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Women in Love

By D.H. Lawrence

We're going to see that wedding.
But you haven't been home five minutes.
You don't have a wedding every day,
do you?

Now, look, Gudrun.

Your Aunt Jessie's coming to lunch
and you haven't seen her for two years.

Now why don't you stay?

Two more days won't make much
difference, now, will it? Come on.

It's a Crich wedding, Mum.

- Ursula...

- Mm...

Do you really not want to get married?

I don't know.

- Depends how you mean.

- It usually means one thing.

Wouldn't you be in a better position,
if you were married?

I might be. I'm not sure, really.

You don't think one needs
the experience of having been married?

Oh, Gudrun, do you really think
it need be an experience?

It's bound to be. Possibly undesirable,
but it is bound to be an experience
of some sort.

Not really.

More likely to be the end of experience.

- Morning, Miss Brangwen.

- Morning.

Yes, of course, there is that to consider.

Hurry, Tibby, for God's sake.

We really are late.

Here. Got it?

Gerald's going to blame me for this,
you know.

- Where's Birkin?

- With the groom. He's late.

Whoa, there! Steady!

- Hello, Gerald.

- Winifred.

- Hello, Hermione.

- Mother.

Good morning, Christiana.

It's such bad form for the groom
to be late. Gerald'll be furious.

Oh, don't worry about that. Something
unconventional will do that family good.

Laura's not going to run away,
you know. If you're late, you're late.

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Father.

Hallo, Laura.

Tibby!

What a spectacle.

Does it hurt your sense of family pride?

Yes, it does, rather. Do something
properly or don't bother to do it at all.

But it's a masterpiece of good form.

It's the hardest thing in the world,
to act spontaneously,

on one's impulses,

and it's the only gentlemanly thing to do.

Provided you're fit enough to do it.

- Do you expect me to take you seriously?

- Yes, Gerald.

You're one of the very few people

I do expect that of.

- Hello, Hermione.

- What made you late?

The groom would talk about
the immortality of the soul.

And he hadn't got a buttonhook.

"Immortality of the soul"?

More appropriate for an execution,

I should've thought,

than for a wedding.

Perhaps it would be nice,

if a man came along.

I mean, I wouldn't go out of my way
to look for him,

but if there should happen along
a highly attractive individual,
with sufficient means...well...

Oh, don't you find yourself
getting bored with everything?

Everything fails to materialise.

Nothing materialises.
Everything withers in the bud.
Everything.
Frightening.
Do you hope to get anywhere,
by just marrying?
Hm...well...
It seems the inevitable next step.
'But you see...it's just impossible.
'The man makes it impossible.'
'Now, sometimes,
catkins are called lamb's-tails.'
Don't you think they look rather like them?
So lovely and tiny.
Soft...
Sorry, did I startle you?
I thought you'd heard me come in.
No...
You're doing catkins!
Are they as far out as this already?
I hadn't noticed them this year.
'It's the fact you want to
emphasise, not the impression.'
And what's the fact?
Red little spiky stigmas
of the female flower...
dangling yellow male catkin...
yellow pollen flying from one to the other.
'Make a pictorial record of the fact.
'As you do when you're drawing a face.'
Two eyes, nose, mouth with teeth...
I've been waiting for you for so long...
I thought I'd come and see
what a school inspector does
when he's on duty.
How do you do, Miss Brangwen?
Do you mind my coming in?
No.
Are you sure?
What are you doing?
- Catkins.
- Really?
What do you learn about them?
Well, from these little red bits,

the nuts come.
If they receive pollen
from these...long danglers.
Little red flames.
Little red flames.
Aren't they beautiful?
I think they're so beautiful.
- Did you never notice them before?
- No. Never before.
Well, now you'll always see them.
Now I shall always see them.
Thank you...so much,
for showing me.
I think they're so beautiful.
Little red flames.
Ooh, he's dropped his hat!
Fancy her barging into your classroom
like that. What a liberty.
Oh, Hermione loves to dominate everyone.
- She'd like to dominate us, I think.
- Hm.
Oh, so that's why
she's invited us for the weekend.
Charming.
Hallo!
It's Gerald Crich!
I know.
So,
Gerald's in charge of the mines now.
Mm...
Making all kinds of latest improvements.
They hate him for it. He takes them
all by the scruff of the neck
and fairly flings them along.
He'll have to die soon, when he's made
all the possible improvements
and there's nothing more to improve.
- He's got go, anyhow.
- Oh, certainly, he's got go.
The unfortunate thing is,
where does his go go to?
Dreadful. Dreadful.
All this drive and dissension.
If we could only realise that,

in the spirit, we're all one.
All equal, in the spirit.
All brothers, there.
The rest wouldn't matter.
There'd be no more of this carping...
...envy...
and all this struggle for power.
Which destroys. Only destroys.
It's just the opposite, Hermione.
It's just the contrary.
The minute you begin to compare,
one man is seen to be far better
than another...
All the inequality in the world,
that you can imagine, is there by nature.
Well, I want every man to have
his fair share of the world's goods.
So that I can be rid of his importunity.
So that I can say to him,
"Now you've got what you want. You've
got your fair share of the world's gear.
"Now, you mind yourself
and don't obstruct me!"
It sounds like megalomania, Rupert.
I must go and dress for lunch.
Don't be late, Rupert.
Oh.
So this is Hermione's country cottage.
Well, there's one reason
Rupert's attracted to her.
Oh. Do you think so?
I don't think that.
Lovers have sold their souls
for far less, my dear.
At least here you will have
an opportunity to observe nature.
Gudrun Brangwen.
Gerald Crich.
Tibby and Laura Lupton.
Ursula Brangwen.
Rupert Birkin.
Rupert Birkin.
Peculiar names we all have.
Do you think we've all been singled out?

