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Washington Square

By Carol Doyle

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WASHINGTON SQUARE

Hurry up! Hey, wait!

Wait for me!

Hurry!

No!

Aah!

Your daughter, sir.

You'll be with our

son in heaven.

Good afternoon.

Good day to you, Doctor.

Father's home!

Father's home!

Catherine, quietly, please.

Father!

Father!

Catherine.

I see your instruction of behavior befitting
a young lady goes on, business as usual.

Oh, please don't be angry
with aunt Lavinia, father.

She tried to stop me,
but my heart beat my breast...
with such a voluptuous swell.

To have a daughter with
such highbrow taste...
in dress and literature,
and at such a young age, well.

And it is you I have to thank,
dear sister.

Come, father.

Yes, yes.

Here you go.

Oh, father, I'm so sorry.

It was a raspberry. On the continent,
people put... we're in New York.

And in New York,
port is unadorned.

Is it too much to ask that there be one
thing not overdone in this household?

Surprise!

Happy birthday, Dr. Austin.

Surprise.

Excuse me, I...
My wine went... went down
the wrong way.
Come along, dear.
That should be lovely.
Now don't be nervous. We've
rehearsed this a thousand times.
Shh, please.
Sit down.
Sweetheart?
There...
There...
Now come on.
There...
Oh, Austin. Sit down.
Come with me.
Shh!
Shh!
Maureen! Maureen, there's been
an accident. Do something.
Alice, would you like to
recite something for us?
Do you want your cake?
Good night, Catherine.
Good night.
Good bird.
Good bird.
Ah, good afternoon, Doctor.
Good afternoon.
Father's home!
Father's home!
Catherine, unlike
the fourth of july,
the occasion of your father coming
home is an everyday occurrence.
Please do not jangle my nerves
so arbitrarily. Catherine!
Catherine!
Good afternoon, Dr. Sloper.
Good afternoon, father.
Did you forget the party
at aunt Elizabeth's?
My dear child, the world
was created in six days.

Surely we mortals can prepare
for a gathering in three hours.
Father, there is so much to do.
Please, I beg you,
allow me to attend myself.
I fear what will happen if I keep you
from your preparations a moment longer.
Catherine!
How long could it take for one
woman to minister to herself?
Now, Austin, choosing one's
first evening gown alone...
is a great event for a young girl.
Please... be gentle.
If a prelude is necessary,
it must be bad indeed.
So this magnificent
creature is my child.
I'll go change. You've taken
up enough time already.
Come along.
Yah!
Yah!
Good day, Mrs. Thornbred.
Good day.
Oh, it's uncle Austin.
Uncle Austin.
Uncle Austin!
Uncle Austin!
Lavinia.
Oh.
Oh, Elizabeth.
Hello, aunt Lavinia.
What a haven of peace
and tranquility.
Oh, dear brother, that's a
sure sign of getting old.
It does seem that the young get
more raucous as we get older.
It's delightful.
Anything short of his own chair in his
front room seems violent to Austin.
Lavinia has not cottoned onto
the fact that she's a sheep.

Lovely, dear. Oh, I don't think
father approves.
Well, don't let that trouble
you unduly, my dear.
If there's one thing I've learned of
my brother after all these years,
it's that he's generally
not the approving sort.
Come. Marian is
eager to see you.
There they are there
they are there they are
Oh, see how she beams?
They must be very much in love.
Dear child, he's a stockbroker.
He'll make a fine husband.
That is all marrying requires.
I oftentimes think
it's easier to be basic.
One's needs are so simple.
A polka!
Why do they do that to me?
Marian, Catherine's here.
Catherine.
A new dress?
One must take care of other's
needs before one's own.
Can you imagine anything
more disagreeable?
Congratulations, my dear.
May I?
If I wanted to be a pioneer, I'd settle
in Minnesota. Isn't she pretty?
I think it's beastly we can't dance.
I know.
So we'll buy a new house
every three or four years.
We'll keep moving up. Is it true
it's all the rage in Paris?
- Morris. Morris. - What is it you
want me to do now Marian?
You must take Catherine
outside to dance.
If your wife-to-be is this demanding

of me, dear cousin, can you imagine...
Oh, yes, I can.
Someone has to demand of you. It may
help to build some long-awaited character.
You see what you've done?
You've made poor miss...
Miss...
Miss...
Answer him, please.
He's conceited enough to believe
he has made you speechless.
This is Catherine Sloper, Marian's cousin.
This is Morris Townsend.
Shall we?
Come.
One, two, three, four, five, six.
One, two, three, four, five, six.
If I can have your attention up here,
I promise you I'll take care of down there.
Oh, forgive me. I've been off the dance
floor for far too long, it seems.
Here. Let's try this
dangerous sport.
Here.
Please sit down.
Oh.
I'll get some refreshments, shall I?
Oh.
Oh, gracious.
- My dear, what are you doing,
hiding in the bushes? - No...
You must come out where the young
men can see you... no, no, no.
Oh, my.
I do... I don't believe we've been
introduced. Morris Townsend.
Cousin to Arthur. I begged
Miss Sloper to take pity on me.
I'm afraid, as a dancer,
I make a very good horseman.
Well, Mr. Townsend, I came
looking for my niece...
because there were several young
men searching for her frantically.

She's been ignoring her
dance card shamelessly.
However, if she's promised
to keep you company,
I'll try to keep them
at bay a little longer.
Now, I've met the most
charming women here tonight,
but they all come from the
same family. It's remarkable.
I'm going to pretend I didn't
find you, Catherine.
But you must not monopolize her,
Mr. Townsend. Oh, no.
Well, I see our time is limited.
I must make the most of it.
I don't want to earn the
enmity of every man here.
Please don't mock me,
Mr. Townsend.
I've offended you.
No.
No, I...
Mr. Robbins.
He's...
He's...
Do you see?
And, uh, Mr. Almond.
He's... he's my...
He's my uncle.
A woman without guile.
What a rarity.
Guile? Me?
No.
I mean, a woman of such uncommon
grace has... has no need of guile.
Please don't banish me.
You see, I've been away
for a very long time.
And if you leave me, I... I'll be
forced to make my own way...
in... in this strange and I'm
quite sure dangerous world.
I knew I hadn't been mistaken.

