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Wuthering Heights

By Charles MacArthur

Call off your ungodly dogs!

Down!

Quiet! Down!

Are you Mr. Heathcliff?

Well, I'm Mr. Lockwood,
your new tenant at the Grange.

I'm lost. L...

Can I get a guide
from amongst your lads?

No, you cannot. I've only got one,
and he's needed here.

Well, then, I'll have to stay
till morning.

Do as you please.

Quiet! Down!

Thank you for your hospitality.

Could you extend it to a cup of tea?

- Shall I?

- You heard him ask for it.

Thank you.

I presume the amiable lady
is Mrs. Heathcliff?

Would it be taxing your remarkable
hospitality if I sat down?

I hope my hospitality
will teach you...

not to make rash journeys
on these moors.

As for staying here, I don't keep
accommodations for visitors.

You can share a bed
with one of the servants.

Thanks. I'll sleep in a chair, sir.

No. A stranger is a stranger.

Guests are so rare in this house
that I hardly know how to receive them.

I and my dog.

Joseph, open up
one of the upstairs rooms.

Here's a room for thee, sir.

Bridal chamber.

Nobody slept here for years.

It's a trifle depressing.

- Can you light a fire?

- No fire will burn in yonder grate.
Chimbley's all blocked up.
Very well. Thanks.
Good night.
I said good night.
Heathcliff!
Let me in!
I'm lost on the moors!
- It's Cathy!
- Help! Mr. Heathcliff!
There's somebody out!
Oh, Mr. Heathcliff!
There's someone out there.
It's a woman. I heard her calling.
She said her name.
Cathy. That was it!
Cathy?
Oh, I must have been dreaming.
Forgive me.
Get out of this room.
Get out!
Get out, I tell you!
Cathy! Come in!
Cathy, come back to me.
Oh, do come once more.
Oh, my heart's darling!
Cathy. My own...
My...
Where's he going in the storm?
She calls him...
and he follows her out
onto the moor.
He's mad! He's like a madman.
He seized me by the collar
and flung me out.
You see, I had a dream.
I thought I heard a voice calling.
I reached out to close the shutter,
and something touched me.
Something cold and clinging,
like an icy hand.
And then I saw her.
A woman.
Then my senses must have become

disordered because the falling snow...
shaped itself into what looked like
a phantom, but there was nothing.
It was Cathy.
Who is Cathy?
A girl who died.
Oh, no, I don't believe in ghosts.
I don't believe in phantoms
sobbing through the night.
- Poor Cathy.
- I don't believe life comes back...
once it's died
and calls again to the living.
No, I don't.
Maybe if I told you her story,
you'd change your mind...
about the dead coming back.
Maybe you'd know, as I do...
that there is a force
that brings them back...
if their hearts
were wild enough in life.
Tell me her story.
It began 40 years ago...
when I was young...
in the service of Mr. Earnshaw...
Cathy's father.
Cathy's father.
Wuthering Heights was a lovely place
in those days...
full of summertime and youth
and happy voices.
One day Mr. Earnshaw was returning
from a visit to Liverpool.
- You'll not catch me!
- Yes, I will!
Cathy, go wash! I don't want your father
to see you in that dress.
You too, Hindley.
Hurry up, now.
I don't want to get washed!
Come along! I'll tell your father not
to give you the present he's bringing.
- What's he bringing?

- Go along upstairs.

Joseph says his horse
is coming over the hill.

Evening, Mr. Earnshaw.

- Hello, Joseph.

- Hello, neighbor Earnshaw.

- How are you, Dr. Kenneth?

- Back so soon?

What in the world have you got there?

A gift of God.

Although it's as dark
as if he came from the devil.

- Quiet, me bonny lad, we're home.

- He's a dour-looking individual.

Aye, and with reason.

I found him starving in Liverpool...

kicked and bruised and almost dead.

So you kidnapped him.

Not until I spent two pounds trying
to find out who its owner was.

But nobody would claim him,
so I brought him home.

- Giddap!

- Here, here!

Come on, you young imp of Satan.

Off with ye.

- Cathy, Hindley!

- Welcome home. The children are coming.

Don't look so shocked, Ellen.

He's going to live with us for a while.

Give him a good scrubbing...

and put some Christian clothes on him.

Food is what he needs most,

Mr. Earnshaw.

He's as thin as a sparrow.

Come into the kitchen, child.

Cathy! Hindley!

- Father, what did you bring me?

- Hello, Father!

There you are.

It's what you've always wanted.

A riding crop.

Be careful how you use it.

- Oh, it's wonderful!

- I'm so glad you got back soon.

- It's wonderful!

- Ow! Father, make her stop!

No, children.

This is Hindley's violin.

One of the best in Liverpool.

Here. Fine tone.

And a bow to go with it.

Here you are, Paganini.

Who's that?

- He was hungry as a wolf.

- Oh, children.

This is a little gentleman I met
in Liverpool who will pay us a visit.

He... He's dirty.

Oh, no. Don't make me
ashamed of you, Cathy.

When he's been scrubbed,
show him Hindley's room.

- He'll sleep there.

- In my room?

He can't. I won't let him.

Children, you may as well learn now
that you must share what you have...
with others not as fortunate
as yourselves.

- Take charge of the lad, Ellen.

- Come along, child.

What's your name?

We'll call him Heathcliff.

Heathcliff, I'll race you to the barn.

The loser has to be the slave.

Come on!

Faster!

Come on!

Whoa. I won!

You're my slave! You have to do
as I say. Water my horse and groom it!

Oh, that's not fair!

It's too real.

- What do you want?

- This horse.

- You can't have him. He's mine!

- Mine's lame. I'm riding yours.

Give him to me or I'll tell Father you
boasted you'd turn me out when he died!