Chosen for some
extraordinary moment in life.
Or are we all cursed
with the mark of Cain?
I'm afraid Ursula was a martyred saint.
It's always been
rather difficult to live up to.
And who is Gudrun?
In a Norse myth, Gudrun was a sinner
who murdered her husband.
Will you live up to that?
Which would you prefer me to live up to,
Mr Crich? The sinner or the murderer?
Ah,
I see the perpetual struggle has begun.
Oh, we all struggle so, don't we?
The proper way to eat a fig,
in society,
is to split it in four,
holding it by the stump,
and open it,
so that it is a...glittering, rosy,
moist, honeyed, heavy-petalled,
four-petalled flower.
Then you throw away the skin,
after you have taken off the blossom
with your lips.
But the vulgar way...
is just to put your mouth to the crack
and take out the flesh in one bite.
The fig is a very secretive fruit.
The Italians vulgarly say
it stands for the female part,
the fig fruit.
The fissure. The yoni.
The wonderful...
moist conductivity towards the centre.
Involved...in-turned.
One small way of access, only,
and this, close-curtained from the light.
Sap that smells strange on your fingers,
so that even goats won't taste it.
And when the fig has kept her secret
long enough...

...so it explodes
and you see, through the fissure,
the scarlet.
And the fig is finished. The year is over.
That's how the fig dies.
Showing her crimson
through the purple slit.
Like a wound.
The exposure of her secret
on the open day.
Like a prostitute,
the bursten fig
makes a show of her secret.
That's how women die too.
Would you like to come for a walk?
Would you like to come for a walk?
The dahlias are so pretty!
Will you come for a walk, Rupert?
No...Hermione.
But are you sure?
- Quite sure.
- And why not?
Because I don't like
trooping off in a gang.
But the dahlias are so pretty.
I've seen them.
Then we'll leave a little boy behind,
if he's sulky.
Goodbye!
- Goodbye, little boy!
- Bye!
Impudent hag.
Have you ever really loved...anybody?
Yes and no.
But not finally.
Finally, no.
Nor I.
Do you want to?
I don't know.
I do.
I want...the finality of love.
Just one woman?
Just one woman.
I don't believe a woman...

and nothing but...
a woman...
will ever make my life.
You don't?
Then what do you live for, Gerald?
I suppose I live for my work.
And other than that, I live...
...because I'm living.
I find...
that one needs one single, pure activity.
I would call love a single, pure activity.
But I don't really love anybody.
Not now.
You mean that...
that if there isn't a woman...
then there's nothing?
More or less that.
Seeing there's no God.
Rupert, what is it you really want?
I want...
to sit with my beloved in a field...
...with daisies growing all around us.
We have devised
an entertainment for you.
In the style of the Russian ballet.
Who are those Brangwen girls?
Teachers in the grammar school.
Gudrun pretends she's an artist.
Well. What's their father?
Handicraft instructor
in the grammar school.
Really?
Class barriers are breaking down.
That their father teaches handicraft
at a school, doesn't matter to me.
I shall be Orpah.
A vivid, sensational widow.
I'm only just a widow.
And I slowly dance the death
of my husband,
before returning to my former life.
And Gudrun...
will be the beautiful Ruth.
Her husband, too,

has just now died.
And she weeps with me
and laments.
And Ursula...
will be the mother-in-law.
Naomi.
Our husbands
were her sons.
Her own husband died years ago.
Thus, all her men are dead.
She stands alone. Demanding nothing.
And the Contessa...
will be the wheat fields,
rippling in the evening air.
And Birkin will turn the pages
for the maestro.
Yes!
Ooh...
Yes! Oh...
Yes! Yes!
I can't do it!
You little tart!
Madame!
Hey, where are you going?
- Gerald!
- Coming!
I'm sorry if I...
spoilt your dance.
It was an act of pure spontaneity.
My arse!
You can't bear anything
to be spontaneous, can you?
Cause then it's no longer in your power.
You must clutch things
and have them in your power.
And why? Because you haven't got
any real body.
Any dark sensual body of life.
All you've got
is your will and your lust for power.
How can you...
not think me sensual?
All you want is pornography.
Looking at yourself in mirrors.

Watching your naked animal actions
in mirrors.
Keeping it all in your consciousness,
making it all mental.
If one cracked your skull,
maybe one could get a...
spontaneous,
passionate woman out of you.
With real sensuality.
No, you don't, Hermione.
I don't let you.
I shall not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land
And Jesus Christ, our Lord,
hath said
that greater love hath no man
than he who lays down his life
for his brother.
And no greater love hath man
than the love of man for man,
and brother for brother.
We shall now move forward,
into an uninterrupted age
of brotherhood and love.
For love is the greatest thing the...
You might as well say
that hate is the greatest.
What people want is hate.
Hate, and nothing but hate.
In the name of
righteousness and love,
ye shall have hate.
Out of love, ye shall throw down
nitroglycerine bombs,
and ye shall kill your brother.
It's the lie that kills.
Oh, if people want hate,
let them have it.
Death, torture, murder, violent destruction.
Let's have it!
- But not in the name of love.
- Sorry.

Oh, I abhor humanity.
I wish it'd be swept away.
It could go,
and there would be no absolute loss,
if every human being perished tomorrow.
I beg your pardon.
So. You want everybody
in the world destroyed.
Yes. Absolutely.
Well, you yourself. Don't you think
it's a wonderful, clear idea?
A world empty of people.
Just uninterrupted grass
and a rabbit sitting in it.
Mm... You don't seem to see much love
in humanity.
- What about individual love?
- I don't believe in love.
Anymore than I believe in hate or grief.
Love is an emotion.
You feel or you don't feel,
according to your circumstances.
If you don't believe in love,
what do you believe in?
Just in the end of the world
and...rabbits?
The point, about L-O-V-E,
is that we hate the word
because we vulgarise it.
It should be taboo.
Forbidden from utterance,
for many years,
till we find a new and a better idea.
Well...I shall just have to leave it to you
to send your new and better idea
down from the holy altar.
When you think the world is ready,
of course.
Ha! Ha! Come on!
Come on, you! Ha! Ha-ha-ha!
Come on, you bitch!
Ha! Ha-ha-ha!
Gerald, what are you doing?
Gerald! Oh, don't!

