

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Based on the novel by

E.M. FORSTER

Screenplay by

RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA

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A TITLE CARD SAYS: THE BERTOLINI

1. EVENING. PENSION ROOM WITH A VIEW THROUGH WINDOW.

The view is across the Arno towards the church of San Miniato, with the foothills of the Appenines beyond. A few tiny figures - men, horses and carriages - can be glimpsed and a few lights. It is peaceful and still, except for the turbulent river itself, swollen with spring rains and melting snow from the mountains. It churns and crashes against the bridges and quays, a wild torrent contained within the stone constraints of one of history's greatest cities: Florence.

An OLD MAN, inhabitant of the pension room, enters the frame and stands looking out of the window.

After a few moments, a YOUNG MAN also enters and goes to stand at the window. As he does so, the OLD MAN transfers his look and now searches the face of the YOUNGER MAN briefly. These two are MR. EMERSON and his son, GEORGE.

A dinner gong sounds. The OLD MAN turns at once and disappears, leaving the YOUNG MAN by himself. He continues to look down at the river.

2. EVENING. INTERIOR. PENSION ROOM WITH NO VIEW.

CU LUCY - she is opening a window shutter to look out: there is an expression of eager anticipation on her pretty young face.

We watch this expression abruptly change to one of disappointment; she also utters an exclamation of disappointment at what she sees.

POV LUCY - the window she has opened looks out on nothing more exciting than a dark dreary courtyard with some washing slung across it.

The dinner gong is sounding.

She is joined at the window by CHARLOTTE, an English spinster. In contrast to LUCY's expression of keen disappointment, CHARLOTTE looks only grimly disapproving.

CHARLOTTE

This is not what we were led to expect.

LUCY

I thought we were going to see the Arno!

CHARLOTTE

The Signora distinctly wrote:
south rooms with a view, close
together, instead of which she
has given us north rooms, a
long way apart. Come, dear, or
we shall miss our dinner on top
of everything else.

They turn from the window to go out -

CHARLOTTE

She had no business to do it,
no business at all.

3. EVENING. PENSION CORRIDOR AND STAIRS.

These too are disappointing - they might as well be in
any over-furnished, under-ventilated, somewhat down-at-
heel Victorian English boarding house.

CHARLOTTE is sniffing the air. She proceeds with
caution, leading the way, as if someone might jump out
of a dark corner and carry LUCY off.

A buxom, smiling, Italian peasant GIRL passes them on
the stairs with her chambermaid paraphernalia. She
says, "Buona Sera."

LUCY returns her greeting and looks after her with
pleasure - but CHARLOTTE continues her dignified descent.

CHARLOTTE

Any nook does for me, but it does
seem hard that you shouldn't have
a view.

LUCY

(with a touch of irritation) No,
of course, you must have a view,
too.

They have reached the dining room and enter it.

4. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION DINING ROOM.

As in any stuffy English boarding house, it has heavy
furniture, portraits of Queen Victoria and Lord Tennyson,
an apidistra, and plush curtains heavy and sombre with
dust and the smell of gravy. The guests seated at the
long table include MISS LAVISH, the MISS ALANS, MR.
EMERSON, GEORGE EMERSON, and four or five other GUESTS,
equally unmistakably English tourists taking their
evening meal. The women outnumber the men three to one.

The table is laid with an almost white tablecloth, huge silverplate cruets, and bottles of water alternating with bottles of red wine.

The GUESTS are sawing away at their tough pieces of meat with determination but also with true English boarding house refinement. Their acknowledgment of LUCY and CHARLOTTE is equally genteel: their eyes remain frozen, and the inclination of the head by way of welcome is barely perceptible.

LUCY and CHARLOTTE accept this cold and silent formality as the correct behaviour toward two strangers who have not yet proved themselves. Silently and humbly, they slip into the two empty chairs.

These are opposite MR. EMERSON and GEORGE - who are markedly different from the other guests. Their reception of the newcomers is also different:

MR. EMERSON, an elderly, plump gentleman with childlike eyes, has his mouth full and so can only wave his fork cheerily in their direction.

They pretend not to see this.

GEORGE doesn't look up from his plate at all but frowns down at it in terrible concentration. He is not eating his food but arranging it on his plate as if it were some mathematical problem he was struggling to solve.

The awful silence which has greeted the new arrivals is broken by MISS LAVISH - a middle-aged bohemian blue-stocking - continuing to expound the theme they have interrupted:

MISS LAVISH

It is only by going off the track that you get to know the country. See the little towns - Gubbio, Pienza, Cortono, San Gimignano, Monteriano ... (these names are pronounced with an elaborate Anglo-Italian flourish)

MR. EMERSON is trying to attract the attention of a LADY further down the table who is filling her glass from a little bottle of her own.

MR. EMERSON

Miss Pole! I say there - Miss Pole!

LADY
 (looking at him with displeasure)
 Yes, Mr. Emerson?

MR. EMERSON
 I say, what's that you're taking?
 It's not lemonade, is it?

LADY
 It is lemonade, Mr. Emerson.

MR. EMERSON
 (unaware of her disdain, moved
 only by genuine concern for her)
 Put it away, Miss Pole: right
 away! Lemonade is nothing but
 acidity - very bad for the stomach.

A gasp from MISS CATHERINE ALAN, an elderly spinster -
 followed by a giggle that has to be stifled in her napkin.

She is rebuked in a whisper by her sister, TERESA, an
 even more elderly spinster.

MISS CATHERINE
 But he said - he said - the word
 S., Teresa.

MISS TERESA
 It's nothing to laugh at,
 Catherine. On the contrary.

MISS LAVISH
 (continuing after the regrettable
 interruption) We must get away
 from that awful tourist idea that
 Italy is only a museum of
 antiquities and art.

LADY
 Have you seen Monteriano? When
 you visit the market there you
 are far from the idea of a museum
 ...unless you want to call those
 quaint stalls a living museum!

ANOTHER LADY
 A museum of types...

LUCY and CHARLOTTE, knowing they have not yet passed the
 requisite test to enter into the general conversation,
 confine themselves to talking to each other in low voices:

CHARLOTTE

I shall tell the Signora that the first South room view available shall be given to you, Lucy.

LUCY

Why not to you, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

I insist on it...This meat has surely been boiled for soup.

MISS LAVISH

...Monteriano is not only quaint, but there one meets the Italians unspoiled: in all their simplicity and charm!

5. NIGHT. PENSION SCULLERY.

We get a glimpse of the unspoiled ITALIANS in all their simplicity and charm. The plates come back from the dining room with their unchewable bits of meat and other refuse. Some of this is flung straight to the dogs underfoot who grab it, while the dirty plates are tossed into a sink full of grey, greasy water. There is much banging and loud laughter, the COOK swigs his wine and pinches one of the SERVING GIRLS, a LITTLE BOY cries as he ladles prunes into glass dishes, which are taken away to the guests.

6. NIGHT. PENSION DINING ROOM.

Unspoilt Monteriano is still the topic of conversation, as LUCY and CHARLOTTE continue to discuss the Signora's perfidy.

MISS CATHERINE

Isn't Monteriano where we saw the violets, Teresa? An entire carpet of them: it was delightful. I find the violet the most delightful of flowers, don't you, Miss Lavish?

MISS LAVISH

I prefer something wilder, bolder - the reckless rose, the tempestuous tulip...

CHARLOTTE

Your mother would never forgive me if I took the view.

LUCY

Mother would want you to have it.

CHARLOTTE

On no account: the view from
the Arno is yours.

The two, tired and out of sorts, are working each other
up. By now, they both sound distinctly peevish.

LUCY

I don't know why we are arguing
because we don't have it. We
have no view.

MR. EMERSON

(leaning across the table toward
them) I have a view. I have a
view.

CHARLOTTE is startled. Her glance passes over EMERSON
quickly but she doesn't really look at him. His forward-
ness strikes her as uncouth and ill-bred.

MR. EMERSON

So does George - my son George
here.

LUCY, who is about to speak, is repressed by CHARLOTTE.
GEORGE continues to frown at the diagram he has arranged
on his plate.

MR. EMERSON

We both have rooms with views.

