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The Heiress

By Ruth Goetz

- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Here's the dress for Miss Sloper.
- Thank you.

Miss Cathy, it's your new dress!
Will you take it out of the box,
Maria, and hang it up?

Yes, Miss.

Well, that's all, I think.

- I'll be at the Harrisons'.
- Yes, Doctor.

I may not get to the clinic today
at all.

- Good morning, Lavinia.
- Good morning, Austin.
- Catherine's starting another?
- She embroiders beautifully.

I hope she doesn't let it become
a life's work.

Austin, yesterday

I had the most exciting experience!

- Oh?
- I met two people from Poughkeepsie.
Birth certificate. They had been
members of my husband's congregation.

When I told them I was stopping
with my brother,

Dr. Sloper, 16 Washington Square,
they were so impressed.

It's just made my visit!

Lavinia, would you care
to spend the winter here?

The winter? Oh, gladly!

Good. I thought if you stayed on,
you might help Catherine.

Help her? But help her how, Austin?

For instance,

Elizabeth's party this evening,
you could persuade Catherine
to join in with the young people.

Enjoy herself.

- But of course she'll do that.
- I hope so.

Ah.

Six pounds. That'll be 30 cents.

- Could you please cut off the head?

- Yes, Miss. Kitty, kitty, kitty.

- There you are.

- Thank you.

Yes, ma'am. Fresh fish!

- Morning, Father.

- Morning, Catherine.

I bought a fine fish
for the chowder you like.

That's very thoughtful.

Next time,

let the man carry it in for you.

- Oh. Yes, Father.

- Coming!

It's a lovely morning. Why don't you
invite your Aunt Lavinia or a friend
to take luncheon with you,
perhaps go to a park concert?

I can't. I have some embroidery
I'd like to attend to.

Ah, yes.

Well, I'll see you this evening.

Yes, Father. Goodbye.

- Catherine?

- Come in, Aunt Penniman.

Ooh, you must hurry, dear.

You were a long time
at that hospital committee.

- Too long.

- Didn't you like it?

Some ladies on the committee
are so foolish, they're useless.
They think it ill-bred to know
anything about food or the kitchen.
Such airs and graces.

When I was young,
we took pride in our housewifery.
My, the meals I used to set before
the Reverend Penniman, rest his soul!

- Then, you have deceived me, Aunt.

- How so?

You led me to believe
that you and he lived on love alone.

A witticism like that would be
of interest to people this evening.
It's a very good way to get started.
What I mean is, don't go off
by yourself tonight, will you?
Stay with all of us
and enjoy the party.
You have been talking to Father.
Well, yes, dear. In a way I have.
- Your father...
- Father would like me to be composed
- and to join in the conversation.
- Yes.
- I can't, Aunt Lavinia.
- Perhaps you don't try sufficiently.
Oh, I do! I do!
I would do anything to please him.
There's nothing
that means more to me.
I have sat here in my room
and made notes of the things I should
say and how I should say them.
But when I am in company, it seems
that no one wants to listen to me.
Now, Catherine.
If you will stay by me this evening,
you will see that what I say is not
always of the greatest importance
but, dear,
that doesn't keep me from talking.
Yes, Aunt.
Now, I'll finish dressing
and meet you downstairs.
Father!
Come in, Catherine.
Good evening, Father.
Do I disturb you?
You are not a disturbing woman,
my dear.
Do you like my dress?
Is it possible this
magnificent person is my daughter?
But you are sumptuous, opulent.
You look as if

you have 80,000 a year.

- I thought you'd like the color.

- Yes.

- It's cherry red.

- So it is.

I believe my mother used to wear it.

In her hair ribbons, Austin.

Ah, yes.

But, Catherine, your mother was fair.

She dominated the color.

Well, I must dress.

I'll try not to keep you waiting.

Oh, I must pack our silver punch cups
for Aunt Elizabeth.

Is it proper for me to go
to Sister Elizabeth's party?

- Of course, why not?

- After all, I'm still in mourning.

Lavinia, I know you bear your sorrow
with equal fortitude,
whatever the surroundings.

That's right. After all, I'm just as
grief-stricken no matter where I am.

You were wonderful!

Your Aunt Penniman
has made a conquest.

Yes.

- Having a nice time, Catherine?

- Delightful, Aunt Elizabeth.

- So's Jefferson.

- Oh!

Austin, who's sick, who's dead?

Who've you been cutting up?

When your gout's troubling you,
you're more respectful to me.

- Are you making that announcement?

- Yes, dear.

- Go on! Go on!

- Alright! Alright!

If he doesn't do it now

he'll make it from under a table.

My good neighbors and dear friends,
I am about to lose the loveliest,
the most beautiful daughter...

...very dearest girl,
to a most wonderful young man,
to Arthur Townsend.

I am at once
a sad and a very lucky father.
I'd like you all to toast my loss
and my gain.

- To the happy couple.

- To the happy couple.

Oh, Momma!

Don't look so happy. I'll be home
for all my meals. Uncle Austin.

Marian, my dear,
great happiness to both of you.

Thank you, sir.

Cathy, isn't it wonderful?

Isn't this a lovely party?

Come along, Arthur, let's dance!

- Excuse us.

- Excuse us.

Oh, er, Quintus.

- You're not dancing?

- No, ma'am.

You remember Catherine Sloper,
my niece?

Yes, indeed.

May I have the pleasure, Catherine?

Thank you, Quintus.

Excuse me, Father.

- Permit me, Catherine.

- Oh, thank you, Father.

Do you suppose there's another Arthur
somewhere in this great city of ours?

- Catherine will find a husband.

- You think so?

She has the prospect
of 30,000 a year.

I see that you appreciate her.

I don't mean it's her only merit.

But you always allude to her
as an marriageable girl.

My allusions are as kind as yours,
Liz.

Do you suppose Jefferson

has left any French brandy?
Let's see.
May I get you some claret cup?
Oh, yes. Thank you.
She's gone to the best schools
in the city,
she's had the finest training
I could get her, music and dancing.
She's sat with me evenings on end.
I've tried to make conversation,
give her some social adeptness.
I've given her freedom wherever
I could. The result is what you see.
An entirely mediocre and defenseless
creature with not a shred of poise.
Austin, you're so intolerant.
You expect so much.
You remember her mother, Liz?
Her mother who had so much
grace and gaiety.
This is her child.
Austin, no child could compete with
this image you have of her mother.
You've idealized that poor dead woman
beyond all recognition.
You are not entitled to say that.
Only I know what I lost
when she died.
What I got in her place...
Catherine, what are you doing here?
I'm waiting for Quintus Seabury.
Well, don't wait here, dear.
Make him look for you.
Dancing was the one thing we
disagreed about, the Reverend and I.
Do you suppose
he's watching over me tonight?
That depends on where he is, Aunt.
- Good evening, Mrs. Penniman.
- Good evening.
Catherine, may I present
Mr. Morris Townsend?
How you doing, Miss Sloper?
Mr. Townsend's Arthur's cousin,

and he's just returned from Europe.