- Oh, Gudrun, do something!
- Be quiet!
Please!
Gerald!
I wish you'd do something.
Get in there!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!
I should think you're proud!
Report to the office.
I'm sorry, Dewhurst.
Can't you keep him on a little longer?
I've already replaced him, Father.
Don't you think that his pension
will be sufficient?
'Tis not the pension.
It's the work.
I still have
a few more years' work left in me.
Not the sort of work I want.
They hate you.
I'm glad I won't have to see it much longer.
Their hate is better than your love.
You made a fortune
exploiting them.
And now you're trying to ease your guilt
by slipping them a few coins.
At least I...give them a fair salary,
if they can do the work.
There'll be few of them left to pay soon.
You and your new machines.
Yes, me and my new machines.
They say you've stopped the widows' coal.
We've always allowed all the widows
of men who worked for the firm
a load of coal, every three months.
Well, they'll have to pay cost price
from now on.
The firm's not the charitable institution
you seem to think it is, Father.
Will you take us home, please?
- How's your wife, Thomas?
- Fine, thank you, sir.
Good.
What price that, eh?

She'll do, won't she?
Ooh, aye. I'd give a week's wages
for five minutes with her.
Just five minutes.
Your missus would have
something to say to you.
Hey! You're first-class you are!
You think she'd be worth
a week's wages, eh?
Do I? I'd bloody well
put 'em down this second.
Yeah...
Oh, you beautiful doll
You great, big beautiful doll...
Ee, you won't get much for it
down 'ere, dearie!
Come on, love.
Give us a drink.
- Bloody men.
- Piss off.
You wanting company?
Sure you do.
You'll be wanting a little company.
- Who be you, then?
- A man.
- What work?
- Miner. Good enough for you?
Why do you ask all these questions?
How are your thighs?
- My thighs?
- How are they?
Are they strong?
Because I want to drown in flesh.
Hot...physical...naked...flesh.
Flesh?
Come 'ere!
You're dying for it, aren't you?
Ouch!
You are hideous and ridiculous
like all the rest.
Come 'ere, you stuck-up bitch!
You rotten cow!
Good evening, Miss Brangwen.
Anything wrong, Palmer?

Mr Crich.

No offence, Mr Crich.

Well, I was born here and I'll die here
until I fly away.

Well, don't fly away
till you come to our picnic.

Did you imagine yourself
in the midst of all this, my dear?

- Mm... Does look rather awful.

- Imagine what it'll be like.

I suppose we could get away from it all.

- Police to keep you in.

- Thank you.

The Crichs are afraid
we're going to run off with the silver.

Good afternoon.

- Father. May I have just a little beer?

- No, no, no.

- Oh, please.

- Well, you can just have a little.

- Just one more.

- We're going for a dip, Father.

Oh, my dear. Be sure
not to stay in the water too long.

Right, let's have you now.

Let's have you.

One chine of hog. It's still here.

There's only one left.

Now, here's three balls, sir.

There you go.

This is Mr Birkin...Father.

How do you?

I hope you're keeping well.

Yes, thank you. I'm fit.

Hello, Mrs Brangwen.

I know Gudrun and Ursula quite well.

Yes, I've heard them talk about you
often enough.

Mr and Mrs Brangwen?

I'm so glad you could come to our picnic.

How do you do?

You forgot our invitation last year.

- I...

- I...tea!

Yes.

Would you like tea here? Or would you rather go across to the house?

Ooh, can't we have a rowing boat and get out?

Get out?

Well, you see, we know hardly anyone here. We're almost complete strangers.

Oh...

Oh, I'll see to it that you're set up with... a few acquaintances.

Oh, you know what I mean.

Can't we go over there and explore?

The light is so perfect, perhaps we could bathe.

It reminds one

of the upper reaches of the Nile.

- Well, as one imagines the Nile. Hello.

- Hello!

Do you think it's far enough off?

Yes, I suppose you could go there.

Unfortunately, we don't seem to have any...more boats.

- They're all out now.

- Oh, it would be so lovely.

Do you handle a boat pretty well?

- Pretty well...

- Yes.

We both row like water spiders.

Then there's a small light canoe of mine

I didn't bring out,

for fear somebody

would drown themselves.

Do you think you'll be safe in that?

You see, I'm responsible for this water.

I had a canoe at Arundel.

I can assure you, I'm perfectly safe.

Then I shall see to it that you're given...

a tea basket.

And you can have a picnic

all to yourselves.

That is the idea, isn't it?

How fearfully good.

How frightfully nice of you.

Behind the rock.
Shh...
Come on. It's muddy.
Are you happy, Prune?
Ursula...I am utterly, utterly happy!
So am I.
Pretty bubbles in the air
They fly so high
Nearly reach the sky
Then like my dreams
they fade and die
Fortune's always hiding
I've looked everywhere
For I'm forever blowing bubbles
Pretty bubbles...in...the air
...Pretty bubbles in the air
They fly so high
Nearly reach the sky
Then like my dreams
they fade and die
Fortune's always hiding
I looked everywhere
But I'm forever blow...
Aren't they...charming, Ursula?
Charming?
Won't they do anything to us?
Oh, I'm sure they won't.
I'm frightened.
Keep singing.
What the hell do you think you're doing?
I think we've all gone mad.
Pity we aren't madder.
Oh, you beautiful doll
You great, big beautiful doll
Let me put my arms around you
Why have you come?
And why do you want to drive them mad?
They're nasty when they turn.
Turn where?
Turn against you.
Turn against me?
Well, anyway, they gored one of the
farmer's cows to death, the other day.
- What do I care?

