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Becky Sharp

By Francis Edward Faragoh

Amelia!

Did you think we were going to forget you?

And not say good bye,

and see you go without a kiss?

Elizabeth!

Lines to Amelia upon leaving Miss Pinkerton's academy.

Farewell, farewell, sweet friend of childhood years.

Let sorrow not detain thee,

nor our tears.

Thy wings have grown, they seek another nest.

I can't... I can't... Oh, Amelia!

Our pretty, poor Amelia. Now she will never hear

the end of that tender poem.

Oh, well, there's too much bad poetry

in the world anyway.

But Becky, haven't you a single tear

for the years you've spent here?

No, my sweet, tears are not expected of charity pupils.

Oh, no, no tears. Humility.

Gratitude for an education not so very useful,

but, oh, so genteel.

And curtsies for the leftover food

of the second table.

And the lovely frocks that the other girls

will no longer wear.

Oh, no, Laura. No tears.

We orphans must learn that the luxury of emotion

is for our betters.

Miss Pinkerton herself.

Miss Sedley. As you now leave us to return

to the polished and refined bosom of your family...

you depart rich in those virtues and accomplishments

which characterize the young English gentlewoman.

In Music, Dancing and Orthography

you have realized our fondest hopes.

And in the principles of religion and morality

you have proved yourself worthy

of this establishment.

Receive then, dear child, this elegantly bound copy

of the illustrious Dr. Johnson's dictionary

as a token of my affection.

A dictionary!

It shall always rest under my pillow.

Miss Sharp!

The time has come...
Oui, oui, mademoiselle. je veux vous faire mes adieux.
Be good enough to respond in the English tongue.
Oh, dear, Miss Pinkerton, I'd quite forgotten
that you can't quite understand French.
For a moment I thought I was talking
to my dear dead mother, whose language it was.
But who could blame me or any of us
for thinking of you as a mother?
Miss Sharp, what I meant to say was
you are about to go forth into the world alone,
unaided, to exist by the fruits of your labor.
I hope you go with the feeling of gratitude
for the gift you have received within these walls.
Oh, mum, what other feeling is possible?
Not one of hatred, certainly.
Not one of wanting to leave this place.
Or a feeling that you took me because I was useful.
Mercy, wasn't it a joy teaching the younger girls
Music and French
and knowing how much money I saved for you?
Oh, it was, it was.
Goodbye, then.
Oh, this dictionary, for you.
Miss Pinkerton. Mr. Joseph Sedley, mum.
Enter, sir.
Joseph!
Ahhh!
Dearest Jos.
Bless my soul, it must be you, is it?
Now, Jos, how many sisters have you?
Monstruous clever of you to put it that way.
Monstruous clever.
Welcome to Chiswick Mall, sir.
Your servant, mum.
Your sister's belongings are ready.
Splendid! Meredith!
Fetch my sister's trunk.
And now let us kiss our little friends, Amy,
and then be on our way.
Adieu, dear friend.
Oh, my Becky, to think we must part now.
Yes, part.
Where will you go? What's going to happen to you?

Does it matter?
Thank Heaven you're safely cared for.
Becky, permit me, my brother Joseph.
Your servant, mum.
Who's coming to take you away, darling?
The dilligence?
Public conveyance?
It will have to do.
I have no gallant brother to claim me.
But my four horses claim you,
that are waiting outside.
Miss Sharp's travelling arrangements
have already been made.
What is your destination?
I have no destination.
Not until I find a home. Oh, a room, a garret,
any pillow to lay my head upon.
Amelia, is this true? Not a pillow to her name?
No, it isn't true. No longer.
Becky, you're coming home with me
until you find suitable employment somewhere.
No, no, I mustn't burden you.
Oh, you angel.
Huzzah! I shout Huzzah!
My man will seek your trunk presently.
I feel it my duty to warn you.
I can't abandon her. She has nobody.
Nobody.
Goodbye, Miss Pinkerton. Goodbye!
Bye! Bye Amelia!
Goodbye, goodbye!
Miss Pinkerton! Words are but little thanks.
Yet let this speak volumes.
Back to your rooms!
For you, Becky.
I shall press this one too.
I've kept all of your dear flowers.
Becky, I don't know what to say to you.
By Jove, dare I call you my...
Your what, Joseph?
My bird?
Or something similar?
I wonder if your George Osborne in there
is calling Amelia something similar?

How I admire men who do not hesitate
to express their emotions.
I offer you my heart, my true affection.
I offer you love, Amelia, and a lifetime of devotion.
Now you've heard us both, the choice is yours, madam.
Why do you make it so difficult for me?
Two little boys I grew up with.
How am I to choose between them?
Am I to say no to you, William,
whom I've always respected?
Or to you, George, whom I've always...
Always...
Loved, Amelia, loved?
Admired.
Let him be your choice, then. Take George.
Oh, my dear.
I shall love you nonetheless, always.
Only I shall think of you as a sister.
A sister who is married to my best...
my oldest friend.
William Dobbin, no man had a truer friend.
By Jove, that scoundrel kissed my sister's hand.
I'll make him marry her.
Too late, Joseph.
The question has just been popped.
What? Why, I didn't realize it.
Why, that's beautiful.
What a handsome best man you'll make.
Only I'll not be there to see you.
I'll be gone by then.
Not if Joseph Sedley has anything to do with it.
How can Joseph Sedley keep me here?
By offering you the continued hospitality
of his father's home.
You're too noble. But if you were to keep me here any longer
I should never want to leave.
I'd dream that I could stay forever.
See you about me, receive your roses.
An idle dream, isn't it Joseph?
I... I...
A foolish unrealizable dream.
But I must face the world, look for employment,
Becky, Becky, don't,... I...
What is it, Joseph?

Do you care?
Do I care? Why I...
When I think of you without a home, I...
I'm completely a man... a man.
I... I...
Becky!
Becky, I've news to tell you, such wonderful news.
George...
Has asked for your hand and you accepted him.
Oh, my little blushing bride.
You are happy?
You'll never know how happy, you're not in love.
Perhaps I am.
Perhaps I too have given my heart.
And you never told me about it.
We wanted to surprise you.
Joseph is so shy, so timid.
Our Joseph?
Oh, Becky, you poor, poor girl.
Poor? Is Joseph so undesirable a match?
Oh, then it must be I.
Father would never approve.
I know him, he...
I understand.
I've reached above my station. I've no fine pedigree.
Stop, Becky. Father has ambitions for Joseph.
He plans to send him to India on government service.
Wise father. Don't weep precious.
I'll marry one of these days some worthy tradesman.
A draper, a greengrocer, someone humble
fit to my position.
Present my compliments to your father
and say that I'm leaving tonight.
And good luck to Joseph, the civil servant.
The government needs men of courage, decision,
men who are brave.
Well, here we are. Don't be making up your mind
too soon if you'll be wanting to stay here.
Are those... are they my pupils?
Ay, brood of Satan, that's what they are.
Well, you see, for better or worse,
you're at Queen's Crawley.
The food's bad, the service hard,
and the pay miserly.

