have written my book

if it hadn't been for you.

- Of course you would.

- No.

You gave me a reason.

One has to have a reason for everything.

For working, for living.
Mine was pretty worn out.
I only hope you finish it.
Thank you, Manya.

MANYA:

Do you have to go?
They'll be gone quite a while, won't they?
What about your mother?
- I'll stay.
- Good.
- I have nothing to read you.
- I'm glad.
I don't want to be read anything.
I'm beginning to feel like Sonya,
be like her.
Be like Manya, then.
(WIND HOWLING)

JAN:

We had to turn back. Blizzard coming.
- Where's Manya?
- She went to her cousin, Marysia.
She better come home quick. Blizzard.
(CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYING)
(MUSIC STOPS PLAYING)
Well?
The concert's over for a while.
The musician has to carry in
some more logs.

It's 5:

My father will be back.
- Coming down much heavier than it was.
- Goodbye.
Not goodbye, Manya.
We'll be seeing each other.
- Wait. You can't go out in that.
- I've got to.
- But you can't even see.
- I've got to see. I must get home.
Well, wait. I'll go with you.
No, no. You mustn't.
You couldn't get back.

(WIND HOWLING)

Manya!

Manya!

- This is ridiculous, Manya.

- But I must get home.

I'm afraid you can't.

Why you not say before where she is?

- And why you let her go? Why?

- She don't ask me.

She say she go. I say, "Better not."

- Maybe you no like.

- You bet I no like.

- Manya?

- No! Me! Fredrik!

I got a message from Manya.

She's caught up there. She can't get home.

She'll get home, all right.

Come, we go get her.

- Better not.

- Better not?

- We go.

- Not me.

Took me an hour to get here on the road
with lights and houses.

You can't see your way up there.

But she can't spend all night at his house.

I don't care what she does.

I'm through with her.

- You mean, you'll not marry with her?

- No.

She only gone to say she don't bring milk.

- Why did she stay so long?

- She take his supper.

He got no cook.

- We his neighbors.

- Yes.

You have a little supper now, Fredrik.

After that, you will feel much better.

- And then we go.

- Not me.

Bring the wine. The good wine.

Listen, you'd better go to bed, young lady.

I'd feel better if I stayed here.

My father might get through.

Now listen,
if we can't get there, he can't get here.
No.
But I'll stay here.
You're going to bed, young lady.
If he's crazy enough to come out tonight,
he deserves to find what he expects.
Now, this is our best front room.
Genuine old caterpillars
and the best bred Connecticut moths.
But no cooking, or gentlemen friends.
And no worrying. Hear that?
Why, I couldn't worry in here.
If anything scares you,
like Sobieski or something,
I'll be just across the hall.
- Good night.
- Good night.
I like my blanket tucked in.
My feet don't like to express themselves.
Me, the big, silent man,
I ought to snatch it right off you.
Please, don't.
- How's the worrying?
- It's improving.
I see. First-class A-1 worrying,
with never a light moment, huh?
You got me doing it.
I wasn't worrying, really. I was thinking.
- Of what?
- Lots of things.
Can't I know?
- Something very silly.
- Tell me.
- Promise you won't laugh?
- Cross my heart.
I was wondering what you were like
when you were a little boy.
Well, I'll tell you.
I wore a wire around my teeth,
a lace collar around my neck
and I snitched.
(GIGGLING)
And I stole quarters.

24 cents out of every quarter my mother gave me for the collection plate.
What did you do with it?
Well, I bought 24 cents worth of jellybeans and one penny for the plate.
It was hard work, trying to make the pennies sound like quarters.
I thought you were like that.
Very happy, and very bad.
I'm not a very happy little boy now, Manya.
I guess I have my Sobieskis, too.
Life is full of Sobieskis, isn't it?
- And of one kind or another?
- Yes.
You'd better say your prayers and go to sleep, like a good little girl.
What did you say when you were little, when you went to bed?
Well, the one I liked best was one my grandfather taught me.
I tacked it on after the others, the respectable one.
Please, say it.
"Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, "bless the bed that I sleep on."
That's sweet.
(BLOWING)
Manya!
Yes?
I'm trying to be chivalrous, but I can't.
I am chivalrous, Manya.
Manya, your father's here.
Good morning, Mr. Novak.
Quite a blizzard, wasn't it?
I hope you didn't lose any sleep over Manya.
She's quite safe.
She was doing some work for me, and first thing we knew, we were snowed in.
Where's Manya?
I'll tell her you're here. Come in.
- Won't you sit down?