- I care.
Seeing they're my cattle.
How are they yours?
You haven't swallowed them.
Give me one of them. Now!
You know where they are.
Ah...
You think I'm...frightened of you
and your...cattle, don't you?
Why should I think that?
That's why.
You struck the first blow.
And I shall strike the last!
Why are you behaving in this...
impossible and ridiculous fashion?
You...
...make me behave like this.
Me?
Oh?
Don't be angry with me.
No...
No, I'm not angry with you.
I am in love with you.
Yes...
Well, that's...one way of putting it.
It's all right, then?
Yes...
Yes, it's all right.
It's all right.
It's all right. It's all right...
I must be going home now.
Must you? How sad?
- Are you really sad?
- Yes.
I wish we could
go on walking like this forever.
There is a golden light in you,
which I wish that you would give me.
I always think I'm going to be loved...
and then I'm let down.
Tibby!
Tibby!
Tibby!
Laura?

Laura!

Laura! Where are you?

Help me, please!

Help! Help me, someone!

Please, quick! Somebody, come!

Laura, Lupton! Oh, God, Laura!

Laura!

- No, no...!

- Where were they?

I don't know.

Well, keep away from me!

Gerald, stop it!

- Stop it!

- But I've got to find them.

- You can't!

- Why should you interfere?

You can't see.

Laura! Laura!

- Oh, God, Laura.

- Try and keep the boat still!

I can't!

Come out!

Keep back. Keep back, you can't help us.

- Laura...

- Come out, Gerald.

Gerald, for God's sake, come out.

- Gerald!

- Gudrun!

Laura!

- Keep the boat steady, for God's sake!

- I'm trying!

- Hang on to the side!

- It's too dark!

Gerald! Gerald, are you all right?

Gerald...come out.

We shan't save them, Father.

There's no knowing where they are.

And there's a current as cold as hell.

Go home and look to yourself!

We'll let the water out.

Rupert, you go to the north sluice.

There's room in that water there...

...for thousands.

Two is enough.

If there's one thing about our family,
you know...
...once everything goes wrong...
it can never be put right.
Not with us.
Do you think they're dead?
Yes.
Oh...horrible...
Do you mind...very much?
I don't mind about the dead,
once they're dead.
The worst of it is
they cling to the living and won't let go.
I'm afraid of death.
Death's all right.
Nothing better.
But you don't want to die?
I would like to die from our kind of life.
Be born again, through...
through a love that is like sleep.
With new air round one,
that no one's ever breathed before.
I thought...
love wasn't good enough for you.
Oh, I don't want love!
I don't want to know you.
I want to be gone out of myself.
I want you to be lost to yourself,
so we are found different.
Oh, we shouldn't talk when we're tired
and wretched...
Say you love me. Say...
"my love" to me...
Oh, I love you right enough, I just...
want it to be something else.
Why?
Why?
Why isn't it enough?
Because we can go one better.
No, we can't.
We can only say we love each other.
Say "my love" to me.
Say it.
Say it!

Yes. My love.
Yes...my love.
Let love be enough, then. I...
I love you, then.
I'm bored by the rest.
Oh...say you love me...
- Rupert...
- Ursula...
Please...please...
Please say it...please say it...
Say it!
Oh, say it!
Oh, please...
Oh...oh...
Oh...please...
Yes...
I do love you. I do...
Must it be like this?
She killed him.
What did he mean?
Perhaps it's better to die
than to live mechanically.
A life that's repetition, repetition...
By God, I'd just reached the conclusion
that nothing mattered in the world,
except somebody to take the edge
off one's being alone.
The right somebody.
Meaning the right woman,
I suppose.
Yes, of course.
Failing that...an amusing man.
Well, if you're bored...
why not try hitting something?
Possibly...
provided it was something worth hitting.
- You ever done any boxing?
- No.
Oh, you mean you may as well hit me?
You? Hm...
You?
Well, yes, perhaps, in a...
in a friendly sort of way, of course...
Well, quite.

I never learnt the gentlemanly art.
You know, I've got the feeling that...
...if I don't watch myself...
...I shall do something silly.
Why not do it?
I used to do
some Japanese-style wrestling, once.
I was never very good at it.
Those things don't really interest me.
Don't they?
Oh, they do me.
How do you start?
Well, erm...
You can't do much in a stuffed shirt.
- All right, let's strip and do it properly.
- Very good.
Now, you come at me any way you
want and... I'll try and get out of it.
Admirable.
That's good.
Yes, I've got you...
Was it...
too much for you?
No...
No, one ought to strive and wrestle
and be physically close.
It makes one...sane.
Do you think so?
Yes, I do.
Do you?
Yes.
We are mentally and spiritually close,
therefore we should be
physically close, too.
It's more complete.
You know how the old German knights
used to swear blood brotherhood?
Yes...
Make...wounds in their arms...
...and run...
blood into each other's cuts.
Yes.
And swear to be true to each other,
of one blood, all their lives.

Well, that's what we ought to do.
Well, no wounds. I mean, that's obsolete.
But we ought to swear to love each other,
you and I.
Implicitly.
Perfectly.
Finally. Without any possibility
of ever going back on it.
Shall we swear to each other,
one day?
We'll wait till I understand it better.
Right, any rate...
One feels...freer, more open now.
And that's what we want.
Certainly.
In a way...
that's what I want with Ursula.
Single...clear...
yet balanced.
But they're all the same. Women.
Lust for passion.
Greed for self-importance in love.
I should think Gudrun is even worse.
Have you seen her lately?
She's coming over next week.
Hermione suggested
she teach Winifred to draw.
The child hasn't been the same
since her sister...
Since the drowning.
Are you fond of Ursula?
I think I love her.
I suppose the next step's an engagement.
Then marriage.
You know I always believe in love.
In true love.
But where do you find it nowadays?
I don't know.
Life has...all kinds of things.
There isn't only one road.
I don't care how it is with me,
as long as I...
Well, as long as I feel...
that I've lived.