You are indeed gracious...
far beyond what I deserve, I'm sure.
You are so beautiful, I...
Oh, thank you.
Oh, allow me.
Miss Sloper.
Miss...
- Who's that young foreigner talking
to Catherine? - That's no foreigner.
But you're right in
thinking him one.
- He looks quite brilliant.
- He's Arthur's cousin, Austin.
Several times removed, of course.
Of course.
You see, there are Townsends,
and then there are Townsends.
The young branches, elder branches,
of course. inferior branches?
Well, that's the way it is
with all royal lines.
Arthur.
Excuse me.
Your mother wants
to see us both.
Austin, you must choose your
opponents with more discretion.
Uh, go find Alice, girls.
Otherwise, there's no
sport to slaughter.
Thank you.
Good-bye, my dear.
Miss Sloper,
you dropped this.
That charming young man
was uncommonly tender,
Lavinia, whenever you conversed.
He had such a devoted air.
My dear brother,
the devotion was not to me.
It was of Catherine he spoke.
So he's in love with this regal
creature, then? Oh, father!
He didn't say that.

But he admired her dress.
It must be love, or he thinks
she has 80,000 a year.
I don't believe he thinks
of that. He's too refined.
He must be tremendously refined.
Yes.
Yes, he... yes.
Miss Sloper...
Oh!
I'm sorry. I'm...
I'm so sorry.
Your music.
My... my clumsiness in your
presence is becoming legendary.
Ex... excuse me.
I'm sorry to have bothered you.
Yeah, I was... I was just
so happy to see you again.
And I... I'm sorry.
You know, I don't
always know how to...
Please accept my apologies.
Mr. Townsend...
Oh!
Sorry.
Oh, my!
You're so blessed to have
a talent for music.
Oh, I have no talent.
Just, um, appreciation.
Yearning.
Oh, can it be that I
have found a twin?
You... you see, music is such
an intense love of mine...
that my weakness in the execution
of it is the cause of great pain...
And, at times,
greater embarrassment.
Y... you see, I refuse to accept that
I am so untalented at something...
that touches me so deeply,
I... I simply believe

that I've not yet...
discovered the key that
will unlock the gift.
I know.
Really?
Yes. That...
that's the exact thing.
Every night I include a mention
of it in my prayers.
I thought that I was alone.
Oh.
Do you suppose it's
possible that we could...
I... I live with my sister and... and her
five children while I seek employment.
And our situation doesn't allow...
for such frivolity as
musical instruments.
But do you suppose that it would
ever be possible that we could...
You are brave.
I am not, so much.
I so want to find favor
with you. Please...
Please... please don't believe that I am
so much a fool as I appear with you.
I can't seem...
I can't seem to...
Here's another.
Good day.
Mr. Townsend?
We would be pleased to extend
the use of our piano.
Is tomorrow too soon...
for our Sloper-Townsend
music society to commence?
No. Not...
Not too soon. Yes.
Your aunt is leaving.
You'll have to excuse me,
Mr. Townsend.
I have the most
fortuitous headache.
Of course.

Excuse me.

Aunt?

Hmm?

I can hardly be an audience to
you and Mr. Townsend forever.

I've neglected my duties
shamelessly these past weeks.

Besides, most young ladies crave
time alone with their beaux.

He is not my beau.

Mr. Townsend's interest
is in the piano.

Accomplished as Mr. Townsend
may be in many areas,
he's no Frederic Chopin.

And even Mr. chopin would be
hard-pressed to travel...

five times a week for four weeks
across town in an omnibus...

to practice on an instrument
so in need of tuning.

Besides, I have the young
man's confidence.

He's come a-courting.

Take Mr. Byron's advice:

"Be warm, but pure.

Be amorous, but be chaste."

No, no!

Go. Go.

Are you afraid to be
alone with me? Hmm?

Mm, mm, no.

Just does not seem quite proper.

Is proper so important to you?

Is a stroll in the park proper?

Will that make you happy?

You know,

I ask for nothing more.

Eh, we... you do.

Good afternoon, Doctor.

Good afternoon.

How do you do?

Afternoon.

Lovely day, Doctor.

They're rather humble, I'm afraid.

No, they're lovely.

Oh, but they pale in
comparison to you.

Maureen said you wanted
to see me, Austin?

Would you care for some port?

Oh, my.

There.

This is my favorite time of day,
watching the sun go down...

as the city winds to a close,
so peaceful and quiet.

It quite lulls one...
into a sense of restful
tranquility.

Absolutely false, as it happens,
because darkness is falling,
and my daughter is running wild

in a public park with a man;
A virtual stranger to me, but
by all appearances not to her.

Oh, Austin... are your duties
too numerous, Lavinia?

Let us take their number,
shall we?

Well, there's, uh,
chaperoning Catherine.

And there's, uh...

We-well, that's it.

Should I perhaps hire
you an assistant?

I... I wouldn't want
to take advantage...
of our familial bond
by overworking you.

Oh, father, isn't that
a beautiful day?

Perhaps it's time I made the
acquaintance of your young man.

Yes!

So in short, I would say that if a gondola
doesn't come equipped with a gondolier,
walking is a very good plan,

unless, of course, you like to swim.
Oh, Morris, Morris, tell...
tell Dr. Sloper...
about the time in Switzerland when you
took it into your head to scale the Alps.
I'm sure the telling would
benefit from a good cigar and,
uh, some excellent port wine.
What do you think, Mr. Townsend?
Oh, I... I think a story can't help but
be improved by such accoutrements.
Since you both know the story, it can't be
that much of an inconvenience. shall we?
Yes, of course.
Excuse me.
Aunt.
No, no.
I'm sure you have any number of delightful
stories that women are enthralled with.
Now it is you who are being kind.
There.
Thank you.
I hear you're looking
for a position.
What are you fit for?
Not very much, I'm afraid.
I have only a good right arm,
as they say in melodramas.
You are far too modest.
In addition to your good right arm, you have
your subtle brain and amazing physiognomy.
Well, I don't know how to answer in
the face of such generous observation.
You advise me, then,
not to despair?
I should be sorry to admit
that any robust,
well-disposed young man
need ever despair.
Were you kindly intending to propose
something to my advantage?
It occurs to me I sometimes hear
of positions outside of New York.
Mm. I'm afraid I couldn't

manage that.

