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Gone with the Wind

By Sidney Howard

Chapter 1 Scarlett's Jealousy

(Tara is the beautiful homeland of Scarlett, who is now talking with the twins, Brent and Stew, at the door step.)

BRENT:

What do we care if we were expelled from college, Scarlett. The war is going to start any day now so we would have left college anyhow.

STEW:

Oh, isn't it exciting, Scarlett? You know those poor Yankees actually want a war?

BRENT:

We'll show 'em.

SCARLETT:

Fiddle-dee-dee. War, war, war. This war talk is spoiling all the fun at every party this spring. I get so bored I could scream. Besides, there isn't going to be any war.

BRENT:

Not going to be any war?

STEW:

Ah, buddy, of course there's going to be a war.

SCARLETT:

If either of you boys says "war" just once again, I'll go in the house and slam the door.

BRENT:

But Scarlett honey..

STEW:

Don't you want us to have a war?

BRENT:

Wait a minute, Scarlett...

STEW:

We'll talk about this...

BRENT:

No please, we'll do anything you say...

SCARLETT:

Well-
but remember I warned you.

BRENT:

I've got an idea. We'll talk about the barbecue the Wilkes are giving over at Twelve Oaks tomorrow.

STEW:

That's a good idea. You're eating barbecue with us, aren't you, Scarlett?

SCARLETT:

Well, I hadn't thought about that yet, I'll...I'll think about that tomorrow.

STEW:

And we want all your waltzes, there's first Brent, then me, then Brent, then me again, then Saul. Promise?

SCARLETT:

I just love to.

STEW:

Yahoo!

SCARLETT:

If only ..if only I didn't have every one of them taken already.

BRENT:

Honey, you can't do that to us.

STEW:

How about if we tell you a secret?

SCARLETT:

Secret? Who by?

BRENT:

Well, you know Miss Melanie Hamilton, from Atlanta?

STEW:

Ashley Wilkes' cousin? Well she's visiting the Wilkes at Twelve Oaks.

SCARLETT:

Melanie Hamilton, that goody-goody. Who wants no secret about her.

BRENT:

Well, anyway we heard...

STEW:

That is, they say..

BRENT:

Ashley Wilkes is going to marry her.

STEW:

You know the Wilkes always marry their cousins. BRENT
Now do we get those waltzes?

SCARLETT:

Of course.

BRENT:

Yahoo!

SCARLETT:

It can't be true...Ashley loves me.

STEW:

Scarlett!

(Scarlett couldn't accept the fact of Ashley's marriage, she rushes to find her father. Mr. O'Hara is just back from a ride.)

Mr. O'HARA

(To his horse) There's none in the county can touch you, and none in the state.

SCARLETT:

Paw? How proud of yourself you are!

Mr. O'HARA

Well, it is Scarlett O'Hara. So, you've been spying on me. And like your sister Sue Ellen, you'll be telling your mother on me, that I was jumping again.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Paw, you know I'm no 'tattle like Sue Ellen. But it does seem to me that after you broke your knee last year jumping that same fence.....

Mr. O'HARA

I'll not have me own daughter telling me what I shall jump and not jump. It's my own neck, so it is.

SCARLETT:

All right Paw, you jump what you please. How are they all over at Twelve Oaks?

Mr. O'HARA

The Wilkes? Oh, what you expect, with the barbecue tomorrow and talking, nothing but war...

SCARLETT:

Oh bother the war....was there, was there anyone else there?

Mr. O'HARA

Oh, their cousin Melanie Hamilton from Atlanta. And her brother Charles. SCARLETT

Melanie Hamilton. She's a pale-faced mealy-mouthed ninny and I hate her.

Mr. O'HARA

Ashley Wilkes doesn't think so.

SCARLETT:

Ashley Wilkes couldn't like anyone like her.

Mr. O'HARA

What's your interest in Ashley and Miss Melanie?

SCARLETT:

It's...it's nothing. Let's go into the house, Paw.

Mr. O'HARA

Has he been trifling with you? Has he asked you to marry him?

SCARLETT:

No.

Mr. O'HARA

No, nor will he. I have it in strictest confidence from John Wilkes this afternoon, Ashley is going to marry Miss Melanie. It'll be announced tomorrow night at the ball.

SCARLETT:

I don't believe it!

Mr. O'HARA

Here, here what are you after? Scarlett! What are you about? Have you been making a spectacle of yourself running about after a man who's not in love with you? When you might have any of the bucks in the county?

SCARLETT:

I haven't been running after him, it's...it's just a surprise that's all.

Mr. O'HARA

Now, don't be jerking your chin at me. If Ashley wanted to marry you, it would be with misgivings, I'd say yes. I want my girl to be happy. You'd not be happy with him.

SCARLETT:

I would, I would.

Mr. O'HARA

What difference does it make whom you marry? So long as he's a Southerner and thinks like you. And when I'm gone, I leave Tara to you.

SCARLETT:

I don't want Tara, plantations don't mean anything when...

Mr. O'HARA

Do you mean to toll me Katie Scarlett O'Hara that Tara, that land doesn't mean anything to you? Why, land is the only thing in the world worth working for. Worth fighting for, worth dying for. Because it's the only thing that lasts.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Paw, you talk like an Irishman.

Mr. O'HARA

It's proud I am that I'm Irish. And don't you be

forgetting, Missy, that you're half-Irish too. And to anyone with a drop of Irish blood in them, why the land they live on is like their mother. Oh, but there, there, now, you're just a child. It'll come to you, this love of the land. There's no getting away from it if you're Irish.

(Next day, the O'Haras drive to Twelve Oaks for the barbeque there.)

Mr. O'HARA

Well, John Wilkes. It's a grand day you'll be having for the barbecue.

JOHN WILKES:

So it seems, Gerald. Why isn't Mrs. O'Hara with you?

Mr. O'HARA

She's after settling accounts with the overseer, but she'll be along for the ball tonight.

INDIA:

Welcome to Twelve Oaks, Mr. O'Hara.

Mr. O'HARA

Thank you kindly, India. Your daughter is getting prettier everyday, John.

JOHN WILKES:

Oh, India, here are the O'Hara girls, we must greet them.

INDIA:

Can't stand that Scarlett. If you'd see the way she throws herself at Ashley.

JOHN WILKES:

Now, now, that's your brother's business. You must remember your duties as hostess. Good morning, girls! You look lovely. Good morning, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

India Wilkes. What a lovely dress. I just can't take my eyes off it.

(Scarlett enters the hall with her family.)

MAN1

Good morning, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Morning.

MAN2

Look mighty fine this morning, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Thank you.

MANS:

Morning Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Good Morning.

MAN4

Pleasure to see you, Miss Scarlett.

MANS:

Howdy, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Ashley!

ASHLEY:

Scarlett! My dear!

SCARLETT:

I've been looking for you everywhere. I've got something I must tell you. Can't we go some place where it's quiet?

ASHLEY:

Yes I'd like to, but... I've something to tell you, too. Something I...I hope you'll be glad to hear. Now come and say hello to my cousin, Melanie Wilkes.

SCARLETT:

Oh, do we have to?

ASHLEY:

She's been looking forward to seeing you again. Melanie! Here's Scarlett.

MELANIE:

Scarlett. I'm so glad to see you again.

SCARLETT:

Melanie Hamilton, what a surprise to run into you here. I hope you're going to stay with us a few days at least.

MELANIE:

I hope I shall stay long enough for us to become real friends, Scarlett. I do so want us to be.

ASHLEY:

We'll keep her here, won't we, Scarlett?

SCARLETT:

Oh, we'll just have to make the biggest fuss over her, won't we, Ashley? And if there's anybody who knows how to give a girl a good time, it's Ashley. Though I expect our good times must seem terribly silly to you because you're so serious.

MELANIE:

Oh, Scarlett. You have so much life. I've always admired you so, I wish I could be more like you.

SCARLETT:

You mustn't flatter me, Melanie, and say things you don't mean.

ASHLEY:

Nobody could accuse Melanie of being insincere. Could they, my dear?

SCARLETT:

Oh, well then, she's not like you. Is she, Ashley? Ashley never means a word he says to any girl. Oh, why Charles Hamilton, you handsome old thing, you.

CHARLES HAMILTON

But, oh. Miss O'Hara...

SCARLETT:

Do you think that was kind to bring your good-looking brother down here just to break my poor, simple country-girl's heart?

(India and Sue Ellen are watching Scarlett in

distance)

ELLEN:

Look at Scarlett, she's never even noticed Charles before, now just because he's your beau, she's after him like a hornet!

SCARLETT:

Charles Hamilton, I want to eat barbecue with you. And mind you don't go philandering with any other girl because I'm mighty jealous.

CHARLES HAMILTON

I won't, Miss O'Hara. I couldn't!

SCARLETT:

I do declare, Frank Kelly, you don't look dashing with that new set of whiskers.

FRANK:

Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

You know Charles Hamilton and Ray Kelvert asked me to eat barbecue with them, but I told them I couldn't because I'd promised you.

INDIA:

You needn't be so amused, look at her. She's after your beau now.

FRANK:

Oh, that's mighty flattering of you, Miss Scarlett. I'll see what I can do, Miss Scarlett.

KATHLEEN:

What's your sister so mad about, Scarlett, you sparking her beau?

SCARLETT:

As if I couldn't get a better beau than that old maid in britches. Brent and Stew, do talk, you handsome old thing, you...oh, no, you're not, I don't mean to say that I'm mad at you.

BRENT:

Why Scarlett honey...

SCARLETT:

You haven't been near me all day and I wore this old dress just because I thought you liked it. I was counting on eating barbecue with you two.

BRENT:

Well, you are, Scarlett...

STEW:

Of course you are, honey.

SCARLETT:

Oh, I never can make up my mind which of you two's handsomer. I was awake all last night trying to figure it out. Kathleen, who's that?

KATHLEEN:

Who?

SCARLETT:

That man looking at us and smiling. A nasty dog.

KATHLEEN:

My dear, don't you know? That's Rhett Butler. He's from Charleston. He has the most terrible reputation.

SCARLETT:

He looks as if, as if he knows what I looked like without my shimmy.

KATHLEEN:

How? But my dear, he isn't received. He's had to spend most of his time up North because his folks in Charleston won't even speak to him. He was expelled from West Point, he's so fast. And then there's that business about that girl he wouldn't marry...

SCARLETT:

Tell, tell...

KATHLEEN:

Well, he took her out in a buggy riding in the late afternoon without a chaperone and then, and then he refused to marry her!

SCARLETT:

(whisper)...

KATHLEEN:

No, but she was ruined just the same.
(Ashley and Melanie, on the balcony open to the garden.)

MELANIE:

Ashley..

ASHLEY:

Happy?

MELANIE:

So happy.

ASHLEY:

You seem to belong here. As if it had all been imagined for you.

MELANIE:

I like to feel that I belong to the things you love.

ASHLEY:

You love Twelve Oaks as I do.

MELANIE:

Yes, Ashley. I love it as, as more than a house. It's a whole world that wants only to be graceful and beautiful.

ASHLEY:

And so unaware that it may not last, forever.

MELANIE:

You're afraid of what may happen when the war comes, aren't you? Well, we don't have to be afraid. For us. No war can come into our world Ashley. Whatever comes, I'll love you, just as I do now. Until I die.