CHARLOTTE

(looking over his head, muttering
vaguely) Delightful - a view -
how very delightful.

MR. EMERSON

What I mean is that you can have
our rooms, and we'll have yours.
We'll change.

The other GUESTS fall silent. Some appear shocked; all
sympathize with the newcomers as MR. EMERSON expands on
his offer.

MR. EMERSON

Why shouldn't you have them?
Why shouldn't they have them,
George? Hm? They want rooms
with views, so they can have
ours. It's very simple.

LUCY gives a start of pleasure and gratitude - CHARLOTTE restrains her.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you. You are most kind.
It is entirely out of the question.

A murmur of approval from the rest of the table: evidently these newcomers, as against the EMERSONS, have the right attitude and breeding.

MR. EMERSON

(getting red and excited) It's the simplest thing on earth: isn't it, George? George! They want views, we don't want them. Ergo, they should have them.

The whole table is attentive: they are impressed by CHARLOTTE's brilliantly correct handling of this impossible situation and this impossible old man.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you very much indeed. We could not impose on your kindness.

MR. EMERSON

(both fists planted on the table in challenge) Why? There's no kindness. Only common sense.

LUCY

You see, we wouldn't like to -

CHARLOTTE

Eat your dinner, dear.

MR. EMERSON

(thumping his fists like a naughty child) Women like looking at a view; men don't. George, persuade them.

GEORGE

(without looking up) It's obvious they should have the rooms. There's nothing else to say.

LUCY regards him with covert curiosity. He looks brooding, perplexed - but also very handsome in a rugged, manly way.

MR. EMERSON
 (attacking CHARLOTTE almost
 violently) Why shouldn't you
 change? We can clear out in
 half an hour! 15 minutes!
 It's ridiculous - these niceties:
 they contravene common sense;
 every kind of sense.

CHARLOTTE places her knife and fork together neatly on
 her empty plate. She has the air of a martyr - but one
 firm and strong in resolve.

MR. EMERSON is now talking to the table at large, waving
 his arms about -

MR. EMERSON
 I don't care for what I see
 outside.

CHARLOTTE looks around her as much as to say, "Are you
 all like this?" And the two MISSES ALAN, who are sitting
 further up the table, with shawls hanging over the backs
 of their chairs, look back, clearly indicating, "We are
 not; we are genteel."

CHARLOTTE
 (regarding the pudding plate
 placed in front of her) No,
 thank you.

She is pressing LUCY's foot under the table.

MR. EMERSON
 (thumping his heart) Here is
 where the birds sing; here is
 where the sky is blue.

CHARLOTTE
 (whispering) Let's go, Lucy.

She gets up with resolution.

Her exit is very different from her entrance. She is
 acknowledged by the OTHERS with murmurs of warmth and
 friendliness: CHARLOTTE has proved herself.

LUCY has to follow her. But as she goes, she turns once
 and makes a hasty bow - a shamefaced acknowledgment - to
 the EMERSONS.

Only GEORGE sees it: and he replies by raising his
 eyebrows and smiling in a strange, quizzical way.

LUCY, confused, blushing, not knowing what to make of this smile, hurries after CHARLOTTE.

7. NIGHT. INTERIOR. PASSAGE BETWEEN DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS.

Once outside here, the stately and victorious CHARLOTTE collapses.

CHARLOTTE

What an impossible person!

LUCY

He meant to be kind - I don't understand you -

CHARLOTTE

Please leave it to me: I know how to deal with such people.

LUCY

Charlotte, you dealt rudely!
You dealt wrongly!

CHARLOTTE does not acknowledge that she has dealt wrongly and says grimly:

CHARLOTTE

This pension is a failure. Tomorrow we'll make a change.

Her tone of "nanny-knows-best" goads LUCY to further anger and in this heated state they enter the drawing room.

8. NIGHT. INTERIOR. PENSION DRAWING ROOM.

This room, with its tightly stuffed, round, tomato-red chairs and armchairs, does its best to reproduce the solid comfort of a Bloomsbury boarding house.

MR. BEEBEE, an English clergyman with a bald head and red whiskers, is seated there with an English newspaper which he lowers at the tempestuous entrance of the TWO LADIES.

At the sight of him, their anger with each other turns into a sort of hysterical relief.

They exclaim, they rush up to him, they appear to be surrounding him -

LUCY

Why, it's Mr. Beebee! Oh, how perfectly lovely! Oh, Charlotte, we must stop now, however bad the rooms are.

CHARLOTTE
 (with more restraint) How do you
 do, Mr. Beebee?

He has risen in amazement. The TWO WOMEN start explaining
 simultaneously.

LUCY
 Don't you remember us -

CHARLOTTE
 Miss Bartlett and Miss Honeychurch.
 We met at Tunbridge Wells when you
 came to help our vicar -

LUCY
 - That very cold Easter!

LUCY is in a state of what might be called spiritual
 starvation. As Forster says, she would have been glad
 to see the waiter if CHARLOTTE had permitted it. She
 rushes on:

LUCY
 Just fancy how small the world
 is! I've heard from Mother that
 you are to be our vicar -

CHARLOTTE
 Miss Honeychurch will be one of
 your parishioners -

LUCY
 At Summer Street -

Slowly MR. BEEBEE gets all this straightened out. He
 welcomes them pleasantly.

MR. BEEBEE
 Quite right - I move into the
 rectory at Summer Street in
 June.

LUCY
 Our house is called Windy Corner
 - oh, I am so glad to see you.

CHARLOTTE, exhausted by strong emotion, sinks into one
 of the tomato chairs.

The two MISS ALANS enter and go up to CHARLOTTE:

MISS CATHERINE
 We did feel so sorry for you
 in the dining room.

MISS TERESA

Mr. Emerson is so tactless.

LUCY

But he meant to be kind. (to MR. BEEBEE) This old gentleman - and his son - kindly offered us their rooms with a view. For ours which have no view.

MR. BEEBEE

(judiciously weighing the situation) I see.

TERESA

It was most indelicate.

CATHERINE

But things that are indelicate - can sometimes be beautiful.

LUCY

Oh yes! Yes!

CHARLOTTE

I am the chaperone of my young cousin, Lucy, and it would be a serious thing if I put her under an obligation to people of whom we know nothing.

MR. BEEBEE is thoughtful for a few moments.

MR. BEEBEE

I don't think much harm would have come of accepting...

LUCY

There, Charlotte. (or she only looks this meaning)

CHARLOTTE

(pursing her mouth, to MR. BEEBEE) So you think I ought to have accepted their offer? You think I have been narrow-minded?

MR. BEEBEE

(who is used to pursed-mouth females) Not at all. I never suggested that.

He catches LUCY's imploring look -

MR. BEEBEE

...If you will allow me, I would be happy to be your intermediary with Mr. Emerson.

Everyone looks at CHARLOTTE, who remains silent and tight-lipped.

MR. BEEBEE

(gently) I think he would not take advantage of your acceptance, nor expect any gratitude. He has rooms he does not value, and he thinks you would value them.

LUCY

Charlotte, please.

CHARLOTTE

My own wishes, dearest Lucy, are unimportant in comparison with yours. I am only here through your kindness. If you want me to turn these gentlemen out of their rooms, I will do it. Would you then, Mr. Beebee, kindly tell Mr. Emerson we accept his offer?

MR. BEEBEE bows and departs with the message, looking irritated.

LUCY

He is nice. Just what I remember. He seems to see good in everyone. No one would take him for a clergyman.

9. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH VIEW.

GEORGE is throwing his things together, moving out of the room.

10. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITHOUT VIEW.

PORTER is shouldering baggage, under CHARLOTTE's supervision.

CHARLOTTE

(to LUCY, as they follow PORTER)
Remember, Lucy, I alone am implicated in this.

They go out into the passage.

11. NIGHT. INTERIOR. UPSTAIRS PASSAGE.

GEORGE, with his baggage, is coming from one side, PORTER with baggage and CHARLOTTE and LUCY following, from the other.

A collision is imminent.

CHARLOTTE

I do not wish the acceptance to come from you. (hissing, so that GEORGE, who is now upon them, might not hear) Grant me that, at all events.

There is now an impasse in the corridor and CHARLOTTE talks her way around it:

CHARLOTTE

(to GEORGE) I would like to thank your father personally for his kindness to us.