You see, I'm... I'm my sister's only living relative.

She's a widow, and I'm providing an education for her five children.

I am sure you must be a great comfort to her in the circumstances.

As, uh, honorable as that is, it is hardly a career.

Mm. It will not make my fortune, if that's what you mean.

Are you bent on making a fortune?

On the contrary, I'm simply looking to turn an honest penny.

I shall keep that in mind.

If my situation becomes desperate, I shall perhaps take the liberty of reminding you.

Be assured, I will not lose sight of you.

Now, I'm... I'm quite in the mood of an alpine adventure.

And leave out none of the details that I'm sure you did for the ladies.

What can they be talking about, all this time?

I feel one of my headaches coming on.

If you wish to retire, I will make your excuses.

Oh.

Did it go well?

He's an extraordinary man, your father.

He's the type of man

I would wish to be.

I knew you two would get along.

And what if we hadn't?

I should like you to tell me that it wouldn't have mattered.

But of course it would have mattered.

It would have mattered greatly.

You would not have welcomed the opportunity to contradict him.

I never contradict him.
You would hear me abused without
opening your lips in my defense?
My father would not abuse you.
He does not know you well enough.
I'd like us to play for your
father, Catherine. No.
Don't you know yet that
together we have sanctuary?
Come. Come.
It's all right.
Bravo.
He that will not apply new
remedies must expect new evils.
Would you go?
Catherine, I'm...
Forgive me, I'm trembling
like a schoolboy.
I never imagined I'd
be taken like this.
I must... I must confess
I acquired a certain...
vener during my travels.
But, um, I'd heard tales
of this... this thing,
but I suspected it was an idea...
originated by mercenary novelists.
You know, I find myself...
I find myself performing
the most useless tasks...
in the hope that I'll find a moment's
respite from thinking of you.
I... I'm quite overcome.
Oh, miss, miss.
Let me help you.
Oh, you must be more careful, dear.
On this most happy of occasions,
I would like to congratulate my
daughter and my son-in-law.
- My greatest hope for you both is that
your years together... - Madam? Sir?
- Thank you. - Will be as
happy and as bountiful...
as your mother's

and mine have been.
Well said. Wonderful.
Absolutely wonderful.
I'll do my best for her.
Thank you very much.
Three cheers. Love and prosperity.
To the couple.
Hear, Hear.
Austin, don't you think
he's charming?
So you too believe that he's
paying attention to my daughter...
for her uncommon beauty and wit.
Would this be an inopportune
time to remind you...
was very well endowed monetarily
when you had occasion to marry her?
- You're certainly not suggesting,
are you... - I suggest nothing.
For you nor Mr. Townsend.
I merely state facts.
He's altogether too familiar,
too self-assured. He's...
ravishing, possessed of a rapier
wit and a velvet charm.
While you, dear Austin...
Now, if you are really intent on
gathering inside information,
Mrs. Montgomery,
the much-mentioned sister.
Catherine, do you want
to play with us?
Yes, yes, come along!
Catherine, wait. Martha,
I'd like you to meet Catherine.
My dear Catherine,
I am so pleased to meet you.
Morris has told me so
much about you. Martha...
I am Catherine.
I have heard much about you too.
May I present Alice Almond,
my cousin?
How do you do?

Oh, Catherine, look. We're missing the ring. Come. Will you excuse us?

- I'm...

- Thank you, Martha.

Yes.

Oh, that's a large piece.

Watch the glass.

Well, I'm a broker, not a waiter.

Oh, here, here. I'm sorry,

I... thank you.

I hope there's enough.

For Alice.

Okay, Alice.

Here we go. Who's going to find the ring?

- Anyone? - Yours is on the brink of proposing!

Keep looking.

I met this...

Who's next?

Thank you.

Caroline.

Caroline.

Oh! It's Catherine, is it?

Introduce me.

May I present my brother,

Dr. Sloper?

Oh, my brother...

Miss Penniman,

y... your handkerchief.

Beware the ides of march. We must meet and plan. Danger is at hand.

Here you are.

Where did that come from?

The cake. You caught the ring in the cake?

Well, I hope that's a good omen.

Your father is investigating me.

He doesn't trust me, I'm afraid.

I don't see how you could know.

I feel it.

I'm very quick to feel.

Morris.

When my mother and my

brother were taken,
I became father's life.
He must feel...
certain that he has done
his duty towards me.
If I were being pursued by the pope,
he would investigate him too.
If you were being pursued by the pope,
he should indeed have cause for dismay.
It's my size.
- I love you.
- I love you.
How charming.
You've, uh, traveled extensively,
Mrs. Montgomery?
Oh, my brother.
He's collected something from
everywhere he's ever been for me.
Are you close to him?
Oh, yes.
We were orphaned from an
early age and reared each other.
What sort of gentleman
is your brother?
Excuse me.
Thank you, Therese.
It's difficult to talk
about one's brother.
It seems to me it is not when
one has good things to say.
Oh, yes, even then, when such
a great deal depends upon it.
And for your brother,
a great deal does depend on it.
I meant for Miss Sloper.
Please sit down.
Oh, thank you.
- What does he tell you?
- That he is in love.
You can't be that obtuse. It's my
belief your brother lives off you.
Now he means to live off my poor Catherine,
and she's too simpleminded to see it.
If that is truly what you believe,

then your path is a simple one:

Don't let her marry him.

You have daughters?

Yes.

When young men come a-courting, you will be concerned with their moral character.

Catherine is ill-equipped to look after herself.

I can't stand by and see her make so great a mistake.

If I'd throw him back on you, the least I can do is help with the burden.

I shall take the liberty of placing in your hands...

an amount for your brother's support.

No wonder you have such a great concern about money.

You believe it can buy anything.

Mama!

You'll forgive me for telling you:

It's easy to say when one has not experienced purchasing power.