Chapter 2 Scarlett Meeting Butler

(Noon time, the gentlemen are gathering in the downstairs hall, talking about the war.)

Mr. O'HARA

We've borne enough insults from the "meddling Yankees. It's time we made them understand we keep our slaves with or without their approval. Who's to stop them right from the state of Georgia to secede from the Union.

MAN:

That's right.

Mr. O'HARA

The South must assert ourselves by force of arms. After we fired on the Yankee rascals at Fort Sumter, we've got to fight. There's no other way.

MAN1

Fight, that's right, fight!

MAN2

Let the Yankee's be the ones to ask for peace.

Mr. O'HARA

The situation is very simple. The Yankees can't fight and we can.

CHORUS:

You're right!

MANS:

That's what I'll think! They'll just turn and run every time.

MAN1

One Southerner can lick twenty Yankees.

MAN2

We'll finish them in one battle. Gentlemen can always fight better than rattle.

MANS:

Yes, gentlemen always fight better than rattle.

Mr. O'HARA

And what does the captain of our troop say?

ASHLEY:

Well, gentlemen...if Georgia fights, I go with her. But like my father I hope that the Yankees let us

leave the Union in peace.

MAN1

But Ashley...

MAN2

Ashley, they've insulted us.

MANS:

You can't mean that you don't want war.

ASHLEY:

Most of the miseries of the world were caused by wars. And when the wars were over, no one ever knew what they were about.

Mr. O'HARA

Now gentlemen, Mr. Butler has been up North I hear. Don't you agree with us, Mr. Butler?

RHETT BUTLER :

I think it's hard winning a war with words, gentlemen.

CHARLES:

What do you mean, sir?

RHETT:

I mean, Mr. Hamilton, there's not a cannon factory in the whole South.

MAN:

What difference does that make, sir, to a gentleman?

RHETT:

I'm afraid it's going to make a great deal of difference to a great many gentlemen, sir.

CHARLES:

Are you hinting, Mr. Butler, that the Yankees can lick us?

RHETT:

No, I'm not hinting. I'm saying very plainly that the Yankees are better equipped than we. They've got factories, shipyards, coal-mines... and a fleet to bottle up our harbors and starve us to death. All

we've got is cotton, and slaves and ...arrogance.

MAN:

That's treacherous!

CHARLES:

I refuse to listen to any renegade talk!

RHETT:

Well, I'm sorry if the truth offends you.

CHARLES:

Apologies aren't enough sir. I hear you were turned out of West Point Mr. Rhett Butler. And that you aren't received in an decent family in Charleston. Not even your own.

RHETT:

I apologize again for all my shortcomings. Mr. Wilkes, Perhaps you won't mind if I walk about and look ver your place. I seem to be spoiling everybody's brandy and cigars and...dreams of victory.

(Rhett Butler leaves the hall.)

MAN:

Well, that's just about what you could expect from somebody like Rhett Butler.

Mr. O'HARA

You did everything but call him out.

CHARLES:

He refused to fight.

ASHLEY:

Not quite that Charles. He just refused to take advantage of you.

CHARLES:

Take advantage of me?

ASHLEY:

Yes, he's one of the best shots the country, he's

proved a number of times, against steadier hands and cooler heads than yours.

CHARLES:

Well, I'll show him.

ASHLEY:

No, no, no, please, don't go tweaking his nose anymore. You may be needed for more important fighting, Charles. Now if you'll excuse me, Mr. Butler's our guest... I think I'll just show him around.

(Ashley leaves the hall with intention of walking Butler around the house. But before he can do this, Scarlett calls him into a detached room.)

SCARLETT:

Ashley!

ASHLEY:

Scarlett...who are you hiding from here?...What are you up to? Why aren't you upstairs resting with the other girls? What is this, Scarlett? A secret?

SCARLETT:

Well, Ashley, Ashley...! love you.

ASHLEY:

Scarlett...

SCARLETT:

I love you, I do.

ASHLEY:

Well, isn't it enough that you gathered every other man's heart today? You always had mine. You cut your teeth on it.

SCARLETT:

Oh, don't tease me now. Have I your heart my darling? I love you, I love you...

ASHLEY:

You mustn't say such things. You'll hate me for

hearing them.

SCARLETT:

Oh, I could never hate you and, and I know you must care about me. Oh, you do care, don't you?

ASHLEY:

Yes, I care. Oh can't we go away and forget we ever said these things?

SCARLETT:

But how can we do that? Don't you, don't you want to marry me? ASHLEY

I'm going to marry Melanie.

SCARLETT:

But you can't, not if you care for me.

ASHLEY:

Oh my dear, why must you make me say things that will hurt you? How can I make you understand? You're so young and I'm thinking, you don't know what marriage means.

SCARLETT:

I know I love you and I want to be your wife. You don't love Melanie.

ASHLEY:

She's like me, Scarlett. She's part of my blood, we understand each other.

SCARLETT:

But you love me!

ASHLEY:

How could I help loving you? You have all the passion for life that I lack. But that kind of love isn't enough to make a successful marriage for two people who are as different as we are.

SCARLETT:

Why don't you say it, you coward? You're afraid to marry me. You'd rather live with that silly little

fool who can't open her mouth except to say "yes",
no and raise a houseful of mealy-mouthed brats just
like her!

ASHLEY:

You mustn't say things like that about Melanie.

SCARLETT:

Who are you to tell me I mustn't? You led me on, you
made me believe you wanted to marry me!

ASHLEY:

Now Scarlett, be fair. I never at any time...

SCARLETT:

You did, it's true, you did! I'll hate you till I
die! I can't think of anything bad enough to call
you...

(Ashley leaves. Scarlett throws a vase to the wall
in anger. The crashing of the vase startles Rhett
Butler. He rises up from the couch in a dark corner
of the room.)

RHETT:

Has the war started?

SCARLETT:

Sir, you...you should have made your presence known.

RHETT:

In the middle of that beautiful love scene? That
wouldn't have been very tactful, would it? But don't
worry. Your secret is safe with me.

SCARLETT:

Sir, you are no gentleman.

RHETT:

And you miss are no lady. Don't think that I hold
that against you. Ladies have never held any charm
for me.

SCARLETT:

First you take a low, common advantage of me, then

you insult me!

RHETT:

I meant it as a compliment. And I hope to see more of you when you're free of the spell of the elegant Mr. Wilkes. He doesn't strike me as half good enough for a girl of your...what was it...your passion for living?

SCARLETT:

How dare you! You aren't fit to wipe his boot!

RHETT:

And you were going to hate him for the rest of your life.

Chapter 3 Scarlett Marrying Charles

(Outside, there's chaos. Gentlemen, including Ashley, are leaving for the call of war.)

CHARLES:

Miss O'Hara! Miss O'Hara, isn't it thrilling? Mr. Lincoln has called the soldiers, volunteers to fight against us.

SCARLETT:

Oh, fiddle-dee-dee. Don't you men ever think about anything important?

CHARLES:

But it's war, Miss O'Hara! And everybody's going off to enlist, they're going right away. I'm going, too!

SCARLETT:

Everybody?

CHARLES:

Oh, Miss O'Hara, will you be sorry? To see us go, I mean.

SCARLETT:

I'll cry to my pillow every night.

CHARLES:

Oh, Miss O'Hara, I've told you I loved you. I think

you're the most beautiful girl in the world. And the sweetest, the dearest. I know that I couldn't hope that you could love me, so clumsy and stupid, not nearly good enough for you. But if you could, if you could think of marrying me, I'd do anything in the world for you, just anything, I promise!

SCARLETT:

Oh, what did you say?

CHARLES:

Miss O'Hara, I said, would you marry me?

SCARLETT:

Yes, Mr. Hamilton, I will.

CHARLES:

You will, you'll marry me? You'll wait for me?

SCARLETT:

Well, I don't think I'd want to wait.

CHARLES:

You mean you'll marry me before I go? Oh, Miss O'Hara...Scarlett...when may I speak to your father?

SCARLETT:

The sooner, the better.

CHARLES:

I'll go now, I can't wait. Will you excuse me? Dear?
(The day after Melanie and Ashley's wedding, Scarlett marries Charles Hamilton.)

MELANIE:

Scarlett. I thought of you at our wedding yesterday and I hope that yours would be as beautiful. And it was.

SCARLETT:

Was it?

MELANIE:

Now we're really and truly sisters. Charles.

CHARLES:

Don't cry darling. The war will be over in a few weeks and I'll be coming back to you.

Chapter 4 Scarlett's Second Contact with Butler (Charles died at the front, but Scarlett is not at all sad. She goes to the donation party with Melanie, wearing black.)

DR. MEADE

Ladies and gentlemen. I have important news, glorious news. Another triumph for our magnificent men in arms. General Lee has completely whipped the enemy and swept the Yankee army northward from Virginia! And now, a happy surprise for all of us! We have with us tonight that most daring of all blockade runners, whose fleet "schooners slipping past the Yankee guns have brought us here the very woolens and laces we wear tonight. I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to that will o'the wisp of the bounding main, none other than our friend from Charleston, Captain Rhett Butler!

MELANIE:

Captain Butler, such a pleasure to see you again. I met you last at my husband's home.

RHETT:

That's kind of you to remember, Mrs. Wilkes.

MELANIE:

Did you meet Captain Butler at Twelve Oaks, Scarlett?

SCARLETT:

Yes I, I think so.

RHETT:

Only for a moment, Mrs. Hamilton, it was in the library. You, uh, had broken something.

SCARLETT:

Yes, Captain Butler, I remember you.

MAN:

Ladies, the Confederacy asks for your jewelry on behalf of our noble cause.

SCARLETT:

We aren't wearing any, we're in mourning.

RHETT:

Wait. On behalf of Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Hamilton.

MAN:

Thank you, Captain Butler.

MELANIE:

Just a moment, please.

MAN:

But, it's your wedding ring, ma'am.

MELANIE:

It may help my husband more, off my finger.

MAN:

Thank you.

RHETT:

It was a very beautiful thing to do, Mrs. Wilkes.

SCARLETT:

Here, you can have mine, too. For the cause.

RHETT:

And you Mrs. Hamilton. I know just how much that means to you.

MAN:

Melanie. I need your approval as a member of the committee with something we want to do, that's rather shocking. Will you excuse us, please?

RHETT:

I'll say one thing. The war makes the most peculiar widows.

SCARLETT:

I wish you'd go away. If you'd had any raising, you'd know I never want to see you again.

RHETT:

Now, why be silly? You've no reason for hating me. I'll carry your guilty secret to my grave.

SCARLETT:

Oh, I guess I'd be very unpatriotic to hate one of the great heroes of the war. I do declare, I was surprised that you'd turned out to be such a noble character.

RHETT:

I can't bear to take advantage of your little girl's ideas, Miss O'Hara. I am neither noble nor heroic.

SCARLETT:

But you are a blockade runner.

RHETT:

For profit. And profit only.

SCARLETT:

Are you trying to tell me you don't believe in the cause?

RHETT:

I believe in Rhett Butler. He's the only cause I know. The rest doesn't mean much to me.