That's a lie!

I never said such a thing.

- He didn't!

- You never had a father!

You gypsy beggar!

You can't have mine!

Stop that!

- Heathcliff, look out!

- Don't come near me!

Let him go!

You killed him!

I'm going to tell Father.

He'll punish you for this.

You can't go near him

till he's well.

- You heard Dr. Kenneth!

- Are you hurt badly?

Talk to me.

Why don't you cry?

Heathcliff, don't look like that!

How can I pay him back?

I don't care how long I wait...

if I can only pay him back.

Come. Let's pick harebells

on Penistone Crag.

You can ride Jane.

Please, milord?

- Oh, Heathcliff.

- Whoa, Jane.

- You're so handsome when you smile.

- Don't make fun of me.

Don't you know that you're handsome?

Do you know what I've told Ellen?

- You're a prince in disguise.

- You did?

I said your father was the emperor of
China and your mother an Indian queen.

It's true, Heathcliff.

You were kidnapped by wicked sailors
and brought to England.

But I'm glad. I've always wanted to know
somebody of noble birth.

All the princes I ever read about
had castles.
Of course. They captured them.
You must capture one too.
There's a beautiful castle that lies
waiting for your lance, Sir Prince.
You mean Penistone Crag?
Aw, that's just a rock.
If you can't see that's a castle,
you'll never be a prince.
Here, take your lance and charge!
See that black knight at the drawbridge?
Challenge him!
Charge!
I challenge you to mortal combat,
Black Knight!
Heathcliff! You've killed him!
You've killed the black knight!
He's earned it for all his wicked deeds.
Oh, it's a wonderful castle.
- Heathcliff, let's never leave it.
- Never in our lives!
Let all the world confess,
there is not a more beautiful damsel...
than the Princess Catherine
of Yorkshire.
But I'm still your slave.
No, Cathy.
I now make you my queen.
Whatever happens out there,
here you will always be my queen.
How is he, Doctor?
He is at peace.
Send for the vicar, Joseph.
My dear, wild little Cathy.
You may come up
and pray beside him now.
You're not wanted up there.
My father is past your wheedling.
Go and help the stable boys
harness the horse for the vicar.
Do as you're told.
I'm master here now.
And as the children grew up, Hindley

was indeed master of Wuthering Heights.
It was no longer the happy home
of their childhood.

- Joseph, bring me another bottle.
- That's the third, Mr. Hindley.
The third or the twenty-third,
bring me another.
Wine is a mocker.
Strong drink is raging, Master Hindley.
Stop spouting scripture and do
as you're told, you croaking old parrot.
Yes, Master Hindley.
Sit down, Cathy,
till you're excused from the table.
Joseph, fill Miss Cathy's glass.
Oh, my little sister disapproves
of drinking.
Well, I know some people who don't.
Heathcliff, saddle my horse.
Be quick about it, you gypsy beggar.
I told you to be quick.
Look at this stable. It's a pigsty.
Is this the way you do your work?
Clean it up. I want this floor
cleaned and scrubbed tonight.
Don't stand there showing your teeth.
Give me a hand up.
I want your work done
when I come back at dawn, do you hear?
Oh, you're hoping I won't come back.
You're hoping I'll fall
and break my neck, aren't you?
Aren't you?
Well, come on, Heathcliff.
Heathcliff, where are you going?
Come back!
- Did Joseph see which way you came?
- What does it matter?
Nothing's real down there.
Our life is here.
Yes, milord.
The clouds are lowering
over Gimmerton Head.
See how the light is changing?

It would be dreadful
if Hindley ever found out.
Found out what?
That you talk to me
once in a while?
I shouldn't talk to you at all.
Look at you!
You get worse every day.
Dirty and unkempt and in rags.
Why aren't you a man?
Heathcliff,
why don't you run away?
Run away? From you?
You could come back rich
and take me away.
Why aren't you my prince
like we said long ago?
- Why can't you rescue me?
- Come with me now.
- Where?
- Anywhere!
And live in haystacks and steal our food
from the marketplaces?
No. That's not what I want.
You just want to send me off.
That won't do.
I've stayed here
and been beaten like a dog.
Abused and cursed and driven mad,
but I stayed just to be near you.
Even as a dog! I'll stay till the end.
I'll live and I'll die under this rock.
Do you hear?
Music.
The Lintons are giving a party.
That's what I want.
Dancing and singing in a pretty world.
And I'm going to have it.
Come on. Let's go and see.
Come on!
Isn't it wonderful?
Isn't she beautiful?
That's the kind of dress I'll wear.
You'll have a red velvet coat

with silver buckles on your shoes.

Oh, will we ever?

Quick.

- Hold him, Skulker, Flash!

- Call off your dogs, you fools!

Stay where you are.

There's nothing to be alarmed about.

- Who is it?

- I don't know.

Please, back into the ballroom.

- Let me go!

- Hold that man.

Hold onto him!

- Who is it Edgar?

- Catherine Earnshaw, Father.

- Who's this with her?

- Their stable boy.

She's bleeding. Bring hot water,
Isabella, and bandages.

- Yes. How badly is she hurt?

- Can't tell.

Send Robert to get Dr. Kenneth
in the shay. Hurry.

- You'll pay for this!

- Hold your tongue, insolent rascal!

- Get out of this house.

- I won't go without Cathy.

Father, please, she's in pain.

Go on. Run away.

Bring me back the world.

- Pack this fellow off.

- I'm going.

I'm going from here

and from this cursed country both.

Throw him out!

But I'll be back in this house one day,

Judge Linton. I'll pay you out.

I'll bring this house down in ruins
about your heads.

That's my curse on you!

On all of you!

And so Cathy found herself

in this new world...

she had so often longed to enter.