- How do you do, sir?

- Would you dance, Miss Sloper?

I believe she has a waltz left.

Excuse me, dear. There is Mr. Abeel.

May I?

Yes.

Which one will it be?

Oh! Yes...

Erm... the fifth?

The fifth? Thank you.

Two Rs in Morris...

Miss Sloper, I consider
that you're doing me a great honor.

You see, I'm rather choosy, too.

Catherine... Sloper.

Catherine Sloper.

Catherine Sloper, Catherine Sloper.

You know, we don't have to wait
until the fifth.

- No?

- No.

Miss Sloper,
we must make an arrangement.

I will not kick you
if you will not kick me.

Oh, dear! I'm so clumsy.

No, I'm wearing Arthur's boots
and he's a very bad dancer.

Oh!

Now, one, two, three, point.

One, two, three, point.

- Don't look at your feet.

- Where shall I look?

- Look at me.

- Oh.

No.

Very good.

When we were boys,
Arthur was called Porridge Head.

Shall we sit down?

While I've been in Europe,
he's become

a promising young businessman.

And now, Miss Sloper,
I think it's time you said something.
Erm...

Are you going to remain
in New York now, Mr. Townsend?
What a delightful question.
Well, I haven't been at all sure
what I was going to do.
But right now, I've decided.
Yes, Miss Sloper,
I am going to remain in New York now.
Are you warm?
- Let me get you some claret cup.
- Oh, no!

Are you a member
of the Temperance League?
- Er, yes, I believe I am.
- Oh.

Well, I'm not.
Will you excuse me for a moment?
Oh, Mr. Abeel,
I can't keep this up any longer!
I must rest.
Catherine, dear,
your old aunty is exhausted.
Finish this delightful polka, dear.
- Mr. Abeel is an accomplished dancer.
- Well, I...

It would be a pleasure,
Miss Sloper.
Mr. Townsend,
are you looking for my niece?
Yes. She must have been ambushed.
- Will you console me?
- She'll be back in a moment.
This is the sixth dance in a row.
Now, he just can't keep it up.
You know, I can dance most of these
young whippersnappers off their feet.
Lavinia.
Austin, may I present
Mr. Morris Townsend?
- Mr. Townsend, my brother, Dr. Sloper.
- I've looked forward to meeting you.

- I'm honored.
- Thank you.
- Have you had a nice time?
- I've had a most wonderful evening.
And we had difficulty persuading her
to come.
The gentlemen here all owe you
a vote of thanks, Doctor.
I'll be ready very soon.
Will you tell Catherine?
- It's the best part of the evening.
- It really is, Austin.
Ah, but you're used to those
gay nights at the parsonage.
I, alas, must be an early riser.
- Good night, Mr. Townsend.
- Good night, sir.
Oh, Catherine, I have bad news.
We're leaving.
Yes, Aunt.
- Where is Mr. Abeel?
- He's having a nosebleed.
Oh, dear!
- Good night, Mr. Townsend.
- Good night, Mrs. Penniman.
I wish to apologize, sir.
You should, Miss Sloper.
Had Mr. Abeel kept his health,
I should've invited him out
with sabers.
Well, I...
I must get my wrap.
- I, er, I've just met your father.
- Yes, I saw.
He left before I could ask him
when I might call.
His office hours are in the morning.
Are you not well, Mr. Townsend?
I'm in the best of health.
I wish to call on you.
Oh!
Oh.
- Good morning, Mr. Townsend.
- Good morning.

- Miss Sloper's not at home, sir.

- She isn't?

Why, Mr. Townsend!

- Good morning, Miss Penniman.

- Do come in.

I stopped by because Miss Sloper told me she'd be home this morning.

- Is she really out?

- Oh, yes.

She has taken flight at your third visit this week.

- I wonder why.

- Ooh, I cannot betray a confidence.

- You must ask her that.

- When?

Well...

- I know she won't be long.

- Thank you, ma'am.

The parsonage was a veritable beehive with our spelling matches, taffy pulls. Oh, and in the winter, the sleigh rides over the Poughkeepsie hills...

Mrs. Penniman, do you suppose Catherine, I mean, Miss Sloper...

- You may let yourself go with me.

- Yes, thank you, but...

- She will be home!

- Yes, but when?

Mr. Townsend, you remind me so of the Reverend Penniman.

The same ardency, the same passionate nature.

How I wish I might've known him.

Tell me about the doctor, ma'am.

What sort of...

- Oh, Catherine, is that you?

- Yes, Aunt.

- You have a visitor, young lady.

- Good morning.

It is a beautiful morning

for me now, Miss Sloper.

I was afraid you might not come back.

I would have to come back some time.

I live here.

I know you do, Miss Sloper.

That is why I'm here.

Mr. Townsend wondered if his flowers had been delivered in good condition.

Yes, thank you. They were very fresh.

- I mailed you a note this morning.

- I shall treasure it, Miss Sloper.

Although I did not send the flowers in order to be thanked.

- I sent them to give you pleasure.

- Thank you.

Oh, I brought that song

I told you I found in Paris.

Pardon me, ma'am, I'll get it.

- I will leave you alone.

- What will I talk about?

You will not have to do the talking.

He has come a-courting!

- Courting me?

- Well, certainly not me.

Now, you must be very gracious to him!

Oh, Mr. Townsend, you must excuse me.

I have numerous duties which call me.

- I trust we shall see you again.

- I'm your servant, ma'am.

- You haven't forgotten this evening?

- No, Aunt.

Our girl is off to another one of her endless parties.

It makes me very unhappy to hear that.

Why?

That you're so sought after.

It makes my way harder.

I am not going to a party.

My father and I are dining with Mr. And Mrs. Holme, that's all.

That's what I like you for.

You're so honest.

Tell me something.

Did you go out this morning

because you thought I might call?

Yes.

Do you not like to see me?

Yes, I like to see you, Mr. Townsend,
but you've called so frequently
this week...

- You're tired of me.

- Oh, no!

You consider my behavior improper.

I-I do not know.

I am puzzled.

Good. I like that.

If you're puzzled,
you're thinking of me.

- Is that the song?

- Yes.

- Will you play it for me?

- I do not play.

May I?

I assure you, I shan't harm it.

Can you hear me way over there?

You know, on my tenth visit,
you might even sit here.

Mr. Townsend, you are very bold.

- Do you know what it means?

- No.

The joys... of love...

...they last... but a short time.

The pains... of love...

last all your life.

All... your life.

It's a lovely song.

You know,

I think of you constantly.

I'm not very good

at this kind of conversation.

Neither am I.

I'm afraid that is our trouble.

I am not a glib man, Miss Sloper.

I think you talk very well.

Not when I need it most.

Oh, with Miss Penniman,

or in my room at home

I can think of the most delightful

things to say.

- Can you understand that?

- Yes, I can.

But here with you,
I sound like a fool.

I don't think so.

You don't?

Well, if ever you do think so,
if ever I sound high-blown or false,
put it down to that, will you?

- I will try.

- And... take pity on my situation.

What situation?

Miss Sloper...