DR. MEADE

And now, ladies and gentlemen. I have a startling surprise for the benefit of the hospital. Gentlemen, if you wish to lead the opening real with the lady of your choice, you must bid for her.

WOMAN:

Caroline Meade, how could you permit your husband to conduct this, this, slave auction?

CAROLINE MEADE:

Darling Merry Weather, how dare you criticize me? Melanie Wilkes told the doctor that if it's for the benefit of the cause, it's quite all right. WOMAN
She did?

AUNT PITTY:

Oh dear, oh dear, where are my smelling salts? I think I shall faint.

CAROLINE MEADE:

Don't you dare faint, Lilly Beth. Hamilton. If Melanie says it's all right, it is all right.

DR. MEADE

Come gentlemen, do I hear your bids? Make your offers! Don't be bashful, gentlemen!

MAN1

Twenty dollars! Twenty dollars for Miss Maybelle Merryweather.

MAN2

Twenty five dollars for Miss Fanny Ossing!

DR. MEADE

Only twenty five dollars to give.

RHETT:

One hundred and fifty dollars in gold.

DR. MEADE

For what lady, sir?

RHETT:

For Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

DR. MEADE

For whom, sir?

RHETT:

Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

DR. MEADE

Mrs. Hamilton is in mourning, Captain Butler. But I'm sure any of our Atlanta belles would be proud to;-

RHETT:

But talk to me. I said Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

DR. MEADE

She will not consider it, sir.

(Flame in Scarlett's eyes.)

SCARLETT:

Oh, yes, I will.

(Scarlett squeezes through the crowd to Butler. They go dancing.)

RHETT:

We've sort of shocked the Confederacy, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

It's a little like blockade running, isn't it?

RHETT:

It's worse. But I expect a very fancy profit out of it.

SCARLETT:

I don't care what you expect or what they think, I'm gonna dance and dance. Tonight I wouldn't mind dancing with Abe Lincoln himself.

(In the Hamiltons. Rhett pays a visit to Scarlett and brings her a bonnet from Paris.)

SCARLETT:

Oh, oh, oh the darling thing. Oh, Rhett, it's lovely, lovely! You didn't really bring it all the way from Paris just for me!

RHETT:

Yes. I thought it was about time I got you out of that fake mourning. Next trip I'll bring you some green silk for a frock to match it.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett!

RHETT:

It's my duty to blade boys at the front, to keep our girls at home looking pretty.

SCARLETT:

It's been so long since I had anything new.

(Scarlett tries the bonnet on. Then she diverts it, considering this is the right way.)

SCARLETT:

How do I look?

RHETT:

Awful, just awful.

SCARLETT:

Why, what's the matter?

RHETT:

This war stopped being a joke when a girl like you doesn't know how to wear the latest fashion.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, let me do it. But Rhett, I don't know how I'd dare wear it.

RHETT:

You will, though. And another thing. Those pantalets. I don't know a woman in Paris wears pantalets anymore.

SCARLETT:

What do they... you shouldn't talk about such things.

RHETT:

You little hypocrite, you don't mind my knowing about them, just my talking about them.

SCARLETT:

Rhett, I really can't go on accepting these gifts. Though you are awfully kind.

RHETT:

I'm not kind, I'm just tempting you. I never give anything without expecting something in return. I always get paid.

SCARLETT:

If you think I'll marry you just to pay for the bonnet, I won't.

RHETT:

Don't flatter yourself, I'm not a marrying man.

SCARLETT:

Well, I won't kiss you for it, either.

RHETT:

Open your eyes and look at me. No, I don't think I will kiss you. Although you need kissing badly. That's what's wrong with you. You should be kissed, and often, and by someone who knows how.

SCARLETT:

And I suppose that you think that you are the proper person.

RHETT:

I might be, if the right moment ever came.

SCARLETT:

You're a conceited, black- hearted varmint, Rhett Butler, and I don't know why I let you come and see me.

RHETT:

I'll tell you why, Scarlett. Because I'm the only man over sixteen and under sixty who's around to show you a good time. But cheer up, the war can't last much longer.

SCARLETT:

Really, Rhett? Why?

RHETT:

There's a little battle going on right now, that hypocrite ought to pretty well fix things. One way or the other.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, is Ashley in it?

RHETT:

So you still haven't gotten the wooden headed Mr. Wilkes out of your mind? Yes, I suppose he's in it.

SCARLETT:

Oh, tell me, Rhett, where is it?

RHETT:

Some little town in Pennsylvania called Gettysburg.

Chapter 5 Scarlett Taking Care of Melanie

(Atlanta prayed while onward surged the triumphant Yankees...Heads were high, but hearts were heavy, as the wounded and the refugees poured into unhappy Georgia.....In the hospital, Scarlett helps out as a nurse there, but her patience was easily suffocated by the dying and screaming there.)

Priest

With the Lord as my shepherd I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. With the sword at my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his namesake. Yea, though I walked through the valley at the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. For thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

VOICE:

Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. Wilson is waiting.

SCARLETT:

Let him wait, I'm going home, I've done enough. I don't want any more men dying and screaming, I don't want anymore.

(Scarlett runs out of the hospital onto the street, where she finds the whole city is shaking in the flame of war. Everyone is fleeing. She is totally at a loss what to do, then Butler comes with a carriage.)

RHETT:

Scarlett! Whoah. Climb into this buggy, this is no day for walking, you'll get run over.

SCARLETT:

Rhett, ride me to where Aunt Pitty is, please.

RHETT:

Panic's a pretty sight, isn't it. Whoah, whoah. That's just another one of General Shermans calling cards. He'll be paying us a visit soon.

SCARLETT:

I've gotta get out of here, I gotta get out of here before the Yankees come.

RHETT:

And leave your work at the hospital? Or have you had enough of death and lice and men chopped up? Well I suppose you weren't meant for sick men, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Don't talk to me like that, Rhett, I'm so scared, I wish I'd get out of here!

RHETT:

Let's get out of here together. No use staying here, letting the South come down around your ears. There are too many nice places to go and visit. Mexico, London, Paris...

SCARLETT:

With you?

RHETT:

Yes Ma'am. I'm the man who understands you and admires you for just what you are. I figure we belong together, being the same sort. I've been waiting for you to grow up and get that sad-eyed Ashley Wilkes out of your heart. Well, I hear Mrs. Wilkes is going to have a baby in another month or so. It's be hard loving a man with a wife and baby clinging to him. Well, here we are. Are you going with me or are you getting out?

SCARLETT:

I hate and despise you, Rhett Butler. And I'll hate and despise you till I die!

RHETT:

Oh, no, you won't, Scarlett, not that long.
(The Hamiltons. Scarlett is packing, preparing for leaving.)

DR. MEADE

What is this? You ain't planning on running away?

SCARLETT:

And don't you dare try to stop me. I'm never going back to that hospital, I've had enough of smelling

death and rot and death...I'm going home, I want my mother. My mother needs me.

DR. MEADE

You've got to listen to me. You must stay here.

AUNT PITY:

Without a chaperone, Dr. Meade, it simply isn't done.

DR. MEADE

Good Heaven's woman, this is war, not a garden party. Scarlett, you've got to stay, Melanie needs you.

SCARLETT:

Oh, bother Melanie!

DR. MEADE

She's ill already. She shouldn't even be having a baby. She may have a difficult time.

SCARLETT:

Can't we take her along?

DR. MEADE

Would you want her to take that chance? Would you want her to be taunted over rough roads and have the baby ahead of time in the buggy?

SCARLETT:

It isn't my baby, you take care of it.

DR. MEADE

Scarlett, we haven't enough doctors, much less nurses to look after a sick woman. You've got to stay for Melanie.

SCARLETT:

What for? I don't know anything about babies being borne.

PRISSY:

I knows! I knows! I knows how to do it. I've done it lots and lots. let me doctor, let me. I can do everything.

DR. MEADE

Good. Then I'll rely on you to help us.

PRISSY:

Yes Doctor.

DR. MEADE

Ashley's fighting on the field. Fighting for the cause. He may never come back. He may die. Scarlett, we owe him a well borne child.

AUNT PITY:

If you're coming Scarlett, hurry!

SCARLETT:

I promised Ashley, something.

DR. MEADE

Then you'll stay? Good. Go along Miss Pittifett. Scarlett's staying.

SCARLETT:

Prissy! Prissy! Come here Prissy! Go pack my things and Miss Melanie's, too. We're to Tara right away, the Yankees are coming.

MELANIE:

Scarlett! Scarlett!

SCARLETT:

Oh, Melanie, we're going to... Melanie.

MELANIE:

I'm sorry to be such a bother, Scarlett. It'll begin at daybreak.

SCARLETT:

But, the Yankees are coming.

MELANIE:

Poor Scarlett...you'd be at Tara now with your mother, wouldn't you? If it weren't for me...Oh, Scarlett darling, you've been so good to me. No sister could have been sweeter. I've been lying here thinking, if I should die, will you take my baby?

SCARLETT:

Oh, fiddle-dee-dee, Melanie, aren't things bad enough without you talking about dying? I'll send for Dr. Meade right away.

MELANIE:

Not yet, Scarlett. I couldn't let Dr. Meade sit here for hours while, while all those poor, badly wounded boys...

SCARLETT:

Prissy! Prissy come here quick! Prissy, go get Dr. Meade, run quick! Don't stand there like a scared goat, run! Hurry, Hurry! I'll sell you South I will, I swear I will! I'll sell you South!
(Later, Prissy comes back alone. Scarlett has to find the doctor herself.)

PRISSY:

Is the doctor coming?

SCARLETT:

No, he can't come.

PRISSY:

Oh, Miss Scarlett, Miss Melanie bad off!

SCARLETT:

He can't come, there's nobody to come. Prissy, you've got to manage without the doctor. I'll help you.

PRISSY:

Oh, lawdsy, Miss Scarlett!

SCARLETT:

What is it?

PRISSY:

Lawdsy, we've got to have a doctor! I don't know nothing about birthing babies.

SCARLETT:

What do you mean? You told me you knew everything about it!

PRISSY:

I don't know how can I tell such a lie. Ma ain't never let me around when folks was having them.

SCARLETT:

Go! Stop it! Go light a fire on the stove. Get boiling water in the kettle. Get me a ball of twine, and all the clean towels you can find, and, the scissors. And don't come telling me you can't find them. Go get them and get them quick!

Chapter 6 Back to Tara

(Panic hit the city with the first of Sherman shells... Helpless and unarmed, the populace fled from the oncoming Juggernaut;- And desperately the gallant "remnants of an army marched out to face the foe. Melanie gives birth to a child with the help of Scarlett. Now Scarlett sends Prissy for Rhett Butler, she's getting ready to leave.)

RHETT:

Whoah, whoah.

SCARLETT:

Rhett, is that you, Rhett?

PRISSY:

He's here, Miss Scarlett, he's here!

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, I knew you'd come.

RHETT:

Good evening. Nice weather we're having. Prissy tells me you're planning on...

SCARLETT:

If you make any jokes now, I'll kill you!

RHETT:

Don't tell me you're frightened.

SCARLETT:

I'm scared to death, and if you had the sense of a goat you'd be scared, too! Oh, the Yankees!

RHETT:

No, not yet, that's what's left by our army blowing up the ammunition, so the Yankees won't get it.