After some happy weeks, Mr. Edgar
brought her back to Wuthering Heights.
Welcome home, Miss Cathy!
How do you do, Mr. Linton?
Don't stir!
I'll get Joseph to carry you.
Carry her?
She runs like a little goat.
Ellen, I've been dancing,
night after night!
Oh, how beautiful you look! Wherever
did you get that beautiful dress?
Mr. Linton's sister lent it to me.
Isn't it wonderful?
Edgar, do come in for tea.
As soon as the horses
have been seen to.
I'll find someone.
Is he here?
He came back last week
with great talk...
of lying in a lake of fire without you...
how he had to see you to live.
He's unbearable.
Where could he be, the scoundrel?
Why did you stay so long
in that house?
I didn't expect to find you here.
Why did you stay so long?
Why? Because I was having
a wonderful time.
A delightful, fascinating,
wonderful time...
among human beings.
Go and wash your face and hands,
and comb your hair...
so that I needn't be ashamed of you
in front of a guest.
What are you doing in this part of the
house? Look after Mr. Linton's horses.
Let him look after his own.
- I've already done so.
- Apologize to Mr. Linton at once.
Bring in some tea, please.

- Cathy.

- Yes, Edgar?

I cannot understand how your brother
can allow that gypsy in the house.

Don't talk about him.

How can you, a gentlewoman,
tolerate him under your roof?

A roadside beggar giving himself
airs of equality. How can you?

What do you know about Heathcliff?

- All I need or want to know.

- He was my friend long before you.

- That blackguard?

- Blackguard and all, he belongs here.

Speak well of him or get out!

- Are you out of your senses?

- Stop calling those I love names!

Those you love?

Cathy, what possesses you?

Do you realize the things you're saying?

I'm saying that I hate you.

I hate the look of your milk-white face.

I hate the touch of your soft,
foolish hands.

That gypsy's evil soul

has got into you.

- Yes, it's true!

- That beggar's dirt is on you!

Yes! Now get out!

My dear.

Leave me alone.

Forgive me, Heathcliff.

Make the world stop right here.

Make everything stop and stand still
and never move again.

Make the moors never change
and you and I never change.

The moors and I will never change.

- Don't you, Cathy.

- I can't.

No matter what I ever do or say,
this is me now.

Standing on this hill with you.

This is me forever.

Come.

When you went away, what did you do?

Where did you go?

I went to Liverpool.

One night I shipped for America
on a brigantine going to New Orleans.

We were held up by the tide,
and I lay all night on the deck...

thinking of you and the years
and years ahead without you.

I jumped overboard
and swam ashore.

I think I'd have died if you hadn't.

You're not thinking
of that other world now.

Smell the heather.

Fill my arms with heather.

All they can hold.

Come on.

You're still my queen!

And as time went by...

Cathy again was torn between her wild,
uncontrollable passion for Heathcliff...

and the new life
she had found at the Grange...

that she could not forget.

I got the soap in my eyes!

Where's the towel?

- Oh, it's hot!

- No, it's just...

- It's hot!

- Don't do that!

Ellen, haven't you finished yet?

Supposing you're not ready
when he gets here. Keep still.

Any young man that will come sniveling
back after the way you treated him...

you can keep waiting forever.

What's wrong with him, sending you
perfume? Hasn't he any pride?

I sent my apologies, didn't I?

I can't believe this change in you,

Miss Cathy.

Yesterday you were a harum-scarum child

with dirty hands and a willful heart.
Look at you.
Oh, you're lovely, Miss Cathy.
Lovely.
That's a very silly lie.
I'm not lovely.
What I am is very brilliant.
- I have a wonderful brain.
- Indeed?
It enables me to be superior
to myself.
There's nothing to be gained
by just looking pretty like Isabella.
Every beauty mark must conceal a thought
and every curl be full of humor...
as well as brilliantine.
As well as brilliantine.
Such prattle. We...
Since when are you in the habit
of entering my room, Heathcliff?
I want to talk to you.
Go outside, Ellen.
I will not! I take orders from
Mistress Catherine, not stable boys.
Go outside.
All right, Ellen.
Now that we're so happily alone, may I
know to what I owe this great honor?
- He's coming here again.
- You're utterly unbearable.
You didn't think so this morning
on the moors.
- Well, my moods change indoors.
- Is he coming here?
- Of course not. Please go away.
- You're lying!
Why are you dressed up
in a silk dress?
Because gentlefolk dress for dinner.
Not you. Why are you trying to win
his puling flatteries?
I'm not a child.
You can't talk like that to me.
I'm not talking to a child.

I'm talking to my Cathy.

- Oh, I'm your Cathy?

- Yes!

I'm to take your orders
and allow you to select my dresses?
You're not gonna simper in front of him,
listening to his silly talk!

I'm not?

Well, I am. It's more entertaining
that listening to a stable boy.

- Don't you talk like that.

- I will. Go away.

This is my room, a lady's room, not
a room for servants with dirty hands.

Let me alone!

Yes.

Tell the dirty stable boy
to let go of you.

He soils your pretty dress.

But who soils your heart?

Not Heathcliff!

Who turns you into a vain, cheap,
worldly fool? Linton does!

You'll never love him, but you'll let
yourself be loved to please your vanity.

Loved by that milksop
with buckles on his shoes!

Stop it and get out!

You had your chance
to be something else.

But thief or servant were all you were
born to be, or beggar beside a road.

Not earning favors, but whimpering
for them with your dirty hands!

That's all I've become to you:

A pair of dirty hands.

Well, have them then!

Have them where they belong!

It doesn't help to strike you.

Good evening, Ellen.

I hope I'm not too early.

- Miss Cathy will be down in a minute.

- Thanks.