I arranged for the position through correspondence.
Sir Pitt Crawley told you about all this in his letter,
did he?
Of course he didn't. He blessed the devil himself
a drive in the bargain.
For the last time, what is all that noise for?
Stop or it'll be the death of you!
Silence, have you lost your minds?
Quiet, you hear me?
Children, your governess.
Come and meet them.
Now. Try and make ladies and gentlemen of them.
This is their brother.
Nothing better that they for his cold ears.
I welcome you under our roof tree.
May you find peace and happiness here.
Peace and happiness, he says!
Stop it! Stop it!
I don't think I've had sufficient training
for the position your father so kindly offered me.
If you would so inform the Baronet.
He inform the Baronet?
Hasn't the Baronet ears of his own to hear?
Bless you, Missy. I am Sir Pitt Crawley
and these are my children.
Quiet! Quiet!
Quiet!
That's another son.
As worthless a scoundrel as ever wore
the King's uniform.
Then you'll not be staying, eh?
Pucks take it...
Why, you're the prettiest governess I've ever
had my hands on.
Sir Pitt, as I was saying, although I haven't had
enough experience for so exacting a position,
I should like to accept.
These dear little children have completely
won my heart.
You'll live to regret it.
But I'm glad.
My name is Becky, darlings.
Would you like me to read you a pretty story?
No!

And here I bring you "The Blind Washerwoman of Moorefield".
A moral and instructive volume.
Mr. Pitt, it's kind of you, but I haven't yet finished
"Thrupp's Legacy" that you brought me last week.
Read them both, then, read them both.
Works by pious authors are soothing to the soul.
What was that about the soul, Pitt?
Let me hear it too.
You know how your sermons always affect me.
You are too far sunk in the morass of iniquity,
my beloved brother, for my sermons.
I hope to see you later, Miss Rebecca.
Now I must work on my speech
for the questionable Aid Society.
Questionable Aid Society.
How on earth do you stand him, Becky?
What choice have I?
I must watch the side my bread is buttered on.
Why bread when that little mouth
was made for cake and kisses?
I know the two of you would willingly supply the second.
Oh, not enough.
Not half so nourishing as bread.
On the contrary. Every kiss counts, Becky.
I'm returning to London tomorrow.
Regimental duty.
London is such a large town.
So many willing lips to please a soldier.
Yes, but none like yours.
Becky, these pretty little hands,
who will hold them when I'm gone?
They'll be very busy.
Washing Violet, combing Rose,
mending Sir Pitt's shirts.
Oh, blasted, you shouldn't be doing all that.
Becky, if I were to ask you to come to London...
to find a position for you.
I've tried all that
No, Queen's Crawley is my haven.
Oh, but there must be something.
Some... Becky, wait!
I have an aunt in London.
Young and pretty, of course.
No, old and a spinster, but rich.

I can persuade her that she shouldn't stay alone.
That she needs a companion.
And I need a protector, Rawdon.
Becky!
Becky Sharp!
Can't you hear me? Where is that girl?
Sharp! Sharp! Sharp!
Miss Crawley, mam. Are you perhaps calling
Miss Sharp, mam?
No! I'm calling on heaven
to help me preserve me calm!
Where is me drops? Where is me jelly?
Am I to sit here and be murdered with inattention?
Where in blazes is that misbegotten girl?
Miss Crawley, mam,
if I may venture the opinion, mam...
Miss Sharp has left the house, mam.
Probably on some dark amorous errand.
Some dark amorous errand, eh?
I wouldn't put it past her.
I've been watching her for weeks.
A smile for the butcher, and a smile for the baker.
That girl hasn't a principle to bless herself with.
That's what I like about her.
What are those weeds doing here?
You know how vegetation nauseates me.
But these were brought by your nephew, mam.
Captain Crawley.
Very cozy nosegays.
Throw it out! And throw my nephew out too.
What the devil is he doing around here
every single day?
Well, that's not hard to guess, mam.
Miss Sharp has a way of blinking,
and a way of winking.
What? Are you suggesting that my nephew
would as much as notice that girl?
How dare you? Show him in.
And get Miss Sharp for me.
Go to her room! Get her!
Don't you come back here without her!
Yes, mam.
Oh, my head, my head.
I know I shall get the wafers.

Miss Crawley is awaiting you, sir.

Dear Aunt Julia.

Well, sir, to what am I indebted
for the question of the honor of this visit?

To the affection of a devoted nephew.

And do devoted nephews always get themselves
oiled and barbered to call on their maiden aunts?

Or did you hope to find Becky Sharp at home?

Answer me!

Becky, eh?

Now I will not have you so much as look at Becky.

Remember that!

That girl will twist you round her little finger.

But Aunt Julia, I assure you...

Don't assure me, sir, I assure you!

I will indulge and I've been generous. I've paid your card debts
and I've laughed at your extravagance!

But I'll not have you ensnared
by any calculated little snip of a menial.

The woman you marry must be a lady.

And a lady of quality!

How dare you come bounding into the room like this.

Just as I knowed. Miss Sharp's not in her room.

She's not in the house.

There isn't a stitch of clothing in the closet
and there's a trunk all packed.

Trunk? Packed? Well, where is it?

Bring it here! Instantly!

Well, well, well...!

Do you expect me to go for it myself?

Hurry! Hurry!

Who is it now?

Am I never to have any peace?

Rawdon, put that brandy down!

Hards and spirits are for invalids only.

Give it to me.

Mr. Pitt calling, mam.

That pewling hypocrite!

Don't you dare show him in!

Well, sir. Isn't London difficult enough
without your presence?

Here you come, reeking with the vulgar
urges of the country.

Madam, I've been sent by my good father.

That old ruffrube prate, what does he want?
My father wishes to know if you still have need
of Miss Rebecca's services.
I certainly haven't, but neither has he.
Sir Pitt is lonesome, madam, very lonesome.
If he's lonesome, let him join Napoleon at Elba.
Then they can both be lonesome together.
Ah, good!
The trunk, mam.
Bring it here.
Open it!
Now we shall see what we shall see.
Angels of Bath!
What the deuce is this?
Not what a respectable female I should gaze on.
And look at this!
Pantomime. And an orange wig!
Confound you, leave her things alone.
She's acting on my orders, Rawdon.
Here's her rouge...
Ah, cosmetics, sinful, sinful.
Give me that.
And here is Becky Sharp herself.
Wait! It's Becky's own handwriting.
"A Portrait of my Mother".
Becky Sharp's mother a dancer?
At the risk of contradicting you, mam,
Miss Sharp's mother was an aristocrat.
A French lady by the name of Montmorency.
You're wrong, Rawdon.
I have it on Miss Rebecca's own authority
that her mother's name was Denier.
Here it says
"a portrait of my mother by my father".
A painter fellow?
And I had it on Becky's own authority that her father
was distinguished and rich.
I don't care what that blasted thing says.
I don't believe a word of it, not a single word of it.
Believe it, Mr. Crawley.
Believe anything, everything!
Only these relics, they're mine, sacred to me.
And no hand shall ever touch them but my own.
How well I remember that sweet smile.