SCARLETT:

We've got to get out of here.

RHETT:

At your service, Madame. Just where were you figuring on going?

SCARLETT:

Home, to Tara.

RHETT:

Tara? Don't you know that they've been fighting all day around Tara? Do you think you can parade right through the Yankee army with a sick woman, a baby and simply minded darkie? Or do you intend leaving them behind.

SCARLETT:

They're going with me and I'm going home and you can't stop me!

RHETT:

Don't you know it's dangerous jouncing Mrs. Wilkes over miles of open country?

SCARLETT:

I want my mother! I want to go home to Tara!

RHETT:

Tara's probably been burned to the ground. The woods are full of stragglers from both armies, the least thing they'll do is take the horse away from you. And even though it isn't much of an animal, I did have a lot of trouble stealing it.

SCARLETT:

I'm going home if I have to walk every step of the way! I'll kill you if you try to stop me, I will! I will! I will! I will!

RHETT:

It's all right, darling, it's all right. Now you shall go home. I guess anybody who did what you've

done today can take care of Sherman. Stop crying. Now blow your nose like a good little girl...there...

SCARLETT:

Prissy, what are you doing? PRISSY
I'm packing, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Well, stop it. Come and get the baby.

PRISSY:

Yes.

SCARLETT:

Melanie, Melanie...

RHETT:

Mrs. Wilkes. We're taking you to Tara.

MELANIE:

Tara...

SCARLETT:

It's the only way, Melanie.

MELANIE:

No...

SCARLETT:

Sherman will bum the house over our heads if we stay.
It's all right, Melanie, it's all right.

MELANIE:

There, there.... little baby..

RHETT:

Have you the strength to put your arms around my neck?

MELANIE:

I think so.

RHETT:

Never mind.

MELANIE:

Oh, Ashley.. Charles!

RHETT:

What is it? What does she want?

SCARLETT:

Ashley's picture and Charles' sword, she wants us to bring them.

RHETT:

Get them.

(They venture all the way. At last they are pretty near Tara. Rhett suddenly stops.)

SCARLETT:

Why did you stop?

RHETT:

This is the turn to Tara. I let the horse breathe a bit. Mrs. Wilkes...

PRISSY:

Miss Melanie done fainted way back. Captain Butler.

RHETT:

She's probably better off. She couldn't stand the pain if she were conscious. Scarlett, are you still determined to do this crazy thing?

SCARLETT:

Oh, yes, yes, I know we can get through it, I'm sure we can.

RHETT:

Not we, my dear, you. I'm leaving you here.

SCARLETT:

You're what? Rhett, where are you going?

RHETT:

I'm going, my dear, to join the army.

SCARLETT:

Oh, you're joking. I could kill you for scaring me so.

RHETT:

I'm very serious, Scarlett. I'm going to join up with our brave lads in gray.

SCARLETT:

But they're running away.

RHETT:

Oh, no, they'll turn and make a last stand, if I know anything about them. And when they do, I'll be with them. I'm a little late, but better late than...

SCARLETT:

Rhett, you must be joking.

RHETT:

Selfish to the end, aren't you? Thinking of your own precious hide with never a thought for the noble cause.

SCARLETT:

Rhett, how could you do this to me, and why should you go now that, after it's all over and I need you, why? Why?

RHETT:

Why? Maybe it's because I've always had a weakness for lost causes, once they're really lost. Or maybe, maybe I'm ashamed of myself. Who knows?

SCARLETT:

You should die of shame to leave me here alone and helpless.

RHETT:

You, helpless? Heaven help the Yankees if they capture you. Now climb down here. I want to say goodbye.

SCARLETT:

No.

RHETT:

Climb down.

SCARLETT:

Oh Rhett, please don't go. You can't leave me, please, I'll never forgive you.

RHETT:

I'm not asking you to forgive me. I'll never understand or forgive myself. And if a bullet gets me, so help me, I'll laugh at myself for being an idiot. But there's one thing that I do know. And that is I love you, Scarlett. In spite of you and me and the whole silly world going to pieces around us, I love you. Because we're alike. Bad lots, both of us. Selfish and shrewd. But able to look things in the eyes and call them by their right names.

SCARLETT:

Don't hold me like that.

RHETT:

Scarlett, look at me. I love you more than I've ever loved any woman. And I've waited longer for you than I've ever waited for any woman.

(Butler is pressing his lips onto Scarlett's.)

SCARLETT:

Let me alone!

RHETT:

Here's a soldier of the South that loves you, Scarlett. Wants to feel your arms around him, wants to carry the memory of your kisses into battle with him. Never mind about loving me. You're a woman who's sending a soldier to his death with a beautiful memory. Scarlett, kiss me, kiss me, once.

SCARLETT:

You're a low-down, cowardly, nasty thing, you! They were right. Everybody was right, you, you aren't a gentleman.

RHETT:

A minor point at such a moment. Here, if anyone lays a hand on that nag, shoot him. But don't make a mistake and shoot the nag.

SCARLETT:

Oh, go on. I want you to go. I hope a cannonball lands slap on you, I hope you're blown into a million pieces, I...

RHETT:

Never mind the rest, I follow your general idea. And when I'm dead on the order of my country, I hope your conscience heard you. Good-bye Scarlett.
(Scarlett drives on.)

SCARLETT:

Melanie, Melanie, we're home! We're at Tara! Hurry, move brute!

PRISSY:

Oh, Miss Scarlett, he's dead!

SCARLETT:

I can't see the house, is it there? I can't see the house, have they burned it? It's all right, it's all right, they haven't burned it. It's still there!
(Tara had survived, to face the hell and famine of defeat.)

SCARLETT:

Mother! Mother, I'm home! Mother, I'm home! Mother let me in, it's me, Scarlett. Oh, Paw, I'm home, I'm home... I'm home.

Mr. O'HARA

Careful, careful Scarlett...

SCARLETT:

Mammy, mammy, I'm home.

MAMMIE:

Oh, honey child...

SCARLETT:

Mammy, I'm so, so....where's mother?

MAMMIE:

Why...Miss Sue Ellen, Miss Carreen, they were sick with the typhoid. They had it bad, but they's doing all right now. Just weak like little kittens.

SCARLETT:

But, where's mother?

MAMMIE:

Well, Miss Ellen, she went down to nurse that Emmy Sladdly, that white trash. And she took down with it, too. Then last night, she...

SCARLETT:

Mother? Mother? Mother!

(Scarlett walks into her mother's room faintly. There, in dark and quietness, lies Mrs. O'Hara. She's dead.)

Mammy

Miss Scarlett honey...

SERVANT:

If there's anything I can do, Miss Scarlett...

SCARLETT:

What did you do with Miss Melanie?

MAMMIE:

Don't you worry your pretty head about Miss Melanie, child. I done slapped her in bed already along with the baby.

SCARLETT:

You better put that cow I brought into the barn, Paul.

SERVANT:

There ain't no barn. MAMMIE

Don't you worry your pretty head about Miss Melanie, child. I done slapped her in bed already along with the baby.

SCARLETT:

You better put that cow I brought into the barn, Paul.

SERVANT:

There ain't no barn no more, Miss Scarlett. The Yankees done burned it to firewood.

MAMMIE:

They used the house for their headquarters Miss Scarlett.

SERVANT:

They camped all around the place. SCARLETT
Yankees in Tara?

MAMMIE:

Yes'm. And they stole almost everything they didn't burn. All the clothes, and all the rugs, and even Miss Ellen's rosaries.

SCARLETT:

I'm starving, Paul. Get me something to eat.

MAMMIE:

There ain't nothing to eat honey. They took it all.

SCARLETT:

All the chickens, everything? SERVANT
They took them the first day. And what they didn't eat they carried off across their saddles.

SCARLETT:

Don't tell me any more about what they did.
(Scarlett goes into the room, finding her father in solitude.)

SCARLETT:

What's this , Paw? Whisky?

Mr. O'HARA

Yes daughter. Katie Scarlett, that's enough. Your not knowing spirits, you'll make yourself 'tipsy.

SCARLETT:

I hope it makes me drunk. I'd like to be drunk. Oh, Paw...what are those papers?

Mr. O'HARA

Bonds. They're all we've saved. All we have left. Bonds.

SCARLETT:

But what kind of bonds, Paw?

Mr. O'HARA

Why, Confederate bonds of course, darling.

SCARLETT:

Confederate bonds. What good are they to anybody?

Mr. O'HARA

I'll not have you talking like that, Katie Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Paw, what are we going to do with no money and, ...and nothing to eat?

Mr. O'HARA

We must ask your mother. That's it. We must ask Mrs. O'Hara.

SCARLETT:

Ask Mother?

Mr. O'HARA

Yes. Mrs. O'Hara will know what's to be done. Now don't be bothering me. Go out for a ride. I'm busy.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Paw. Don't worry about anything. It is God's hope. You needn't worry.

(Scarlett leaves the room, closing the door behind her.)

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlettt? What are we going to do with nothing to feed them sick folks and that child?

SCARLETT:

I don't know Mammy. I don't know.

MAMMIE:

We ain't got nothing but radishes in the garden.

PRISSY:

Miss Scarlett, Miss Sue Ellen and Miss Corrine,
They's fussin to be sponged off.

SCARLETT:

Where are the other servants Mammie?

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett, there's only just me and Paul left.
The others moved off during the war and ran away.

PRISSY:

I can't take care of that baby and sick folks too.
I've only got two hands.

SERVANT:

Who's going to milk that cow, Miss Scarlett? We's
house workers.

(Exhausted and hungry as Scarlett is, she goes out
to the open field, digging out the leftover radishes
in the ground, swallowing.)

SCARLETT:

As God as my witness....as God as my witness they're
not going to lick me. I'm going to live through this
and when it's all over, I'll never be hungry again.
No, nor any of my folk. If I have to lie, steal,
cheat, or kill, as God as my witness, I'll never be
hungry again.

Chapter 7 Ashley Back Home

(Home from their lost adventure came the battered
Cavaliers. Grimly they came hobbling back to the
desolation that had once been a land of grace and
plenty. And with them came another invader, more
cruel and vicious than any they had fought, the
Carpetbagger.)

SERVANT:

Katie Scarlett! It's over! It's over! It's all over,
the war! We surrendered!

CORRINE:

It's not possible.

SUE ELLEN:

Why did we ever fight?

MELANIE:

Ashely will be coming home.

SCARLETT:

Yes, Ashely will be coming home. We'll plant more cotton. Cotton ought to go sky-high next year.

MELANIE:

Scarlett, what seems to be the trouble with Mr. Kennedy?

SCARLETT:

More trouble than he guesses. He's finally asked for Sue Ellen's hand.

MELANIE:

Oh, I'm so glad.

SCARLETT:

It's a pity he can't marry her now. At least be one less mouth to feed.

(Scarlett, Melanie and Mammie stand in front of the door. A figure appears in the distance.)

SCARLETT:

Oh another one. I hope this one isn't hungry.

MAMMIE:

Oh, he'll be hungry

SCARLETT:

I'll tell Prissy to get an extra plate.

(It's Ashley! Melanie opens her arms, running to him.)

MELANIE:

Ashley! Ashley!

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett! Don't spoil it. Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Turn me loose, you fool, turn me loose! It's Ashley.