GEORGE

(skillfully maneuvering his way) You can't. He's in his bath.

CHARLOTTE gasps -

But GEORGE does not notice. He has managed to get past them and is on his way to his new room.

LUCY, following CHARLOTTE and PORTER, is trying hard to look serious.

12. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH VIEW (CHARLOTTE'S).

LUCY is by the window breathing in the night air, while CHARLOTTE is arranging her things.

CHARLOTTE

...Naturally, of course, I would have given the larger room to you; but I happen to know that it was the young man's -

As LUCY does not follow this reasoning -

CHARLOTTE

In my small way, I am a woman of the world, and I know where things lead to...

Arranging her toilet accessories on the washstand, she is stopped short by the sight of a sheet of paper pinned up over it. It is scrawled with an enormous note of interrogation.

CHARLOTTE

What ever does it mean?

LUCY comes and looks at it with her. There is an imperious knock on the door. At LUCY's "Come in!" GEORGE enters. He strides to the washstand. He tears down the sheet of paper. Murmuring an awkward apology, he leaves with it. The TWO WOMEN stare after him.

13. MORNING. LUCY'S PENSION BEDROOM.

LUCY is awake in her bed, looking about her pleasant room, which Forster describes thus: "...a bright bare room, with a floor of red tiles which look clean though they are not; with a painted ceiling whereon pink griffins and blue amorini sport in a forest of yellow violins and bassoons..." LUCY takes this in (an equivalent room will have to be found, or decorated) and then jumps out of bed.

She goes to the window and with some difficulty gets the shutters open, squeezing her fingers in the process. When they open, the room fills with sunlight and LUCY looks at her VIEW. She sees below as much of the following as can be managed:

"...Over the river men were at work with spades and sieves on the sandy foreshore, and on the river was a boat...An electric tram came rushing underneath the window... its platforms were overflowing with Italians... Children tried to hang on behind...Then soldiers appeared - goodlooking, undersized men - wearing each a knapsack covered with mangy fur, and a greatcoat which had been cut for some larger soldier. Beside them walked officers, looking foolish and fierce, and before them went little boys, turning somersaults in time with the band. The tram-car became entangled in their ranks, and moved on painfully, like a caterpillar in a swarm of ants. One of the little boys fell down, and some white bullocks came out of an archway..."

LUCY's enjoyment of this Saul Steinberg scene is cut short by a tap on the door. It is CHARLOTTE, who comes in and admonishes her on leaving her door unlocked, and on her

leaning out of the window in her nightgown. CHARLOTTE tells her that if they don't hurry up, the better part of the day will be lost.

14. DAY. PENSION DINING ROOM.

Most people have finished their breakfasts, except for MISS LAVISH, who sits over her coffee with LUCY and CHARLOTTE, who are arguing. CHARLOTTE wants to go out, but LUCY makes excuses in order to shake her off: she's feeling a wee bit tired, she'd like to settle in, she thinks she'll play the piano, etc. CHARLOTTE offers to stay in with her; LUCY says that would never do; Yes yes, No no, etc. When she's ready, she'll go out alone. CHARLOTTE can't allow this, she must accompany LUCY everywhere. More Yes yes, No no, certainly not!

MISS LAVISH

Being English, Miss Honeychurch will be perfectly safe. Italians understand. A dear friend of mine, Contessa Baroncelli, has two daughters, and when she cannot send a maid to school with them she lets them go in sailor-hats instead. Everyone takes them for English, you see, especially if their hair is strained tightly behind.

15. DAY. EXTERIOR. FLORENCE BACK STREETS.

MISS LAVISH, very bohemian in a blue military cloak swinging behind her, is conducting CHARLOTTE through the back streets of Florence. These streets are intricate and dirty, and as they penetrate deeper into them, MISS LAVISH expresses herself more and more enchanted.

MISS LAVISH

A smell, a true Florentine smell! Inhale, my dear: deeper. Every city, let me tell you, has its own smell.

In another dirty alley:

MISS LAVISH

How I love these little back alleys. Look at that adorable wine-cart! How the driver stares at us, dear, simple soul!

CHARLOTTE is evidently less entranced. From time to time she is forced to bring her handkerchief to her nose and

tread rather delicately around something indelicate on the road. As they make their way, and pause from time to time for MISS LAVISH to drink in local sensations, we hear the following snatches of conversation:

MISS LAVISH

...One has always to be open:
wide open. I think Miss Lucy is.

CHARLOTTE

(nervously) Lucy - open? To
what, Miss Lavish?

MISS LAVISH

To physical sensation...

CHARLOTTE

Oh! (a very ambiguous exclamation
- laden with both shock and
excitement)

MISS LAVISH

I will let you into a secret,
Miss Bartlett: I have my eye
on your cousin, Miss Lucy
Honeychurch.

CHARLOTTE

(thrilled yet apprehensive)
...For a character in your novel,
Miss Lavish?

MISS LAVISH

The Young English Girl transfigured
by Italy. And why should she not
be transfigured? It happened to
the Goths...

In another part of the city:

MISS LAVISH

I do declare, we're lost - no,
Miss Bartlett, I will not have
you look into your Baedeker.
Two lone females in an unknown
town...now that's what I call
an adventure. We will simply
drift...

They press on - CHARLOTTE somewhat drooping but MISS
LAVISH undaunted.

Then, as their destination rises up before them suddenly -

MISS LAVISH

Santa Maria del Fiore! Buon
giorno! Buon giorno! Thou Holy
Maiden of the Dark Ages, I salute
thee!

Two BRITISH TOURISTS can be seen approaching the
Cathedral -

MISS LAVISH

Stop a minute. Let those two
people go on, or I shall have
to speak to them...Oh, the
Britisher abroad!...It's very
naughty of me, but I would set
an examination paper at Dover
and turn back every tourist who
couldn't pass it.

Faced with the Cathedral, CHARLOTTE surreptitiously
tries to look into her Baedeker again -

But MISS LAVISH shuts it and takes it away from her
with a skittish firmness to which CHARLOTTE delightedly
submits.

Arm in arm, with an air almost of recklessness, MISS
LAVISH's cloak swinging, they scale the steps of the
Cathedral: two British Ladies abroad...

16. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION PASSAGE AND STAIRS.

Two more British Ladies abroad: exhausted from a
morning's sightseeing, the MISS ALANS have retreated
back to the pension and are wearily ascending the
stairs.

Sounds of piano music from the drawing room: Beethoven's
Sonata in C minor, Opus 111, played very well.

The MISS ALANS open the door of their room -

17. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION ROOM.

They see the room brimming with violets - And MR. EMERSON
filling more vases - And GEORGE wreathing the washstand -
The MISS ALANS advance bewildered -

MR. EMERSON

Well - you said you like violets.

GEORGE

So we brought you violets.

MR. EMERSON is so delighted with what he has done - and indeed the violets are so beautiful - that the MISS ALANS cannot help being delighted too. They giggle like two schoolgirls, and encouraged by MR. EMERSON, they even fix some flowers into their hair -

Sound of piano -

18. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION DRAWING ROOM.

LUCY is at the little draped piano playing Beethoven. She plays with verve and authority, and seems intoxicated by the music and her own playing of it.

MR. BEEBEE is listening to her with growing astonishment. When she has finished and he has applauded -

MR. BEEBEE

May I say something - rather daring?

LUCY

Oh, Mr. Beebee: you sound like Miss Lavish. Don't say you are writing a novel, too.

MR. BEEBEE

If I were, you should be my heroine and I would write: "If Miss Honeychurch ever takes to live as she plays, it will be very exciting - both for us and for her."

LUCY doesn't know what he means. As she moves over to the window -

LUCY

Mother doesn't like me playing Beethoven. She says I'm always peevish afterward.

And she does look - if not peevish, then at least restless, looking out of the window.

MR. BEEBEE

Naturally. One would be stirred up. That's what music is for. Won't you play some more?

LUCY

...I think I'll go out. (turning from the window)

MR. BEEBEE

What - alone? Would that be wise, Miss Honeychurch?