Her portrait painted in exile.
This is how she looked always when she'd bend over my bed,
singing me to sleep.
Yes, my mother was a dancer. She danced herself
and she taught others to dance.
But she was an aristocrat.
Oh, make no mistake about that.
A Montmorency of the finest blood of France.
And that was the thing for which
she was exiled by the Revolution.
Her chateau burned, her estate confiscated,
her fortune taken from her.
Yes, she danced. Danced to feed her baby,
her only child.
To clothe me, to shelter me!
Do you wonder now why I treasure these things
that remind me of my mother?
Oh, this string of beads!
Miss Rebecca! Don't.
Not all diminishes when the heart is pure.
How dare you! Apologize to Miss Sharp at once!
Miss Sharp, we apologize...
Poor girl!
We were so unjust to her.
A little brandy, please.
Send for Dr. Crackenbush.
I know I'm going to die.
We must all part when the hour cometh.
Come in.
Becky, darling, why didn't you tell me?
Do you suppose I would have cared who your mother was,
how you were brought up?
Why did you have to hide things from me?
If you had led my life you would want to hide
something even from yourself.
Oh, tell me, are you sorry about yesterday?
I Sorry? My Becky darling, you're my wife now,
my own sweet wife.
Your wife! We've been married less than 24 hours
and already you doubt my words.
I don't, darling. I only want to know...
Know? Want more? Still more? Endlessly?
Do you want to hear about my father?
How he drank? How drink killed his talent,

his hopes, his wife?
When he beat her. And when I begged him
"Daddy, Daddy, don't strike her, strike me!".
What do you think he did?

I'll tell you:

Oh, my sweet Becky. My poor darling.
Oh, don't pity me, perhaps I'm lying.
Perhaps I'm inventing the story as I go along.
I don't care, I still love you.
Oh, that's what I wanted to hear.
Love me, Rawdon. Love me.
I've had so little love in my life.
I've been kicked about so much.
Take me away from here.
Oh, but Becky, we couldn't do that.
My aunt would disinherit me.
Who cares if she does?
We mean more to each other than money.
Oh, darling, get a hackney coach.
Come for me when it's dark.
Oh, why did I want you, my silly?
What have you? Not a penny, not a plan, not ambition.
But we'll make out, my Rawdon, we'll make out.
Life owes me many things and I intend to get them.
All it takes is the least touch of wit.
Oh, don't look so disturbed.
I don't expect you to supply the wit.
That's my dowry to you.
Lieutenant Osborne, you silly!
I'll not have you saying such things in my house.
Marriage is far too sacred to jest about.
Amelia, did you hear what your husband said?
No, darling.
He said Rawdon was prolonging our honeymoon
just to scare other men away from me.
George is such a wit.
Yes, both of you are, dear.
Do you think I've done justice to your treasure,
Lieutenant Osborne?
Beautiful, so delicate.
Is that all the praise I deserve?
Oh, Amelia, your husband's embarrassing me.
He simply doesn't respond to art.

Don't be too critical, love.
Your beauty is too gentle to reproduce.
Becky, how talented you are.
It's lovely...
George, what the deuce is keeping you?
We want you back in the game.
Oh, George, please don't play anymore.
You've lost so much lately.
Oh, let him play.
Gambling is an agreeable vice for a young man.
We can't afford it. We're already in debt.
In debt?
Lo, my precious, look about you.
This is the house that debt built.
Why, I'm wearing a debt dress, standing on a debt rug.
We must owe money to every shopkeeper in London.
We mustn't, but we do. Come on, George.
Let me touch your hand. It will bring you luck.
Gentlemen, I said ace and I keep my word.
It's still pretty short.
Why not, it's quite earned.
Where's your lady, Rawdon? She promised
to stand behind my chair and bring me luck.
She promised me that.
That's the way she entices Rawdon's victims.
To the victims she pays no favors,
does she, gentlemen?
George, would you like to throw an eight?
How many years since I heard you play last?
It was on your own harpsichord.
How I envied you for it.
But then I envied you for so much.
For all that you had and I didn't.
Becky, you envied?
You didn't pay any attention to me at all.
You were too busy with Joseph.
That fat brother of yours?
Oh, how you all worried for fear I'd marry him.
That's why poor Joseph was shipped off to India,
wasn't it?
Becky, you know Father...
Never mind that.
That's all forgotten.
That's the past.

Oh, Becky. You're the most generous,
the most forgiving darling.
Becky. Amelia.
Captain Thorndyke has just told us.
Napoleon has escaped from Elba.
Napoleon?
Napoleon?
War?
War, yes.
Our regiment will be ordered to Belgium.
How terrible!
How amusing!
Becky! What are you saying?
What luck! What incredibly dazzling luck!
Are you out of your mind?
Yes, I'm crazy for joy!
War! Belgium! A new start!
What have we here? Debts.
Tradesmen getting nasty! Bills!
And why do you think our luck will improve
in Brussels?
Because...
we'll force it to.
Silver, aren't they pretty?
I found them in a little curiosity shop
and I couldn't resist them.
Seven.
Seven again.
Becky!
And don't imagine I'll ever use them.
How silly you are. You look so frightened.
They happened to amuse me.
I had no idea they were loaded.
Not for us, are they, dear?
That's not the way to coax Lady Luck.
Not your way.
By Gad, no.
No, sweet, no.
Remember what's ahead of us. Brussels! Brussels!
Everyone will be there. Officers with their wives.
The best people, the richest people.
Society! A new life, Rawdon.
Oh, we should be very grateful to Napoleon.
Darling.

Now I understand why Wellington keeps us
in Brussels.
England expects every man to do his duty...
nightly.
Now, General, don't make me sorry I invited you.
I shall send you home.
To be thrown out by the Duchess of Richmond
is the beginning of a social career.
Impossible man!
Don't listen to him. I adore it here.
So breathtaking, so brilliant.
Always the danger of a sudden attack.
No danger, my dear.
There will be no fighting till the Prussians join us.
Mrs. Crawley, a waltz, a single waltz.
No, don't ask me, not a waltz.
Can't I pressure you, Mrs. Crawley?
That's just what I was afraid of.
Such an immodest dance,
don't you think, Prince, all cling and swing.
It's the dance of the angel.
A fallen angel.
Mama, she slapped Papa.
That was Papa Mrs. Crawley slapped.
Pay no attention, Blanche.
You're too fine to notice such vulgarity.
Oh, that slap. What memories of my folks.
Would you believe, mum,
Mrs. Crawley honored Myers once by slapping him?
Why, the inelegant creature.
Whatever induced the Duchess of Richmond
to invite a mere ex-governess?
If I may, gentlemen, I'm weakening.
I find it impossible to choose from among you.
Then choose me, Becky.
Becky?
Don't you know me?
Have I changed so much in these few years?
Oh, no, it isn't you. It can't be.
Not Joseph Sedley.
The name sounds familiar to me, mam.
By Jove, Becky, it's good to see you.
You haven't changed a bit. I could have picked you out
from amongst the regiment.