MAMMIE:

He's her husband.

(Several days passed. One day, a servant comes to Scarlett.)

SERVANT:

Miss Scarlett Ma'am...

SCARLETT:

High time you got back. Did you get the horse shod?

SERVANT:

Yes'm, he shod all right. Miss Scarlett Ma'am.

SCARLETT:

Fine thing when a horse can get shoes and humans can't. Here stir the soup.

SERVANT:

Miss Scarlett Ma'am, I've got to know how much money have you got left? In gold.

SCARLETT:

Ten dollars. Why?

SERVANT:

That won't be enough.

SCARLETT:

What in Heaven's name are you talking about?

SERVANT:

Well, Miss Scarlett, I see that old no-account white trash, Wilkenson, that used to be Mister Jerry's overseer here. He's a regular Yankee now, and he was making a brag, that his carpetbagger friends done run the taxes way up sky-high on Tara.

SCARLETT:

How much more do we gotta pay?

SERVANT:

I heard the tax man say three hundred dollars.

SCARLETT:

Three hundred... Oh, my, just as well be three million. Well, we gotta raise it, that's all.

SERVANT:

Yes'm. How?

SCARLETT:

I'll go ask Mr. Ashley.

SERVANT:

Oh, he ain't got no three hundred dollars. Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Well, I can ask him if I want to, can't I?

SERVANT:

Asking ain't getting.

(The Farm. Ashley is chopping wood.)

SCARLETT:

Ashely...

ASHLEY:

They say Abe Lincoln got his start splitting rails. Just think what heights I may climb to once I get the knack.

SCARLETT:

Ashely. The Yankees want three hundred dollars more in taxes. What shall we do? Ashley, what's to become of us?

ASHLEY:

What do you think becomes of people when their civilization breaks up? Those who have brains and courage come through all right. Those who haven't are winnowed out.

SCARLETT:

For Heaven's sake Ashley Wilkes. Don't stand there talking nonsense at me when it's us who are being winnowed out.

ASHLEY:

You're right, Scarlett. Here I am talking tummy-rot about civilization, when your Tara's in danger. You come to me for help and I have no help to give you. Oh, Scarlett, I'm a coward.

SCARLETT:

You, Ashley, a coward? What are you afraid of?

ASHLEY:

Oh, mostly of life becoming too real for me, I suppose. Not that I mind splitting rails. But I do mind very much losing the beauty of that, that life I loved. If the war hadn't come, I'd have spent my life happily buried at Twelve Oaks. But the war did come. I saw my boyhood friends blown to bits. I saw men crumple³ up in agony when I shot them. And now I find myself in a world which for me is worse than death. A world in which there is no place for me. Oh, I can never make you understand, because you don't know the meaning of fear. You never mind facing realities. And you never want to escape from them as I do.

SCARLETT:

Escape? Oh, Ashley you're wrong. I do want to escape, too. I'm so very tired of it all. I've struggled for food and for money and I've weeded and hoed and picked cotton until I can't stand it another minute. I tell you, Ashley, the South is dead, it's dead. The Yankees and the carpetbaggers have got it and there's nothing left for us. Oh, Ashley, let's run away. We'd go to Mexico. They want officers in the Mexican army, we could be so happy there. Ashley I'd work for you, I'd do anything for you. You know you don't love Melanie, you told me you loved me that day at Twelve Oaks, and anyway, Melanie can't...Dr. Meade told me she couldn't ever have any more children. And I could give you...

ASHLEY:

Can't we ever forget that day at Twelve Oaks?

SCARLETT:

Just think I could ever forget it, have you forgotten it? Can you honestly say you don't love me?

ASHLEY:

No, I ...I don't love you.

SCARLETT:

It's a lie.

ASHLEY:

Even if it is a lie, do you think that I could go off and leave Melanie and the baby? Break Melanie's heart? Scarlett, are you mad? You couldn't leave your father and the girls.

SCARLETT:

I could leave them, I'm sick of them, I'm tired of them...

ASHLEY:

Yes, you sick and tired, that's why you're talking this way. You've carried the load for all of us. But from now on, I'm going to be more help to you, I promise. SCARLETT

There's only one way you can help me. Take me away.

There's nothing to keep us here. ASHLEY

Nothing...nothing except honor. Please Scarlett, please dear, you mustn't cry. Please, my brave dear, you mustn't...

SCARLETT:

You do love me, you do love me...

ASHLEY:

No don't, don't!

SCARLETT:

You love me!

ASHLEY:

We won't do this, I tell you, we won't do it. It won't happen again, I'm going to take Melanie and the baby and go.

SCARLETT:

Just say that you love me.

ASHLEY:

All right, I'll say it. I love your courage and your stubbornness. I love them so much that a moment ago I could have forgotten the best wife a man ever had. But Scarlett, I'm not going to forget her.

SCARLETT:

Then there's nothing left for me. Nothing to fight for. Nothing to live for.

ASHLEY:

Yes, there is something. Something you love better than me, though you may not know it, Tara.
(Ashley puts into Scarlett's hands some soil.)

SCARLETT:

Yes, I...I still have this. You needn't go. I won't have you all starve simply because I threw myself at your head. It won't happen again.

Chapter 8 Raising of the Tax

(Wilkenson, Mr. O'Hara's ex-overseer, comes to Tara with his newly-married wife. They intend to buy Tara, for they know the "turbulence Tara now is in.)

SCARLETT:

Why, Emmy Sladdly.

EMMY SLADDLY:

Yes'm, it's me.

SCARLETT:

Stop!

WILKENSON:

You haven't forgotten your old overseer, have you? Huh? Well, Emmy is Mrs. Wilkenson now...

SCARLETT:

Get off those steps, you trashy wench. Get off this land!

WILKENSON:

You can't speak that way to my wife.

SCARLETT:

Why? High time you made her your wife. Who baptized your other brats after you killed my mother?

WILKENSON:

We came out here to pay a call. A friendly call, and talk a little business with old friends.

SCARLETT:

Friends. When were we ever friends with the likes of you?

WILKENSON:

Still high and mighty ain't you? Well, I know all about you. I know your father's turned idiot. You can't pay your taxes. And I come out to offer to buy the place from you. To make you a right good offer. Emmy's got a hankering to live here.

SCARLETT:

Get off this place, you dirty Yankee!

WILKENSON:

You bum-trucking, high-flying Irish will find out who's running things around here when you get sold out for taxes. I'll buy this place, lock, stock and barrel and I'll live in it. But I'll wait for the sheriff's sale.

SCARLETT:

That's all of Tara you'll ever get.

(Scarlett throws the ball to Wilkenson's face. of soil which Ashyley put in her hand.)

WILKENSON:

You'll be sorry for that. We'll be back!

(Mr. O'Hara mounts his horse. In a fame of anger, he tries to cut the way and catch the Wilkensons.)

Mr. O'HARA

I saw you holding on to the carriage!

SCARLETT:

Paw, come back!

Mr. O'HARA

Yankee coward!

SCARLETT:

Paw!

(Mr. O'Hara falls down to the ground. He never rises again. Days after...)

SCARLETT:

Oh, Mammie, Mammie.

MAMMIE:

You've been brave so long, Miss Scarlett. You just got to go on being brave. Think about your Paw, like he used to be.

SCARLETT:

I can't think about Paw. I can't think of anything but that three hundred dollars.

MAMMIE:

Ain't no good thinking about that. Miss Scarlett. Ain't nobody got that much money. Nobody but that Yankee's and the scallow-wags got that much money now.

SCARLETT:

Rhett!

MAMMIE:

Who that? A Yankee?

SCARLETT:

Oh, Mammie, I'm so thin and pale and...I haven't any clothes. Go up to the attic Mammie, and get down Ma's old box of dress patterns.

MAMMIE:

What are you up to in Miss Ellen's fortier?

SCARLETT:

You're going to make me a new dress!

MAMMIE:

Not with Miss Ellen's fortier, not while I got breath in my body!

SCARLETT:

Great balls of fire, they're my fortiers now. I'm going to Atlanta for that three hundred dollars, and I've got to go looking like a queen.

MAMMIE:

Who's going to Atlanta with you?

SCARLETT:

I'm going alone.

MAMMIE:

That's what you think. I'm going to Atlanta with you, with you and that new dress.

SCARLETT:

Now Mammie darling...

MAMMIE:

No use to try and sweet talk me Miss Scarlett, I knows you ever since I put the first pair of diapers on you. I says I was going to Atlanta with you, and going I is!

(Atlanta prison. Rhett Butler and the prison Major are playing cards at a table.)

MAN:

Sir, there's a lady to see Captain Butler. Says she's your sister.

MAJOR:

Another sister? This is a jail, not a harem, Captain Butler.

MAN:

No, Major, she ain't one of those. This one's got her mammie with her.

RHETT:

She has? I'd like to see this one, Major, without her mammie.

MAJOR:

Hmm...

RHETT:

Let's see, my losses for the afternoon come to what? Hmm... three hundred and fourty. My debts do mount up, don't they, Major?

MAJOR:

All right, Corporal. Show Captain Butler's sister to his cell.

RHETT:

Thank you, Major...excuse me, gentlemen. MAJOR
It's hard to be strict with a man who loses money so pleasantly.
(In the jail. Scarlett appears, dressing in beautiful green velvet.)

SCARLETT:

Rhett!

RHETT:

Scarlett! My dear little sister.
(to Corporal)
It's all right Corporal, my sister has brought me now files or saws. Can I really kiss you now?

SCARLETT:

On the forehead like a good brother.

RHETT:

No thanks, I'll wait and hope for better things.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, I was so distressed when I heard you were in jail. I simply couldn't sleep for thinking. It's not true they're going to hang you.

RHETT:

Would you be sorry?

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett...

RHETT:

Well, don't worry. Yeah, The Yankees have trumped up some charge against me but what they're really after is my money. They seem to think I made off with a Confederate treasury.

SCARLETT:

Well, did you?

RHETT:

What a leading question. Let's not talk about sordid things like money. How good of you to come and see me. And how pretty you look.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, how you do run on teasing a country girl like me.

RHETT:

Thank Heaven's you're not in rags, I'm tired of seeing women in rags. Turn around. You look good enough to eat. Prosperous, too.

SCARLETT:

Thank you, I've been doing very well. Everybody's doing well at Tara, only, I got so bored, I just thought I'd treat myself with to visit to town.

RHETT:

You're a heartless creature but that's part of your charm. Though you've got more charm than the law allows.

SCARLETT:

Now I did come here to talk senseless about me, Rhett. I came because I was so miserable at the thought of you in trouble. Oh, I know I was mad at you the night you left me on the road to Tara, and I still haven't forgiven you.

RHETT:

Oh, Scarlett, don't say that.

SCARLETT:

Well, I must admit I might not be alive now. Only for you. And when I think of myself with anything I could possibly hope for, and not a care in the world, and you where here in this horrid jail. And not even a human jail, Rhett, a horse jail. But listen to me, try to make jokes when, when I really want to cry. And in a minute I shall cry.

RHETT:

Scarlett, can it be possible that...

SCARLETT:

Can what be possible, Rhett?

RHETT:

That you've grown a woman's heart? A real woman's heart.