People talk greatly about it:

Plain, stupid girl...

with a large fortune...

marrying a handsome,

worldly man without a penny.

Don't they, Doctor?

Imagine the indignity.

Why, people might even think that you had been taken for a fool.

It's more than a man in your position should ever have to bear.

You do me a grave injustice.

Do I?

Time will tell the truth of it.

Excuse me.

Mr. Townsend, I hope you weren't waiting too long.

You can only approximate how long these things take.

Oh, no. It's a wonderful thing to have a profession.

Ah, but it's not only a thing one has.
It's a thing one must apply daily.
Yes, but there is tremendous
satisfaction in that application.
As much as in scaling an alp
or riding in a gondola?
Well, I'm sure I wouldn't know,
never having had a profession.
So we're at an impasse,
as they say,
For I've never scaled an alp for being
occupied with applying my profession.
I wish to marry your daughter, Sir.
She is simply one of
the most delightful...
and charming individuals
I've ever encountered.
Mr. Townsend, you must be
very susceptible.
As Catherine's father,
I have, I trust, a just...
and tender appreciation
of her many good qualities.
But I don't mind telling you, I've never
thought of her as delightful or charming...
and never expected
anyone else to either.
Well, I'm sure I don't know what I'd
think of Catherine if I were her father.
I can't put myself in that place.
I speak from my own point of view.
And you speak very well.
Keep talking, sir, for I feel sure you'll
be telling me next of her beauty and wit.
Dr. Sloper, I don't pretend to know...
what alchemy is at work here,
but the fact is, I've never been
happier than these ten weeks.
To introduce magic to a man of science
in the course of a dialogue...
signals that common ground
has long departed.
Well, then... then let me speak
a language you will understand.

I've lived long enough to learn
certain truths about myself.
One is that my vanity
requires an audience.
Now, this is not the
most attractive of traits,
and women are quick
to acknowledge this.
Not so, Catherine.
I tire myself before she tires of me,
which is saying a great deal.
What you see, and my stories,
are all I bring to this union.
And she makes me feel like
the most important being...
ever to roam the planet.
Do you know what it's like to be the most
important person in the world to someone?
Perhaps you do.
Perhaps that is...
Perhaps that is what brings
us to this to this place.
Catherine is so good...
and honest and... and true.
She... she lives in a place where
everything is shining and clean...
and where everyone has
the best of intentions.
I never imagined such a world.
And now I want to
live there with her.
You are a remarkable individual.
As a dinner companion, as a storyteller,
as a man of the world...
and, in fact, as a superior human being,
I take off my hat to you.
But the absence of
employment, means,
a profession,
any visible prospects...
place you in a category from
which it would be imprudent...
for me to choose a husband
for my daughter.

But... but it's not
for you to choose.
It's for Catherine to, and she has
chosen me. You've spent a life idling.
Now you've decided it's time
you found a position...
A position in the parlor
of 21 Washington Square
as the husband of a
weak-minded woman.
You see, you need not be
concerned with my eyesight.
But that is not what Catherine sees.
I have 26 years...
and the deep well of her respect
and admiration to draw from.
I'll supply her with a
pair of spectacles.
Well, do not forget that I, too,
draw from that same well.
This is too amusing.
You mean to defy me.
A man who spends his life...
you call it idling;
I call it searching...
seeks something.
For me, it was happiness.
By having gone to the ends of the earth
in pursuit of it, what do you suppose...
are the chances of giving it up,
having discovered it on his doorstep?
Please excuse me.
I am late for lunch.
Would you just go away?
Oh!
Come on, ma'am.
You've had your look.
Hmm.
Come on, Digs!
No time for tail waggin'!
Easy, boy!
We'll go through this way.
You may disrobe now.
Oh, Mr. Townsend.

I refuse to carry on a conversation
with that... contraption.
I have my reputation to think of.
Then why choose an establishment
that fairly reeks of licentiousness?
I'd heard it was reliable for things
clandestine. Do you have anything for me?
He will never change. To do
so would be to surrender.
I know his hard, intellectual nature.
He's impervious to pity.
He will be vanquished only
by the established fact.
Well, it's a fact that I want
to marry his daughter.
I presented it to him, and he didn't
seem in the least vanquished.
Marry Catherine first.
Meet him afterward.
You mean I should carry her off?
Elope?
Well, don't you see?
He thinks you like the money.
If you marry her, knowing
that she'll be disinherited,
he has no choice but to see
that you're honorable.
Would you really wish the life
of a pauper on your niece?
She has 10,000 a year
from her mother.
She's used to more.
You know, my husband, the good reverend,
once married a young couple...
in the same distress.
The father was reconciled afterward.
Everything worked out beautifully.
Well, unfortunately, we do not have reverend
Penniman to marry us. No, but you have me.
I can't perform the ceremony,
of course, but I can be in attendance.
We must use a subterranean chapel
with little lighting so...
Is this what you called

me here to ask me?
I thought you might wish to see
someone close to Catherine...
To send her word, a message...
a lock of hair.
She knows my heart.
As I do.
I know it to be good
and constant and true.
You cannot know this, but I went to
great personal peril to come here.
Austin threatened to
throw me to the elements and
worse if I continued to help you.
However, I cannot sit by...
and see you in distress.
My nature demands that if
I can be of assistance...
in matters of the heart, I must be.
I'm thinking only of you, Morris.
I racked my brains trying to
think of ways to help you.
I pay the penalty
with my headaches.
My perfect circulate of pain.
But I carry it as a Queen
carries her crown.
What are they doing in there?
You know, I have no idea.
Oh, my goodness!
Ah, sweets.
Pretty thing.
Pretty...
Catherine!
Yes?
Father...
You told me if I had anything
to say about Mr. Townsend...
you would be available
to listen.
I wish to see him.
- To bid him good-bye.
- He's not going anywhere.
Would you like to make

your father very happy?
If I can. You can and you will.
It depends on your will.
Is it to give him up?
You are happier than I. I have
no doubt you're unhappy now.
But it's better to be
unhappy for three months
and get over it than
be unhappy forever.
But the only thing that would make me
unhappy forever would be to be without him.
You suppose I know nothing of men?
Their vices and falsities?
He's not vicious.
He's not false.
You make nothing of
my judgment, then!
I... I can't believe it. I don't ask
you to believe it. Take it on trust.
But... we can wait a long time.
Of course.
You can wait until I die.
Your engagement will have
one delightful effect on you.
It will make you extremely
impatient for that event.
If I do not marry before your
death I will not have to.
There's one thing you can tell
him if you see him again.
Tell him if you marry without my consent,
you'll not get a farthing of my money.
Well, I... I, uh... not, in that case,
to have a farthing of it.
You are an ungrateful, cruel child.
If you see him again, you'll have given
your father the greatest pain of his life.
No!
Oh! I'm to take it to Mr. Townsend
and wait for an answer.
Oh. Yeah, I'll take it for you.
Oh, n...
Miss Sloper made me swear not

to give it to anyone but himself.