...I have fallen in love with you.

You have?

- Ah, Catherine. Are you receiving?

- Yes, Father. I have a visitor.

Morning, my dear.

How do you do, Mr. Townsend?

- Morning, Dr. Sloper.

- Is your cousin here with you?

No. I'm on my own.

- I hope you don't mind.

- Delighted.

I have taken the liberty of calling
on a most attractive young lady.

- And her attractive father.

- Oh, we're not that attractive!

I'd like my sherry and biscuits.

Perhaps Mr. Townsend
might enjoy some with me.

I'd be honored.

Hmm. That's an excellent bay rum
you're using, Mr. Townsend.

I brought it with me from France.

Permit me to share it with you.

Thank you. Very kind.

But I can hardly let you do that.

Well, have you been out this morning,
my dear?

- Catherine?

- Oh!

Yes. I stopped by to see Mr. Rutini

after breakfast.

Oh, yes, about the lessons.

What did he say?

You need a very true ear
for the harp.

It seems that I
have not a very true ear.

Nonsense.

Your mother's ear was impeccable.

Yes, Father, I know.

She used to tune her own piano.

Miss Sloper has a great appreciation
for music.

That is a talent in itself.

Ah.

- Is cook's knee any better, Maria?

- It is a little easier, Doctor.

I'll be up to see her in a while.

Here. Give that to Mr. Townsend.

You're very kind, sir.

Most great doctors are too busy to
see the illness under their noses.

You're full of flattering
observations,

both for Catherine and myself.

That is the way you both strike me.

I told Miss Sloper, I'm very candid.

Oh, yes, he is. Very candid.

How long do you plan to remain
in our city, Mr. Townsend?

Oh, my stay is quite indefinite, sir.

Will you dine with us
one evening this week?

- I should be delighted.

- Shall we say Thursday, at six?

- Thank you, sir.

- Ah!

I was there quite a while.

Not as long as I should've liked.

- I think you'll find Paris changed.

- I hope not.

I should like it to be
exactly as it was.

Dr. Sloper went there

on his wedding trip.

In that case, Paris can never change for you, Doctor.

How do you keep busy since your return to New York, Mr. Townsend?

I'm looking for a position.

Your studies abroad should open many avenues to you.

If I'd engaged in those studies, Miss Penniman.

I was merely idling.

You see, I had a small inheritance and... that was how I used it up.

What sort of position should you prefer?

What am I fit for?

Very little, I'm afraid.

I have nothing but my good right arm, as they say in the melodramas.

You're too modest. In addition to that arm you have a very good mind.

I know from what I see that you are extremely intelligent.

Oh, yes!

Thank you very much.

You advise me, then, not to despair?

I should be very sorry to admit that a robust, well-disposed man need ever despair.

If he doesn't succeed in one thing he can try another.

Only, he should choose with discretion.

Oh, yes. With discretion.

Were you kindly intending to propose something for my advantage?

No. I've no particular proposal to make.

But I hear the west is opening up. Many young men are turning their eyes in that direction.

I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to manage that.

You see, I have ties here. My sister.

Oh, yes. Mrs. Montgomery, Austin.

Liz knows her.

They met at a charity bazaar.

She's widowed. Now that I'm back,
I'm staying with her.

- She's very dependent on me.

- Naturally.

Er, Mr. Townsend has
five little nephews and nieces.

He is helping to bring them up.

Yes, I give them lessons.

I'm a kind of tutor.

That's very proper.

Family feeling is very proper.

- But it's hardly a career.

- No. It won't make my fortune.

Ah. You mustn't be too much bent
on a fortune.

I'd looked forward
to an evening at home,
but the hospital commission
is session and I am to address them.
I understand, sir.

- Lavinia, I hope you'll excuse me.

- Of course.

Catherine, you will extend the
honors of the house to Mr. Townsend.
I'm very grateful for your interest,
sir.

Yes. Yes, indeed.

He doesn't like me.

- He doesn't like me at all.

- I don't see how you know.

- I feel. I'm very quick to feel.

- Perhaps you are mistaken.

You ask him and you'll see.

- Then, I would rather not ask him.

- Right.

- But you wouldn't contradict him.

- I'd never contradict him.

Austin,
isn't he a charming young man?
I never dreamed
he'd be so interested in Catherine.

- Nor did I.

- He's so agreeable. So elegant.

He may find it hard to maintain elegance without working for it.

But he's looking for a position earnestly.

I wonder if he's looking for it here, Lavinia.

Wouldn't being husband to a defenseless girl with a large fortune suit him to perfection?

- How can you entertain suspicion?

- Suspicion? It's a diagnosis, dear.

You're not in your clinic now. Morris would be a feather in any girl's cap.

You've only to use your eyes, which are as good as mine.

Better.

Austin, you must help this along and be thankful that it's come about.

Very well. When I'm being thankful,

I hope you will not forget your duties as chaperone.

- Good night, my dear.

- Good night, Austin.

Have you any spirit of camphor?

I have one of my headaches.

- Headaches?

- I'm sorry.

They strike like a thief in the night.

- Permit me to retire.

- Of course.

- Aunt!

- It's not like me to give in, dear, but sometimes fortitude is folly.

Good night, dear.

- Good night, Mr. Townsend.

- Good night.

Poor Mrs. Penniman.

May I offer you your port in the drawing room?

You see...

Yes?

Your Aunt, she's on my side. She
wouldn't let your father abuse me.
My father won't abuse you.
He doesn't know you well enough.
You know...
I would've liked you to say to me,
"My father doesn't think well of you,
what does it matter?"
But it would matter.
I could never say that.
We could do anything
for the one we love.
My dearest girl...
You must believe
how much I care for you.
You're everything
I've ever yearned for in a woman.
But I am...
I am so...
Oh, Catherine...
- Will you marry me?
- Yes.
You make me very happy.
- Do you love me?
- Yes.
Oh, Catherine...
I... love... you.
I'll cherish you forever.
Oh! We must speak to my father.
I will do it tonight.
You must do it tomorrow.
It's sweet of you
to want to do it first.
A young man generally does that.
Oh! Women have more tact.
They can persuade better.
You'll need all your powers
of persuasion.
Naturally, your father wants
a brilliant marriage for you.
- I'm a poor man.
- My father will not care about that.
He might.
He might fear that I am mercenary.

Mercenary? Oh, no!

He may say it.

Well, I shall simply say it isn't so.

You must make a great point of that,
Catherine.

Why?

Because it's from the fact
of your having money
that our difficulties may come.

Oh, Morris!

Are you very sure you love me?

Oh, my own dearest...

...do you doubt it?

Catherine.

Since your aunt has left us alone,
it's not proper
that I stay any longer.

Yes, Morris.

I'll be back in the morning
to call on your father.

- At what time?

- At 11:

I will tell him.

Please, Morris, promise me this.

When you speak with Father, you will
be very gentle, very respectful.

Of course. There's something
you must promise me.

If your father's against me, you will
be faithful no matter what comes.

Yes, Morris, no matter what comes.

You know, you're your own mistress.