SCARLETT:

I have Rhett. I know I have.

RHETT:

You know it's worth being in jail just to hear you say that. It's well worth it.

(Rhett grasps Scarlett's hands. And suddenly, he reads the callous skin of her hands. This is a pair of hard-working hands.)

You can drop the moonlight and 'magnolia, Scarlett. So things have been going well at tara, have they?

SCARLETT:

Yes...

RHETT:

What have you been doing with your hands? SCARLETT
It's just that, I went riding last week without my
gloves...

RHETT:

These don't belong to a lady, you've been working
with them like a field hand. Why did you lie to me,
and what are you really up to? SCARLETT
Now Rhett...

RHETT:

In another minute, I'd almost believed you'd cared
something.

SCARLETT:

But I do care!

RHETT:

Suppose we get down to the truth. You want something
from me and you want it badly enough to put on quite
a show on your velvets. What is it, money?

SCARLETT:

I want three hundred dollars to pay the taxes on
Tara. Oh Rhett, I did lie to you when I said
everything was all right. Things are just as bad as
they possibly could be. And you've got millions,
Rhett.

RHETT:

What collateral are you offering?

SCARLETT:

My ear bobs...

RHETT:

Not interested.

SCARLETT:

Mortgage on Tara...

RHETT:

What would I do with a farm?

SCARLETT:

You wouldn't lose, I'd pay you back after next year's cotton.

RHETT:

Not good enough. Have you nothing better? SCARLETT
You once said you loved me. If you still love me,
Rhett...

RHETT:

You haven't forgotten that I'm not a marrying man.

SCARLETT:

No. I haven't forgotten.

RHETT:

You're not worth three hundred dollars. You'll never
mean anything but misery to any man.

SCARLETT:

Go on, insult me, I don't care what you say, only
give me the money! I won't let Tara go, I can't let
it go while there's a breath left in my body. Oh,
Rhett, won't you please give me the money?

RHETT:

I couldn't give you the money if I wanted to. My
funds are in Liverpool, not in Atlanta. If I tried
drawing a draft, the Yankees would be on me like a
duck on a junebug. So you see my dear, you've abased
yourself to no purpose. Stop it! You want the Yankees
to see like this?

SCARLETT:

Take your hands off me, you dunk! You know what I am
going to say before I started. You knew you wouldn't
lend me the money and yet, and yet, you let me go on.

RHETT:

I enjoyed hearing what you had to say. Cheer up, you
can come to my hanging and I'll remember you in my
will.

SCARLETT:

I'll come to your hanging. The only thing I'm afraid of is they won't hang you in time to pay the taxes on Tara.

Chapter 9 Scarlett's Second Marriage

(Scarlett leaves the jail in burning anger. But the visit of Scarlett and her new dress to Atlanta is not a complete futility. She meets Frank Kennedy, Sue Ellen's beau.)

FRANK:

Surely it can't be Miss Scarlett!

SCARLETT:

Why, Frank Kennedy!

FRANK:

And Mammie...

MAMMIE:

It sure is good to see home folks.

FRANK:

I didn't know you were in Atlanta.

SCARLETT:

I didn't know you were.

FRANK:

Didn't Miss Sue Ellen tell you about my store?

SCARLETT:

Did she, I don't remember. Have you a store? This?

FRANK:

Won't you come in, look around a bit?

(Into the store)

I don't suppose it looks like much to a lady, but I can't help being proud of it.

SCARLETT:

You're not making money?

FRANK:

Well, I can't complain. In fact I'm mighty

encouraged. Folks tell me I'm just a born merchant. It won't be long now before Miss Sue Ellen and I can marry.

SCARLETT:

Well , you're doing as well as all that?

FRANK:

Yes, I am. Miss Scarlett. I'm no millionaire yet, but I have cleared a thousand dollars already.

SCARLETT:

And lumber too.

FRANK:

Well, that's only a sideline.

SCARLETT:

A sideline, Frank? With all the good Georgia pine around Atlanta, and all this building going on?

FRANK:

Well, all that takes money, Miss Scarlett, and, I got to be thinking about buying a home.

SCARLETT:

What would you want a home for?

FRANK:

For Miss Sue Ellen and me to set up housekeeping.

SCARLETT:

Here in Atlanta. You'd want to bring her to Atlanta, wouldn't you? There wouldn't be much help in that for Tara.

FRANK:

I don't rightly know what you mean, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

I don't mean a thing. Frank, how'd you like to drive me out to my Aunt Pitty's?

FRANK:

Oh, nothing could give me more pleasure, Miss Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

I think you'd better stay for supper, too. I'm sure Aunt Pitty would be agreeable and I know I'd like a good long visit with you.

FRANK:

Oh, you act on me just like a tonic, Miss Scarlett. And will you tell me all the news, all the news of Miss Sue Ellen? What's the matter, Miss Scarlett? Miss Sue Ellen's not ill, is she?

SCARLETT:

Oh, no, no. I thought surely she had written you. I guess she was ashamed to write to you. She should be ashamed. Oh how awful to have such a mean sister.

FRANK:

You must tell me, Miss Scarlett. Don't leave me on the tenderhooks.

SCARLETT:

Well, she's going to marry one of the county boys next month. She just got tired of waiting and was afraid she'd be an old maid and...Oh, I'm sorry to be the one to tell you. Oh, it's cold, and I left my muff at home. Would you mind if I put my hand in your pocket?

(Scarlett returns to Tara as Mrs. Kennedy, with 300 dollars, to face Sue Ellen's broken heart and the astonishment of the other people.)

SUE ELLEN:

But Melanie, you don't realize what she's done. She's gone and married my Mr. Kennedy! He's my beau and she's gone and married him.

MELANIE:

She did it to save Tara, you must understand that, Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN:

I hate Tara. And I hate Scarlett. She's the only thing I hate worse than Tara!

(In the living room.)

ASHLEY:

It's all my fault. I should have committed highway robbery to get that tax money for you.

SCARLETT:

I couldn't let you do anything like that, and anyway, it's done now.

ASHLEY:

Yes, it's done now. You wouldn't let me do anything dishonorable yet you'd sell yourself in marriage to a man you didn't love. Well, at least you won't have to worry about my helplessness anymore.

SCARLETT:

What do you mean?

ASHLEY:

I'm going to New York. I've arranged to get a position in a bank there.

SCARLETT:

But you can't do that! I've counted on you to help me start a lumber business Ashley and, I counted on you.

ASHLEY:

Scarlett, I wouldn't be any good to you, I don't know anything about the lumber business.

SCARLETT:

You know as much as you do about banking, and I'd give you half the business Ashley.

ASHLEY:

That's generous of you Scarlett. But it isn't that. If I go to Atlanta and take help from you again, I'd bury forever any hope of standing alone.

SCARLETT:

Oh, is that all? Well, you could gradually buy the

business, and then it would be your own, and then...

ASHLEY:

No Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Ashley! Ashley
(Melanie walks in.)

MELANIE:

Scarlett. Scarlett, what is it?

SCARLETT:

Ashley is so mean and hateful.

MELANIE:

(to Ashley
What have you done?

ASHLEY:

She, she wanted me to go to Atlanta.

SCARLETT:

To help me start me my lumber business, and he won't lift a finger to help me.

MELANIE:

Why how un-chivalrous of you. Why think Ashley, think. If it hadn't of been for Scarlett, I'd have died in Atlanta, and maybe we wouldn't have had little Beau, and, when I think of picking cotton and plowing just to keep food in our mouths, I could just, oh, my darling!

ASHLEY:

All right, Melanie. I'll go to Atlanta. I can't fight you both.

(Months passed. The lumber business is a great success. But good times don't last long. Frank Kennedy died in a fight against some tramps, for their insult on Scarlett. Scarlett is very sad.)

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett. Captain Butler here to see you. I told

him you was prostrate with grief.

SCARLETT:

Tell him, tell him I'll be right down, Mammie.
(Downstairs.)

MAMMIE:

She says she's coming. I don't know why she's coming,
but she's a-coming.

RHETT:

You don't like me Mammie. Now don't you argue with
me, you don't, you really don't like me.
(Scarlett comes down, and shows Rhett into the
living room.)

RHETT:

It's no good Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

what?

RHETT:

The cologne.

SCARLETT:

I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

RHETT:

I mean you've been drinking. Brandy. Quite a lot.

SCARLETT:

Well, what if I had? Is that any of your affair?

RHETT:

Don't drink alone, Scarlett. People always find out.
And it ruins reputation. What is it? This is more
than losing old Frank.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett. I am so afraid.

RHETT:

I don't believe it. You've never been afraid in your

life.

SCARLETT:

I'm afraid now. I'm afraid of dying, of going to Hell.

RHETT:

You look pretty healthy. And maybe there isn't any Hell.

SCARLETT:

Oh, there is. I know there is. I was raised on it.

RHETT:

Well, far be it for me to question the teachings of childhood. Tell me what you've done that Hell yawns before you.

SCARLETT:

I ought never to have married Frank to begin with. He was Sue Ellen's beau and he loved her not me. And I made him miserable. And I killed him. Yes, I did, I'd killed him. Oh, Rhett. For the first time, I'm finding out what it is to feel sorry for something I've done.

RHETT:

Here, dry your eyes. If you had it to do all over again, you'd do it no differently. You're like the thief who isn't the least bit sorry he stole but he's terribly, terribly sorry he's going to jail.

SCARLETT:

I'm glad ma is dead. I'm glad she's dead so she can't see me. I always wanted to be like her, calm and kind and...and suddenly I've turned out disappointing.

RHETT:

You know what, Scarlett? I think you're on the verge of a crying jag. So I'll change the subject and say what I came to say.

SCARLETT:

Say it, then get out! What is it?

RHETT:

That I can't go on any longer without you.

SCARLETT:

Oh, you really are the most ill-bred man to come here at a time like this...

RHETT:

I made up my mind you were the only woman for me, Scarlett, the first day I saw you at Twelve Oaks. Now that you've got your lumber mill and Frank's money, you won't come to me as you did at the jail. So I see I shall have to marry you.

SCARLETT:

I never heard of such bad taste.

RHETT:

Would you be more convinced if I fell to my knees?

SCARLETT:

Turn me loose, you varlet and get out of here.

RHETT:

Forgive me for startling you with the impetuosity of my sentiments, my dear Scarlett, I mean my dear Mrs. Kennedy. But it cannot have escaped your notice that for some time past, the friendship I have felt for you has ripened into a deeper feeling. A feeling more beautiful, more pure, more sacred... dare I name it? Can it be love?

SCARLETT:

Get up off your knees, I don't like your common jokes.

RHETT:

This is an honorable proposal of marriage, made in what I consider a most opportune moment. I can't go all my life waiting to catch you between husbands.

SCARLETT:

You're coarse and you're conceited. And I think this

conversation's gone far enough. Besides, I shall never marry again.

RHETT:

Oh yes, you will. And you'll marry me.

SCARLETT:

You...you? I don't love you. And I don't like being married.

RHETT:

Did you ever think of marrying just for fun?

RHETT:

Oh yes, you will. And you'll marry me.

SCARLETT:

You...you? I don't love you. And I don't like being married.

RHETT:

Did you ever think of marrying just for fun?