She did not include me in
that number. Give it here.

Are you questioning
my trustworthiness?

I...

I... I will just go ask the
young Miss if it's all right.

You'll just get my bonnet.

Thank you.

Have you called me here
to look at me?

As gratifying as that is,
after three weeks...

three weeks of silence, I am in
need of hearing your voice.

I did want to look at you.

My father has asked me
to go away with him...

to Europe for six months,

and I have agreed. Huh.

So, it's done.

You've given me up for him.

- No, Morris. No. Let me explain...

- Ex-explain what?

That I am... an undesirable
match because I am poor.

Or that he believes that

I am a mercenary.

He told me to tell you...

that if I marry you without his consent,

I shall not inherit a penny of his fortune.

Please tell him that I don't

give a damn for his message,

and that I don't want

nor need his money.

- Marry me.

- Without his consent?

Catherine...

you can't please us both.

You have to choose.

I have.

I have chosen you.

He is taking me to Europe

to test our devotion.
No. No, he's taking you to Europe
so that you'll forget me.
No.
People think terrible things, Morris.
They don't know what
is between us.
They see you,
and then they see me and...
father doesn't understand.
I don't understand.
Forgive me, but I cannot...
I cannot forsake him so.
Please... please...
Wait for me.
Please, wait...
For me, Morris.
I'll wait for you.
Buy your wedding gown in Paris.
Some-something beautiful.
Something beautiful
that's worthy of you.
Father!
Father!
- Father!
- Mademoiselle!
Voil!
Un, deux, trois.
- Catherine, we ought to p...
- Agnes.
Pack.
We're leaving for Geneva.
Agnes... help me get out of this.
"Whom it..."
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Oh, this I... this is preposterous.
He's gone to far.
He write... eh...
He writes they are to spend
another six months.
Another six months?
Oh.
What does that mean?
Well, it could be

one of two things.

Well, no, uh, three.

We... no!

I've just thought of another.

Lavinia. No, it must be that she's persuaded him over to you, and they're both so happy they've decided not to break the journey.

Or, or he promised that if she remain faithful for yet another six months, it must be love and he will give his blessing.

Or, or, or in exchange for his consent, she's given him another six months.

It would, after all, be the last time he has her company so freely.

Or? Or... she has refused to give you up, and he's holding her hostage... in some non-english speaking, densely populated nation... which civilization has yet to reach... until she sees reason.

Oh. Now, there.

There, there.

Don't despair.

Cook has prepared your favorite.

Lamb cassoulet.

With the new potatoes?

Of course.

By now, we know not to serve a meal without your favorite potatoes.

Hup! Hup! Hup!

Father?

Father?

Should you like to be left in such a place as this to starve?

That'll be your fate.

That's how he'll leave you.

No, that's not true, father.

You shouldn't say it.

What were you thinking of when I came upon you?

You were glowing. You were

thinking of him, were you not?
The story of his alpine adventure.
That one over there, I imagine.
His young, beautiful
torso dangling in midair,
with only a rope between
him and mortality.
Well, we're all young and
beautiful once. It's transient.
What will you have when that's gone?
That's his only talent.
That, and hoodwinking dimwitted
young ladies out of their inheritances.
I love him, and when we go home
I shall marry him.
He should be very thankful to me.
A year ago you were rustic, limited.
Now your value is twice as great with
the knowledge and taste you've acquired.
We have fattened the sheep
for him before he kills it.
How obscene...
That your mother
should give her life,
so you could inhabit
space on this earth.
Oh, young man, where is the boat for
mercy? It's already docked, ma'am.
Right there.
Mm? Oh, thank you.
Thank you, officer. Oh, will the,
uh, luggage come ashore today?
Yes, sir. Catherine!
Thank you.
Oh, my! You look so glorious.
Oh... he wanted to allow you
rest after your journey. Oh!
Europe must've agreed with you, Austin.
You look almost civil.
I'll go and attend to the luggage.
Maureen, you're not married yet?
Oh, Doctor!
He-he wanted to come meet you.
But I convinced him...

Austin would think him presumptuous.

Besides, he had pressing business at his office... that required his immediate attention.

Oh! It was to be a surprise, but he gave me leave to tell you. Isn't wonderful? Your father can find no fault now.

And he's not a subordinate, either. He's a partner with business cards and everything.

I've seen a great deal of him. Well, he isn't easy to know.

I suppose you think you know him, but you do not.

Well, not as I do.

You will know him after you've lived with him for a while.

I have lived with him, and I may say, he's full of... Oh, he's just full of remarkable charm and energy; full of passion, and-and...

What is it?

He-he wrote me of your kindness.

I... I thank you for it.

Did you fail to bring your father around?

The purpose of my journey was not to bring father around, as you say, but rather, to spend some time with him before I left his house.

It is done. You are the same? You-you have not swerved the line?

I am the same, only more so. I am home to marry. Without your father's consent? With or without it.

It makes no difference.

You have become brave. Perhaps it does make a difference to Morris.

Why are you so contradictory?