You're of age.

Oh, I love you.

- I've always loved you.

- My dear girl!

- Oh, Father!

- Have you waited up for me?

- Yes, I have something to tell you.

- Have you?

- Yes!

- Well...

Let us go into the back parlor

and hear it.

Now, my dear, do you suppose that we might both sit down?

- Well, now...

- I'm engaged to be married.

You do right to tell me.

And whom have you honored with your choice?

Mr. Morris Townsend.

- You have gone fast.

- Yes, I think we have.

Mr. Townsend ought to have waited and told me.

He means to tell you tomorrow morning at 11:00.

It's not quite the same thing, my dear.

You shouldn't be pleading for him.

He should plead for you.

Yes, Father, but I think he is a little afraid of you.

- Is he?

- He fears that you do not like him.

Well, I hardly know him, Catherine.

But our liking each other isn't important.

The only thing that is important is that he loves you.

He does. He loves me and I love him.

It is a great wonder to me that Morris has come into my life.

Oh, Father, don't you think he is the most beautiful man you've ever seen?

Well, he's very good-looking, my dear.

You wouldn't let a consideration like that sway you unduly.

Oh, no! But that is what is so wonderful to me, that he should have everything, everything a woman could want, and he wants me.

- I'll see him tomorrow.

- I knew you would!

And you are so good that you will be fair and honest with him.

I shall be as fair and honest with him as he is with you.

Thank you, Father,
that is all we shall need.

Aunt Penniman.

Aunt Penniman.

- Oh, Catherine.

- He proposed to me.

Does your father know?

- Yes.

- What did he say?

- He will see Morris in the morning.

- Eureka!

- How is your headache now, Aunt?

- Headache?

Shhh!

Good morning, my dear.

This is my brother, Dr. Sloper,
Mrs. Montgomery.

Mrs. Montgomery

has been good to come.

- I'm very grateful to you, ma'am.

- I'm glad to come.

- She left a busy household.

- I should have gone to you,
but this is my morning at the clinic.

I dared not take the time off.

Oh, I quite understand, Doctor.

- Elizabeth...

- Certainly. Excuse me.

- Certainly.

- I should like to see my sister.

Will you come into the study
where we may talk?

Yes, sir.

You understand my situation,
Mrs. Montgomery.

Your brother

wishes to marry my daughter.

So I want you to tell me
something about his character.

What sort of a gentleman is he?

Well, Doctor,
he's intelligent, charming.
- He's a wonderful companion.
- Yes, I know that.
But is he reliable?
Is he trustworthy? Is he responsible?
If you mean, is he financially
secure, he is not, Doctor.
- But I'm sure you must know that.
- Yes, he told me that himself.
That is another thing about Morris,
he's honest.
Is he? Is he, then, honest
in his feeling for my daughter?
I don't know that, Doctor.
I never could say what goes on
in people's hearts. Could you?
Well, I have to try.
He told me that he'd used up
a small inheritance.
- Did he handle it well?
- Probably you would not think so.
But from his own point of view,
he did a great deal with it.
He saw Europe.
He met many interesting people.
He enlarged his capacities.
- Did he help you, ma'am?
- No.
- Shouldn't he have?
- I don't think so.
You are a widow and have children.
I think so.
Oh, but if I'd needed it,
I know he would have helped me.
Are you sure?
You want me to complain about him,
sir, but I have no complaint.
I brought him up
as if he were my child
and I have accepted
the good and bad in him
just as I accept them in my children.
I have made you angry, madam.

I apologize.

I think, Doctor,

you expect too much of people.

If you do,

you'll always be disappointed.

I want you to meet my daughter.

- Would you excuse me?

- Certainly.

Catherine. Catherine.

Yes, Father.

Will you come into the study?

Yes, Father.

- Is this she?

- No, that is a picture of my wife.

- Oh, she's very beautiful.

- Yes, she was. Very beautiful.

Oh.

Catherine, this is Mrs. Montgomery,

Mr. Townsend's sister.

Miss Sloper.

- How do you do?

- I am very happy to meet you.

Thank you. Isn't Morris coming?

His appointment is for 11:00,

Catherine.

Oh, yes.

- Are your children well?

- Quite well, thank you.

I hope Morris will bring you

to see me and my family very soon.

Yes.

My brother tells me you have an aunt

visiting you, Miss Sloper.

Yes.

It is delightful to have someone

to whom one can show New York.

Oh, yes, it is.

Does she like our city?

Yes.

Catherine, perhaps you will offer

Mrs. Montgomery a glass of Madeira.

Oh, yes, indeed. Excuse me, ma'am.

- She... She is very shy.

- Yes, she is.

Perhaps she is less shy with Morris.
You said they've just fallen in love.
You were right about Catherine.
Were you right about your brother?
Well, I can only suppose
that Morris is more mature
in his feelings than I thought.
This time he has not sought out
superficial charms.
Perhaps he's considered
the gentle character underneath.

- Are you being honest?
- I think I am.

Well, I believe her money
is the prime attraction.

- What money?
- She's an heiress.
- Didn't your brother tell you that?
- No, he did not.

She has 10,000 a year
from her mother.
And, on my death,
she will have twice as much more.

- She... She will be immensely rich.
- Yes, she will, of course.

If she marries a man I don't approve,
I shall leave my part to the clinic.

- Yes, but she has the 10,000 now.
- Yes, she has.

That is still a great deal of money,
Doctor.

It is and consider
how he has behaved with money.
He gratified his every wish.
Did he help you with the children?
No!
He enlarged his capacities in Europe.
He left his gloves here last night,
the finest chamois. Look at yours.
Will he help you
with this fortune he hopes to marry?
I would stake my life he would not!
You must follow your own dictates,
Doctor.

Tell me she's not a victim of
his selfishness. Tell me I'm wrong.

I must go now.

- Good day, Doctor.

- Good day, ma'am.

Oh, has Mrs. Montgomery left?

I wanted Lavinia to meet her.

- Yes, Liz, she has left.

- Did you like her?

- Very much.

- Oh, good.

Catherine has just asked Elizabeth if
Marian might be her maid of honor.

Catherine is radiant.

I've never seen her this way before.

She must get over it.

He is worthless.

- What?

- The man's a fortune hunter.

All he's interested in is her money.

Are you going to tell that
to Catherine?

- No.

- But, Austin...

Catherine, Mrs. Montgomery has left.

Oh, I took too long. I wanted
to make the tray especially nice.

It was not your fault, my dear.

We have concluded our talk.

Concluded?

Did Mrs. Montgomery
tell you something bad, Father?

- No, Catherine.

- I did not impress her favorably.

Good heavens!

Don't hold yourself so cheaply.

I was embarrassed.

I won't be another time.

- You had better go to your room.

- Yes.

Father, tell him about me.

You know me so well.

It will not be immodest in you
to praise me a little.

How is it possible to protect
such a willing victim?

You will kill her

if you deny her this marriage.

You forget I'm a doctor.

People don't die of such things.

Be very careful, Austin.

He may take good care of Catherine
and her money and make her happy.