SCARLETT:

Marriage, fun? Fiddle-dee-dee. Fun for men you mean. Hush, do you want them to hear you outside?

RHETT:

You've been married to a boy and an old man. Why not try a husband at the right age? With a way with women?

SCARLETT:

You're a fool, Rhett Butler. When you know I shall always love another man.

RHETT:

Stop it. You hear me Scarlett, stop it. No more of that talk.

SCARLETT:

Rhett don't, I shall faint.

RHETT:

And I want you to faint. This is what you were meant for. None of the fools you've ever known have kissed you like this, have they? Your Charles or your Frank or your stupid Ashley. Say you're going to marry me. Say yes. Say yes.

SCARLETT:

Yes.

RHETT:

Are you sure you meant it? You don't want to take it back?

SCARLETT:

No.

Chapter 10 Scarlett and Rhett

(Rhett and Scarlett spent a most-expected honeymoon in New Orleans. And one year after, their first child is born.)

RHETT:

She's a beautiful baby The most beautiful baby ever...yes... do you know that this is your birthday? That you're a week old today? Yes...I'm going to buy her a pony the likes of which this town has never seen. Yes, I'm going to send you to the best schools in Charleston...yes, and I'll be received by the best families in the South. And when it comes time for her to marry, well, she'll be a little princess.

SCARLETT:

Certainly you are making a fool of yourself.

RHETT:

Why shouldn't I? She's the first person who's ever completely belonged to me.

SCARLETT:

Great balls of fire. I had the baby, didn't I?
(Knock at the door.)

MELANIE:

It's Melanie, may I come in?

SCARLETT:

Come in, Mellie.

RHETT:

Yes, come in and look at my daughter's beautiful blue eyes.

MELANIE:

But Captain Butler, most babies have blue eyes when they're born.

SCARLETT:

Don't try and tell him anything, Mellie, he knows everything about babies.

RHETT:

Nevertheless, her eyes are blue and they're going to stay blue.

MELANIE:

As blue as the bonnie blue flag.

RHETT:

That's it. That's what we'll call her. Bonnie Blue Butler.

(In the bedroom, Scarlett is having Mammie measure her waist.)

SCARLETT:

Try again Mammie. MAMMIE
Twenty inches.

SCARLETT:

Twenty inches? I've grown as big as Aunt Pitty. You've simply got to make it eighteen and a half again, Mammie.

MAMMIE:

You done had a baby, Miss Scarlett. And you ain't never going to be no eighteen and a half inches again. Never. And there ain't nothing to do about it.

SCARLETT:

There is something to do about it. I'm just not going to get old and fat before my time. I just won't have any more babies.

MAMMIE:

I heard Mr. Rhett said that he'd be wanting to have a son next year.

SCARLETT:

Go tell Captain Butler I decided not to go out after all. I'll have supper in my room.

(Scarlett sits motionless in the chair, fixing her eyes on a picture. It is a picture of Ashley. Then Rhett comes in. Scarlett hurriedly turns the picture upside down.)

RHETT:

I got your message. I'll have them bring my supper up here too. No objections to that, I hope.

SCARLETT:

No...yes, I...I mean I don't care where you have your supper. Rhett?

RHETT:

Yes?

SCARLETT:

You see...well, I've decided-well, I hope I don't have any more children.

(Rhett notices the picture of Ashley.)

RHETT:

My pet, as I told you before Bonnie was born. It is immaterial to me whether you have one child or twenty.

SCARLETT:

I know, but do you know what I...do you know what I mean?

RHETT:

I do. And do you know I can divorce you for this?

SCARLETT:

You're just low enough to think of something like that. If you had any chivalry in you, you'd be nice, like...well look at Ashley Wilkes. Melanie can't have anymore children and he...he...

RHETT:

You've been to the lumber office this afternoon, haven't you?

SCARLETT:

What does that got to do with it?

RHETT:

Quite the little gentlemen, Ashley Pray, go on, Mrs. Butler.

SCARLETT:

It's no use. You wouldn't understand.

RHETT:

You know, I'm sorry for you, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

Sorry for me?

RHETT:

Yes, sorry for you because you're throwing away happiness with both hands. And reaching out for something that will never make you happy.

SCARLETT:

I don't know what you're talking about.

RHETT:

If you were free and Miss Mellie were dead, and you had your precious, honorable Ashley, do you think you'd be happy with him? You'd never know him. Never even understand his mind. Any more than you understand anything. Except money.

SCARLETT:

Never mind about that. What I want to know is...

RHETT:

You may keep your sanctity Scarlett. It'll work no hardship on me.

SCARLETT:

Do you mean to say you don't care?

RHETT:

The world is full of many things and many people. And I'm not a shant bit lonely... I'll find comfort elsewhere.

SCARLETT:

Well, that's fine. But I warn you just in case you change your mind... I intend to lock my door.

RHETT:

Why bother. If I wanted to come in no lock could keep me out.

(In the lumber mill, Scarlett comes to see Ashley.)

ASHLEY:

Why Scarlett. What are you doing downtown this time of day?

SCARLETT:

Why Ashely, I just...

ASHLEY:

Why aren't you helping Mellie get ready for my surprise birthday party?

SCARLETT:

Why Ashley Wilkes. You aren't supposed to know anything about that. Melanie'd be so disappointed you weren't surprised.

ASHLEY:

I won't let her down. I'll be the most suprised man in Atlanta. Well as long as you're here, let me show you the books. So you can see just how bad a businessman I really am.

SCARLETT:

Oh, don't let's fool with any books today. When I'm wearing a new bonnet, all the figures I ever knew go right slab out of my head.

ASHLEY:

The figures are well lost when the bonnet's as pretty as that one. Scarlett, you know you get prettier all the time. You haven't changed a bit since the day of our last barbecue at Twelve Oaks. When you sat under a tree surrounded by dozens of beaux.

SCARLETT:

That girl doesn't exist any more. Nothing's turned out as I expected. Ashley, nothing. ASHLEY
Yes, we've traveled a long road since the old days, haven't we, Scarlett? All the lazy days...and the warm, still, country twilight...the high soft Negro laughter from the quarters...the golden warmth, and security of those days.

SCARLETT:

Don't look back, Ashley Don't look back. It drags at your heart till...till you can't do anything but look back.

ASHLEY:

I didn't mean to make you sad my dear. I never want you to be anything but completely happy.
(Ashley hugs sad Scarlett. Mrs. Meade and India happen to enter the room. Seeing this, they leave, wordless and disgusted. Scarlett is now back at home, lying in the bed.)

SCARLETT:

Oh, Who is it?

RHETT:

Only your husband.

SCARLETT:

Come in.

RHETT:

Am I actually being invited into the sanctuary?

You're not ready for Melanie's party?

SCARLETT:

I've got a headache, Rhett. You go without me and make my excuses to Melanie.

RHETT:

What a whег-livered little coward you are. Get up. You're going to that party and you'll have to hurry.

SCARLETT:

Has India...

RHETT:

Yes, my dear, India has, every woman in town knows the story and every man, too.

SCARLETT:

You should have killed them for spreading lies.

RHETT:

I have a strange way of not killing people who tell the truth. No time to argue, now get up.

SCARLETT:

I won't go! I can't go until this misunderstanding is cleared up.

RHETT:

You're not going to cheat Miss Melanie out of the satisfaction of publicly ordering you out of her house.

SCARLETT:

There was nothing wrong. India hates me, so I can't go, Rhett. I couldn't face her.

RHETT:

If you don't show your face tonight, you'll never be able to show it in this town as long as you live. And while that wouldn't bother me, you're not going to ruin Bonnie's chances. You're going to that party if only for her sake. Now get dressed. Now wear that. Nothing modest or matronly will do for this occasion.

And put on plenty of rouge. I want you to look your part tonight.

(At the door of the Wilkes'.)

RHETT:

Good night, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

But Rhett, you can't...

RHETT:

You go into the area alone. The lions are hungry for you.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, don't leave me, don't! RHETT

You're not afraid?

(Ashley's birthday party is going on. As Scarlett shows at the door, people in the room stop singing. Melanie pretends to notice nothing and goes to greet Scarlett calmly.)

MELANIE:

What a lovely dress, Scarlett darling! India wasn't able to come tonight. Will you be an angel? I do need you to help me receive my guests. Mrs. Meade, here's our darling Scarlett.

Mrs. MEADE

Good evening.

SCARLETT. Good evening.

WOMAN:

Why, Scarlett, good evening.

ASHLEY:

Good evening, Miss Scarlett.

MELANIE:

Ashley, aren't you going to get our Scarlett a glass of punch?

(Tara, Scarlett in her room.)

MAMMIE:

Did you have a good time tonight at Miss Mellie's

party child?

SCARLETT:

Yes, yes. Now Mammie be sure and leave word. If Captian Butler asks for me when he comes back, I'm asleep.

MELANIE:

Yes'm.

(Scarlett can not fall asleep, so many things happen, she sneaks downstairs and wants to have a drink. And she finds Rhett is already there, half-drunk.)

RHETT:

Come here. Sit down. There's no reason why you shouldn't have your nightcap even if I am here.

SCARLETT:

I didn't want to drink. I heard a noise and...

RHETT:

You heard nothing of the kind. You wouldn't have come down if you thought I was here. You must need a drink badly.

SCARLETT:

I do not.

RHETT:

Take it. Don't get yourself airs. I know you drink on the quiet and I know how much you drink. You think I care if you like your brandy?

SCARLETT:

You're drunk and I'm going to bed.

RHETT:

I'm very drunk and I intend getting still drunker before the evening's over. But you're not going to bed. Not yet. Sit down. So she stood by you, did she? How does it feel to have the woman you've wronged cloak your sins for you? You're wondering if she knows all about you and Ashley. You're wondering if

she did it just to save her face. You're thinking that she's a fool for doing it even if it did save your hide but...

SCARLETT:

I will not listen.

RHETT:

Yes, you'll listen. Miss Melanie's a fool, but not the kind you think. It's just that there's too much honor at her to ever conceive of dishonor in anyone she loves. And she loves you. Though just why she does, I'm sure I don't know.

SCARLETT:

If you weren't so drunk and insulting, I could explain everything. As it is though...

RHETT:

If you get out of that chair once more... of course, the comic figure in all of this is the long suffering Mr. Wilkes. Mr. Wilkes, who can't be mentally faithful to his wife and won't be unfaithful to her technically. Why doesn't he make up his mind?

SCARLETT:

Rhett you...

RHETT:

Observe my hands, my dear. I could tear you to pieces with them. And I'd do it if it'd take Ashley out of your mind forever. But it wouldn't. So I'll remove him from your mind forever this way. I'll put my hand so. One on each side of your head. And I'll smash your skull between them like a walnut. That'll block him out.

SCARLETT:

Take your hands off me, you drunken fool.

RHETT:

You know, I've always admired your spirit, my dear. Never more than now when you're cornered.

SCARLETT:

I'm not cornered. You'll never corner me, Rhett Butler, or frighten me. You've lived in dirt so long you can't understand anything else. And you're jealous of something you can't understand. Good night.

RHETT:

Jealous am I? Yes, I suppose I am. Even though I know you've been faithful to me all along. How do I know? Because I know Ashley Wilkes and his honorable breed. They're gentlemen. That's more than I can say for you and for me. We're not gentlemen. And we have no honor, have we?