I don't care how it is,
as long as I feel that.

Fulfilled.

Yes, I suppose it could be fulfilled.

I don't use the same words as you.

Well, it's the same.

Would you like a bath?

Mm...

Come on, Rip! Get them! Come on!

Drive them away!

Are you all right? Rip!

Who the hell let these dogs in the drive?

Take them back!

Take them back to the kennel.

Have you taken leave of your senses,
Christiana?

How many times must I tell you?

No one is ever turned away from my door.

Oh, yes. I know, I know.

"Love thy neighbour",

and you love your neighbour.

More than your own family.

Why don't you turn me and the children
out, and keep open house for them?

If it wasn't for them,
you wouldn't have this house.

Now, if they're in trouble,
it's my duty to help them.

You'd think it your duty
to invite all the rats in the world
to come and gnaw at your bones.

Let's go inside, Mother.

Mr Crich can't see you.

You think you can come here
whenever you like?

Go away! There's nothing for you here!

- Give him to me.

- Thank you.

Gerald says, if you like it, we could have it
all to ourselves, as a studio.

Oh.

Of course, we'll mend
the windows and have it decorated,
but Gerald say it all depends on you, so...

do you like it?
- It's remarkable.
- Oh, good!
Gerald! Gerald!
Come on. Let's go and see Gerald!
Come on, Bismarck.
Winifred seems to have taken to you.
Will you come again?
I feel very drawn to her.
Yes, I can come again.
Oh, Gerald, isn't it wonderful?
We're going to draw Bismarck!
Isn't he beautiful?
Isn't he strong?
Let its mother
stroke its fur, then, darling.
Because it's so mysterious.
Look what I bought.
How lovely!
How perfectly lovely!
But why did you give them to me?
I wanted to.
Am I called on to find reasons?
Opals are unlucky, aren't they?
I prefer unlucky things.
Luck is vulgar.
Who wants what luck would bring? I don't.
They can be made a little bigger.
Yes.
I'm glad you bought them.
Won't it be lovely,
going home in the dark?
Well, I promised to go to Shortlands
tonight, to have dinner with Gerald.
- It doesn't matter. You can go tomorrow.
- Well, Hermione's there.
She's going away in a couple of days.
I suppose I ought to say goodbye to her.
- You don't mind, do you?
- No, I don't mind. Why should I?
Well, that's what I ask myself.
Why should you mind?
But you seem to.
I assure you,

I don't mind in the least.
If that's where you feel you belong, then...
That's where you must go.
Oh, you are a fool.
"If that's where you belong..."
It's all finished between Hermione and me.
She seems to mean much more to you
than she does to me.
I'm not taken in by your word-twisting.
If you still feel that you belong to
Hermione, then you do, that's all.
You don't belong to me.
If you weren't such a fool,
you'd know that one could be decent,
even when one is wrong.
It was wrong of me to go on all that time,
with her.
It was a deathly process.
But after all, one can have
a little human decency.
But no. You must tear my soul out, with
your jealousy, at the very mention of her!
I? Jealous?
She means nothing to me. Not...that.
It's what she stands for, that I hate.
Her...her...lies...
and her...
falseness...it's...death.
But you want it, don't you?
You can't help yourself.
Well, then, you go and get it.
That's what I say.
But don't come to me!
I've got nothing to do with it!
Oh, you're a fool!
Yes! Yes, I am a fool!
And thank God for it!
I'm too big a fool
to swallow your cleverness.
You go to your women,
your...spiritual brides.
Or aren't they
common and fleshy enough?
No, no, you're not satisfied, are you?

You'd marry me for your everyday use
and keep your...spiritual brides for
tripping off, into the beyond.

Oh, yes!

Yes, I know your dirty little game.

You think I'm not as spiritual as Hermione.

Well, Hermione's a fishwife!

A fishwife!

So, you go to her.

That's what I say! Go to her!

In her soul,

she's as common as dirt!

And all the rest is just pretence.

But you love it!

Do you think I don't know

the foulness of your sex life and hers?

Well, I do. And it's that foulness

that you want, you liar!

Well, have it. Have it! Have it!

You're such a liar!

- There's a bicycle coming.

- I don't care.

Good afternoon.

Good afternoon.

Maybe it's true.

Lies, dirt and all.

But Hermione's spiritual intimacy

is no rottener than your emotional...

jealous intimacy.

I am not jealous. What I say

I say because it's true.

You're a false and foul liar.

That's what I say,

and you hear it.

Very good.

The only hopeless thing is a fool.

Yes. Quite right.

So, you take back your rings

and buy yourself a female elsewhere.

I'm sure there'll be

plenty of women who'll...

be quite willing to share in your...

spiritual mess!

See what a flower I've found you?

Pretty.

Did I abuse you?

Wait...

I shall have my own back...

So, this is where

you've been living all the time?

Oh, what a perfectly lovely, noble place.

So warm, cosy...

I'm thinking we must get out of our responsibilities as quick as we can.

We must drop our jobs like a shot.

We must say, er...we must write, er...

"Dear Sir...

"I would be very grateful if you would...

"liberate me as soon as possible..."

"...from my post as schoolmistress of the Beldover Grammar School.

"Without, of course, waiting for the usual month's notice."

Oh, I could be so happy here.

No. We'll wander a bit, first.

We'll get married straight away and we'll wander a bit.

We'll never go apart.

No...

...because we love each other.

"And the third angel poured out his vials on the river, and the fountains of water..."

'After Laura's death, Father's world collapsed.

'We haven't had much illness in the house either.

'Not until Father...

'It's something you don't reckon with, until it's there.