- He will. I know he will.

- But she's been taken in.

She's in love.

Mr. Townsend

is in the front parlor, sir.

Good morning, Mr. Townsend.

How do you do, sir? You expected me?

Yes, I did. You are admirably prompt.

I could hardly be late

for so important an occasion.

Yes. Catherine told me yesterday
what has been going on between you.

- Will you sit down?

- Thank you.

I've been walking all morning.

Sir, I find New York

as lovely as any city in Europe
this time of year.

Yes. You must allow me to say,

Mr. Townsend,

that it would've been becoming of you
to give me notice of your intentions
before they had gone so far.

It was only the other day that
Catherine made your acquaintance.

We have not been slow
to arrive at an understanding.

My interest in Miss Sloper
began the first time I saw her.

Did it not even precede
your first meeting?

I certainly had already heard
she was a delightful girl.

A delightful girl,

that's what you think her?

Otherwise I shouldn't be here.

My dear young man,

as Catherine's father,

I hope I have a just appreciation
of her many good qualities.

But I don't mind telling you I've
never thought of her in that light.

I don't know what I might think
of her if I were her father.

I speak from my own point of view.

You speak very well. Please sit down.

Did you really expect that I would
throw my daughter into your arms?

No, I had an idea you didn't like me.

- What gave you that idea?

- The fact that I'm poor.

Well, that has a harsh sound

but it's about the truth.

You have no profession, means.

Please sit.

No visible resources or prospects.

And so you are in a category from
which not to choose a son-in-law.

Particularly not for my daughter who
is a weak woman with a large fortune.

I don't think she is weak.

Even if she were not,

you are still penniless.

Yes, that is my weakness

and therefore you mean I'm mercenary.

- I don't say that. You say that.

- But that's what you mean.

There are many poor men,

Mr. Townsend,

but they do not proclaim

that they're not thieves,

especially when no one

has accused them.

I simply said

you are in the wrong category.

But your daughter doesn't marry

a category. She marries a man,

a man she's good enough

to say she loves.

A man who offers nothing in return.
Is it possible to offer more than
affection and lifelong devotion?
Lifelong devotion
is measured after the fact.
It's usual to offer
a few material securities.
What are yours? A handsome face
and figure and a good manner.
All are excellent as far as they go
but they don't go far enough.
- You think I'm an idler?
- It doesn't matter what I think.
I just don't think of you
as a son-in-law.
- You think I'd squander her money?
- Ah, I plead guilty to that.
Because I spent my own, I suppose.
It was just because it was my own
that I spent it. I've made no debts.
When it was gone, I stopped.
I don't owe a penny in the world.
Allow me to ask.
What are you living on now?
The remnants of my property.
You left your gloves here yesterday.
Thank you.
Doctor, don't you care
to gratify your daughter?
Do you enjoy the idea
of making her miserable?
I'm resigned to her thinking me
a tyrant for a few months.
- A few months?
- For a lifetime, then.
She may as well be miserable that way
as with you.
- You are not polite, sir.
- You push me to it.
- You argue too much.
- I have a great deal at stake.
I know and you have lost it.
It is over.
I wouldn't be too sure of that, sir.

You are impertinent.

Dr. Sloper, if it were not
for my feeling for Catherine,
I should not have put up with
the indignities you've offered.
You have only to leave my house to
escape them. Good day, Mr. Townsend.

- Good day.

- Morris, wait!

Morris! You promised me, Morris.

You promised you would be respectful
when you saw my father.

- Catherine.

- What is the matter, Father?

Catherine, you are without dignity.

Why are you angry? Why are you and
Morris quarrelling? Tell me, please.

- I will tell you when we are alone.

- Your father does not approve of me.

- You want me to give him up?

- Yes, I do.

Why? What has he done?

What did Mrs. Montgomery tell you?

My sister, have you spoken with her?

She paid my a visit this morning
on my invitation.

You see how painful this is for me,
Father.

Surely you would want me
to know your reasons.

- He's a selfish idler.

- My sister never said that.

- No, I say it.

- Father, I know he loves me.

I know that he does not.

In heaven's name, Father,
what makes you so sure?

My poor child, I can't tell you.

You must just take my word for it.

Father, I can't.

I can't.

I love him.

I have promised to marry him,
to stay by him no matter what comes.

So, he forearmed himself
by getting a promise like that?
- You are beneath contempt.
- Don't abuse him, Father.
I think we shall marry quite soon.
That is no further concern of mine.
- I'm sorry.
- Dr. Sloper.
We cannot marry
without your approval.
It would bring unhappiness
to all of us.
- Do you mean that, sir?
- Yes.
Then, will you put it off,
Mr. Townsend, for six months?
I would like Catherine
to go to Europe with me.
- Europe?
- I would like you very much to go.
- Why, Father?
- He thinks you will forget me.
I shall still love him
when I come back.
You're very sure of your love but,
Catherine, do you dare to test him?
- You underestimate him.
- I don't think so.
Catherine, go to Europe.
Go to Europe with your father.
That way, sir.
I'll be right back.
Good morning, Doctor.
Good morning, ma'am. Catherine.
I came because I felt sure you would
not deny me the opportunity
of wishing you both a safe journey.
- Thank you very much.
- Morris, I'm glad you came.
I've brought Miss Sloper
a small gift, sir.
It is not usual for young ladies
in my daughter's situation
to receive gifts from gentlemen.

Yes, Doctor, I know,

but this is a very humble gift.

- It's only a little hand warmer.

- Father, I would like to have it.

Just put live charcoals in it,

Catherine.

- I give it to you with all my love.

- Morris!

I will be thinking of you, Catherine.

Good day, ma'am. Bon voyage, Doctor.

I never expected to hear a sermon
like that in New York City.

When the Reverend Penniman
sermonized on the loaves and fishes,
they were right before you.

You could practically smell them.

- Look, Mrs. Penniman, you've lost.

- Why is it you always win?

I cheat.

Had it not been for your invitations,
these past few months
would have been unbearable.

You like this house, don't you,
Morris?

Yes, ma'am, I do.

You know,

the doctor is a man of fine taste.

Although we do not like each other,
we seem to like the same things.

That can be a bond
between you in time.

I hope so. He has earned
all of this by his work.

He believes that every man
should do the same.

The trouble is
that some of us cannot.

- You miss her, don't you, Morris?

- Very much.

- Dinner is served, Mrs. Penniman.

- Yes, Maria.

- And the claret is room temperature.

- Thank you, Maria.