I'm still the same little girl
who wasn't good enough for you to marry.
Don't say that, Becky. You know I'd have married you
in a moment if it hadn't been for those elephants.
You know, it was father who shipped me off to India
to hunt the blasted pachyderm.
I know, your dear little sister Amelia
told me all about it.
But, then, what were you doing in India, Jos?
Your son?
Becky! You blacken my character.
No, I collected taxes and butterflies for the Prince.
I gave him a lot of butterflies.
I'd rather hear about the taxes.
Come, let's make Rawdon listen.
Rawdon? Where is he?
Three eights, good for six
and one for his knob, seven.
Sorry, old chap, my game again.
As usual.
It's nothing but luck, eh, Rawdon?
Nothing but luck, George.
There you go, then I owe you 30 pounds.
Rawdon, George!
I brought you a dear, old friend.
Hello, Rawdon.
I've already seen Joseph, all of him.
Well, you've been neglecting me all evening.
Take me for a dance, George.
Joseph will play your silly cribbage.
Oh, Rawdon, perhaps you'll let him beat you
at billiards.
Billiards? I haven't touched a cue for three years.
Although we have a similar game in India.
Except we play it with one ball and a mallet
on horseback.
I'm dying for a dance.
No, I want to talk to you.
Here.
Now you shall give me my answer.
I'm not very good at giving answers.
I seldom listen to the questions.
You'll listen to this one.
Why didn't you reply to my letter?

Because only very silly people put such things
in writing.
Rawdon can read, you know.
What if he had seen your letter?
Or somebody had whispered about it into Amelia's
pearly little ears.
It's too late for me to be concerned
about Amelia.
You and I are going away.
Are we?
I love Rawdon, always remember that.
I remember it daily.
I remember when I lose to him 10 pounds, 50 pounds.
I tell myself it'll buy so much lace,
so much silk for Becky.
Champagne, servants. You've been expensive, Becky,
but I lost willingly.
Now, I've no more. I'm in debt.
Have you ever tried to borrow?
Not a bad method.
There's no one left to borrow from.
But that doesn't matter, does it?
You don't care anything about money.
You make such charming conversation.
Why do you deprive Amelia?
Becky, listen to me.
No, I don't want to go in there.
I can't bear to see them together.
Becky on George's arm.
George is either dancing with her or losing at cards
to her husband.
Oh, William, I can't do anything, I'm helpless.
I'll take Becky for a dance.
And after the dance?
She'd find him again, trust her.
If I could only make George understand.
And there's another thing I didn't like
about your letter.
You misspelled every other word.
Oh, hang my spelling. Don't play with me.
Is there someone else?
No.
Who is that man?
Oh, I intended just a homey, intimate affair.

A little singing, dancing.
Oh, my dear, dear Lord Steyne.
Dear Lord Steyne, I've been looking for you.
I thought you were hopelessly lost.
Your Grace must blame the Polish Ambassador.
Diplomatic secrets?
Not at all, the Ambassador too has chosen to bring his wife.
She has won me over completely
to the Polish cause.
At least to the better half of the Polish cause.
Tell me, what is his name?
I want to know.
How perfect your instincts are, Becky.
The Marquess of Steyne, Steyne with his millions.
Bigger game, eh?
Will you tell me about Napoleon?
I'm so interested in him.
Is there any danger here in Brussels?
No, madam, as far as I know,
Napoleon is many leagues away.
Is it true that the King of Prussia is bent
on leading his own army?
Really? When did he lead an army?
I wish I could whisper to you what the Czar Alexander
told me about that.
Milord, you hobnob with all the crowned heads
of Europe.
No, only with those that still remain
on their royal shoulders.
You see, dear Lady Bareacres,
royal heads have been known
to hop away from their bodies, especially in France.
Remarkable how many people managed
to come tonight.
Lady Blanche, I was so sorry to hear
of your mother's misfortune.
I do hope the operation was successful.
To think of her going blind at her age
and now she can't recognize even acquaintances.
These are glass eyes you're wearing,
aren't they?
Perfect, perfect.
I do hope they'll continue to attract men.
Oh!

Who is that woman?

The brightest new star in our social sky.

Introduce me. I can spend many nights studying astronomy.

Mrs. Crawley, permit me.

The Marquess of Steyne asks the honor
of your acquaintance.

Milord.

Will you favor me with a dance, Mrs. Crawley?

What a joy it is to waltz.

So fond of it?

Oh, I could die for the waltz.

There are some who call it an immodest dance,
but I've always called it the dance of the angels.

George, Amelia's alone on the terrace.

Go to her. Ask her for a dance.

It's a drink I need, not a dance.

For me, war is rising stocks.

I play for Napoleon's defeat. What do you play?

I? Patience.

The we are both above the fortunes of nations.

But not above wars.

Or champagne, froth, bubbles.

Your head swims, your heart beats.

Then your glass is empty.

And you wait for the headache.

Headaches can be cured.

Heartaches too, milord?

By drinking more wine. A new bottle.

And a new hand to pour it.

Oh, milord, I get drunk so easily.

Are we both waiting for a light in that sky,
madam?

Yes, I want this night to end.

I don't want the dark.

Heaven knows if it will end too soon.

If light comes before it's due.

Your Grace.

Who was that man?

The Duke of Wellington.

What's there in the distance?

There? A village. A small village.

Waterloo, or some such name.

And then we went on from the...

And it was at that point...

What was that?
Did you hear it?
Shhh. Listen again.
Cannon?
Thunder?
Artillery?
No, it must be a thunderstorm.
I say, was that a cannon?
Your Grace, can they shoot this far?
Sometimes they almost wish they could.
It's nothing. It must have been the wind.
It's just a thunderstorm.
I was so frightened.
It's a false alarm.
Let's dance.
Music! Play music!
It's Napoleon!
Get my carriage!
Wait for me here.
I'll take you home in my carriage.
Becky!
Come with me. I'll take you home.
We could still leave.
The call to the colors. Did you hear, Lieutenant?
The call to the colors.
It means nothing to me. You are coming with me.
I'll desert, Becky, we'll go somewhere.
To Canada, to Sidney.
Only let's hurry. There's still time.
Why not take your wife, George?
Occasionally you must remember that you're married.
George!
Oh, my dear, I've been so concerned about you.
You, Becky, concerned about anyone but yourself?
You can't take George from me.
By heavens!
You'll never take him from me.
You're excited, Amelia, you're frightened.
I don't want your George. See her home, George.
Take care of my poor Amy.
Au revoir, George.
I'll be watching you from above.
Rawdon!
Darling!