If you'll go into the parlor,

I'll tell Miss Cathy you're here.

Half past eight.

Unholy hour.

Doesn't he know, young fool,
when it's time to go home?

That's Mr. Edgar now.

Go and fetch his horse.

- Take these apples into the larder.

- Yea, Lord.

Spare the righteous
and smite the ungodly.

Stop your pratter.

- Good night, Joseph.

- Good night, sir.

Has he gone?

Your hands! What have you done?

Linton. Is he gone?

What have you done to your hands?

What have you been doing?

I want to crawl to her feet,
whimper to be forgiven...

for loving me, for needing her
more than my own life...

for belonging to her
more than my own soul.

Don't let her see me.

I wondered whether you were still up.

I have some news!

The kitchen is no place for that.

Come into the parlor.

Come here.

Sit down. Listen!

Can you keep a secret?

Edgar's asked me to marry him.

- What did you tell him?

- That I'd give him my answer tomorrow.

Do you love him, Miss Cathy?

- Yes! Of course.

- Why?

Why? That's a silly question,
isn't it?

No, not so silly.

Why do you love him?

He's handsome and pleasant to be with.

- That's not enough.
- Because he'll be rich someday.
I'll be the finest lady in the county.
Now tell me how you love him.
I love the ground under his feet,
the air above his head...
and everything he touches.
What about Heathcliff?
Oh, Heathcliff.
He gets worse every day.
It would degrade me to marry him.
I wish he hadn't come back.
It would be heaven to escape
from this disorderly, comfortless place.
Well, if Master Edgar and his charms
and money...
Well, if Master Edgar and his charms
and money...
and parties mean heaven to you...
what's to keep you from taking
your place among the Linton angels?
I don't think I belong in heaven.
I dreamt once I was there.
I dreamt I went to heaven,
and it didn't seem to be my home.
I broke my heart with weeping
to come back to earth.
The angels were so angry, they flung me
out in the middle of the heath...
on top of Wuthering Heights.
I woke up sobbing with joy.
That's it, Ellen!
I have no more business marrying Edgar
than I have of being in heaven.
But Ellen, what can I do?
You're thinking of Heathcliff.
Who else?
He's sunk so low. He seems
to take pleasure in being brutal.
And yet...
he's more myself than I am.
Whatever our souls are made of,
his and mine are the same.
Linton's is as different

as frost from fire.
My one thought in living is Heathcliff.
I am Heathcliff.
Everything he's suffered,
I've suffered.
The little happiness he's ever known,
I've had too.
If everything died
and Heathcliff remained...
life would still be full for me.
Hey, Heathcliff!
Where's thee going?
Heathcliff!
Come back!
He must have been listening.
- Listening to us?
- Yes.
Where?
How much did he hear?
I'm not sure, but I think...
to where you said it would degrade you
to marry him.
There's no use in calling.
He's run away on master's best horse.
Come out of this storm!
You'll catch your death of cold!
- He won't come back!
- Last time he did!
This time he won't.
I know him.
- Which way did he go, Joseph?
- Yonder. Right on west moor.
- Come in! You must come in.
- The fool.
He should have known
I love him. I love him!
Heathcliff, come back!
- Thank heaven you've come home!
- I told Joseph to stay awake!
- Do I unsaddle my own horse?
- You've got to go out again!
Miss Cathy's gone! They're looking
for her... Joseph, everybody!
- Gone where?

- Out in the storm, hours ago.
Heathcliff ran away. He took a horse,
and she went running after him.

- Oh, she did?
- Yes.

Don't stand there with your mouth open.
Fetch me a bottle and we'll celebrate.
Master Hindley, she'll die on the moors.

- You've got to help.
- Do as I tell you!

If she's gone off with that gypsy scum,
let her run.
Let her run through storm and hell.
They're birds of a feather.
The devil can take them both.
Get me a bottle.

- Take her into the library.
- Get a fire in the east room.
And some brandy.
Turn this around to the fire.

- The brandy, Miss Isabella.
- Get some dry towels. Quickly.
- Where was she?
- The rocks on Penistone Crag...
the life almost out of her.
Twenty drops in a glass of claret,
well warmed.
Then add a lump of sugar.
There's nothing else I can tell you...
except keep her in the sun
and give her plenty of cream and butter.
In another month
you'll be feeling like new.

- Good-bye, dear.
- Good-bye, Dr. Kenneth.
She'll be going home soon, Doctor.
What's needed is peace and orderliness
in her life.
That's not to be found
at Wuthering Heights.

- Has she mentioned him at all?
- Not since the delirium passed.
Sometimes fever can heal
as well as destroy.

I made some inquiries in the village
of the people who knew him.

- What did you hear?

- No sign nor hint of Heathcliff.

- He's disappeared into thin air.

- Heaven hope.

"...days and yon pursuits."

- Hello, Edgar.

- Isabella. How's our invalid?

- Much better I think.

- Let me have a look at her.

Where have you been all day?

I've missed you.

Oh, this time of year every tenant
has something to complain about.

I've been arguing with old Swithin...
whether we'd build him a new pigsty.

Yes?

He decided we should.

I saw Hindley in the village
this afternoon.

He wanted to know

when you'll be coming home.

I wasn't very truthful. I told him
Dr. Kenneth said it would be months.

Give me that.

It's time for her medicine.

What did Dr. Kenneth say?

Twenty lumps of sugar in a glass...

No. I'll go and ask Ellen.

Yes. Go and ask Ellen.

She's such a darling.

But you've all been so nice to me.

That's all I think about,

how nice you are to me.

But still, I can't stay here forever.

Why not, Cathy...

if I can make you happy?

You have made me happy, Edgar.

You've given me so much

of your own self, your strength.