- I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

- No, my dear.
- Wouldn't you prefer to go inside?
- I like this table.
Oh, did you use to come here
with my mother?
Yes, Catherine, I did.
Would you like some chocolate?
No, thank you very much.
- Oh! There's the Caf Riche.
- So it is. What about it?
Aunt Penniman mentioned it
in her last letter.
Lavinia?
She said that
all the best people of...
...Paris frequent it.
A winter of loneliness
has given her second sight.
- Something for mademoiselle?
- No.
Bien, monsieur.
Have you given him up?
No, Father.
You mean that in all this time
you have not yielded one inch?
No, Father.
I see no reason
to prolong this trip. Do you?
I thought you wanted to see England.
I've seen England.
Pilot's going down the bay.
They are to dock within the hour.
We're almost ready.
- Maria, did you find my gloves?
- I'll look again.
Geier, we have to be at the pier
in half an hour.
Ma'am.
What an inconvenient hour to land!
Now, you will be careful
to get the details right?
- They are most important.
- Of course.
You will have a closed carriage

at the corner of McDougal Street
tomorrow evening
as soon as it gets dark.
- Tomorrow night at 9:00.

- Yes, at 9:

Oh, here they are!

- Now, tell her everything.

- I will.

- Tell her I love her.

- I will.

You wait in the mews for my signal,
Morris.

Giddy up.

Oh, Catherine!

Oh, Catherine, you look so French.

Well, no matter how fascinating
distant places are,
there's always someone at home
one misses, isn't there?

I've caught a chill, Lavinia.

Would you be so kind as to get me
some hot water for a toddy?

Why, of course, Austin.

It's good to be home, isn't it,
Father?

You'll feel better
now that we're back.

I... I wish you had let me
try to care of you a little.

- Here you are, Austin.

- Thank you, Lavinia.

Your brandy decanter is right there.

Well...

Have you taken to drink, Lavinia?

My heart,

I thought it would help my heart.

Ah, yes.

I know I shouldn't ask, Catherine,
but did you bring me something?

- We brought you a silk parasol.

- Just exactly what I wanted.

Come and show it to me.

Your heart would improve, Lavinia,

if you stopped smoking cigars.
When I come home to find
an empty brandy glass
and a particular cigar brand,
I can only think of one person.
Well, what's happened to Mr. Townsend?

- Is he upstairs in my bed?
- Austin, I forgot to tell you.
- He did stop by this evening.
- This evening?
- Was he here this evening, Aunt?
- Yes, yes.
- He's made my house his club.
- You should be in bed.

Now, I'll just see that everything
has been attended to.

What a ridiculous position to be in.
Well, I suppose you'll be going off
with him any time now.

Yes, if he will have me.

Why not? You'll be
a most entertaining companion.

- I will try to be.
- Your gaiety and brilliance
will make up the difference between
the 10,000 a year you will have
and the 30,000 he expects.

He expects nothing.

He does not love me for that.

No? What else, then?

Your grace, your charm,
your quick tongue and subtle wit?

He admires me.

I've tried for months
not to be unkind.

But now it's time
for you to realize the truth.

How many girls do you think he might
have had in this town?

- He finds me pleasing.
- Oh, yes, I'm sure he does.

A hundred women are prettier,
a thousand more clever.

But you have one virtue

that outshines them all.

- What? What is that?

- Your money!

- Father!

- You have nothing else!

Oh.

What a terrible thing to say to me.

I don't expect you to believe that.

I've known you all your life

and I've yet to see you

learn anything.

With one exception, my dear.

You embroider neatly.

Morris.

Morris!

- I haven't had a moment with her.

- Where is she?

She's upstairs with Austin.

He's out of mood. You'd better leave.

- I'll tell her everything.

- I want to tell her myself.

- I'll wait until he's gone to bed.

- No, please go.

- If Austin should see you...

- He won't. I'll stay here.

No, I'll take her shopping in the morning and meet you in the square.

Please go.

Morris. Morris!

Morris!

Morris, I'm so, so glad.

Cathy.

You were waiting!

You were as anxious as I.

Oh!

- Cathy.

- Oh, Morris.

- Have you been true to me?

- Oh, yes!

Yes. You've not changed your mind?

No, no! Have you?

Oh, wait until you hear my plans.

- Plans?

- Yes.

For our marriage.

- Our elopement.

- Oh, our elopement!

It's for tomorrow night. In a country parsonage up on Murray's Hill, there's the Reverend Lispenard who knows our story. He'll help us.

Do you hear me, Catherine?

Oh, I love you so.

Tell me what to do.

I have a closed carriage engaged.

I will come to the corner of the square tomorrow night at 9:00.

We'll drive to the parsonage.

After the marriage, we'll spend the night at an inn up the river.

The next day we'll go to Albany on our honeymoon.

Oh, Morris!

My husband!

- You like my plan?

- Oh.

And I've brought you such a beautiful silk waistcoat.

- You must wear it for our wedding.

- My dear girl!

I bought you a set of buttons in Paris.

- Buttons?

- They are rubies and pearls.

- They are quite nice.

- Dear girl, how happy we shall be.

- Morris?

- Yes?

- Take me tonight.

- Tonight?

- How can we?

- We must.

In another hour, everyone will be asleep.

We can get away quietly and no one will know.

But, Catherine, it's only one more day.

- Morris, I beg you.
- Where would we go?
- To the Reverend Lisp...
- Lispenard.

Yes! He will not turn us away
because we've come one day early.

- I implore you!
- Catherine.

If you love me...

- Very well, we'll do it.
- Oh!

I'll leave and find a carriage.

It's almost 10:

I can be back here at 12:30
on the dot in front of the house.
You must be ready and waiting for me.
Will you do that?

Oh, I can do anything, my dearest.

- Leave a letter for your father.
- A letter?
- Yes. Shall I compose it for you?
- No.

Think very carefully of how
to word it. You must melt his heart.

- I will not write him.
- Of course you must write him.
- We want him to forgive us.
- He won't forgive us. I know it.

I know it now. I have good reason to.

- What reason?
- My father doesn't like me.

What an unhappy thing to say.

Of course he does.

- No.
- He must love you very much
or he wouldn't try so hard
to protect you from me.

No, Morris, in this one thing

I know I am right.

I couldn't say it unless I was sure.

I understood it tonight

for the first time in my life.

You can tell when a person speaks

to you as if... as if...

- As if what?

- As if they despised you.

Despised?

We must be very happy together and
you must never despise me, Morris.

- Catherine.

- We must never ask him for anything
or depend upon him for anything.

We must be very happy
and expect nothing from him ever.

No.

I will try to be
the best wife in the world.

- I know you will.

- I will get ready immediately.

Catherine, dear.

He can't dislike you that much.

He's bound to come round.

No, Morris, he will not.

But even if he would, I would not.

I see.

I will try to be punctual, Morris.

I know you like that.

- **So, 12:**

- Hurry, my darling!

- Catherine.

- Shhh.

What are you doing?

I'd like it if you'd go back to bed.

But I want to know what you're doing.

I am eloping with Morris.

That's impossible, it's for tomorrow.

- Hush.

- No, you've got everything wrong.

Now, Morris will be here
tomorrow evening.

No, he will be here
in the next two minutes.

- Have you seen him?

- Yes.

Oh, Catherine. Will you spend
the night with him unwed?

We are going directly to
Reverend Lispenard on Murray's Hill.

If he will marry us

perhaps we may stay with him.

If not, we will drive all night.

I don't care.

Oh, Catherine. How romantic.

- Morris is so daring.

- I think I heard a carriage.