Oh, Rawdon!

Darling, where have you been?

Wellington's orders.

I just dashed back for a few moments.

Oh, darling, I have so many things to tell you before I go.

I've been happy with you.

I've gambled and I drank but always...

always I've loved you.

We've loved each other, understood each other.

Here, take this money. I shan't need it.

You sell my watch, my silver dressing case.

Oh, darling, I leave you with so many debts.

No!

Sell my two horses.

Don't think about money. I'll make out.

I'll pray for you Rawdon. I want you back.

I love you!

I love you and I'll never love anybody else.

I must go now, but remember...

Never forget this.

I worship you, Becky, from your little toes up.

What shall I do? What will happen to me?

What will I do? How shall I get out of here?

Answer me, you little devil!

Answer me!

No horse, Sahib.

All join the army.

Now what? Now what?

Am I to rot away in Brussels?

Why did I ever leave India? Why?

Why?

Becky!

Not a single horse left in Brussels.

Is this the end of justice, Becky?

I could sell you a horse.

Becky!

I can sell you two horses.

A brown and a pink.

What? You're robbing!

Two thousand for the pair.

No, five hundred.

Do you prefer to walk?

You get winded so easily.

Seven-fifty for one horse.
Your proportions call for two horses.
Two thousand for the pair.
Two thousand pounds. I'm ruined.
Ruined. I could have bought a herd of elephants
for that.
Becky, where are those horses?
In the main stable. They'll recognize you.
The drums. The marching men.
In an hour they'll be dying for their country.
Dying for their country.
Well, I'm dying for my breakfast.
Lady Southdown, would you do me the honor.
Lord Liverpool, please condescend.
And Mrs. Sedley, would you please.
Your Grace... Mr. Sheridan.
My dear brother.
What honorable man is to sue for the privilege
of sitting on your right?
The loser is to challenge the winner to pistols
at forty paces.
Lord Dobbins is next to Lady Southdown
and you are by the famous Mrs. Sittons.
What would Mayfair say if that old Dane sat next to me?
They'd clap their hands.
You can't clap your hands
when you're whispering behind your palms.
Lord Steyne.
Bizarre. I shot a hog for the Tsar!
With all these famous men here,
I feel I'm still in the House of Lords.
Or lying in Westminster Abbey.
Why did you bring me here, Pitt?
This is a wicked and immoral atmosphere.
Look at Lord Steyne and that woman.
That woman is your sister-in-law now, Jane,
please remember.
And remember also that she's very pious.
Why, before I married you
she and I used to read sermons together.
Everything is so delightful in your new home,
my dear.
These pictures, are they family portraits?
Ancestors, Lady Southdown.

Oh, yours or Captain Crawley's?
Mine. The Duke and Duchess de Cordonnet.
Lavinia and Alastair. I bought them last week.
Five pounds a piece.
Bravo!
You've got them eating out of your hand.
But they may bite it later.
Becky, you've arrived.
Where, milord, not St. James's Palace?
Not yet.
Patience, Becky, patience.
The Queen presenteth Miss Elizabeth Cooper.
Now watch out for Mrs. Crawley.
She has wagered me a hundred pounds if the Prince Regent
will stop the presentation to talk to her.
It's unthinkable. The Court of St. James
will be shaken to its solemn foundation.
The foundations may be solemn, but the head isn't.
The Queen presenteth Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.
Did you get it?
Yes, I have, Your Grace.
And the man actually guarantees to take
ten pounds off every week.
The Queen presenteth Lady Cybil Clay.
Voil, madame.
Oh, exquis! Ravissant!
Oui, c'est sduisant, madame!
Very elegant, Becky!
Tell him I'll keep it.
Il ne peut pas le laisser sans avoir ru
quelque chose.
Is the man mad? Can you imagine a tradesman
demanding cash in this house?
An outrage! Shall I kick him down the stairs?
Be your usual gallant self and just pay the bill.
Voil, monsieur.
Twenty-five pounds?
Oui, monsieur.
I don't pay that much for my Sunday breeches.
Merci, monsieur.
Look here, Becky.
Everytime I come here it costs me money.
You either borrow or I have to pay the bill,
like a gentleman.

Why do you come?
To advance myself.
Did you or did you not promise me
that Lord Steyne would have me appointed to some post?
Well, I've spoken to him and he thinks you'd make
a very fine Consul...
at some distant spot.
When?
When? I thunder, when?
Promises are not enough. Am I a Consul?
Do I wear a sword and a cocked hat?
Do I stand for the British land?
No! Thrice no!
Yes! Thrice yes! It's all settled.
You are to be made Consul for Sierra Leone.
Sierra Leone?
Sierra Leone.
But, Becky. Those chaps are all cannibals.
How will they take to me?
Oh, I think they'll get to like you...
bit by bit.
Huh? But... look here, Becky.
At last!
Hello, Rawdon.
Where on earth have you been?
I've worried about you all night long.
I'm sorry. You shouldn't have.
I stayed at the club.
Club, eh?
You must have met some sirens, that's what.
Sirens.
Come now, Rawdon, confess.
You'll come again tomorrow, won't you?
Well, I'm here now, you know.
Wouldn't this be a good time for you to be buying
that cocked hat and sword?
That's right.
I'll sally forth and have me outfitted.
Bit by bit. Your servant, Becky.
Your servant, Rawdon.
My echo... sounds.
Carey & Carter thirty-seven pounds for livery.
And here's a little bill due for eight hundred
or they'll sue.

Bagatelle.

What's wrong, Rawdon?

Everything. I had a nasty night at the club.

Almost came to blows with Dussais.

Others had to separate us and all that sort of rot.

But why?

He kept hounding me and fretting me
about the four hundred pounds that I owe him.

He demanded immediate payment.

A pretty time he picked. We haven't sixpence.

I know, that's the devil of it.

After the row it became a matter
for the entire club.

Naturally a debt of honor.

I was instructed to pay immediately.

You go away for a few days
and the whole thing will blow over.

No, it won't.

This is not like owing money to a shopkeeper.

This is a gambling debt. I pay or I'm expelled.

Captain Dobbin is in charge of collecting it.

Who?

William Dobbin. He represents the club.

Dussais, that little swine. He was here last week
and he never even mentioned the debt.

He and I gambled while you played billiards.

Gambled? What did you play?

Dice. And I won.

For heaven's sake, you didn't...

The loaded dice? Oh come, come.

I promised you I never would. A promise is a promise.

I don't even know where they are.

I seem to have lost them.

Why do you look at me like that?

What do you see?

That I've become a liar, a cheat?

Oh, no, no.

But how can I help worrying, Becky?

Where is all this leading us?

Is there any end? Are we getting anywhere?

Who knows, who cares?

We live elegantly on nothing to gear.

Look at all the splendor.

It won't last.