- I wait here.
- You shouldn't blame Manya, Mr. Novak.
- Better you don't talk to me.
Well, after all, when you take this attitude
with her, you're making an accusation...
I don't care what you say.
Where's Manya?
I'm here, Father.
- Now, listen here, Mr. Novak...
- I said, you don't talk to me.
- But you can't...
- Please, don't.
I'll put them on.
I tried to fix some breakfast, Manya.
Thank you.
Come, Manya.
(DOOR CLOSING)
You marry Fredrik on Monday.
- And I want no words from you.
- Monday?
I want no words, you hear?
You are lucky to get a husband.
Any other boy would not have you,
after you make a shame of yourself.
Monday, Fredrik, you marry.
I don't love you, Fredrik.
I can't marry you now, or any other time.
I know you're a good girl, Manya.
I told your father so.
- We fixed it all up.
- I can't marry you, I said.
I mean it, Father.
I can't marry him. I don't love him.
You marry Fredrik on Monday.
He's a good boy.
You are lucky he loves you so much.
(GASPING)
He loves me?
He loves the field you gave him,
and the new house to live in,
and a servant to wait on him,
one he won't have to pay,
one he can treat like you've treated
my mother all your life and...

You think you're American girl, huh?

With no respect for your parents?

Well, you are a Polish girl.

You do what your father says.

You'll marry Fredrik on Monday.

(SINGING)

Excuse me, Hezzie, I didn't hear anything.

I supposed you'd gone.

- What time will you want your dinner?

- I don't think I want any.

- Would you deliver a note for me, Hezzie?

- To that girl?

What girl is that?

Well, it's none of my business, but...

(PHONE RINGING)

- Hello?

- **DORA:**

This is Mr. Barrett's residence.

Well, who on earth is this?

This is Hezzie Jones, madam.

I'm very glad to know you, Hezzie.

- But is my husband there?

- Hold the phone.

She's been working for him since Tuesday.

The Polack girl got caught there overnight
and her old man was sore as blazes.

Some say one thing,
and some say another.

Well, well, well, you don't say.

- **TONY:**

- Tony, darling.

Well, where are you? Palm Beach?

Palm Beach?

- I'm at the depot.

- The what?

Never mind.

And when it comes to your Polish girls,
you've nothing on me.

I've been caught here for hours
with Bill Jenkins.

Interesting.

What's more, he gave me

some spareribs and fried cabbage.
And more, he says he'll take me piggyback
to the boarding house.
That's right. After Number 10 comes in.
After Number 10 comes in.
And after that, if the wind dies down,
- in the southwest...
- In the northeast.
The northeast. He'll bring me in his sleigh.
Providing old man Possumbury
can fix the right runner.
If old man somebody
can fix something or other.
Well, that's better than I can offer.
I'm snowed in, too.
With Hezzie? How awful.
Oh, it's not so bad. She sings.
Well, Bill here chews a mean tobacco plug.
I'll try to reach you somehow.
Don't worry. I just wanted to say hello,
and a "very happy Thanksgiving,
sincerely."
That was my idea. The last.
As for, "My work won't let me.
Love, Tony,"
I'll tell you what I think of you
when I see you. Goodbye.
Now, Bill,
I'm ready for that piggyback ride.
(SPITTING)
(BELLS JINGLING)
- Well, Tony?
- Well?
- Still mad?
- I was never mad.
- Haven't you anything to tell me?
- Nothing much.
I caught a few tidbits
at the railroad station.
I can imagine.
Seems you lost your source
of inspiration in a hurry.
- You're looking splendid.
- So are you.

Didn't I tell you
a little separation was the thing?
Was it, Dora?
For me, yes.
And I hope, Tony, for you.
It doesn't hurt to change inspirations
once in a while,
as long as you come back to the old one.
Is that what you've done, Dora?
Come back to the old one?
I was speaking of you, darling.
I'm going to get a ready-made dress
from Hartford.
You get the man first, Helena Borcz.
Then the dress.
Don't you worry about the man.
Yeah, she thinks she can have Fredrik.

KAISE:

but Manya was too quick for her.

HELENA:

- My father gave Fredrik all that...

- KAISE:

Well?

- All I can say is...

- Now. It is finished.

What's the matter, Manya?

You act like you don't want to
get married.

Hello.

I came to see Mr. Barrett.

- Will you wait?

- I didn't know anyone was here. I...

- I'll go.

- Don't be upset.

I'll call him.

You're Sonya, aren't you?

- Sonya?

- The girl I'm reading about, in here.

My name is Manya.

My husband told me

how you helped him with his book.

I ought to be grateful,
since it's such a good book.

- But I'm afraid I'm a little jealous.
- I wasn't much help.
- I only listened. He was reading it to Taka.
- I know.

He's spoiled every servant we ever had
by making them literary minded.

There was no one else. I felt sorry for him.
You don't need to apologize.

You did a good job.

Come in. Sit down.