No.

Wouldn't you like me to dress
and come with you?

There's no time.

Morris will be here any instant.

But I should.

You must have a chaperone.

- Your father would be shocked.

- Serves him right.

Father, he finds me so dull.

It would surprise him to have such
a dull girl disgrace his name.

Catherine, are you quite yourself?

It was just a shutter blowing.

Think of it. I may never stand
in this window again.

I may never see Washington Square
on a windy April night.

Why won't you?

Because I will never be
in this house again.

Nonsense. You and Austin
will be reconciled within the year.

I will never see him again
in my life.

What?

I'm leaving tonight
instead of tomorrow

because it is one time less

I will ever have to lay eyes on him
or he on me.

We dislike each other too much, Aunt.

Good heavens, child.

You are disinheriting yourself.

- Yes. Completely.

- Have you told Morris this?
Of course. I told him everything.
He is to be my husband.
Oh, you should have waited.
Did... Did he understand?
There he is. Goodbye, Aunt.
I will write to you.
- Aunt?
- Yes, dear?
Why shouldn't I have told Morris?
Oh, dear girl. Why were you
not a little more clever?
Clever? About what?
Oh, Catherine.
Why shouldn't I have told him?
Morris would not want to be the cause
of your losing
your natural inheritance.
He could not see you impoverished.
Impoverished?
I have ten thousand a year.
That is a great deal of money.
Not when one has expected 30.
You think what my father thinks.
Well, you are wrong. Morris loves me.
I am everything
he ever yearned for in a woman.
- Oh, Catherine.
- I am. I am. He has told me so.
He thinks I am pretty. He wants me.
He could not wait for tomorrow night.
He said we must go tonight.
No, I said that, didn't I?
But he agreed. He was willing.
You can see that for yourself.
He was very willing.
Well, then, perhaps he will come.
Perhaps? He must come.
He must take me away.
He must love me. He must.
Please take hold of yourself.
No, no. Morris must take hold of me.
Morris will love me
for all those who didn't.

Morris! Morris! Morris!

Morris! Morris! Morris!

I'm sorry,

the Doctor's office is closed.

I heard he came back from Europe.

He did, but he's confined to his bed.

Try Dr. Isaacs in Great Jones Street.

Thank you.

- Doctor. You shouldn't be up, sir.

- Now, stop fluttering about.

- Doctor, please go back to bed.

- You just go about your business.

Yes, sir.

Ah, Catherine.

I haven't seen you since I returned.

No, Father.

Of course, if he were ill,

he could not write.

Perhaps you should send him

a brief note.

- No, Aunt.

- But I'd gladly deliver it for you.

Stay out of it, Aunt.

I want to help, if I can.

Can you bring him back

from California?

California?

I went to Mrs. Montgomery's

to see him.

You didn't?

She told me.

He borrowed the passage money

from his cousin Arthur... and left.

You had better go to your market.

- Oh, one moment, Maria.

- Yes, Doctor?

If you will interrupt your

embroidery for a moment, Catherine.

I... I think you both

should know this.

I am ill.

It's not just a simple congestion,

there are rales in the lungs.

I shall need very good nursing.

I shall not recover but I wish everything to be done as if I should.

- I hate an ill-conducted sickroom.

- Maybe you will get well.

Now, in a few days you will need a doctor. Get Dr. Isaacs.

If the street noises make me restless, see the tanbark's put down.

Catherine, I don't want your Aunt Lavinia in my room at all.

Unless I should go in to a coma.

As for food, don't overload me. Keep me on soup. Beef broth and gruel.

Yes, sir.

Find a small lamp. Put fresh wicks in it so that it doesn't smell.

Doctor.

Now, will you please make up my bed for me? I'll be up in a moment.

Yes.

- I will help you, Maria.

- Will you stay a minute, Catherine?

I can only assume that your departure is imminent.

Is it soon? This week?

No.

Has he asked you to keep your plans secret from me?

I am not leaving.

- Not leaving?

- Will you excuse me, Father?

Come here for a moment.

Here, in the light.

You are flushed. Your eyes look sick.

You have been weeping.

You have broken your engagement.

Oh, if you have, I must tell you, Catherine,

that I admire you greatly for it.

I know the effort you must have made.

- Do you, Father?

- But in time the pain will pass.

I cannot begin to tell you how proud of you I am.

- Are you?

- Oh, deeply. Most deeply proud.

He deserted me.

What?

Morris deserted me.

- Now do you admire me, Father?

- Oh, Catherine.

Don't be kind to me.

It doesn't become you.

Are you blaming me

because I tried to protect you?

Yes.

Someday you will realize

I have done you a great service.

I can tell you now what you

have done. You have cheated me.

You thought any handsome, clever man

would be as bored with me

as you were.

It was not love that made you

protect me, it was contempt.

Morris Townsend did not love you,

Catherine.

I know that now, thanks to you.

Better to know it now

than 20 years hence.

Why? I lived with you for 20 years

before I found out

you didn't love me.

Morris may not have have hurt me

or starved me of affection

more than you did.

Since you couldn't love me,

you should have let someone else try.

You have found a tongue at last,

Catherine.

It is only to say

such terrible things to me.

Yes. This is a field where you

will not compare me to my mother.

Should I have let him ruin your life?

You'll find some honest, decent man.

- You have many fine qualities.

- And 30,000 a year.

Yes. That should make it possible
for you to choose with discretion.
If I am to buy a man,
I would prefer buying Morris.
Don't say such things.
You know him to be a scoundrel.
I love him.
Does that humiliate you?
Promise me you are done with him!
- I won't promise.
- Then, I must alter my will.
You should.
You should do it immediately.
"I, Austin Sloper,
surgeon of 16 Washington Square..."
You had better tell me
how you wish it worded.
- I wish to consider more carefully.
- There is nothing to consider.
You want your money
used for purposes you approve.
Leave it to the clinic.
It will do as you wish.
Catherine, I am ill.
"...hereby make
my last will and testament."
I don't want to do it. I don't want
to disinherit my only child.
I know that you don't.
You'd like to think of me sitting
in dignity in this handsome house,
rich, respected and unloved.
But I may take your money and chase
after Morris and squander it on him.
I don't know what you would do,
Catherine.
That's right, Father.
You'll never know, will you?
Catherine.
Dr. Isaacs said you'd better come now.
Your father is very low, miss.
He wants you, miss.
I know he does.
Too late, Maria.

Yes, miss.

Tell Lavinia I'm sorry we missed her.

- I will, Aunt Elizabeth.

- Come along. Arthur's waiting.

- Alright, I'm coming.

- Say goodbye to Aunt Catherine.

- Goodbye, Aunt Catherine.

- Goodbye, Andrew.

Here, Mother, you take Andrew.

Goodbye.

That's right.

Why don't you come up this August?

You'd love Newport. Jefferson and I
have taken a big house this year.

Maybe I will.

We've asked you every year
since your father died.

You always say, "Maybe I will."

Then you never do.

I like the square.

- Goodbye, Catherine.

- Goodbye.

- Say goodbye, Andrew.