We are paying heavily little bits of ourselves.
Well, it's worth the price.
Women who cut me last year would give their eyes
to be where I am now because they envy me.
This is what I've worked for. I won't give it up!
Don't ask me to.
Oh, darling, enjoy it with me.
But I can't get Dussais out of my mind.
I'll raise the money somehow.
I could borrow it from...
Steyne? You won't, not from him.
We have to take the money from where we can find it.
Not Steyne's money.
I won't have all London thinking that...
You don't really trust me, do you?
Is that what you wish to say?
Oh, no, darling.
I'll believe only what you tell me
and nothing that you deny.
Then believe that I'm your Becky and that I love you,
I love you and nothing else matters...
Don't worry, darling.
Dobbin can be persuaded to wait.
Mrs. Crawley, I'm a brother officer of your husband's
and I'm sincerely trying to help him.
All I can say is that the debt will have to be paid promptly,
it's a debt of honor.
But I've told you, we have no money.
Where do you propose I turn
for four hundred pounds?
I have no suggestions to make.
And I'm afraid you have to raise five hundred,
not four.
Really? A hundred pounds added for interest
or damages to Dussais' wounded feelings?
I'll try to explain as kindly as I can.
Mr. Dussais came to me privately.
He's too much the gentleman
to charge this before the club.
It seems that you played dice with him
some time last week and he lost a hundred pounds.
He did? Well, it's too hard to remember.
At your house. You used a pair of silver dice.
Loaded dice.

He managed to take them with him
after the game.
Unfortunately I've never seen them before.
Do you intend to use them?
I hope not.
Come now, aren't you rather enjoying this?
Here I am. You've always considered me
Amelia's bad angel.
You've always hated me. Now I'm in your power.
You're not in my power, I'm still trying
to help Rawdon.
Oh, of course, then this isn't a personal matter.
Then, if I appeal to your chivalry,
would you lend me the money?
No?
But perhaps you'd grant me a delay?
I don't think I could persuade Mr. Dussais.
I didn't think you would.
Sure, I came all prepared to do business with you.
I have something to sell, something I think
you'll be interested in buying.
Madam, I couldn't possibly be...
Wait until you see it, I've brought it with me.
By the way, I was brokenhearted to hear
that Amelia had rejected you again.
Mrs. Crawley!
Poor, darling Amelia...
she's still possessed with the idea
that she must be true to George.
Loyal to the dear ghost who was so true to her
when he was alive.
I have no desire to discuss...
Not to discuss how to gain the key
to her rusted little heart, Captain?
What noble self-denial.
George wrote me a letter.
Not a literary gem, but clear.
The idea was that he and I elope.
You remember the Duchess of Richmond's ball?
We were to go away that night.
It would be invaluable in your courtship.
Can you imagine the change it would bring in Amelia?
It's for sale. Five hundred pounds.
Mrs. Crawley, women like you...

How much time have I to pay?
Till tomorrow morning.
Oh, generous, generous.
You'll get the money!
I was just thinking. If I were Amelia would I respond
any more readily to your charms.
I walked up and down in front of the hotel.
And I didn't dare come in.
But how could I resist when I knew
you were in town?
Rebecca, you haven't told me anything.
What is it? What has happened? Tell me.
No, I can't, your kindness only makes it worse.
Rebecca, my dear girl, my own little sister.
Tell me, I have a right to know.
I'm the head of the family now.
Alas, you force me.
It's so humiliating to talk of money.
Oh, dear, perhaps you're right.
Your secrets are your own.
Yes, why should I tell you that I need
five hundred pounds at once or else I'll kill myself.
You shouldn't, you mustn't. Even if you did,
I couldn't afford any more money.
Oh, I know, I know.
You've always been most generous.
Besides, someone else has offered to help me.
Someone else, who?
Oh, a friend.
On second thought, you can have it, sister.
Brother!
But on a condition.
That you let me rescue you from
an unholy and imprudent connection.
I refer to the Marquess of Steyne.
Promise me that. Dear Rebecca, promise me.
My conscience is against it. My conscience.
Your conscience is kissing my hand now.
With my brotherly love.
Oh, Rebecca, do you recall
how we read sermons together?
Couldn't we read a few soon?
Isn't the Marquess of Steyne fortunate?
He has no conscience.

And as for brotherly love, not an ounce of it.
Thus each performs her part, Mamma,
the birds have found their voices,
If I'm to find five hundred pounds for you
we must discuss my part, hm?
The blowing rose a flush, Mamma,
her bonny cheek to dye...
Why do you sing, my dear?
It's such a prosaic matter.
I sing because I'm embarrassed
and I sing because I hate to beg.
I'm sorry I appear to make it so difficult for you.
The money is at your disposal, of course.
What's it for this time? Pretty ribbons,
toast for your breakfast?
Or to save my name?
Or charity?
Ah, charity! There we have it.
I'm trying to help an unfortunate man
with a deserving wife.
Perhaps you know them. The Crawley's.
He got in a disagreeable mess at his club.
A gambling debt.
I'm delighted with the opportunity to serve you.
If I give you this money
will you consider the possibility of granting me
this evening
that little supper that you've promised me
for so long now?
I've been very patient, you know.
I am sorry, but Rawdon and I planned
something else for this evening.
Will he not be going to the club in a hurry to pay
that unfortunate debt?
Perhaps.
He'll have to, won't he?
Yes.
Thank you, my dear.
And now, go on with your singing.
You sing most charmingly.
And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma,
which wakens and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, Mamma,
and that's the reason why...

And so I sing and blush, Mamma,
No luck.
No? Did you try everybody?
Yes, everybody.
Come here.
Sit down.
Shut your eyes.
Now isn't that a wonderful surprise?
Wonderful.
Where did you get it?
Steyne?
Nonsense!
Lord Southdown came in this afternoon.
You know he owed me five hundred pounds.
No, I didn't. When did you discover it?
The moment he sent the money, silly.
He did? I thought he came over.
Well, both. He came over and...
he sent Fifine then with it.
Well, take it, darling. Be on your way with it.
There's no time to lose.
No, I suppose not.
Oh, darling, you've had a miserable day.
You need some amusement.
Would you like to stay at the club this evening
and play billiards?
Yes.
Rawdon, you're not taking the money.
Yes, I was going to leave the money,
wasn't I?
But you must go tonight.
Tonight, eh?
It would be quite serious if I didn't.
Tonight.
I agree with you.
Oh, Rawdon, it's our last debt.
We'll never have another...
once this last debt is paid.
It really happened?
It may have.
No sugar.
Thank you for remembering.
Ah, your little heart is flurried.
And my little head is in the clouds.