LUCY

Oh, Mr. Beebee, to be wise one might have stayed at home in Summer Street -

Already half out of the door -

LUCY

I won't go far, I promise.

She has gone before he can say anything.

19. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION PASSAGE.

LUCY has walked out so impetuously that she doesn't see, and nearly collides with, MISS CATHERINE ALAN.

Her apologies are as excited as her movement of exit - But she doesn't stop.

MISS CATHERINE, astonished, looks after her - then enters the drawing room.

20. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION DRAWING ROOM.

She sidles in characteristically, made self-conscious by the proximity of a lone man.

MISS CATHERINE

Whatever is the matter with dear Miss Lucy?

MR. BEEBEE

(watching LUCY from the window)
...I put it down to too much Beethoven.

MISS CATHERINE joins him by the window.

MR. BEEBEE

(glancing down at her) You have flowers in your hair, Miss Catherine, like a pagan goddess.

She picks them out, smiling as she does so. They both watch LUCY.

(If it is not possible because of the location to have them looking out of a window, then let them watch her through the drawing room door as she makes her escape via an entrance hall or courtyard.)

TITLE CARD: IN SANTA CROCE WITH NO BAEDEKER

21. DAY. EXTERIOR. STREETS OF FLORENCE.

Contrary to what MISS LAVISH told her about English girls in Italy, she is very much noticed and appreciated. MEN look at her with admiration, one or two try to speak to her. She either doesn't notice or pretends not to, and if she acts primly, she's too pretty and youthful for that to be a drawback; in fact it seems almost a virtue.

She might linger over the Andrea della Robbia Infants of the Foundling Hospital in the Piazza dell' Annunziata.

22. DAY. INTERIOR. SANTA CROCE.

LUCY wanders around in the barnlike interior, shivering with cold. She has no Baedeker, so does not know which paintings and monuments to admire. She walks about, somewhat disdainfully, unwilling to be enthusiastic over monuments of uncertain authorship or date. But then she gets interested in the place and the scene: PRIESTS, BEGGARS, GUIDES, TOURISTS.

She tries to puzzle out the Italian notices - one that forbids people to introduce dogs into the church; another not to spit on the floor; to cover the head or to uncover it; not to talk loudly; to remember that the place is a House of Worship, etc.

She watches other TOURISTS - the diligent foreigners, consulting their guidebooks, looking from page to statue and back again, almost like spectators at a tennis match.

She watches the ITALIANS at worship, and particularly some SMALL CHILDREN who seem to have got worship mixed up with playing backwards and forwards over the recumbent forms of some stone bishops.

One CHILD falls.

LUCY starts forward to pick him up. MR. EMERSON appears, bent on the same mission. Between them they try - in vain - to comfort the howling CHILD.

MR. EMERSON

Hateful bishop! Hard in life,
hard in death.

The CHILD screams frantically.

An Italian WOMAN takes charge and the CHILD is soon running around again happily.

MR. EMERSON
 (to WOMAN) You are a clever
 woman. You've done more than
 all the relics in the world.

WOMAN
 Niente.

She walks away.

LUCY
 I'm not sure she understands
 English.

MR. EMERSON
 She understands everything...Are
 you doing the church? Why don't
 you join us?

She looks around: is he alone - or is the son with him?
 She sees GEORGE: he is intently looking up at the
 vaulted roof and doesn't see her.

LUCY
 (stiffly, and taking refuge in
 her dignity) Thank you very much,
 but I could not think of that. I
 really came to help with the child,
 and to thank you for so kindly
 giving us your rooms last night.
 I hope that you have not been put
 to any great inconvenience.

MR. EMERSON
 (gently) My dear, I think that you
 are repeating what you have heard
 older people say. You are pretending
 to be touchy; but you are not really.
 Stop being so tiresome, and tell me
 instead what part of the church you
 want to see. To take you to it will
 be a real pleasure.

It is impossible for LUCY to take offense at this old
 man's "impertinence" and she stands hesitating. He has
 a nosegay of violets tucked into his lapel.

LUCY
 I am not touchy, I hope. I want
 to see the Giotto's - if only I
 knew which they were.

MR. EMERSON
 Come with me.

LUCY follows MR. EMERSON into the Peruzzi Chapel. There is a party of TOURISTS in the chapel, led by MR. EAGER, a clergyman.

MR. EMERSON greets him cordially - then explains to LUCY that it is Mr. Eager, the resident English chaplain in Florence.

MR. EAGER

(lecturing to the TOURISTS)
Observe how Giotto in these frescoes - now unhappily ruined by restoration - is untroubled by the snares of anatomy and perspective.

MR. EMERSON

(pointing to the fresco of the Ascension of St. John) Yes, look at that fat man in blue! He must weigh as much as I do, and he is shooting into the sky like an air balloon.

MR. EAGER resolutely ignores him and goes on instructing his flock of TOURISTS, who shift uneasily, as does LUCY.

MR. EAGER

Remember the facts about this church of Santa Croce; how it was built by faith in the full fervor of mediaevalism -

MR. EMERSON

Built by faith indeed! That simply means the workmen weren't paid properly.

MR. EAGER

(frigidly) Pardon me. The chapel is somewhat small for two parties. We will incommode you no longer.

He leads his flock away.

MR. EMERSON

Stop! There's plenty of room for us all. Stop!

The TOURISTS disappear without a word. MR. EMERSON looks after them - but forgets about them as his eyes fall on -

GEORGE, standing alone in gloomy abstraction. At this moment he is not an unattractive figure by any means,

and in the shadows his face appears tender. LUCY watches him with feelings of interest for a few seconds and in turn is observed by MR. EMERSON.

MR. EMERSON

Look at my poor boy...

LUCY looks away; and blushes; and doesn't want to listen to what MR. EMERSON is saying; and yet does.

MR. EMERSON

He's very unhappy.

LUCY

But why should he be?

MR. EMERSON

Well may you ask...What more is one to give him? And think how he has been brought up - free from all the superstition that leads men to hate one another in the name of God...

At this blasphemy, LUCY tries to leave -

LUCY

(murmuring) I must go - my cousin will be anxious -

MR. EMERSON actually catches hold of her to prevent her.

MR. EMERSON

I don't require you to fall in love with my boy, but try and understand him. My poor young lady, I think you're muddled, too - you've let other people muddle you.

LUCY is impressed by the possible truth of this; and she now looks toward GEORGE with greater sympathy:

LUCY

Is that what's happened to him? Has he let other people -

MR. EMERSON

No, in his case he's done it himself - with all this brooding on the things of the Universe. I don't believe in this world sorrow. Do you?

LUCY

(unable to express herself, yet with conviction) No. Oh no. I don't, Mr. Emerson. Not at all.

MR. EMERSON

Well there you are! Then make my boy realise that by the side of the everlasting Why there is a yes! And a Yes and a Yes!

This inflated oratory brings LUCY back to earth. She adopts a tone of solid, suburban common sense:

LUCY

Has your son no particular hobby? I generally forget my worries at the piano; and collecting stamps did no end of good to Freddy, my brother...You must excuse me, Mr. Emerson: my cousin will be most anxious if I don't get back this instant...

MR. EMERSON's face saddens. He touches her gently with his hand.

MR. EMERSON

Poor girl. Poor girl.

LUCY

(flaring up) Poor girl? On the contrary - I think myself a very fortunate girl. I'm thoroughly happy, and having a splendid time. (in a tone of dismissal) Goodbye. Thank you both so much for all your kindness.

She hurries away, not looking right or left, and certainly not at GEORGE.

23. DAY. EXTERIOR. OUTSIDE SANTA CROCE.

LUCY is hurrying away from the church - She enters a shop.

24. DAY. INTERIOR. POSTCARD SHOP.

LUCY buys postcards. These are: Giorgione's Tempesta, Fra Angelico's Coronation, Giotto's Ascension of St. John, some Della Robbia babies, some Guido Reni Madonnas. She considers Botticelli's Birth of Venus for a long time, includes it, then at the last moment decides against it

and puts it back in the rack. She gets her change muddled - almost forgets her packet - then goes out.