Chapter 11 Losing of the Children

(The next morning, Scarlett wakes up, quite delighted.)

SCARLETT:

(Sing)

...Oh, she went with delight when he gave her a smile, and trembled with yet his frown...

RHETT:

Hello. I, I'd like to extend my apology for my conduct of last night.

SCARLETT:

Oh, but Rhett...

RHETT:

I was very drunk and quite swept off my feet by your charms.

SCARLETT:

You needn't bother to apologize, nothing you ever do surprises me.

RHETT:

Scarlett, I've been thinking things over and I really believe it'd be better for both of us, if we admitted we made a mistake and got a divorce.

SCARLETT:

A divorce?

RHETT:

Yes. There's no point in our holding onto each other, is there? I've provided for you amply. You've plenty of grounds. Just give me Bonnie and you can say what you please and I won't contest it.

SCARLETT:

Thank you very much, but I wouldn't dream of disgracing the family with a divorce.

RHETT:

You'd disgrace it quick enough if Ashley were free. It makes my head spin to think of how quickly you'd divorce me. Wouldn't you, Scarlett? Well answer me. Wouldn't you?

SCARLETT:

Will you please go now and leave me alone.

RHETT:

Yes, I'm going, that's what I came to tell you. I am going on a very extended trip to London, and I'm leaving today.

SCARLETT:

Oh...

RHETT:

And I'm taking Bonnie with me. So you'll please get her little duds packed right away.

SCARLETT:

You'll never take my child out of this house.

RHETT:

She's my child, too, Scarlett. And you're making a mistake if you think I'm leaving her here with a mother who hasn't the decency to consider her own reputation.

SCARLETT:

You're a fine one to talk. You think I let that child

get out of this house when you'll probably have her around with people like, like that Belle?

RHETT:

If you were a man, I'd break your neck for that. As it is. I'll thank you to shut your stupid mouth. And as for you giving yourself pious airs about your motherhood, why a cat's a better mother than you are. You have her things packed ready for me in an hour, or I warn you, I've always thought a good lashing with a buggy whip would benefit you immensely.

(One month later, Rhett Bulter is back from London after a long departure.)

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett! Captain Butler! Miss Scarlett! Honey child!

BONNIE:

Come on Mammie! Mammie!

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett, she's back. She's back, Miss Scarlett!

SCARLETT:

Bonnie! Bonnie! Bonnie;-Bonnie baby...darling baby...you glad to be home?

BONNIE:

Daddy gave me a kitten! Oh, London's a horrible place. Where's my pony? I want to go out and see my pony.

SCARLETT:

You go out and see your pony.

RHETT:

Mrs. Butler, I believe.

SCARLETT:

Mammie said you'd come back.

RHETT:

But only to bring Bonnie. Apparently any mother, even a bad one is better than a child with none.

SCARLETT:

You mean you're going away again?

RHETT:

What perception Mrs. Butler. Right away In fact I left my bags at the station. You're looking pale. Is there a shortage of rouge? Or can this wonders mean you've been missing me?

SCARLETT:

If I'm pale, it's your fault. Not because I've been missing you, but because...

RHETT:

Pray continue, Mrs. Butler.

SCARLETT:

It's because I'm going to have a baby.

RHETT:

Indeed? And who's the happy father?

SCARLETT:

You know it's yours. I don't want it any more than you do. No woman would want the child of a cad like you. I wish it were, I wish it were anybody's child but yours!

RHETT:

Well, cheer up. Maybe you'll have an accident.
(In great anger, Scarlett throws herself to Rhett. But she loses her balance on the slippery floor and falls all the way down the stairs. Days later, newly recovered from the unexpected accident and a resulting miscarriage, Scarlett sits in a chair on a balcony. Rhett comes.)

MAMMIE:

Miss Scarlett's feeling a heap better today, Mr. Rhett.

RHETT:

Thank you. I've come to ask your forgiveness. In the hope that we can give our life together another chance.

SCARLETT:

Our life together? When did we ever have a life together?

RHETT:

I guess you're right. But I'm sure if we could only try again, we could be happy.

SCARLETT:

What is there to make us happy now?

RHETT:

Well there's, there's Bonnie and, and I love you, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

When did you discover that?

RHETT:

I've always loved you. But you've never given me a chance to show it.

SCARLETT:

Well, then just what do you want me to do ?

RHETT:

To begin with, give up the mill, Scarlett. We'll go away. We'll take Bonnie with us and we'll have another honeymoon.

SCARLETT:

Give up the mill? Well why should I, it's making more money than it ever did.

RHETT:

Yes, I know, but we don't need it. Sell it. Or better still, give it to Ashley. Melanie has been such a friend to both of us.

SCARLETT:

Melanie, always Melanie. If you'd only think a little more about me.

RHETT:

I am thinking of you. And I'm thinking that, well, that maybe it's the mill that's taking you away from me. And from Bonnie.

SCARLETT:

I know what you're thinking. And don't try and bring Bonnie into this. You're the one who's taking her away from me.

RHETT:

But she loves you.

SCARLETT:

You've done everything possible to make her love you and not me. Why, she's so spoiled now, that...

BONNIE:

Mommy, Daddy, watch me!

SCARLETT:

We're watching, darling! You're mighty pretty precious.

BONNIE:

So are you! I'm going to jump. Watch me, Daddy.

RHETT:

I don't think you ought to do much jumping yet, Bonnie. Remember you just learned to ride side-saddle.

BONNIE:

I will so jump. I can jump better than ever, cuz I've grown, and I've moved the bar higher...

SCARLETT:

Don't let her do it Rhett...

RHETT:

No, Bonnie, you can't... Well if you fall off, don't cry and blame me!

SCARLETT:

Rhett, stop her.

RHETT:

Bonnie! Bonnie!

SCARLETT:

Just like Paw;- Just like Paw!!

RHETT:

Bonnie! Bonnie! Bonnie!

(Bonnie died. Like her grandfather, she falls over from the horse to the ground. With her, she takes many things.....)

Chapter 12 Tara, Land of Hope

(Melanie is seriously sick. She knows there is not much time left for her, and begs to see Scarlett.)

SCARLETT:

It's me, Mellie.

MELANIE:

Promise me. Ashley...Ashley and you...

SCARLETT:

What about...Ashley, Mellie?

MELANIE:

Look after him for me. Just as you looked after me for him.

SCARLETT:

I will, Mellie.

MELANIE:

Look after him. But never let him know.

SCARLETT:

Good night.

MELANIE:

Promise?

SCARLETT:

What else, Mellie?

MELANIE:

Captain Butler...be kind to him...he loves you so...

SCARLETT:

Yes, Mellie.

(Melanie passes away. Scarlett comforts the heart-broken Ashley, neglecting the existence of Rhett Butler, who couldn't bear to see the scene, leaves. But suddenly Scarlett sees the fact, she doesn't love Ashley anymore. So she goes to look for Rhett everywhere.)

SCARLETT:

Rhett, wait for me! Rhett, wait for me! Rhett! Rhett!
(Outside the restroom.)

RHETT:

Come in.

SCARLETT:

Rhett!

RHETT:

Melanie, she's...well. God rest her. She was the only completely kind person I ever knew. Great lady. A very great lady. Though she's dead. That makes it nice for you, doesn't it?

SCARLETT:

Oh, how can you say such things. You know how I loved her really.

RHETT:

No, I don't know that I do. But at least it's to your credit that you could appreciate her at the end.

SCARLETT:

Of course I appreciated her. She thought of everybody except herself. Why her last words were about you.

RHETT:

What did she say?

SCARLETT:

She said, be kind to Captain Butler, he loves you so.

RHETT:

Did she say anything else?

MELANIE:

She said, she asked me to look after Ashley too.

RHETT It's convenient to have the first wife's permission, isn't it?

SCARLETT:

What do you mean? What are you doing?

RHETT:

I'm leaving you, my dear. All you need now is a divorce and your dreams of Ashley can come true.

SCARLETT:

No! No, you're wrong! Terribly wrong! I don't want a divorce. Oh Rhett, when I knew tonight, when I knew I loved you, I ran home to tell you, oh darling, darling!

RHETT:

Please don't go on with this. Leave us some dignity to remember out of our marriage. Spare us this last.

SCARLETT:

This last? Oh Rhett, do listen to me. I must have loved you for years only I was such a stupid fool I didn't know it. Please believe me. You must care! Mellie said you did!

RHETT:

I believe you. But what about Ashley Wilkes?

SCARLETT:

I.....I never really loved Ashley.

RHETT:

You certainly gave a good imitation of it up to this morning. Oh, Scarlett, I tried everything. If you'd only met me halfway, even when I came back from London...

SCARLETT:

I was so glad to see you, I was Rhett, but, but you were so nasty!

RHETT:

And then when you were sick. And it was all my fault. I hoped and against hope that you'd call for me. But you didn't.

SCARLETT:

I wanted you. I wanted you desperately, but I didn't think you wanted me!

RHETT:

It seems we've been at crossed purposed, doesn't it. But it's no use now. As long as there was Bonnie there was a chance we might be happy. I like to think that Bonnie was you. A little girl again. Before the war and poverty had done things to you. She was so like you. And I could pet her and spoil her as I wanted to spoil you. But when she went, she took everything.

SCARLETT:

Oh, Rhett, Rhett, please don't say that. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for everything.

RHETT:

My darling, you're such a child. You think that by saying I'm sorry, all the past can be corrected. Here, take my handkerchief. Never in any crisis of your life have I known you to have a handkerchief.

SCARLETT:

Rhett, Rhett where are you going?

RHETT:

I'm going to Charleston. Back where I belong.

SCARLETT:

Please, please take me with you.

RHETT:

No. I'm through with everything here. I want peace. I want to see if somewhere if there is something left in life with charm and grace. Do you know what I'm talking about?

SCARLETT:

No. I only know that I love you.

RHETT:

That's your misfortune.

SCARLETT:

Rhett! If you go, where shall I go? What shall I do?

RHETT:

Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.

SCARLETT:

I can't let him go. I can't. There must be some way to bring him back. Oh, I can't think about that now. I'll go crazy if I do, I...I'll think about it tomorrow. I must think about it. I must think about it. What is there to do? What is there that matters? (The words other father and Ashley thunder in her ear.)

Mr. O'HARA

You mean to tell me, Katie Scarlett O'Hara, that Tara doesn't mean anything to you? That land is the only thing that matters. It's the only thing that lasts.

ASHLEY:

Something you love better than me, though you may not know it.

Mr. O'HARA

Tara, it's this from where you get your strength.

ASHLEY:

Tara, the red earth of Tara.

Mr. O'HARA

That land's the only thing that matters, it's the only thing that lasts.

ASHLEY:

Something you love better than me, though you may not know it, Tara.

Mr. O'HARA

...From which you get your strength...

ASHLEY:

... the red earth of Tara.

Mr. O'HARA

Lands the only thing that matters...

ASHLEY:

something you love better than me...

Mr. O'HARA plus ASHLEY

...the red earth of Tara...Tara!... Tara!... Tara!

SCARLETT:

Tara! Home. I'll go home. And I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day!

(The end)