And your senses swim. Don't leave that out, Becky.
In a sea of happiness. I don't know what I am about.
I'll tell you.
You are about to eat a strawberry.
I saw you watching while I was kissing your hand.
Milord, you've wounded me.
Do you question my emotions?
On the contrary.
I am flattered that a midnight visit from the wolf
should prove so exciting to a lamb of your
coolness and self-possession.
I'm sorry to disappoint your Lordship,
but this lamb is far from being excited.
She thinks there's some good in every wolf.
Poor, optimistic lamb.
What was that?
Somebody seen in the street, or quarreling,
or making love.
Why, you don't expect an intruder, do you?
No, returning husbands can hardly be called intruders.
What a pity that yours is forced to remain away.
You seem confident, milord.
I am.
Curious enough, Mr. Crawley was arrested by a bailiff
just as he was entering his club.
Arrested?
So I have reason to believe.
Of course, I wasn't there to see for myself.
It was the most unfortunate mistake.
In the morning the mistake will be discovered.
There will be apologies and the whole thing
will be treated as a harmless little joke.
Only a joke? Then we are free to enjoy the wine.
And with your wit and charm,
how easy it will be to forget everything.
Not everything, Becky.
You mustn't forget your ambitions.
Ambitions?
I've worked like a galley slave
to get into your fine society.
And what have I got for it?
The privilege of dining with the dullest people in London.
You can't have ancestors and not be dull.
I'd rather be a parson's wife.

But you're not, Becky.
You've your own cock and soul in men's stockings.
No, nor do I replenish the earth.
Therefore you must enjoy life as you find it, Becky.
We mustn't be hypocrites, you know.
Otherwise, what would happen
to things like this little feast of ours?
This innocent little feast.
Milord, always your little generousities.
What beautiful pearls.
Didn't you hear something?
You heard your own wicked little heart.
No, no!
How did you do it, Becky?
How the devil did you ever catch my fancy
because there isn't an ounce of sweetness
or goodness about you.
That's your secret.
Wait, wait, we must drink to that.
To your marvelous portrait of me.
To your shrewd understanding.
Here's to...
Rawdon. Milord and I are having...
Milord and I...
You didn't go to the club.
When you left the house you didn't go to the club.
A trap, hmm?
Mrs. Crawley's husband returns to his home unexpectedly.
He doesn't go to his club.
Well, sir, how much am I blackmailed for?
I've done nothing, I'm innocent.
Milord, tell him I'm innocent.
Innocent?
Come off with the amount.
I've already paid five hundred...
for your absence.
No, no, Rawdon!
I'll make you pay for this.
You'll regret this to the end of your life.
Why bother?
Why squabble about something that you don't own...
and I don't want.
Rawdon, listen to me.
If I've ever done anything...

Those pearls, take them off.
I'll explain, I have nothing to hide.
All the world might have been here...
Don't hate me!
Oh, let them go, I don't want them.
It's only you I want.
I love you, I love you...
I won't let you go! I'll fight for you!
I couldn't have done anything else.
I had to help, I had to do something for you,
for both of us.
Don't hate me, try to understand.
All right, darling, I'm yours.
Nothing else matters.
My love for you is the only real thing
that I have in my life.
Don't take that away from me!
Don't leave me!
You can't leave me, I'm your wife!
You're not my wife!
Just someone I was once married to.
But that's over with!
Rawdon!
Oh, Rawdon!
They'll all laugh at me!
Oh, how they'll laugh!
Oh, I love Windy!
Oh, I love Nelly.
Up, Windy! Up, Windy!
Capital! Capital!
I had no idea I'd fancy this.
The seamy side of life, me boy.
The seamy side, eh?
We've been watching the seams.
Young Molly who lives at the foot of the hill
whose fame every maiden with envy doth fill.
Why, Myers, that's Mrs. Crawley! Becky!
She's been out of England.
She's either come back or I'm seeing things.
Hey, that's my fear you're singing to.
Here, here, don't annoy her ladyship.
They call her the lass with the delicate air.
I say, I'm delicate. See how delicate I am.
Then tell me ye swains who have conquered

the fair
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air
Delicate! That was my trouble.
How to win the dear lass...
with the delicate air.
How to win the dear lass with the...
delicate air.
...with the delicate air
Out! Out with you!
You impostor!
You fraud! You've disgraced my house!
The finest place in Bath.
A pigsty, run by a hog for swine.
And what are you?
A lady!
Forthright, dearie, read the cards.
Ask them where to find the money
for the landlord.
'Cause you pay today, or out you go.
Tell him I'll settle tomorrow.
Do you think he'll believe that?
He knows all about what happened
to the great singer last night.
I'm expecting a remittance any day now.
I've written to my brother who's a rich man,
a baronet.
Your brother, eh?
I used to call them me cousins.
I had an earl and a count.
You wouldn't think it, would you,
looking at me now.
But I was a dancer.
I had me home in Park Lane.
Me jewels, me carriages.
Now I got me broom and me scrubbing brush.
There won't be any brush for me nor broom,
you old crow.
It's not in the cards.
The king of hearts... Rawdon...
See how close we are to each other?
There's the king of spades between them.
The king of spades. He always keeps us apart.
Well, you can forget about it if you drink
enough brandy.

Superstition, nonsense.

I'm not the queen of hearts and Rawdon's
not the king.

Who cares? Cards won't bring him back, anyway.

Then why do you sit here wishing and sighing?

Because I dream and I don't want to dream.

I don't want to see him shipwrecked, killed,
dying of fever.

The ace of spades.

Do you think he's dead?

Cards never lie.

Now what the devil?

Perhaps we're not welcome.

Here!

Mrs. Crawley.

Becky!

Come in!

Becky! What a time I had finding you.

What happened to you after the theater last night?

Did you fly off in a balloon?

Becky, you mustn't look away.

Amy, how can I face you here, looking like this?

Ah!

Joseph, my gentle friend.

Now, that's better.

Thought you were going to throw me out.

That brush in my stomach wasn't very cordial.

Amy, what are you doing here?

Why did you come?

Nothing could have kept me away.

When Joseph came home and said

that he'd seen you...

I said, "Amy, I've just seen Becky cutting capers."

She said, "You didn't",

I said, "I did, capers."

We'd have gone on arguing for hours,

but Dobbin arrived with a pineapple.

Dobbin? Is he with you?

Are you married to him?

Oh, no, he just happened to accompany us.

He's been happening for years.

What I mean to say is, accompanying Amy.

At this very moment he's down in the caproom
accompanying a mug of beer.

He wouldn't come up, he still remembers.
Don't, Becky, the past must be forgotten.
Not there, dear, it's such a mess!
I've been too sick, too dejected
to put things in order.
It doesn't matter, dear.
We always used to fit on the bed for our talks.
Come sit by me.
Amelia.
Becky...
I still have your little bed from my house.
How would you like to have it again
for your very own?
I offer it to you with all the old affection.
Amelia!
You can't stay here. Come live with me.
Oh, this is a dream.
Dream, eh? Well, it isn't.
Leave us, Jos.
Go down to Dobbin in the caproom.
Becky and I have much to say that's not
for strange ears.
My ears are strange? They're the same ones
I've worn for forty years.
Did you mean what you said?
Do you know what you're doing for me?
You're saving me from myself, from this.
from Pitt, with his leering charity
and his clammy hands.
I've written him a letter, pleading for money.
You have no need of him now.
No, I can go with you.
Oh, for the first time in years I'm happy again.
I can breathe. You've done this for me.
You, Amy, you.
You've been like a sister to me, always.
Come in.
You decided to come up, after all.
Amelia! Joseph has just told me
that you've asked Mrs. Crawley to...
Oh, I knew it. It was too good to last.
That you've asked her to come and live with you.
He told you the truth, William.
Becky is the oldest friend I have in the world.