'And then you realise it was there all the time.

'It was always there.

'The possibility of this...

'incurable illness.

'This creeping death.

'There's nothing left.'

Do you understand what I mean?

You seem to be...
reaching at the void, then.....
Then you realise...
that you're a void yourself.
You can't go on holding up
the roof forever. You know that...
that sooner or later,
you've got to let go,
so you don't...
know what to do.
You must...
- If I can help you...
- I don't want your help.
Because there's nothing to be done.
I just want to talk to somebody.
Sympathetically.
Ah, Mother.
How nice of you to come down.
How are you? You, erm...
You know Miss Brangwen,
of course, don't you?
Yes.
Winifred tells me the doctor
has something to say about your father.
What is it?
Oh, just that his pulse is very weak and...
it misses altogether, on occasions,
and he...
he might not last the night out.
You're not getting into a state, are you?
You're not letting it make you hysterical?
No, I don't think so, Mother.
It's just that
somebody's got to see it through.
Oh, have they? Have they?
And why should you take it on yourself?
What have you got to do
with seeing it through?
It'll see itself through.
You're not needed.
No, I don't suppose
there is much I can do.
It's just how...
it affects us, you see.

You like to be affected, don't you?
It's quite a treat for you.
Yes...
Yes, you would have to be important.
You've no need to stop at home.
Why don't you go away?
You're as weak as a cat, really.
Always were...
A strange lady...
my mother.
Yes.
With ideas of her own.
Yes.
Look, you want to go home.
I'll see to it that the car's brought round.
No. I want to walk.
You might just as well drive.
But I would much rather walk.
Would you?
Then I shall come with you.
You do help me so much.
And I can't believe it...
Why?
Why can't you believe it?
It's true.
It's as true as...
As true as we stand here.
Oh, you are so beautiful.
And I must go.
No...
Let me go alone.
How much more water
leaked into the pit?
Some more.
We'll have to run off the lake.
Ursula?
No, it's me. Gerald.
You're very muddy.
I was walking in the dark.
What do you want from me?
I came because I must.
Why do you ask?
I must ask.
There is no answer.

You must go, my love.
It's getting late.
Oh, no. Not for a minute.
Yes, you must go.
I'm afraid, if you stay any longer.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye.
Shall Gudrun and I...
rush into marriage,
along with you?
If I were you,
I wouldn't marry.
But ask Gudrun, not me.
I mean, you're not marrying me, are you?
I thought you were dead nuts on marriage.
There are all kinds of marriages.
And there are all kinds of noses.
Snub and otherwise.
And you think that if I marry,
it'll be snub.
What's the alternative?
Well, if you don't know, don't do it.
Marriage in the old sense seems,
to me, to be repulsive.
The whole world in couples.
Each couple in its own little house,
watching its own little interests,
stewing in its own little crevices.
It's the most repulsive thing on earth.
Yes, I quite agree.
There's something inferior about it.
Well, there again,
what's the alternative?
We've got to find one.
I...I...I do believe in a permanent union
between a man and a woman.
Chopping about
is merely an exhausting process.
But a permanent relationship,
between a man and a woman,
isn't the last word.
It certainly isn't.
Quite.
We've got to take down

this love and marriage ideal,
from its pedestal.
We want something broader.
I believe in the...additional perfect
relationship, between man and man.
Additional to marriage.
Well, I don't see
how they can be the same.
No, not the same. But...
equally important,
equally creative, equally...
sacred, if you like.
I know you believe something like that.
Only I can't feel it. Do you see?
Gudrun might rush into marriage,
like we have. Wouldn't that be nice?
Rubbish. Gudrun is a born
mistress, just as Gerald is a born lover.
If all women are either wives or
mistresses, then Gudrun is a mistress.
And all men are either lovers or husbands.
Why not both?
No. No, the one excludes the other.
Then I want another.
Oh, no, you don't.
Oh, yes, I do.
- How much is it?
- Ten shilling.
Oh, no. We don't want that!
We can have my furniture, from the house.
- It's so beautiful.
- What?
So pure.
- I'm only going to give you five shillings.
- Right.
It almost breaks my heart.
My beloved country.
It had to something express.
Even when it made this chair.
Now all we can do is fish among rubbish
heaps, for remnants of the old expression.
There's no production in us, anymore.
Just...sordid and foul mechanicalness.
Well, I hate your past.

I'm sick of it.
Not as sick as I am
of the accursed present.
Well, I don't want the past to take its place.
I don't' want old things!
The truth is,
we don't want things at all.
The thought of a house and furniture
of my own is hateful to me.
Madam...
Now, madam, it's yours. I hope
you'll both be very, very happy together.
- We must live somewhere.
- No, not somewhere. Anywhere.
Not have a definite place.
Just you and me and...
a few others.
Where we needn't wear any clothes.
Where we can be ourselves
without any bother.
Rupert, whatever did you mean?
You, me, and a few other people.
You've got me.
Well, I always imagined our being happy
with a few other people.
Why should we be?
I don't know. One has a hankering
after a sort of...fellowship.
Why? Why should you hanker after other
people? Why should you need them?
Old shoes! Old shoes!
Don't you need them?
Or does it just end with us two, then?
Yes. What more do you want?
If people care to come along,
then let them.
But it must happen. You can't
do anything about it with your will.
You always seem to think you can...
force the flowers to come out.
People must love us because they love us.
You can't make them.
I know.
But...does one...

just go on as if one's alone in the world?
You've got me.
Why should you need others?
You must just learn to be alone.
Two teas, please.
Did you know that
Gerald Crich has suggested
we all go away together at Christmas?
Yes. He's spoken to Rupert about it.
Don't you think it's amazingly cool?
I rather like him for it.
And what did Rupert say?
Do you know?
Mm. He said it would be most awfully jolly.
What? Don't you think it would be?
I think it might be awfully jolly,
as you say.
But...
but don't you think it was an unpardonable
liberty, to speak to Rupert like that?
We're...
They could've been two men
arranging an outing with some little type
they'd picked up.
Oh, no!
No...nothing like that!
Oh, no.
No, I think the friendship
between Rupert and Gerald
is really rather beautiful.
It's so simple. They just say
anything to each other, like brothers.
There's something I love about Gerald.
He's really much more lovable
that I thought him.
Well, he's free, Gudrun.
He really is.
Do you know where he...proposes to go?
Mm. Near Zermatt.
I don't know where exactly.
Oh, it would be rather lovely,
don't you think?
High up in the perfect snow.
Very lovely.