25. DUSK. EXTERIOR. IN THE PIAZZA SIGNORIA.

Now she is no longer in a hurry but lingers as if she were waiting for someone or something to happen to her... She fixes her eyes on the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. It arises out of the surrounding dusk like a pillar of gold throbbing in the tranquil sky. Absorbed in this vision, she doesn't notice what is going on around her.

Two MEN very near her have started bickering by the Loggia. She only vaguely hears their cries of "Cinque lire! Cinque lire!" They spar at each other -

One MAN is hit lightly on the chest. He frowns; he bends toward LUCY as if he had an important message for her. He opens his lips to deliver it, and a stream of blood comes out and trickles down his unshaven chin.

A CROWD rises up around them. LUCY sees GEORGE looking at her from out of this CROWD. There are shouts and cries. The wounded MAN is lifted up and carried to the fountain. The MURDERER cries out and kisses him. But LUCY, looking at GEORGE, sees him grow dim...GEORGE, pushing his way through the CROWD, catches LUCY as she falls. He carries her in his arms to the steps of the Uffizi Arcade. He lowers her gently; he supports her in his arms; he looks into her face.

The hubbub around the fountain comes to them as if from a great distance. They seem to have moved into a world of greater silence; sitting there they appear, like the other statues in the arcade, to be more than human - a statue not merely of two lovers but of Eternal Lovers.

LUCY opens her eyes. She looks back into his face. She sits up. He rises and dusts his knees.

LUCY

Oh, what have I done?

GEORGE

You fainted.

LUCY

I - I am very sorry.

GEORGE

How are you now?

LUCY

Perfectly well - absolutely well.

GEORGE

Then let's come home. There's
no point in our stopping.

He holds out his hand to help her up. She pretends not to see it.

The cries from the fountain continue, as a background to this conversation.

LUCY

How very kind you have been! I
might have hurt myself falling.
But now I am well. I can go
alone, thank you.

He remains silent, and his hand remains extended.

LUCY

Oh, my photographs!

GEORGE

What photographs?

LUCY

I bought some photographs at
Alinari's. I must have dropped
them out there in the square.
Would you be so very kind -
thank you so very much -

He nods brusquely, then turns to go. As soon as his back is turned, LUCY gets up "...with the cunning of a maniac..." and steals down the arcade toward the Arno.

GEORGE

Miss Honeychurch!

She stops, her hand on her heart.

GEORGE

Sit still; you aren't fit to
go home alone.

LUCY

Yes I am, thank you so very much.

GEORGE

No you aren't.

LUCY

But I had rather -

GEORGE

Then I don't fetch your photographs.

A pause. He tells her commandingly:

GEORGE

Sit down. The man is dead.

Bewildered, she obeys him.

GEORGE

And don't move till I come back.

LUCY sits on the steps:

She sees the black-hooded FIGURES of the Fraternity of the Misericordia passing like figures in a dream. The hubbub around the fountain also seems heard as if in a dream.

LUCY doesn't know what is happening or what has happened. She buries her face in her hands.

GEORGE finds the packet of photographs lying on the pavement. The envelope is covered with blood. He hesitates, looks in LUCY's direction, then wipes the blood off with his handkerchief and goes back to her with the cards.

When GEORGE returns, LUCY pulls herself together. She becomes brisk, English, suburban again. She rises without assistance and walks without assistance toward the Arno.

26. DUSK. EXTERIOR. EMBANKMENT.

LUCY is babbling on rather breathlessly while GEORGE strides beside her in his usual impenetrable silence.

LUCY

...Italians are so very odd, aren't they. So excitable. Only yesterday I heard about another murder - I don't know the details but a poor little boy was involved. And yet they seem so kind and lovable. It's too extraordinary that they should at the same time be so violent - Mr. Emerson?

He turns toward her, frowning as if she has disturbed him in some abstract quest.

LUCY

I want to ask you something
before we go in.

She stops and leans her elbows on the parapet of the
embankment by the Ponte alle Grazie. He does the same.
In their identity of position, they again suggest
something abstract, more than human - an embodiment
of Eternal Companionship.

LUCY

(moving her elbows) I was never
so much ashamed of myself in my
life; I cannot think what came
over me.

GEORGE

Perfectly natural; I nearly
fainted myself.

LUCY

Well, I owe you a thousand
apologies.

GEORGE accepts them in silence.

LUCY

...And - this is what I wanted
to ask you - you know how silly
people are gossiping - (with a
nervous laugh) ladies especially,
I am afraid - you understand
what I mean?

GEORGE

I'm afraid I don't.

LUCY

(with a sigh that such indelicate
explanation should be necessary)
I mean, would you not mention it
to anyone - my foolish behaviour?

He throws something into the river with an abrupt
movement.

LUCY

What was that?...What did you
throw in?

GEORGE

(crossly) Things I didn't want.

LUCY

Mr. Emerson!...Where are the photographs?...I believe it was my photographs you threw away!

GEORGE

(suddenly bewildered, turning toward her like an anxious boy)
I didn't know what to do with them!...They were covered with blood. There; now I've told you.

They both stand again as before, side by side with their elbows on the parapet. They look down into the river which has swirled away her bloodied photographs. After a long silence -

GEORGE

(speaking slowly out of deep thought) Something tremendous has happened. It isn't exactly that a man has died - but something else too...

LUCY looks into his face as he tries to express himself. Who knows in what direction his thoughts will go next. She attempts to stop him before he can say more.

LUCY

Well, thank you again. How quickly these accidents do happen, and then one returns to the old life!

GEORGE

I don't.

She looks at him anxiously.

GEORGE

Something has happened to me.
I don't know. And perhaps to you.

She is silent; she doesn't disclaim it; nor does she move away but continues to stand beside him, her elbows like his on the parapet, contemplating the River Arno whose roar is suggesting some unexpected melody to her ears. On a common impulse, without passing a word or look, they turn away.

27. DAY. EXTERIOR. PIAZZA SIGNORIA.

CHARLOTTE and LUCY are on their way back to the pension from the bank. CHARLOTTE, with the complacency of fate,

leads them into the Piazza Signoria. LUCY hangs back but CHARLOTTE keeps on, oblivious.

The exact site of the murder is occupied by MISS LAVISH. She has the morning newspaper in her hand. She hails them briskly.

MISS LAVISH

Aha! Miss Honeychurch! I'm in luck. Now, you are to tell me absolutely everything that you saw from the beginning.

LUCY pokes at the ground with her parasol.

MISS LAVISH

But perhaps you would rather not?

LUCY

I'm sorry. If you could manage without it.

The elder LADIES exchange approving glances; it is suitable that a girl should feel deeply.

MISS LAVISH

It's I who am sorry. We literary hacks are shameless creatures.

She marches cheerfully to the fountain and back, counting steps.

MISS LAVISH

I've been in the Piazza since eight o'clock, collecting material. The two men quarrelled over a five lira note. (in the throes of creation, and making a dramatic announcement) For the five lira note I'm going to substitute a young lady. It will raise the tone of the tragedy.

LUCY looks uncomfortable.

CHARLOTTE

What is the plot?

MISS LAVISH

(grandly) Love, murder, abduction, revenge! Andate via! Sono occupato!

A VENDOR of panoramic photographs has approached, holding out his wares with a courteous smile.

While MISS LAVISH is engaged with the VENDOR, LUCY takes the opportunity to say to CHARLOTTE in a quick aside:

LUCY

Charlotte! Here's an idea.
What if we popped off to Rome
tomorrow - straight?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you droll person!

MISS LAVISH

I confess that in Italy my
sympathies are not with my own
countrymen. Let me give you
fair warning: I intend to be
unmerciful to the British tourist.

CHARLOTTE

You wicked woman! I'm sure you
are thinking of the Emersons.

MISS LAVISH continues her pacing, shadowed by the VENDOR.

LUCY

Do let's go. I'm sick of Florence.

CHARLOTTE

Your mother would have a fine
bone to pick with me if we left
Florence without a single visit
to the Pitti Palace. (affec-
tionately pressing her hand) It
was yesterday's shock - we must
put it right out of our minds.

MISS LAVISH

(returning, with the VENDOR) I
repeat and I insist: a tragedy
such as yesterday's is not the
less tragic because it happened
in humble life. Andante presto!
Presto!