She wasn't always a friend to you.
I don't care to remember that.
Isn't there such a thing as forgiveness?
Forgive her if you will, help her, give her money,
but don't take her with you.
She needs me.
She's hard, she's selfish, she'll take advantage of you.
As your friend I can't let you do this.
Promise me you won't.
I've given you the devotion of a lifetime.
This is the only favor I've ever asked of you.
If you deny me,
this will mean the end of our friendship.
I must do what's right.
Then, goodbye.
William!
You're in love with the man.
You can't live without him.
It would break your heart to lose him.
Amy, I'm not coming home with you.
I'll not let you do this.
I'll send you back to Dobbin...
no matter how much he's hated me.
Don't give up, love.
Don't let it be taken from you by me or anybody else.
Fight for it, keep it. It doesn't come often.
But you...
Don't worry about me. I'll manage.
Go downstairs, he'll be waiting for you.
Take his hand. Ask him to marry you.
I can't. I'll never marry him.
You will, why shouldn't you?
Because of George.
I must be true to his memory, to his love.
Love, why you fool, you monkey,
he never really loved you.
He did!
I'll prove it to you.
No matter what you say, I think he did.
He was never faithful to you.
He made love to me when you were hardly married.
Your husband in heaven... Here it is.
You know the handwriting. He wrote this to me.
Sent it to me in Brussels right under

your unsuspecting little nose.
Now you know. Now you're free
to forget the past.
Go to the man who really loves you.
Marry him!
Go on, go on!
I say, Amy, did you and Dobbin have a breeze?
Jos, you're drunk.
Drunk? I, drunk?
This is an injustice.
Am I her only brother?
Similarly, is she my only sister?
Similarly, where is she running to?
To Dobbin. She's going to marry him.
What?
Why, I... think that's beautiful.
What's the matter with you?
What have you lost?
Lost my heart out of my bosom.
To see my sister blessed with such happiness.
Why weep? They'll be happy but they haven't stolen
all the happiness in the world.
I think they have.
Would you like to sit down and be
just as happy as they are?
Yes.
Do you like brandy, Joseph?
How will it sit with the beer in me?
Perfect! Extra fine cognac.
And we have biscuits and golden doughnuts.
We'll have a feast.
Do you mind sharing the plate with me?
No. Quite the contrary.
I'll even share the bottle.
I have only one knife, I'm ashamed to admit.
Isn't it enchanting?
Enchanting? You're enchanting too.
Drink hearty, drink deep.
A million years have passed since we drank together.
Or sat together undisturbed.
Returning glance for glance, smile for smile.
Golden doughnut for golden doughnut.
To the happy two people.
To the memory of the past.

And the joy of the present.
When two people meet again and they agree.
That's it!
Agree!
Honors to our sentiments, Becky!
Think of a a little cottage with the trees,
the stars above...
Honors to the stars above!
And the murmuring of moonlit streams
and the perfume of love...
Does that fetch you, you dear, gay fellow?
It's you that are gay, Becky.
Gay and... gallant.
Come, come closer, Becky.
Jos, you frighten me. You're so intense.
Intense, but honorable, Becky.
Tell me, are you a widow?
Yes, or no, because you must become...
my widow next.
Later, later we'll talk about it.
Now you must help me pack.
I've had enough of all this. We're going!
Going? Where?
Mayfair, India, anywhere! Away from all this.
We can't, Becky, I have no money.
No money? You're poor?
Who dares accuse Joseph "Waterloo" Sedley of poverty?
No, it's just that I have no cash.
We'll have to wait here for a week
until my next month's allowance comes.
But I can't wait.
The landlord will have me jailed by then.
Speak of the devil.
Who's there?
It's I, Rebecca. And Jane.
They're here. My letter, they've come.
What shall I do?
Let me throw them out.
Wait! Perhaps they are a blessing in disguise.
Becky! Sister!
Brother!
The money we need. I'll get it from Pitt.
Oh, darling James. I can't believe it's really you.
One moment. I must make myself presentable.

Climb out the window.
If Pitt finds you here,
I'll never get the money from him.
Climb out!
I can't. The cheers have gone to my head.
I'm almost ready, quite ready.
Here... hurry!
Oh, this bliss, this happiness!
Oh, Jane.
My Jane.
My forgiving kinsman, to see you again.
To feel my hand in yours after such a long time.
Your letter came, Rebecca.
Our hearts we were deeply touched by your plight.
My prayers have been answered.
Yes, we've come to rescue you.
To restore you to the bosom of our family,
to the tranquility of Queen's Crawley.
Queen's Crawley? Oh, I'm overcome.
Before we do that, my dear,
you must cleanse your soul.
Rebecca, would it not make you happy
to go to church with us?
Before we talk of anything else?
Oh, I'd go happily, happily.
As soon as I settle with the landlord.
He'll not let me leave the house
until I pay him the money I owe him.
Isn't the peace of your soul more urgent?
Yes, but so is the landlord urgent.
I trust it's not a large amount.
No. Two hundred pounds.
Settle with him for thirty-five.
One hundred and fifty?
Fifty then.
Make it a hundred, brother.
Then we can go and listen to the sermon.
Thank you.
What was that? Aren't you alone?
Alone, always alone. It must have been a mouse.
Now, dear, get your wallet and come.
To regain peace.
Yes, regain... peace...
Oh... Peace... regain...

Oh, what's wrong? Oh, dear.
My heart. The excitement of seeing you again.
Water.
Oh, no, perhaps I'll feel better soon if I rest.
Yes, rest. And I shall stay with you
and care for you in your need.
Oh, no, you mustn't. I'd never forgive myself
if you missed the service.
You must go, dear. I'm used to my solitude.
Please go and come back for me later.
Come, dear, Rebecca is overwrought.
Soon as she rests she will be better.
This book of moral precepts that we brought you...
When you're better, read and profit.
The title is "Rewards of Virtue."
Until later then, poor child.
Rest well.
One hundred pounds. And I owe the landlord twelve.
Don't stand there blinking at me.
You must get out of here.
I'm not blinking. That's love.
The trunk's for our love.
Put those letters in then lock it.
We're going. Going.
India. Rich places. Taxes to collect.
Butterflies and elephants.
Fine Rajahs in rubies and gold.
The box! The box!
Pitt! Brother!
Yes, Rebecca?
My deepest gratitude, brother,
for virtue is its own reward!