Darling, let me take care of you
forever.

Let me guard you

and love you always.

Would you love me always?

Yes.

It's so easy to love you.

Because I'm no longer wild and
blackhearted and full of gypsy ways?

- No. L...

- Of course you were right, Edgar.

What you said long ago was true.

There was a strange curse on me.

Something that kept me
from being myself.

Or at least from being
what I wanted to be...

living in heaven.

How sweet you are.

I've never kissed you.

No one will ever kiss me again but you.

No one.

I'll be your wife and be proud
of being your wife.

I'll be good to you
and love you truly, always.

White heather for good luck,
Miss Catherine.

Come along, Cathy.

What is it?

A cold wind went across
my heart just then...
a feeling of doom.

You touched me,
and it was gone.

Oh, it's nothing, darling,
I'm sure.

Oh, Edgar, I love you. I do.

Good-bye.

And I, too, felt a cold wind across
my heart as they rode away together.

And I, too, felt a cold wind across
my heart as they rode away together.

But as the years went on,
they were really in possession...

of a deep and growing happiness.

I wish you could've

seen Miss Cathy then.
She became quite the lady of the manor
and was almost overfond of Mr. Linton.
For Isabella, she showed
great affection...
and presided over Thrushcross Grange...
with quiet dignity.
It looks as though you've fallen
into a trap, Father.
Yes, it does, doesn't it?
There you are.
Checkmate.
- Thank you, Father.
- Well, I'll go and dress for dinner.
What's wrong with the dogs?
Probably a servant
coming back from the village.
I talked to Jeff Peters this afternoon
about that new wing of ours.
It doesn't look as though we'll
marry Isabella off for another decade.
It's a brother's duty to introduce
your sister to some other type...
than fops and pale young poets.
- You want a dragoon?
- Yes, I do. With a fiery mustache.
Poor Isabella. I'm afraid I got
the only prize in the county.
Thank you, darling.
For me, heaven is bounded...
by the four walls of this room.
Yes, we're all angels,
even my little petit point hero.
I'm just putting wings on him.
Speaking of wings,
I'll show you those plans.
- Miss Cathy?
- What is it?
Someone wishes to see you.
- You sound as if it were a ghost.
- It is. He's come back.
Who?
- What does he want?
- He wants to see you.

Tell him... Tell him
I'm not at home.
Not at home, Cathy?
To whom are you not at home?
It's Heathcliff.
Seems he's come back.
Well, that's news.
Where has he been?
America, he said. He's so changed
I hardly recognized him.
- For the better, I hope.
- Oh, yes. He's quite the gentlemen.
- Fine clothes, a horse.
- Go tell him I don't wish to see him.
Oh, nonsense, Cathy.
We can't be as cruel as that.
He's come a long way, and he's
a fine gentleman, so Ellen says.
Let's see how America's managed to make
a silk purse out of Master Heathcliff.
- Show him in.
- Yes, Master Edgar.
It's chilly.
Why be nervous?
The past is dead.
It's nonsense to tremble before
a little ghost who returns...
a dead leaf blowing
around your feet.
Darling...
you may smile at him without fear
of offending me.
It's my wife who smiles...
my wife who loves me.
Yes.
I was silly.
Thank you, Edgar.
Well, Heathcliff.
- Mr. Linton.
- How are you?
Hello, Cathy.
- I remember this room.
- Come in. Sit by the fire.
Have a whiskey?

No, thank you.
I've never seen such a change in a man.
I wouldn't have known you.
You seem to have prospered
since our last meeting.
Somewhat.
Ellen said you'd been
to America.
Yes.
We all wondered where you went.
Have you met my sister, Miss Linton?
What brought about
this amazing transformation?
Did you discover a gold mine
in the New World...
or inherit a fortune?
The truth is, I remembered that
my father was an emperor of China...
and my mother
was an Indian queen...
and I went out
and claimed my inheritance.
It all turned out
just as you once suspected, Cathy...
that I had been kidnapped by
wicked sailors and brought to England.
That I was of noble birth.
Are you visiting here long?
I mean, in the village?
The rest of my life.
I've just bought Wuthering Heights...
the house, the stock
and the moors.
Hindley has sold you
the estate?
He's not aware of it as yet.
I'm afraid it'll be somewhat
of a surprise when he finds...
his gambling debts and liquor bills
paid off by his former stable boy.
Perhaps he will merely laugh
at the irony of it.
I don't understand
how this could've happened...

without Mrs. Linton

hearing of it.

Modesty compelled me to play
the Good Samaritan in secret.

By heaven. This is the most underhanded
piece of work I've ever heard of.

If I'd only known. I knew Hindley
had financial difficulties...

but not that his property was being
stolen from him by a stranger.

I'm neither thief nor stranger.

Merely your neighbor, sir.

- Now I'll say good night.

- Wait, Heathcliff.

Edgar and I have many neighbors whom we
receive with hospitality and friendship.

If you are to be one of them,
you're welcome to visit our house...

but not with a scowl on your face
or an old bitterness in your heart.

Thank you.

It occurs to me that I have not
congratulated you on your marriage.

I've often thought of it.

Allow me to express my delight
over your happiness now.

Good night.

- I think you behaved abominably.

- What?

You, too, Cathy. I'm dreadfully
disappointed in both of you.

- What are you talking about?

- You could have been civil to him.

I conducted myself perfectly,
and so did Cathy.

- You dismissed him like a servant.

- And you thought him otherwise?

- I thought him distinguished.

- I hope I misunderstood you.

It's impossible my sister
could think of Heathcliff...

as anything but a surly,
dressed-up beggar, a lout and a boor.

I shall make sure

that you never see him again.

Now go to dinner.

Joseph.

Yes, Master Hindley?

- Where's the key?