A - a year ago you wished me not

to worry about displeasing father.
No, I thank you for your care of Morris,
but, um, I am home now...
...to marry.
Come, let's go. You know how
father dislikes dillydallying.
Catherine, I adore you.
I have been missed.
You will marry me tomorrow.
Tomorrow?
Next week, then.
To make me wait longer may
well jeopardize your virtue.
You are shameful.
To-to remove a man from the object
of his desire for a day is brutal.
To do so for a year carries a penalty
so high, one should not incur it.
Oh, Morris.
Mm? I'll marry you
anytime you say.
Huh?
Uh, good afternoon, Dr. Sloper.
Uh... oh.
Someone in the parlor?
Uh, Miss Catherine...
and Mr. Townsend, sir.
Oh, how is your father, Catherine?
My father does not...
figure anywhere in this equation.
He-he's unchanged?
Yes.
Oh, my poor, dear girl.
I don't mind it now.
You must let me try him.
No, Morris.
He'll not be brought 'round.
You will only make him worse.
N... you say that only because
I managed so badly the last time.
Yet, I've had, I've had a year
to think about it now.
I have new tact.
Is that what you've been

thinking about for a year?
The idea sticks in my craw.
I... I... I don't like to fail.
Well, how have you
failed if we marry?
No-not on the main issue,
of course, but on the rest of it...
my reputation, my relations
with your father,
um, my relation with our children...
Oh... we shall have enough for our
children... enough for everything.
Hmm. Besides, I believe you will
succeed brilliantly in business.
Mm, it isn't of the material
comfort that I speak.
It's of moral comfort;
of the intellectual satisfaction.
I have great moral comfort now.
Yes, of course you have.
Y - you have it with me
is different. I...
I stake my pride on proving to
your father that he's wrong.
And... and now that I am
the head of a business,
I can deal with him as an equal.
Please, Catherine. Please...
please, let me go at him.
No, Morris.
No.
I have good reason.
What is it?
What is it?
My father despises me.
Catherine, tha... that isn't true.
Do not do that.
It is a great... thing to be
separated from your father.
Especially when...
But it is done.
Take it on faith.
It...
We must never speak of it again.

Oh, heaven's sakes, don't bounce.
Arthur!
May I help there, please?
Go. Take a walk in the park.
Both of you look as if you haven't
seen the light of day for some time!
No, we haven't. She's so fretful.
Perhaps I should stay.
Do be careful, please. Be careful
to support her head! Mama!
I raised eight children. I think
I can be trusted for an hour.
One more minute and
I will withdraw my offer...
Away with you, now!
To care for Elizabeth.
Marian, your hat.
We're going.
Bye, now.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Marian.
The young. No one knows
more than they do.
Especially not their parents.
How is dear Catherine?
As stubborn as a mule
and twice as stupid.
Tried everything, but she
remains stuck like glue.
She gained nothing from
our european trip,
except a year older.
I can barely sit in my own parlor anymore.
His essence permeates it.
I can find no refuge from
Morris Townsend in my own home,
and I have Lavinia
to thank for that.
She is not a woman
to be left alone.
She has to have entertainment.
He was available.
All the better. With Lavinia in the boat,

you may be assured it'll sink.
Healthy baby.
Lavinia has a capital way of
destroying all she sets out to help.
I believe she fantasizes...
that the attention of that abounding
male energy in the front room is for her.
Well, let's assume for a moment
that your theory is correct...
and he is mercenary.
What does it matter? You've worked
all your life to amass this fortune...
knowing that Catherine would
be the only one to leave it to.
Shouldn't she have some
happiness with it,
even if it does mean
she has to buy it?
There is no evidence to suggest that
he will not make a fine husband.
Did not raise my daughter
to have so little dignity.
What fantasy is being shattered
by her marrying this man?
By your own account she is dimwitted,
unattractive, with no social skill or grace.
What dream did you have
for this prize?
Where did Morris Townsend
fall down?
May I have some cake?
Yes, you can.
- Well, Austin?
- Well...
I thought she'd end her days at Washington
Square in the best of comfort.
Oh, I suppose that in some years to come,
some man might happen along, and...
a widower, perhaps, who wouldn't
mind how she was too much,
who would be intent to live out
the remainder of his life with her.
The afternoon sun lights the
west section of the parlor;

Catherine, head bent over,
embroiders...
while the widower smokes his cob
pipe and reads the newspaper.
Well, don't you see? That'd be so perfect
for Catherine. She requires so little.
All this time I thought it was because you
didn't think he wasn't deserving of her.
What have you done?
She will never let go.
Please, don't stop.
When I came into the hall just now...
I was reminiscing about all the
times I came home to my daughter,
almost knocking me down the steps
in her eagerness to greet me.
Do you remember?
I remember how
distasteful you found...
such clumsy displays of affection.
When I heard you...
I... thought of your dear mother.
Are you to marry him?
Yes, father.
I would like...
a definite notice of
when you set a date.
When a poor man is about
to lose his only child,
he would like an
inkling beforehand.
Thank you.
Well, when is it to be?
It occurs to me if I live with you,
I ought to obey you.
If that's your theory,
it's certainly mine.
But if I don't obey you,
I ought not to live with you...
to enjoy your...
kindness and protection.
What a distasteful idea.
It must be Mr. Townsend's.
No.

It is mine.
Why do you speak to me thus?
I've done nothing but try to protect
you from... from? From what, father?
Love?
Affection?
Caring?
Respect?
It seems you've
already departed.
Ah, it's such a beautiful day.
I was a little worried when you sent for
me to meet you here and not the house.
But now I see the reason. What
manner of man do you think I am...
to come where I am not welcome?
Y - your father does not want me in
his house and I don't wish to be there.
Of course.
How... how inconsiderate of me.
Oh, let us not speak of my father today.
I am exceedingly happy.
I'm glad you are happy.
Are you... not well?
You seem restless
and you look pale.
I'm afraid you are overworked.
You oughtn't to work so hard. well,
I don't wish to owe you everything.
I suppose you think all the
effort is on your side. No.
No, I know how difficult the
situation has been for you.
But it has had the advantage
of making us one.
We will bear things together.
There are some things we
cannot bear together...
separation, for instance.
Why do you speak of separation?
Will you promise not
to make a scene?
A scene?
Do I make scenes?