She strikes at the proffered view with her rolled-up
newspaper and it tears. The VENDOR puts up a wail.
Under cover of this:

LUCY

I just want to be with you - all
the time. Promise not to leave
me. Promise.

CHARLOTTE

There. There. Your dull old
Charlotte's here.

MISS LAVISH

Ignore him.

She strides out and the VENDOR hurries after her, holding up his damaged view, an end in each hand. OTHERS look in their direction as the air rings with his threats and lamentations. He appeals to LUCY. From a distance we see him being paid off and mollified.

TITLE CARD: The Reverend Arthur Beebee, the Reverend Cuthbert Eager, Mr. Emerson, Mr. George Emerson, Miss Eleanor Lavish, Miss Charlotte Bartlett and Miss Lucy Honeychurch Drive out in Carriages to See a View; Italians Drive them.

28. DAY. EXTERIOR. ROAD THROUGH TUSCAN LANDSCAPE.

Two carriages are driving upward to Fiesole through a glorious landscape of flowering hills and valleys. In the carriage in front are: MR. EAGER (the English chaplain we already met) and MR. EMERSON, LUCY and MISS LAVISH. Their Italian COACHMAN is young and handsome and in a sprightly mood.

In the following carriage: MR. BEEBEE, GEORGE, CHARLOTTE.

A beautiful Italian GIRL - Persephone personified, the reigning goddess of the Tuscan spring - is standing waiting at a curve of the upward winding road. She is shielding her eyes against the sun as she looks toward the ascending carriages. When the first carriage reaches her, she nimbly climbs up beside the COACHMAN and they go careering on. The COACHMAN slips the left rein over her head, enabling him to drive with his arm around her waist. MR. EAGER taps the COACHMAN on the back when he notices this.

COACHMAN

(turning around with an ingratiating smile) She is my sister.

MR. EAGER

...I'm not sure we ought to allow this: it is the thin end of the wedge.

The LADIES intercede on their behalf.

They drive on. The two GENTLEMEN have their backs to the horses. MR. EAGER is expounding, MR. EMERSON is falling asleep. Facing them, MISS LAVISH is listening to MR. EAGER, and LUCY, elegantly dressed in white, is watching the COACHMAN shamelessly making love to his GIRL.

MR. EAGER

So, Miss Honeychurch, you are travelling? As a student of art?

LUCY

Oh, dear me no - oh no!

MISS LAVISH

Perhaps as a student of human nature, like myself?

LUCY

I'm here as a tourist.

MR. EAGER

Are you indeed? If you will not think me rude, we residents sometimes pity you poor tourists not a little - handed about like a parcel of goods from Venice to Florence, from Florence to Rome, quite unconscious of anything that is outside Baedeker - their one anxiety to get "done" or "through" and go on somewhere else...

MISS LAVISH

(over the preceding) I abhor Baedeker! If it were left to me, every copy would be flung into the Arno -

MR. EAGER

- towns, rivers, palaces, all mixed up in one inextricable whirl - Over there, please observe, Miss Honeychurch, the villa of my dear friend Lady Helen Laverstock who is at present busy over Fra Angelico - a definitive study -

MISS LAVISH fixes her pincenez with eager interest but LUCY has difficulty tearing her eyes away from the two LOVERS on the driver's seat, who are enjoying themselves and the ride tremendously.

MR. EAGER

On the right - no just there -
Mr. Henry Burrage lives. An
American of the best type - so
rare! - Doubtless you know his
monographs in the series of
"Mediaeval Byways"? Piano!
Piano! (waving his hand
elegantly over his head with-
out turning around)

COACHMAN

Va bene, signore, va bene, va
bene.

He whips the horses up again. The dozing MR. EMERSON
is flung against MR. EAGER, who makes a long-suffering
face.

In the second carriage, MR. BEEBEE is trapped with a
silent GEORGE and a prim CHARLOTTE doing her best to
keep her hat in place as the second COACHMAN urges his
horses to keep up with the others.

MR. BEEBEE

Do you know who that is leading
us? Phaeton himself! I recog-
nized him at once. Phaeton in
Tuscany driving a cab.

CHARLOTTE

(less enthusiastic) Oh yes.
Quite. (trying to engage GEORGE
in conversation) Your father, I
believe, Mr. Emerson, is a
journalist?

GEORGE

Used to be.

CHARLOTTE

And you yourself, if I might -

GEORGE

On the railways.

CHARLOTTE

I see.

MR. BEEBEE

(hastily covering up) Phaeton
in all his classical purity,
untouched alike by the Age of
Faith and the Age of Doubt...

We see PHAETON and PERSEPHONE, the wind blowing their hair, a young God and Goddess.

In the first carriage MR. EAGER is still talking, though somewhat incommoded by MR. EMERSON asleep lurching against him.

MR. EAGER

You know the American girl in Punch who says: "Say, Poppa, what did we see at Rome?" And the father replies: "Why, guess Rome was the place where we saw the yaller dog." There's travelling for you! Ha! ha!... Ah! What! Stop! At once!

For, turning around in an inauspicious moment, he has caught the COACHMAN kissing his GIRL.

In his fluent but execrable Italian, MR. EAGER orders the GIRL to be taken down from the carriage.

COACHMAN and GIRL plead and protest.

MR. EMERSON has woken up and asks what has happened.

LUCY leans forward and tells him in a whisper. He looks pleased. The second carriage draws up behind them and MR. BEEBEE leans out to ask what has happened.

MR. EAGER

Please - I know how to deal with these people. (deaf to the pleas of the lovers, he insists that the girl must descend)

MISS LAVISH

I daresay I shall receive scant support, but I would let them be. I have always flown in the face of convention all my life.

MR. EAGER

(over the above) We must not submit. He is treating us as if we were a party of Cook's tourists.

This silences MISS LAVISH.

MR. EMERSON

Leave them alone. Do we find happiness so often that we should turn it off the box when it happens to sit there?

He pats them on the back to signify his approval.

COACHMAN
(to LUCY) Signorina!

PERSEPHONE
Signorina!

She points at the other carriage. LUCY looks and sees GEORGE there. For a moment the two GIRLS look at each other.

But MR. EAGER is adamant and the GIRL gets down from the box.

They drive on - the COACHMAN now very surly and jolting them as hard as he can. PERSEPHONE is left by the roadside.

29. DAY. EXTERIOR. VARYING ASPECTS OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY BETWEEN FIESOLE AND THE CASTELLO DI VINCIGLIATA.

The carriages have arrived, the OCCUPANTS descend. From their eminence, they see a hollow like a great amphitheatre, full of terraced steps and misty olives. They climb up into the hills, splitting off into different groups -

MR. BEEBEE directs the COACHMAN where to place the picnic hamper.

He is joined by MR. EAGER.

MR. EMERSON tries to have a conversation in halting Italian with the disgruntled COACHMAN.

GEORGE is openly waiting for LUCY to join him.

But she hurries away from his uncompromising figure to follow CHARLOTTE and MISS LAVISH -

These two are walking close together, engrossed in a whispered conversation which sometimes breaks into stifled laughter. They are talking about GEORGE EMERSON's unfortunate occupation; we only catch some of their words.

MISS LAVISH
(gasping) The railway! Oh, I shall die! Of course it was the railway! He is the image of a porter - on - on the South-Eastern.

CHARLOTTE

(plucking at her) Eleanor, be quiet. They'll hear - the Emersons.

MISS LAVISH

(more giggling) I can't stop. Let me go my wicked way. A porter -

CHARLOTTE

Eleanor!

LUCY, who has been walking close enough behind them to hear all this, speaks up with spirit:

LUCY

I'm sure it's all right. The Emersons won't hear, and they wouldn't mind if they did.

MISS LAVISH is not pleased by this.

MISS LAVISH

(rather crossly) Miss Honey-church listening! Pouf! Wouf! You naughty girl! Go away!

CHARLOTTE

Oh, Lucy, I'm sure Mr. Eager wants to explain the landscape to you -

LUCY

(stubbornly) I can't find him now and I don't want to either.

They have to resign themselves to her presence.

30. DAY. EXTERIOR. ON THE ROAD.

GEROGE has remained by the carriages. He draws a large question mark in the dirt with a stick. Then he wipes it out and instead draws the letters Y E S.