- Goodbye, Aunt Catherine.

Goodbye.

Oh, Miss Catherine. You've changed
into one of your Paris gowns.

- You look very handsome in it.

- Thank you.

It's such a hot night.

Would you mind if cook and I
took a stroll in the square?

Maria, you are as free in this house
as I am.

When you want a favor you need not
blandish me with false compliments.

But... But, Miss Catherine,

I meant what I said.

It was the coolest dress

I could find.

Yes, miss.

- Aunt Penniman, you're home early.

- Yes, dear. Yes.

Did you see your friends

from Poughkeepsie?

No, dear, I did not. Now, this will come to you as a great surprise.

Good, I like surprises.

Well, then...

I have seen Morris Townsend.

We met quite by accident.

He has only been home a week. Oh!

Catherine, he is so handsome.

And he asked so many questions about you, dear.

He had heard that you hadn't married.

He seemed very interested in that.

He fears that you never understood him, never judged him rightly.

How can you say that to me?

You were in this room the night he deserted me.

If you will hear him out, and if you would try to understand his side of it, Catherine.

He meant it nobly. Really, he did.

I can hear that you have been with him.

He has beguiled you again.

You talk like a fool.

I don't care what you think of me.

I am convinced you will be happier after you've seen him.

Save your breath, Aunt Penniman.

I will not see him.

Aunt Penniman, have you dared?

He walked home with me.

He implored me to ask you.

Oh, I only want your happiness, Catherine.

Go to the door, Aunt, and tell Mr. Townsend that I am not at home.

- Please, Catherine.

- I am not at home.

She is not at home, Morris.

I'm sorry.

Did you give her my message?

Yes, but she is not at home.

I see.

It has been a long time
since I stood here.

I know.

Well, I'm sorry.

- Good night, Mrs. Penniman.

- Goodbye, Morris.

Come in, Morris.

- Good evening, Morris.

- Good evening, Catherine.

Do I offend you by coming?

You should not have come.

I had to.

I had to see you, Catherine.

- May we not sit down?

- I think we had better not.

Can't we be friends again?

We aren't enemies.

You don't know how happy it makes me
to hear you say that.

I've never ceased to think of you.

If you cannot be honest with me,
we shall have nothing more to say
to each other.

But it's true, Catherine.

Ever since... the night I left,
it's been the desire of my life that
you should understand my motives.

I have had years
to think about them, Morris.

And I understand them. So we have
nothing further to discuss.

I will bid you good night.

But I've come all the way
from California to see you.

To explain this to you.

- It is late for explanations.

- No, Catherine.

I would have been back long since
but I had to beg and borrow
the passage money.

It's been a real struggle for me
to get back here.

Why, between New Orleans

and Charleston I worked as a hand,
a common seaman.

Now that I'm here, you will give me
the chance to vindicate myself.

You must hear me out, Catherine.

You must.

For the sake of what we have been
to each other.

What is it you want to explain?

Many things, Catherine.

May we not sit down now?

Catherine, it was because I loved you
that I disappeared that night.

I know how it looked.

I behaved abominably.

But I knew that if I returned
that night,

I might have done you great harm.

No man who really loves a woman
could ever permit her to give up
a great inheritance just for him.

It's only in storybooks.

My father did not disinherit me,
Morris. He threatened it to test you.

But I couldn't be sure of that
the night... I went away.

No, you could not.

Try to understand me, Catherine.

Try not to think of what
it looked like but of what it was.

I had to make a choice. I chose
your welfare rather than my own.

- Can you think of it that way?

- I will try.

You know that I have never changed.

I believe your nature is that you
will always care for me a little.

Yes, Morris, that is true.

Catherine, will you forgive me
for the pain I caused you?

I forgave you a long time ago.

Oh, Catherine, my dearest.

We have only waited
and now, now we're free.

Nothing stands between us, Catherine.
Do you mean you love me?
I didn't dare to say it.
- Why not?
- I wasn't sure you would believe me.
I believed you once, didn't I?
Catherine, let us make the rest
of life happy for each other.
How?
By... picking up where we left off.
By marrying, Catherine.
Would you like that, Morris?
It would make me the proudest
and happiest man in the world.
And I will try and be a good husband
to you. I'm older, I'm wiser now.
And I know that you love me.
I need that.
I need it more than anything else.
When would you like to marry me?
Oh, Catherine.
Then, you will. Let's marry soon.
Very soon. Next month.
You are not as impetuous
as you used to be, Morris.
Impetuous? Why,
I would marry you tonight if I could.
Come with me now,
we can find a carriage in the square.
Do you think the Reverend Lispenard
is still waiting?
We could tell him we were detained.
Oh, Morris, I have thought so many
times of that inn up the river.
My own dearest.
Shall we have the same honeymoon?
You must give me time to pack.
Yes, of course.
My things are at my sister's. I'll...
We'll pick them up on the way.
Why don't you get them now, Morris,
and come back for me?
Alright, I will. We can be
at Murray's Hill in an hour.

We can be there by ten.

Do you remember the buttons

I bought for you in Paris?

- Buttons?

- Wait, I will get them.

Oh!

I'm home.

Really, truly home.

What, Morris? What?

- She's magnificent.

- Yes.

- She's superb.

- Yes.

- She has such dignity now.

- Tell me.

- We're going to be married tonight.

- Tonight? Catherine, my dear girl!

Here they are, Morris,

your wedding present.

Thank you, my darling.

Oh, Catherine, they're rubies.

Look, Mrs. Penniman.

I've seen them. They sparkle so.

They suit you, Morris.

Yes, they do.

They're the most beautiful things

I've ever had.

Catherine, you'll have no regrets.

Till nine, then.

Oh, Catherine, we have him back.

I knew it would turn out this way.

You were not so sure as I,

but I had faith in love like this.

Oh, I hope I always stay romantic.

You know, Catherine, you are much

more romantic than you think you are.

Morris sensed that. Don't bother

about that, dear, I'll do it.

That beautiful Paris lingerie,

how fortunate that you kept it.

I'm going to pack that for you.

I'll sprinkle it with fresh lavender.

Catherine, wouldn't you like me

to come with you?

Come, dear, we must pack.

Catherine, you haven't time for that.

- There's not much left to do.

- But you can finish it afterwards.

I must finish it now,

for I shall never do another.

No?

He came back with the same lies.

The same silly phrases.

What... What are you saying?

He has grown greedier with the years.

The first time he only wanted

my money, now he wants my love, too.

Well, he came to the wrong house,

and he came twice.

I shall see

that he never comes a third time.

Catherine,

do you know what you're doing?

Yes.

Poor Morris.

Can you be so cruel?

Yes, I can be very cruel.

I have been taught by masters.

Right here.

Wait.

- I will attend to that. It's for me.

- Yes, miss.

Bolt it, Maria.

- Bolt it?

- Bolt the door, Maria.

Yes, miss.

Good night, Maria.

Good night, miss.

Catherine.

Catherine.

Catherine!

Catherine.

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine! Catherine! Catherine!

Catherine!