I can't see where it's heading.

But maybe you do.

- You may have talked it over with him.

- No.

I just finished the chapter
where Daphne talks with Sonya.

I found it interesting, but not very true.

What do you think?

I never thought they would talk together.

Well, they did,

and it seemed all wrong to me.

Up to that point,

I didn't see Daphne as the sort
who would give her husband up

so magnanimously,

just because he thinks

he loves someone else.

Sonya never expected it or hoped for it.

She never asked it.

Daphne might go away.

But if I were Daphne, I wouldn't go at all.

- Not after she made her first mistake.

- Mistake?

When she went away

and left her husband the first time.

I think she'd stay this time

and take her medicine.

- See him through it. Don't you think?

- I don't know.

He and Sonya are so far apart.

They could never meet

on common ground.

Do you think so?

I never thought about that part of it.

Even if Sonya could,

Daphne had been his wife for five years.

They had too much tied up together.

Perhaps the kind of love he felt for Sonya
had gone by.

She'd have that, too.

It wasn't that she'd fight to keep.

It would be the kind that Sonya

could never win away from her.

The kind that's built on,

well, five years.

But she'd fight to keep it.

That's the way I'd write it,

even though I felt very sorry for Sonya.

- I'll call him now.

- Please, don't. I don't want to see him.

- But that's why you came, isn't it?

- I wanted to see him.

- But not for what you think.

- Why did you come, then?

I came to tell him

I'm being married tomorrow.

Well, you must have wanted him

to stop it, or...

No, I...

- No.

- Well, then why tell him?

I thought I...

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

Manya?

What do you want, Father?

What are you doing up this late at night?

Why you not in bed?

You've been to seeing this man.

I haven't done anything wrong.

What do you mean,

you have done nothing wrong?

- **JAN:**

- Shut up!

Mind your own business for once.

You're a fool.

(THUMPING)

- Is that you, Tony?

- Yes.

Come in and say good night.

- Hello. Thought you were asleep.

- Pretty exclusive, aren't you?

Didn't mean to be.

Trying to figure out an ending to my story.

You might ask me what I think of it.

I spent the evening reading it.

I was a little afraid of your opinion,

I guess.

You've never been before. Why now?

You needn't be.

- I think it's grand.

- Thanks.

It's the best thing

you've ever written, Tony.

I'm not very flattered though.

I always thought I helped,

even if I did only peer over your shoulder.

You helped a lot, Dora.

- I can help with the ending at least.

- I wish you could.

I may not give you

the one you've been looking for,

but I know the wisest one.

Sit down, Tony.

Sonya's going to marry her Heinrich,

or whatever his name is.

It's Heinrich in here.

Is she? I hadn't planned that.

It's the only ending there is, Tony.

They've had too much together,

Stephen and Daphne.

They let each other down.

What they had is gone.

I know he thinks it is. But it can't be over.

They'll come to life again, those times.

When they hadn't the fare to get home.

When they spent his first check

in one night.

- When the second book failed.

- And when the third one failed?

I stuck until I couldn't, Tony.
I had to get away to save us.
- I'm afraid it was too late, Dora.
- I was afraid of it, too, Tony.
Because life had hemmed us in
with bills and nagging and failure.
But when I went back to the old places,
and there was no Tony,
I realized that all of the sweetness of life
was tied up with you.
I met you on every corner, darling.
And you would, too, Tony.
The mad things we've done.
The places we've been.
All the lovely places of the earth
we plan to be.
You couldn't ever see them
without me, Tony.
You know that, don't you?
Even if you don't, I do, Tony.
And I'll never let you ruin our life.
- What about Manya's life?
- Wives can't think of Manyas.
- The Manyas don't think of us.
- She's not like that.
All Manyas are alike to wives,
no matter how sweet they are.
I always thought I'd be different,
that if the time came,
I'd do something unusual.
But I can't. I don't feel a bit unusual.
I'd like to scratch her eyes out
and call her names,
and tell you how much
I've had to put up with,
how you've let me down.
You'd better go to bed before I do.
We'll talk in the morning.
I want a divorce, Dora.
I can't give it to you, Tony.
You've got to. I love her.
You can't reason the things I feel.
She's everything to me.
She's all I had this hellish winter.

I can't put her out of my life just because
you choose to walk back into it.

- She's there. She's in it.

- I know she is, Tony.

I do.

I've seen you look out
that window, mornings.

I've seen you half crazy here.

Wondering what to say to me.

How to tell me.

(SINGING A POLISH SONG)

(PEOPLE SINGING)

They're marrying off
that Polish girl tonight.

- Now they'll carry on for weeks...

- Never mind, Hezzie.

I don't think I'll have any coffee.

You may hate me always, Tony,

but I knew this.