Abruptly he plunges down the bank away from the others and, cheerful and athletic, makes his way to an eminence overlooking the Val D'Arno and distant Florence. He tries out the echo.

At first he gives an "Ooooh!" sound, but then replaces it with these words which now ring over the hillside:

GEORGE
 (shouting) Liberty - Truth -
 Beauty - Love!

31. DAY. EXTERIOR. LITTLE VALLEY.

The words resound among the tea-cups of the two
 CLERGYMEN and MR. EMERSON around the hamper.

MR. BEEBEE
 Is that your son? Could it
 be the silent, dour George?

MR. EMERSON
 He's saying his creed.

MR. EAGER
 One more lump, if I might
 trouble you, Mr. Beebee, thank
 you.

GEORGE'S VOICE: "Beauty!"

MR. EMERSON
 He is declaring the eternal Yes.

MR. EAGER
 And a spoon, if there is one.

GEORGE'S VOICE: "Love!"

32. DAY. EXTERIOR. BEAUTIFUL SPOT #2.

GEORGE'S VOICE (or its echo) also reaches the three
 LADIES.

Only LUCY is attentive to it.

MISS LAVISH is busy spreading two mackintosh squares.

CHARLOTTE
 From Weybridge, you say? How
 very odd.

MISS LAVISH
 Weybridge, Surrey - on her very
 first visit to Italy.

GEORGE'S VOICE: "Love!"

LUCY
 What's that?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, the gentlemen are doubtless having a game - why don't you go and find them?

LUCY

Because I want to stop here with you.

MISS LAVISH

(lowering herself onto a mackintosh square) Observe my foresight: I never venture out without my mackintosh squares for at any time one may have to sit on damp ground or cold marble.

CHARLOTTE

Lucy - take the other one: the ground will do for me.

LUCY protests - in vain; CHARLOTTE sits on the ground.

CHARLOTTE

Really, I have not had rheumatism for years, and if I do feel it coming on, I shall stand up... And she never went back to Weybridge?

MISS LAVISH

Her friend had to return alone while she remained in Monteriano.

CHARLOTTE

And she really -

MISS LAVISH nods but cannot say more because of LUCY's presence.

CHARLOTTE

(clearing her throat) Now don't be alarmed; this isn't a cold. It's the tiniest cough, and I have had it three days. It's nothing to do with sitting here at all.

LUCY

Oh very well: I shall join Mr. Eager.

CHARLOTTE

Do, dear; he will be pleased. (hardly waiting for her to be out of earshot) And she really married this Italian?

MISS LAVISH
 In the church at Monteriano. A
 youth ten years younger than
 herself.

33. DAY. EXTERIOR. BY THE ROAD.

LUCY, in search of the others, addresses herself to the
 COACHMEN who are sprawling in the carriages, smoking
 cigars.

LUCY
Dove?

The first COACHMAN nods at her radiantly.

LUCY
 (struggling with her Italian)
Dove buoni uomini?

He knows perfectly. He is ready and able to conduct her.
 He adjusts his hat, encourages his moustache, and with
 the graciousness of a host invites her to follow him.
 She does so, for the first time really enjoying the
 landscape.

34. DAY. EXTERIOR. BEAUTIFUL SPOT #2.

CHARLOTTE and MISS LAVISH on their mackintosh squares.
 They are now in a pensive mood.

MISS LAVISH
 ...I have a theory that there is
 something in the Italian landscape
 which inclines even the most stolid
 nature to romance.

CHARLOTTE
 (regarding landscape) It reminds
 me somewhat of the country around
 Shropshire where I once spent a
 holiday at the home of my friend,
 Miss Apesbury.

MISS LAVISH
 And - I divine it - Charlotte, you
 had an adventure there! Vain to
 deny it!

CHARLOTTE is blushing, confused, happy under MISS
 LAVISH's teasing.

35. DAY. EXTERIOR. ON THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

COACHMAN stops to pick some violets and presents them to LUCY. She takes them with real pleasure. They walk on. The view is forming - LUCY sees the river, the golden plain, other hills.

COACHMAN

Eccolo!

LUCY gives a cry - the ground has given way and she falls on to a little terrace, covered with violets from end to end. It is like a sea of violets, foaming down the hillside.

Standing on the brink of this sea, like a swimmer about to dive, is GEORGE.

GEORGE contemplates LUCY - who appears to have fallen out of heaven into this sea of violets which beats against her dress in blue waves.

The COACHMAN watches them from behind the bushes, a violet between his teeth.

GEORGE steps forward quickly and kisses LUCY (on the cheek).

CHARLOTTE'S VOICE calling: "Lucy! Lucy!"

They look up and see her standing brown against the view. Then CHARLOTTE spies the COACHMAN in the bushes. He stares at all three, maybe laughing unabashedly.

36. DAY. EXTERIOR. DESCENDING FROM FIESOLE.

The clouds are massing over the landscape in a threatening way. There is distant thunder. The wind has come up.

CHARLOTTE, holding on to LUCY, asks MISS LAVISH to go in the other carriage and pointedly asks MR. EAGER to get in with them. When he has done so, and before GEORGE can take his place, CHARLOTTE tells the COACHMAN #1 ("PHAETON") to start out. LUCY cries out and stands up as the carriage moves, until she is pulled down to safety.

The OCCUPANTS of the other carriage begin to rearrange themselves to make room for GEORGE. Instead of getting in, he waves them on good-naturedly. The second carriage goes.

GEORGE
 (shouting after it to his father)
 I'll walk.

MR. EMERSON protests, points to the threatening sky, but GEORGE sturdily strides off.

The carriages rattle off, MR. EMERSON continuing to shout to GEORGE to induce him to ride with them.

But GEORGE cheerfully waves them on.

37. DAY. EXTERIOR. ON THE ROAD.

The storm is gathering. GEORGE seems to enjoy it - eagerly looking up as though inviting the elements to break.

When the rain begins to pour down, he takes off his hat and raises his face to the rain and lets it soak into him.

38. DAY. EXTERIOR. FIESOLE ROAD.

In the carriage, CHARLOTTE and LUCY are huddled together under an inadequate parasol. Their hands are intertwined. LUCY now appears to be clinging to CHARLOTTE for protection.

Rain and darkness have come on together. There is a flash of lightning and LUCY screams. MR. EAGER addresses her professionally:

MR. EAGER
 Courage, Miss Honeychurch, courage and faith. Do you suppose that all this immense electrical display is simply called into existence to extinguish you or me?

LUCY
 No - of course -

MR. EAGER
 Even from the scientific standpoint the chances against our being struck are enormous. The steel picnic knives, the only articles which might attract the current, are in the other carriage. And, in any case...

There is an explosion on the road. The storm has struck the overhead wire of the tramline and one of the great

supports falls moments before the carriages arrive at the spot. They stop.

Everyone descends from the carriages and embrace each other joyfully. It has been a miraculous preservation. The COACHMEN shout in wonder and cross themselves.

Very excited, MR. EMERSON insists they must return to pick up GEORGE.

MR. EMERSON

The boy may lose his way! He may be killed!

MR. BEEBEE and MR. EAGER attempt to calm him.

MR. EAGER

(gently) We must have faith.

There is a great crash of thunder.

MR. EMERSON

(appealing to MISS LAVISH) But he may be killed!

MR. EAGER

(sotto voce to MR. BEEBEE, as he is helping the other LADIES back into the carriage) Typical behaviour. In the presence of reality that kind of person invariably breaks down.

MR. BEEBEE

The old gentleman is anxious for his son.

They lead him to the other carriage and put him into it.

LUCY, CHARLOTTE, and their COACHMAN are again huddled in their carriage.

CHARLOTTE

(pointing to COACHMAN, whispering)
He saw - but you may leave him to me.

She taps his back. He turns around. She fumbles in her purse - then proffers him a franc.

CHARLOTTE

(finger on lip) Silenzio!

He turns back, pocketing the franc.

CHARLOTTE

Don't cry, dearest.

LUCY

...I have been worse than you know...Once by the river - the day of the murder -

CHARLOTTE

Yes? What? Speak, dear!

LUCY

...Oh but he isn't killed - he wouldn't be killed, would he? Charlotte!