I must go away on business.
Your business is with
me now, Morris. Yes!
That is what the world says.
Where are you going?
To New Orleans to buy cotton.
I'll go with you.
Do you really think that I would
take you to a nest of yellow fever?
That I would expose you... if there
is yellow fever, why should you go?
Well, to make \$6,000! Or would
you deny me that satisfaction?
If you can go to
New Orleans, I can go!
Why shouldn't you catch yellow fever
quite as easily as I? I'm strong.
When...
when we were in Europe,
we were in many unhealthy places
and I never caught anything.
Well, what will be the use of
\$6,000 if you die of a fever?
When a person is going to be married,
you shouldn't think about cotton.
You should think about me. You could
go to New Orleans some other time.
They-they-they'll always
be plenty of cotton.
You said you wouldn't make a scene.
I call this a scene.
I have never asked
anything of you before.
Oh, because I have nothing to give!
Thank you! I need no reminder.
You think too much of money, Morris.
You dare say that to me?
I... I think of money because I must
find ways to keep you in the comfort...
to which you are accustomed.
I can't forget that I am the reason
that you are disinherited!
Morris...
are you going to leave me?

Yes. yes, j... for a little while.
For how long?
D... until you're reasonable again.
I shall never be reasonable again
in that way. Try to be calmer...
The next time I come.
Is it tomorrow?
I don't know!
Morris! Morris!
Come tomorrow.
I'll be better tomorrow.
I'll show you how good I can be.
I will come when I can.
I don't have the luxury of sloth.
I work for my living.
Come along.
Don't dawdle.
Oh!
My dear, what catastrophe
has befallen us?
Well, take Mr. Shakespeare's

advice:

the grief that does not speak whispers
the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."
I know not of what
sorrow you speak.
Come, come, my dear.
Your eyes are not reddened with joy.
Your pride is my pride.
Your suscep... susceptibilities
are my... I see your side.
But I also see the
situation as a whole.
Your father must bear
the brunt of your anger.
Morris did everything he could.
Oh, he was patient. He allowed
Austin to abuse him.
How much can a young man of
his talents be expected to take?
No, Catherine.
We must study resignation.
Resignation... to what?

- To a change of our plans.

- My plans have not changed.

Oh. He hasn't told you?

Told me what?

Well, what has happened

between you then?

You have spoken to Mr. Townsend
about our situation?

Yes!

I have conferred with him.

Is it you, then, who has changed
him and made him so unnatural?

He doesn't belong to you.

You have nothing to do
with what is between us.

How could you be so wicked...

So cruel?

No, father was right. You do...
you spoil everything you touch.

I was afraid of you all the
time we were abroad.

I had no rest when thought you
were always... talking to him.

You are a most ungrateful girl.

Do you think you're the
only one who has lost?

I thought of the young
man as my own...

My own son.

- I'm sure we never talked
of anything but you. - Yes.

You talked about me
and talked about me until
you made him sick of the
very mention of my name.

If you truly loved him...
you would want more for him.

- It's time? - Catherine is
downstairs in the parlor.

No, he said I could.

Get out of the way!

Ames! You should not
have come.

I'm past the point of propriety.

I apologize, Miss Sloper. I have
given up everything for you.
I can't be the cause of your
losing all that is dear.
But actually, I... I have nothing.
I will write to you.
That is best.
I do not wish you to write me.
Be the man you profess to be.
Let me hear you say you are
only interested in my fortune.
Say it...
so I will never spend
a sleepless night...
thinking it was something
I did or did not do.
- At least give me that small comfort.
- Your father will comfort you.
Heaven deliver me from
my father's comfort.
He will reinstate your rights when
he sees that we're not to marry.
Say it.
Don't push so.
Say it!
Say what?
That-that I wanted you
with your money?
Is-is that so immoral?
Would you... would you want
me without my attributes?
You have money,
I have... I have this.
It was a fair exchange.
Catherine.
Morris!
Morris!
Morris.
All that is mine, you can have.
I'm industrious.
I can cook and I can sew.
I'll live so simply.
You know... 10,000 a year...
that's a fortune.

Oh, yeah, but not when one
was expecting 30,
and spent two years of one's
youth in pursuance of it.
I know, but...
I know, I know!
I know what I am.
I know what I lack.
But I'll be a loving,
good and understanding wife.
You'll never suffer a moment's
trouble from me.
My father... I'll go to my-my father,
and I'll beg him.
Oh! You cannot leave
me to that house.
What do you want me to do?
Just-just tell me what you want
me to do. For God's sake!
What do you think I am?
I'm not good enough for you!
Not nearly good enough.
What do you want me to do?
I want you to love me.
Well, marry me, then.
Why?
Morris!
Morris!
Uuh!
Do you want these?
Yes. Thank you, Greta.
It's Ginger.
Are you preparing for a married life
in which servants have no role?
The cook is frightened
of anything new.
If I want anything that even whispers
of the exotic, I must show her.
It occurs to me that you're not... treating
me with all the consideration I deserve.
How so?
We've been back from our trip
almost three months.
You must have set your wedding date.

I asked that you give me notice.
I have not left your house.
Perhaps not in body, but you may
as well be under the conjugal roof...
for all the benefit we
have of your society.
Well...
I will try to be more sociable.
I think you ought to.
You strike me you're a
very lucky young lady.
It would be a convenience to know
when I can expect an empty house.
For when you go,
your aunt marches.
Is it tomorrow?
Next week?
I shall not be leaving.
He's backed out?
I have broken off my engagement.
I have asked him to leave New
York for a long, long time.
How does he take his dismissal?
I don't know.
You mean you don't care.
You're very cruel,
after encouraging him...
and playing him for so long.
I am my father's daughter.
Almost.
Two more.
Yes, and... very good!
Happy birthday!
Yea'!
All right. Sit down, everyone,
on your seats...
like ladies and gentlemen,
not animals in the zoo.
Put your napkins on
your clothes, please.
Let me have my godchild.
Not me.
He is my darling.
You haven't eaten all day.