Mm. Of course, I think that
Gerald spoke to Rupert about it
so that it shouldn't seem
like an outing with a...
"type".
I know, of course, he does,
quite commonly, take up with that sort.
Does he?
How do you know?
I know of a model. In Chelsea.
Well, let's hope
he had a good time with her.
I must go, Prune.
Rupert's waiting.
The minute I set foot on foreign soil,
I am transported.
I am a new creature, stepping into life!
It's never quite the same in England.
One's...one's afraid to let go.
Afraid what'll happen,
if everyone else lets go.
Well, we're out of it,
so, let's all let go together!
There's one for you!
Oh, no!
How romantic it all is.
Shall we dance?
What a fine game you're playing.
She's in love with you.
Oh, dear, isn't she in love with you!
Do you love me?
Far too much.
I couldn't bear
this cold, eternal place without you.
Oh. Do you hate it, then?
Mm.
If you weren't here,
it would kill the very quick of my life.
It's good that we're warm and together.
We're going to come off!
We're going to come off!
Oh! Oh!
Ah...!
- Oh!

- It wasn't too much for you?
No! Oh...!
It was the most...complete moment
of my life.
Oh...!
Hey. See you down there.
We're going to have another go. Bye!
Hey...
Hey, Prune. Isn't it interesting?
Herr Loerke is doing a great frieze
for a factory in Cologne.
Was it for the outside? Mm.
The outside, the street.
So, you are an artist.
I knew it.
You know...
I think that the machinery...
...the acts of labour are beautiful,
extremely beautiful.
The factory of today must be
...the Parthenon.
Oh. You believe art should serve industry?
Ah...art should interpret industry.
As art once interpreted religion.
Gudrun is an artist as well, you know.
Oh...
What do you do?
I'm a sculptress.
And what do you sculpt?
Animals. Birds.
Knick-knacks for the rich, eh?
Oh...
Huh? You're not an artist.
You've never worked as the world works.
Yes, I have.
And I do.
Have you known what is
to lie in bed for three days,
because you had nothing to eat?
In a room with three other families
and a toilet in the middle.
A big pan, with a plank on it.
And your father making love.
Love....

to a street whore, on the corner.
Do you understand?
How old are you?
Twenty-six.
Your husband?
Thirty-one.
Come along.
I will show you something interesting.
Oh...
Well...
Allez, allez!
I'll show you something.
This is... No, this.
My...factories. Colossal!
Oh...
Something special.
Look.
It is beautiful.
Why did you make the horse so stiff?
Stiff?
Yes. Stiff.
I mean,
look at that stock, stupid, brutal thing.
A horse is a very sensitive creature.
Quite delicate, really.
But sensitive.
Well...
it's not the picture of a friendly horse
to which you give a lump of sugar.
It's part of a work of art.
It has no relation
with anything that's...outside.
the work of art.
Yes, but it's still a picture of a horse,
isn't it?
Certainly. It's not a picture of a cow.
Certainly not.
Where is she now, the model?
She was a nuisance.
Not for a minute would she keep still.
Not until I'd slap her hard
and make her cry.
Then she'd sit for...
five minutes.

Did you really slap her?

Yes, I did.

Harder than I have ever beat
anything in my life.

I had to.

For the sake of my art.

Well, love has no place
in your world of art.

L'amour, l'amour. Die Liebe.

I detest it in every language.

What does this matter,
if I wear this hat or another?

So, love...

is only for convenience.

I would give...everything...

everything....

all your love...

for a little companionship
and intelligence.

Rupert.

I want to go away.

- Do you?

- Mm. Don't you?

Well, I haven't thought about it.

- Mm?

- I haven't thought about it.

Oh, I....hate the snow!

The unnatural light it throws on everybody.

Oh, the...

ghastly...glamour of it all.

And...the unnatural feelings

it makes everybody have.

Well, we can go away if you like.

We can go away tomorrow.

We can go to Verona.

And find Romeo and Juliet

and sit in the amphitheatre.

Oh, yes!

Yes, I'd love to be Romeo and Juliet.

A fearfully cold wind

blows through Verona.

- From out of the Alps.

- Are you glad you're going?

No, I don't want to be laughed at!

- Do you love me?

- Yes, yes!

- Do you love me?

- Yes!

Why is your mouth so hot?

Why is yours frozen solid?

Why do you grip your lips?

Never you mind. That's my way.

Do you know what it is

to suffer when you're with a woman?

It...tears you like a silk.

And each bit and stroke burns...hot.

Of course, I wouldn't not have had it.

It was a complete experience.

She's a wonderful woman, but...

I hate her, in some way.

It's curious.

You've had your experience now.

Why work on an old wound?

Because there's nothing else.

I've loved you as well as Gudrun.

Don't forget.

Have you?

Or do you think you have?

- See you.

- Bye, Gerald.

Be good.

Goodbye, Gerald.

Rupert.

- Bye, Gudrun.

- Rupert.

Bye!

See you soon!

Why are you sitting in the dark?

Look at that lovely star up there.

Do you know its name?

No.

It's very fine.

Isn't it beautiful?

Do you see how it darts

different coloured fires?

- It's superb.

- Mm.