- Is it in the door?

No, and I want it. He's left, and it's our chance. I'll lock him out this time.

If he tries to get in,

I'll kill him.

Find that key,

and bring me a bottle of wine.

- You've had a bad night.

- A bad night, you call it?

How can I stay sober

with that vulture's beak inside me?

He stabbed me in the dark.

He robbed me of my home and gold.

- Where's the wine?

- Dr. Kenneth has forbid it.

- Blast Dr. Kenneth!

- Get him what he wants.

Dr. Kenneth has forbid it.

What difference to the world

whether he's drunk or sober?

Or to Dr. Kenneth?

Do as I tell you.

Get out.

It's too early in the morning

to look on the devil.

Your ingratitude

makes me almost sad.

All I have done to you

is to enable you to be yourself.

My money has helped you drink and gamble

and enjoy the world as you wished.

Now that you're without a home

I remember that you gave me...

a place to sleep

when you might've turned me out.

I allow you to remain...

and even provide you

with solace...

against the doctor's orders.

I'll have Wuthering Heights back.
I'll be master here, and I'll turn you
out as I should have done years ago.
We're just in time, Joseph.
Mr. Hindley is beginning
to whine and stutter.
He needs fire in his veins...
a little courage with which to face
his unhappy life.
I'll have my gold, and I'll have
your blood, and hell can have your soul!
Laugh now, Heathcliff.
There's no laughter in hell.
All you have to do is to shoot.
They'll thank me for it.
The world will say I did right
ridging it of a rotten gypsy beggar!
Yes! They'll say that.
Shoot, and you'll
be master here again.
The whole county will resound
with your courage.
Go on, shoot,
you puling chicken of a man...
with not enough blood in you
to keep your hand steady!
You remember that time
you hit me with a rock?
The times you shamed and flogged me
as your stable boy?
You were a coward then,
and you're a coward now.
Take him out.
Find someplace for him to sleep.
Aye. I'll put him to bed.
Not in the master's room.
I'm master here now.
- His pistol.
- Aye. I'll hide it.
A gentleman must not be deprived
of his weapons.
I prefer that he have it by him always
as a reminder of his cowardice.
- Master Heathcliff.

- What is it?
- A lady to see you.
- A lady? From where?
The Grange, sir.
The Grange?
Why didn't you tell me?
Out of my way.
I hope I'm not disturbing you.
Not at all.
I was riding behind the Heights
on the moors, and my horse went lame.
- And you brought him here.
- Yes.
That was very wise.
Shall we look at the animal?
That isn't necessary.
I've put him in the stables.
He's being taken care of.
I see.
Won't you come in?
Get on with your work.
I was furious with my brother,
and Cathy too. I told them so.
I thought they acted
most shamefully.
Let me give you a chair.
Your brother didn't send you
with these apologies?
Oh, no. He's forbidden me to...
To speak to me?
Yes.
And Mrs. Linton?
She's also very angry with you.
So in all the county
you are my only friend.
I would like to be.
Well, let us celebrate our new
friendship by a gallop over the moors.
Oh, but my horse is lame.
My dear, your horse is not lame,
and it never was.
You came to see me because
you are lonely...
because it is lonely

sitting like an outsider...
in so happy a house
as your brother's...
Lonely riding on the moors
with no one at your side.
You won't be lonely anymore.
Good evening, sir.
Good evening, Ellen.
I was afraid you wouldn't come. Tonight
would've been ruined if you hadn't.
Good heavens.
Is that Heathcliff?
Yes, it is.
I can't believe it.
Cathy having him here...
Not Cathy. It's my sister.
It's just a young girl's fancy,
but one must not inflame it...
with too much opposition, but let it
spend itself harmlessly in a few dances.
Madam Eilers is going to play
the harpsichord. Come and sit down.
I shall let you hold my hand
underneath my fan.
Thank you very much.
Oh, it's a waltz.
Heathcliff, will you?
You see, we can hold each other,
and no one can object...
because that's the way
it's danced.
That's the way gypsies dance.
I'm surprised to see such abandoned ways
creep into so fine a house.
Father used to say it'd undermine
the whole of society...
and turn us into profligates.
- May I have the pleasure?
- Thank you, but I don't think I can.
Nonsense. Let me see you waltz.
- Will you watch me?
- Of course.
I'm ready.
You're not dancing this dance.

Thank you. I'm nearly exhausted.
Will the moonlight
and a breath of air refresh you?
Always.
Excuse me, please.
Are you enjoying yourself,
Heathcliff?
I've had the pleasure
of watching you.
You're very grand, Heathcliff.
So handsome.
Looking at you tonight I could not help
but remember how things used to be.
They used to be better.
Don't pretend life hasn't improved
for you.
Life has ended for me.
How can you stand here beside me
and pretend not to remember?
Not to know that my heart is breaking
for you?
That your face is the wonderful light
burning in all this darkness?
Heathcliff, no.
I forbid it.
You forbid what your heart says?
- It's saying nothing.
- I can hear it louder than the music.
Oh, Cathy.
I'm not the Cathy that was.
Can't you understand?
I'm somebody else. I'm another man's
wife, and he loves me. And I love him.
If he loved you with
all his soul for a lifetime...
he couldn't love you as much
as I do in a single day.
Not he. Not the world.
Not even you, Cathy,
can come between us.
You must go away. You must leave
this house and never come back.
I never want to see your face again
as long as I live.

You lie.

Why do you think I'm here tonight?

Because you willed it.

You willed me here across the sea.

Cathy, have you seen Heathcliff?

Oh, there you are.

They're going to play a schottische.

Come along.

It's quite suitable

to your high moral character.

What's the matter? Has Cathy been

behaving horribly again?