Can you believe my daughter
is eight years old?
Doesn't seem like yesterday we were
here for the purpose of my engagement?
It seems very long ago to me.
Another lifetime.
Suppose when I think about
it it does to me too.
They were good days,
though, Catherine;
full of promise, expectation.
Our whole future lay before us.
Catherine...
The comfort of being an idiot is
that people pardon you readily.
- Hmm.
- Forgive me.
Dr. Ludlow.
Welcome.
Good evening, Marian.
And light fairies
Babies, foxes
Elves so merry
Come to see me now
Then go, please go
And dance with them
So go, please go
All night again
Is not that a perfect picture?
Will be waiting there
You know,
you really should try it.
What are you suggesting we try?
Motherhood. Well,
marriage first, of course.
At least, to lead in.
Alas, it is not I who
possess the cold feet.
I'm going to go and
get some port.
I leave my future in
very capable hands.
Do you want one?
He's so charming, Catherine.

It seems exceedingly
rude to refuse him.
He'd make a good husband.
Get help!
Keep back.
Give the man some air.
Catherine, Catherine!
Catherine!
He's not breathing.
Father?
Who would ever have believed that
doctors make the worst patients?
I would.
You never changed this room.
In this room,
I could allow her presence.
Do you suppose you'll
marry John Ludlow?
No.
I don't suppose I shall.
Is it, by chance, because you plan to
marry Townsend after my death?
I will not listen to talk of death.
I'm dying.
There's nothin' to talk about.
As a physician,
I understand these things.
It would give me
great satisfaction...
if you were to promise that upon my
death you will not marry Townsend.
I very seldom think
of Mr. Townsend.
All the easier to
keep your promise.
I can't promise.
You're very obstinate.
I don't think you understand.
Please explain, then.
I can't explain.
And I can't promise.
The will of record divided
Dr. Sloper's estate in six ways.
Mrs. Penniman is to receive \$2,000

a year for the rest of her life.
And Mrs. Almond,
the same amount.
To his cousins,
Bethann and Robert Lawson,
he's left a one-time gift of \$500.
Maureen O'Donnell is to receive...
\$100 a year in addition
to her salary...
as long as she remains an employee
at 21 Washington Square.
Catherine Sloper is to receive
the balance of the estate,
valued somewhere
upwards of \$300,000.
As I've said, that is
the will of record,
written some ten years ago.
However, several weeks
before his death,
the Doctor recorded the codicil.
"The amounts accorded to all...
"remain unchanged
with one exception:
"In the case of Catherine Sloper,
"her portion has been reduced to
this house on Washington Square.
The bulk of the estate goes
to various and sundry
medical institutions
around the city."
He wrote an explanation
of this change,
which, I'm sure, you'll wish
to read in private, Miss Sloper.
Please, read the codicil, Mr. Webber.
This is something between you
and your father, Miss Sloper.
Would you please excuse us?
No. We have some family
matters to attend to.
By the very nature
of the gesture...
and the fact...

Please, everyone, sit.

And please read it to me,

Mr. Webber.

"She is amply provided for
on her mother's side,
"never having spent more than a fraction
of her income from this source.

"So that her fortune is already
more than sufficient to attract...

"the unscrupulous adventurers who
she has given me reason to believe...
that she persists in regarding
as an interesting class."

- You must break the will.

- No, no, no. I...

I like it very much.

Catherine, it's... it's a travesty.

No, no.

I think, um, it's rather flattering.

I think it's the perfectly
fitting conclusion...

to the saga of father's
all-important fortune.

I like it...

very much, indeed.

Let's have, um,
some tea, shall we?

Oh, no, no.

Perhaps something stronger.

Aunt Lavinia, let's break
out the good port.

Well, is it not customary to
celebrate the reading of the will?

Come on, everyone.

Join me, please.

There once was a plain
little piece of string

All alone and with
nothing to do

Each night it would wish
more than anything

For a someone to tie itself to

Then one day a finger
came wandering by

And the plain little string
quickly caught his eye
The finger said just
come along with me
I can tell you how
happy you'll be
I have a broken
string on my fiddle
I cannot play a
thing on my fiddle
And musically speaking
you're just what I'm seeking
With you I'll be able to play
You've made a mistake
said the little string
I have never made music before
The finger said I'll teach
you how to sing
And you won't be
alone anymore
He played on the string
at a fancy dress ball
And the sound thrilled the
dancers and filled the hall
So sometimes a plain
little piece of string
Makes the prettiest
music of all

- Going-home time.

- Aww!

Well, it must be no one wants the
biscuits that grandma's baked.

Edith, is your mother working
late again tonight? Mm-hmm.

Wait for me!

Well, you must help me
clean up this mess!

I never can seem to
manage it alone.

There's always so much to do.

What have you got there?

My book.

What is that?

What's that say?

"Ups..."
Upsetting.
That's right. "Pondo,
the dog, who was..."
Oh, my dear!
Oh, my dear, this will not do!
It will not do at all.
What? Aunt?
You know, the most... the most
extraordinary happenstance.
Oh, I had the good...
now promise me...
Oh, promise me...
promise me you'll be civil.
Promise me, Catherine.
Promise me.
Thank you.
Aunt, um, could you take Edith
in for some milk and biscuits?
Oh, yes.
Come along now.
What's your name?
Edna? Edith.
Come on.
There have been changes.
Hmm.
How have the years treated you,
Morris? Badly.
But, um...
I suppose you would say that's
as it should have been.
You look very well.
I have...
I have ventured...
I so much wanted to...
I was determined that...
will you not sit down?
No, I think I had better not.
For many years it has been...
my deepest desire
to be friends again.
Well, we both know
we were never friends.
Oh, Catherine,

you do me an injustice.
You treated me badly.
Not if you think of it rightly.
You had your life
with your father,
which was what I couldn't
make up my mind to rob you of.
Yes.
I had that.
The past can be put behind us
if you will allow it.
I will not allow it.
You hurt me too badly.
I felt it very much.
I felt it for years.
It made a great
change in my life.
But I can't talk about it.
Why didn't you marry, then?
Lavinia tells me...
there have been chances.
I didn't wish to marry.
Yes.
You had nothing to gain.
I had nothing to gain.
What ever else
happened, I did...
I did love once.
Well, actually.
Do you hate me?
No.
But please don't
come here again.
Good-bye, then.