Do you regret their leaving?

No, not at all.
How much do you love me?
How much do you think I love you?
I don't know.
But what's your opinion?
Very little indeed.
Why don't I love you?
Well, I don't know why you don't.
I've been good to you.
When you first came to me, in that fearful
state, I had to take pity on you.
It was never love.
Why do you keep...
repeating it, that...
there was never any love?
Well, you don't think you love, do you?
No.
You don't think you can love me, do you?
I don't know what you mean by the word
"love".
Oh, yes, you do.
You know very well
that you have never loved me.
Well, have you, do you think?
No.
And you never will love me, will you?
Why do you torture me?
Oh, I don't want to torture you.
Just...say you love me.
Say you'll love me forever.
Won't you? Won't you say...
won't you say you'll love me always,
even if you don't mean it?
But say it, Gerald. Do.
Oh, I will love you always.
Fancy your actually having said it...
Hm...
Try to love me a little more
and want me a little less.
You mean you don't want me?
You're so insistent.
You have so little grace.
So little finesse.
You are crude.

You break me
and waste me.
And it is horrible to me.
Horrible to you.
Oh, yes.
Don't you think I might have
Ursula's room, now, to myself?
You do...
as you wish.
You go where you wish.
Oh, I will.
But so can you.
You can go whenever you like.
Without notice, even.
Gerald.
Gerald!
Gerald.
Oh, my God, Gerald!
Shall I die?
Your form is very good, Herr Crich.
Men should have something of
massiveness in their stupid form.
You don't do sports, Herr Loerke?
Not sports, no. Only games.
And what sort of games might they be?
Only ones which I enjoy.
Yes, but what sort of games?
Erm...
Secret games.
Initiation games.
Full of esoteric understanding and...
fearful, sensual secrets.
Rubbish.
Contemptible rubbish.
Why are the English
so inept in arguments?
You know, there often is another way.
What should I say, then?
Well, I'm not married.
Truth is best.
Cleopatra must've been an artist.
She reaped the essential from a man.
She harvested the ultimate sensation,
and then...

She threw away the husk.
Well...
I'm not going to play your Antony.
Oh.
Of course, the whole point of a lover
is to reach a complete understanding
of sensual knowledge.
And today I will be...
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.
Hooray!
A great Russian composer. Shh...
And you are my bride...
of six hours.
Bravo!
We are on our honeymoon!
Ah...
We are on our honeymoon.
On the Trans-...
Siberian...
Express!
We're alone...
...in our sleeping compartment.
I'm a homosexual.
I'm a...homosexual...composer...
Catch.
...who's married...
...to protect his family name
from gossip
and...scandal.
And you...
you're a
scheming, seething nymphomaniac...
...who's married for fame and fortune.
Between two particular people,
the range of pure sensational experiences
is limited.
One can only extend, draw out...
and electrify.
One must not repeat.
One must...find only new ways.
The train is going into a tunnel.
Why are you fascinated by that little rat?
I don't choose to be discussed by you.
My God,

what a mercy I'm not married to you.

Well, it doesn't matter whether you choose to discuss it or not.

It doesn't alter the fact that you're willing to fall down and kiss that insect's feet.

Well, you do it. I'm not going to prevent you. You kiss his feet.

But what I want to know is what it is about him that fascinates you.

- What is it?

- Do you?

Do you want to know what it is?

It is that he has some understanding.

He is not stupid.

That's why.

And would you like to crawl for the understanding of a rat?

Well, don't you think the understanding of a rat is more interesting than the understanding of a fool?

- A fool?

- A fool. A conceited fool.

A Dummkopf.

Wouldn't I rather be the fool and explore those sewers with a rat?

And what have you to offer as an alternative?

An eternity of domesticity at Shortlands?

My God, when I think of you and your world, and your wretched coalmine, it makes my heart sick.

You're so limited. You're a dead end.

You cannot love.

And you?

I could never love you.

It may be over between us.

But it's not finished.

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!

- I have something for you.

- Oh, no. What an inspiration!

What a "comble de joie" indeed.

What is it? Schnapps?

Heidel bier.

No! It's made from bilberries.

- Yes...

- It is distilled from snow.

Can you smell the bilberries? It's exactly like bilberries, under the snow.

Mm...

Listen, er...

- You're going away tomorrow?

- Yes.

- Wohin?

- Oh...I don't know.

One never does.

Oh...

Where will you take a ticket to?

- Oh, I have to take a ticket?

- Ja.

Ah, but...one does not have to go...

where the ticket says.

Then take a ticket to London!

- One should never go there.

- Right!

You must not go back to teaching!

You must not go back to teaching!

Leave that to the swine
who can do nothing else.

You're an extraordinary woman!

Why should you follow the ordinary cause?

Uh?

You won't tell me where you will go.

Really and truly, I don't know.

It depends which way the wind blows.

It blows through Germany.

Perhaps.

Come with me to Dresden.

I live alone there. I have a big studio. I...
can give you work.

I believe in you.

Work.

Maria.

You came like a ghost!

Heidel bier?

You!

I didn't want it anyway.

I'm tired.

I want to sleep.
Was it vile, being dragged back?
I didn't even think of it.
I felt beastly, fetching you here.
I simply couldn't see people.
That was too much.
Yes.
I think I'll go to Dresden.
For a while.
I did not want it to be like this.
I didn't want it to be like this.
He should've loved me.
I offered him.
Did you need Gerald?
Yes.
Mm. Aren't I enough for you?
No.
You are enough for me,
as far as a woman is concerned.
You are all women, to me.
But I wanted a man friend...
as eternal.
As you and I are eternal.
I don't believe it.
It's an obstinacy. A...
theory.
A perversity.
You can't have two kinds of love.
Why should you?
It seems as if I can't.
Yet I wanted it.
You can't have it
because it's impossible.
I don't believe that.