If she weren't my sister-in-law,

I'd say she was jealous.

Come along.

Come in.

- I want to talk to you.

- What about, Cathy?

- About Heathcliff.

- It's very late.

I have no desire

to discuss Heathcliff with you anyway.

- You behaved disgracefully tonight.

- In what way?

It was bad enough your asking him here,

but to make a spectacle of yourself.

Catherine, be careful of what you say.

You fool. You vain little fool.

I'll not be silent any longer.

I'm going to tell the truth.

- Let me go.

- Not till I open your eyes.

My eyes are quite open, thank you.

Don't you see what he's doing?

He's using you to be near me...

to smile at me behind your back...

to try to rouse something

in my heart that's dead.

I'll not have it.

I'll not allow you to help him.

It's you who are vain

and insufferable.

- Heathcliff loves me.

- It's a lie.

It's not a lie. He's told me so.
He's kissed me.
He's held me in his arms.
He's told me that he loves me.
- I'm going to your brother.
- Go! He's asked me to marry him.
We're going to be married.
Heathcliff's going to be my husband.
You can't.
Heathcliff's not a man...
but something dark and horrible
to live with.
Do you imagine that I don't know
why you're acting so?
Because you love him.
Yes! You love him! And you're mad with
pain at the thought of my marrying him.
You want him
to pine and dream of you...
die for you, while you live in comfort
as Mrs. Linton.
You don't want him to be happy.
You want to make him suffer.
You want to destroy him!
But I want to make him happy,
and I will!
I heard your voices.
We were just discussing the ball.
There's plenty of time
for gossip tomorrow.
You ought to come to bed, darling.
You look tired.
Good night.
- Good morning, Joseph.
- Mistress Cathy, I mean.
Mr. Hindley's away.
It's Mr. Heathcliff I wish to see.
Oh.
Oh, aye.
I'll try and find him.
Leave us, Joseph.
What brings you to Wuthering Heights?
Does Edgar know?
I doubt he'd approve.

Heathcliff, is it true?

- Is what true?

- That you asked Isabella to marry you.

It is true then.

Oh, Heathcliff, you must not do this.

She hasn't harmed you.

- You have.

- Then punish me!

I'm going to,

when I take her in my arms...

when I promise her life and happiness.

If there's anything human left in you,

don't do this.

Don't make me a partner to such a crime.

It's stupid. It's mad.

If you ever looked at me

with what is in you, I'd be your slave.

If your heart were stronger than

your fear of God and the world...

I would live silently contented

in your shadow.

But no.

You must destroy us both

with that weakness you call virtue.

You must keep me tormented

with that cruelty you think so pious.

You've been smug and pleased with

my vile love of you, haven't you?

After this, you won't think of me as

Cathy's foolish and despairing lover.

You'll think of me

as Isabella's husband...

and be glad for my happiness...

as I was for yours.

- Drive to the village. Get Mr. Linton.

- Very well, ma'am.

Marry? It's preposterous.

Isabella and Heathcliff?

It's true.

What will you do about it?

Do? I'll put her under lock and key

if need be.

- We must go after them.

- Going after them is useless.

We must go after them while there's
still time. They mustn't marry.
Don't disturb yourself.
There's nothing I can do.
But you must, Edgar.
Get your pistols.
Go after them. Kill him!
But stop them from marrying.
This marriage cannot be, do you hear?
It must...
And so Heathcliff and Isabella
were married.
Many months later
at Wuthering Heights...
during one of Dr. Kenneth's
increasingly rare visits...
Why don't you hit yourself
over the head with a hammer...
the instant you get up
in the morning?
- Why?
- If you hit yourself hard enough...
you'll remain unconscious the whole day
and achieve the same results...
you would from
a whole gallon of spirits...
with much less wear and tear
on the kidneys.
Don't you agree with me,
Mrs. Heathcliff?
What does it matter?
Well, I'd hoped that it did matter...
that when you came here,
things would change.
Only I changed.
I remember this house when it rang
with laughter and love. Good-bye.
Ask your husband to call
another doctor in future.
Whoever dwells in this house
is beyond my healing arts.
I shall miss you, Dr. Kenneth.
I brought you into the world...
but it's a world you're not going

to grace very long if you stay here.
Dear child, I must tell you this.
Go back where you belong,
back with Edgar for a month or two.
It would mean your salvation,
and his.
Edgar's disowned me.
Nonsense. That was natural under
the circumstances, but he needs you now.
He does. Why?
Cathy is gravely ill.
In fact, it's only a matter
of days.
Hours, perhaps.
What is it?
Fever.
Inflammation of the lungs.
But there's something beyond that.
I don't know. I'd call it a will to die.
If Cathy died...
I might begin to live.
Begin to live, eh?
In this house with Heathcliff,
nothing can live.
Nothing but hate. It's breathing
like the devil's own breath on me.
And you, he hates you worse
than he does me. He loathes you.
Each time you kiss him his heart breaks
with rage because it's not Cathy.
- Kill him.
- I forbade you to speak about him.
- Stop it, you hear me?
- Kill him!
That's the first lucid talk I've heard
out of Hindley for weeks.
It's not very Christian talk,
but it's coherent.
Seemed to make some points.
- I'm delighted with your improvement.
- I tried to stop him.
Thank you, my dear wife.
Your loyalty is touching.
Your curses will come home

to feed on your own heart.
Every agony you've given
will return.
Why do we have him here?
I can't breathe with him in the house.
Existence would be so much less without
my boyhood friend under my roof.
Don't you see?
You poison yourself with hating him.
Darling, please send him away
and let love come into the house.
Why isn't there the smell of heather
in your hair?
Why won't you let me come near you?
You're not black and horrible as they
all think. You're full of pain.
I can make you happy. Let me try.
You won't regret it. I'll be your slave.
I can bring life back to you,
new and fresh.
Why are your eyes always empty...
like Linton's eyes?
They're not empty.
If you'd only look deeper.
Look at me.
I'm pretty.
I'm a woman, and I love you.
You're all of life to me.
Let me be a single breath of it
for you.
Heathcliff, let your heart
look at me just once.
Oh, why did God give me life?
What is it but hunger and pain?
What do you want, Ellen?
What are you doing here?
I want to speak to Miss Isabella.
You can do so in front of me.
Her brother has asked me
to bring her home for a visit.
He needs you with him,
Miss Isabella.
Why?
Let go of me, Heathcliff.