She came here last night to tell you,
and I sent her away.

Why bother to tell me about it now,
when it's too late?

Because it is too late. That's why.

I see.

(SPEAKING LATIN)

(SPEAKING POLISH)

This is no time for tears.

Polish women cry their tears alone.

You must be happy, Manya, happy.

(PEOPLE SHOUTING)

I am the first to dance with the bride.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

I have lots of money for her.

- Fredrik, here, I have a drink you need.

- Old Jacek broke the plate.

Don't stop. Go right on.

I only came to dance with the bride.

So, you want to dance
with the bride, huh?

- Lf I may.

- Sure, you may.

As long as she's my bride.

Manya.

- You shouldn't have come here, Mr. Tony.
- Why not?
Why shouldn't he come to my wedding?
- Will you dance with me, Manya?

- FREDRIK:

(LIVELY MUSIC PLAYING)

You shouldn't do this.

Stop the music.

(MUSIC STOPS)

Now I'll dance with my bride. Music.

(LIVELY MUSIC PLAYING)

Everybody, dance.

Mr. Barrett, you drink to the bride, huh?

(MEN SINGING IN POLISH)

(MEN LAUGHING)

What's the weather up there?

(SPEAKING POLISH)

(SPEAKING POLISH)

I don't need courage.

My blood, yeah.

Fredrik, your bride is waiting.

Come on, Fredrik. That's right.

One more quick drink.

All right.

- Na zdrowie, Fredrik.

- ALL:

Come, now.

Come on.

Come on, now.

(LAUGHING)

(SHUSHING)

JAN:

Leave me alone.

Don't you think I can walk?

I don't know how you walk,

but you fall pretty good!

Go away.

Where is she?

- I don't like all this.

- Neither will Manya.

(JAN LAUGHING)

(FREDRIK GIGGLING)

You'd think they were the ones
getting married, not us.

Manya.

I've never seen you look so beautiful.

Not even in your wedding gown.

I saw you once like this
from the loft in the barn.

But you didn't look like this.

Your hair, Manya. It's...

Kiss me.

I've had better kisses than that
from Helena.

What's the matter with you?

Are you my wife or not?

You're lucky to be a wife, anybody's wife,
with everybody in the village
talking about you.

I married you, didn't I?

I turned down a big farm
and cash besides, from Helena's father.

More cash than your father ever will have.

And they made my father

keep his promise.

We didn't have to.

I didn't have to give anything for you.

Well, say something.

Don't stand there like that.

- I'm sorry, Fredrik.

- Well, show it then.

That's a swell way to show it.

I bet you showed more life
to your writer friend.

- That's not true.

- No? I should've let you stay with him.

- Don't say that. I'm nothing to him.

- No, you bet you're nothing to him.

- He showed that tonight...

- Don't say that again, Fredrik.

Well, it's true, isn't it?

He wouldn't marry you.

He couldn't marry me. Even if we were...

So he handed you that talk, huh?

He would if he could.

He never said a word to me. Never a word.
So that's the way you knew
he couldn't marry you, with never a word!

- Stop it, Fredrik.
- You bet I'll stop it.
- I'll stop it, all right!
- Where are you going?
- He's done this! I'll settle with him!
- Fredrik!

This is the best time I ever had in my life.

Go, Jan.

Fredrik. Fredrik.

You wait.

(YELLING IN POLISH)

Father, he'll kill him. He's going there.

- Fredrik!

- **PETER:**

Fredrik!

(DOOR OPENING)

- Manya?

- **MANYA:**

What is it?

Tony, he's coming.

- Tony.
- What?
- He's coming, Tony.
- Manya.

You...

- Fredrik.

- Tony.

Fredrik, Fredrik!

(MANYA SCREAMING)

Manya.

TONY:

- Get some help, quick.
- Yes, Tony.

Manya.

Manya.

He's coming, Tony.

He'll kill you.

Manya, I'm all right.

Please, Manya, it's Tony.

Manya.

I love you.

(MOANING)

Manya.

I must love him.

Father.

Love him.

DORA:

Bring her upstairs, Tony, to my room.

I'll get it ready.

(PRIEST SPEAKING LATIN)

You won't upset anything now, Tony.

They've gone.

Gone?

And there'll be others soon, Tony.

- She's alone, Tony, if you...

- No.

She was always so alive, Dora.

When she came, mornings,

her eyes had lights in them

that seemed to look right through

to the very center of you.

Like a child's eyes.

Couldn't lie to them.

And when she laughed,

there was something rich in it.

Rich with things you couldn't find out.

You know, I used to watch her

as she came across that hill

with that funny coat

and that little jigger on her head.

She'd call,

and I'd wave to her from here.

She'd stand there laughing, and...

So, I couldn't...