Cathy. She's ill.

Yes.

Mr. Edgar wants you to come home
at once, Miss Isabella.

She's dying.

You're not going.

She belongs to Edgar if she's dying.

Let her die where she belongs,
in Edgar's arms.

Let her die.

Is that better?

Yes.

Isn't there a south wind?

Isn't the snow almost gone?

Quite gone down here, darling.

Just a few patches left.

The sky is blue,

and the larks are singing...

and the brooks are brimming full.

Will you get me something?

- What do you want, darling?

- Some heather.

There's a beautiful patch
near the castle.

I want some from there.

Near the castle?

What castle, darling?

The castle on the moors, Edgar.

Go there, please.

There's no castle on the moors,
darling.

There is.

It's on the hill...

beyond Wuthering Heights.

- You mean Penistone Crag.

- Yes.

I was a queen there once.

Go there, Edgar.

Get me some heather, please.

I'll go. You sleep while I'm gone,
and rest so you'll be better tomorrow.

You've been very dear to me, Edgar.

- Very dear.

- Sleep, darling.

Robert!
Get my horse ready.
I'm going to Dr. Kenneth. Be quick.
Yes, sir.
Come here.
I was dreaming...
you might come before I died.
You might come
and scowl at me once more.
Oh, Heathcliff...
how strong you look.
How many years do you mean to live
after I'm gone?
Don't...
Don't let me go.
If I could only hold you
till we were both dead.
Will you forget me
when I'm in the earth?
I could as soon forget you
as my own life.
Cathy, if you die...
Poor Heathcliff. Come.
Let me feel how strong you are.
Strong enough to bring us both back
to life, Cathy, if you want to live.
No, Heathcliff. I want to die.
Oh, Cathy.
Why did you kill yourself?
Hold me.
Just hold me.
No, I'll not comfort you.
My tears don't love you, Cathy.
They blight and curse and damn you.
Heathcliff,
don't break my heart.
Oh, Cathy, I never broke your heart.
You broke it.
You loved me!
What right to throw love away for
the poor fancy thing you felt for him?
For a handful of worldliness?
Misery, death and all the evils
God and man could've handed down...

would never have parted us.
You did that alone.
You wandered off...
like a wanton, greedy child...
to break your heart and mine.
Heathcliff, forgive me.
We have so little time.
Oh, Cathy.
Cathy, your wasted hands.
Kiss me again.
Heathcliff, he's coming. Mr. Linton.
For heaven's sake, go! Only be quick!
It's the last time.
I won't go, Cathy. I'm here.
I'll never leave you again.
I told you, Ellen, when he went away,
that night in the rain...
I told you I belonged to him,
that he was my life, my being.
Don't listen to her ravings.
It's true.
I'm yours, Heathcliff.
I've never been anyone else's.
She doesn't know what she's saying.
You can still get out.
Go before they get here.
Take me to the window.
Let me look at the moors
with you once more.
My darling. Once more.
How beautiful the day is.
Can you see the crag...
over there
where our castle is?
I'll wait for you...
till you come.
Leave her alone.
She's mine.
She's mine now.
Miss Cathy.
Oh, my wild heart.
Miss Cathy.
She's gone.
You've done your last black deed,

Heathcliff. Leave this house.
She's at peace,
in heaven and beyond us.
What do they know of
heaven or hell, Cathy...
who know nothing of life?
Oh, they're praying for you,
Cathy.
I'll pray one prayer with them.
I repeat till my tongue stiffens:
Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest
so long as I live on.
I killed you.
Haunt me, then.
Haunt your murderer.
I know that ghosts have wandered
Be with me always.
Take any form. Drive me mad.
Only do not leave me in this dark alone,
where I cannot find you.
I cannot live without my life.
I cannot die without my soul.
Oh, Cathy.
Oh, my dear.
I can still see and hear
that wild hour...
I can still see and hear
that wild hour...
with poor Heathcliff trying to tear away
the veil between death and life...
crying out to Cathy's soul...
to haunt him and torment him...
till he died.
You say that was Cathy's ghost I heard
at the window?
Not her ghost...
but Cathy's love,
stronger than time itself...
still sobbing
for its unlived days...
and uneaten bread.
- What's the matter, man?
- I've gone mad.
- Stark raving mad.

- Dr. Kenneth.

I saw Heathcliff out in the moors
in the snow with a woman.

- A woman, you say?

- Yes, a woman.

I saw her with him
plain as my own eyes.

It was Cathy.

Go on, man. What happened?

No, I don't know who it was.

I was trying to get up near to them...
when suddenly my horse reared
and plunged, and I was thrown.

I called out to them, but they didn't
hear me, so I followed them.

I tell you I saw them both!

He had his arm about her.

So I climbed up after them...
and I found him.

Only him... alone...

with only his footprints
in the snow.

Under a high rock on a ledge
near Penistone Crag.

Yes.

Was he dead?

No, not dead, Dr. Kenneth.

Not alone.

He's with her.

They've only just begun to live.

Good-bye, Heathcliff.

Good-bye, my wild, sweet Cathy.