CHARLOTTE

I trust not. One would always pray against that.

MR. EAGER gets back in. He gives them a sharp look, as if he suspects something.

The carriages ride on, LUCY's tears mingling with the rain.

39. NIGHT. INTERIOR. PENSION PASSAGE AND STAIRS.

CHARLOTTE is arguing with the cockney SIGNORA who is demanding a whole week's rent.

CHARLOTTE is firm in offering half a week's rent - Then walks sedately up the stairs, not turning around or quickening her step in spite of the SIGNORA's protests pursuing her.

40. NIGHT. INTERIOR. THE ROOM WITH A VIEW.

Half-packed suitcases and a trunk stand open. The rain is pouring down outside. One candle burns on a chest of drawers, casting monstrous and fantastic shadows on the bolted door as CHARLOTTE brushes LUCY's hair, making her hand with the brush appear like the threatening appendage of some giant insect, raising and lowering. Out of the sound of the rain and the brushing we finally hear CHARLOTTE speak:

CHARLOTTE

So what is to be done?

No answer. The brushing continues.

CHARLOTTE

What is to be done. You alone
can decide.

A tram roars by in the dark. LUCY looks sad and finally
says:

LUCY

It has been raining for nearly
four hours.

CHARLOTTE ignores this and continues brushing with
determination. She doesn't do it well and frequently
pulls LUCY's hair. But LUCY is in her power.

CHARLOTTE

How do you propose to silence him?

LUCY

The driver?

CHARLOTTE

My dear girl, no. Mr. George
Emerson. I don't wish to judge
him uncharitably - but I know:
he will talk.

LUCY

He will not! He never talks!
One is fortunate to get as much
as a yes or a no out of him.

CHARLOTTE

Unfortunately I have met the
type before. (looking at
CHARLOTTE it's hard to believe
this and LUCY doesn't) They
seldom keep their exploits to
themselves.

LUCY

(wincing from the word, not the
tugs) Exploits?

CHARLOTTE looks grim with superior knowledge.

LUCY

(getting up suddenly and going
to the window) Very well, I'll
speak to him.

CHARLOTTE utters a cry of alarm at this.

LUCY

(peering out of the window) He should have been here at least an hour ago; even if he did walk all the way.

CHARLOTTE

Come away from the window, dear; you will be seen from the road.

LUCY

...The moment he comes, I shall face him.

CHARLOTTE

You will do no such thing. My poor dear, you are so young, you have always lived among such nice people ... This afternoon, for example, if I had not arrived, what would have happened?

LUCY

(very gravely) I can't think.

She turns her back - to hide what expression on her face?
CHARLOTTE looks at her back, then persists:

CHARLOTTE

Answer me, Lucia: What would have happened if I had not appeared?

LUCY

(wheeling round to her, now frankly laughing) I told you: I can't think. You did appear.

CHARLOTTE

...O for your brother! If only Freddy were here: he is young, but I know that his sister's insult would rouse in him a very lion. (kneeling humbly by LUCY's suitcase, painfully packing in silence for a while) ...I have vexed you at every turn.

LUCY makes an exclamation.

CHARLOTTE

Yes, yes - it is so. I'm too old for you and too dull; only
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (contd)
fit to pack and unpack your
things...It will be a push to
catch the morning train, but
we must try.

LUCY
(dully) When does the train to
Rome go?

CHARLOTTE
At eight.

CHARLOTTE gets up.

CHARLOTTE
I have failed in my duty to
your mother. She will never
forgive me, and rightly.

With this uncompromising statement, she resumes her
packing. But all her busyness, moving around the room,
cannot hide the fact that she is alert to what LUCY is
going to answer. LUCY answers nothing. She has resumed
her watch by the window.

CHARLOTTE
Your mother has been so generous
to me; I shall never face her
again, after this disaster.

LUCY feels compelled to turn her attention again from
the window to CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE
I am here for your sake - by
your mother's generosity - yet
I have neglected you. Your
mother will see this as clearly
as I do, when you tell her. Do
come away from the window.

She struggles with the strap of LUCY's suitcase.

LUCY, realising that a new point has been made, goes
over to her.

CHARLOTTE
She will certainly blame me when
she hears of it. (tightening
strap) Certainly and deservedly.

LUCY
Why need mother hear of it?

CHARLOTTE

But you tell her everything...
(pause) Don't you?

LUCY

I suppose I do generally.

CHARLOTTE

There is such beautiful confidence between you - one would not want to break it. And, as I have said, I am to blame.

LUCY

I wouldn't wish Mother to think so.

CHARLOTTE

She will think so...If you tell her.

A pause. Then LUCY says - unwillingly but with resolution:

LUCY

I will never speak of it, either to Mother or to anyone. I promise I will not.

CHARLOTTE has successfully ended her struggle with the strap. She gets up with satisfaction. She pecks LUCY on both cheeks.

CHARLOTTE

Better get to bed, dear. We have to make an early start.

She goes. As she is closing the door, preposterously she points at the bolt (or key) and by gesture tells LUCY to lock it. Then she shuts the door. We hear her footsteps in the corridor. But LUCY doesn't move.

She sits on the side of her bed. Youthful joy has drained out of her face.

The doorbell rings. LUCY starts.

41. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW - CHARLOTTE'S.

CHARLOTTE stops her packing - she is lining the bottom of a trunk with books - and goes to the window.

42. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW - LUCY'S.

So does LUCY in her room. But she first blows out her candle.

43. NIGHT. EXTERIOR. PENSION.

GEORGE, who is standing outside the door, looks up. But, since LUCY is in the dark, it is only CHARLOTTE he sees at the window.

A MAID SERVANT opens the door to him.

He is very wet but radiant. He greets the SERVANT with such warmth that she smiles broadly back to him.

44. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW - LUCY'S.

LUCY hears him coming up the stairs.

After a moment's hesitation, she strides to the door and opens it boldly.

45. NIGHT. INTERIOR. UPSTAIRS PASSAGE.

GEORGE sees LUCY appearing at the door.

But at the same moment the adjoining door opens and CHARLOTTE appears.

Now LUCY closes her door. (The effect of the two figures alternately appearing and disappearing is like that of the two figures in a clock.)

CHARLOTTE

I wish one word with you in the drawing room, Mr. Emerson, please.

She leads the way to the drawing room. He follows her.

46. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW - LUCY'S.

LUCY is getting undressed in a great hurry, breathing heavily with strong and angry feelings.

She hears footsteps and then CHARLOTTE's voice: "Good night, Mr. Emerson."

LUCY listens to GEORGE's footsteps recede. Then there is absolute silence.

In an access of fury, LUCY flings her hairbrush against the wall.

CHARLOTTE'S VOICE

Lucy?

LUCY climbs into bed and pulls the covers over her head.

47. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW - CHARLOTTE'S.

CHARLOTTE taps on the wall.

CHARLOTTE

Go to bed at once, dear. You
need all the rest you can get.

CHARLOTTE begins her own night preparations. She takes off her rings and ranges them on the pincushion; she blows into her gloves. And when she removes her dress we see her money belt or money pouch, an ungainly utilitarian object from which she extracts a wad of bills to count. She unpins her hair; when it is loose, she looks at her face in the mirror. Her loosened hair does not make her look younger; on the contrary, for it is thinning, and there are some grey strands in it which she picks out in the mirror.

But after a moment she stops doing that, and instead covers her face with her hands. She sits there - very still, rigid, and alone. The rain goes on falling.

TITLE CARD: THE BETROTHAL

48. DAY. EXTERIOR. "WINDY CORNER" IN ITS SURREY SETTING.

"Windy Corner" - the Honeychurch house. It is built on a range of hills overlooking the Weald. It stands not on the summit of the ridge but a few hundred feet down the southern slope. There are ravines surrounding it filled with ferns and pine trees.

The situation of the house is exquisite - the house very much less so. This is no Stately Home, or architecturally interesting Manor that would be illustrated in Country Life. It is a rather ugly, commodious, late Victorian house - spacious enough for the Honeychurch family and servants, but not imposing to connoisseurs of country houses or English country life. Yet it is so obviously a family house, built to satisfy comfort and personal taste and not someone else's architectural pretensions, that it does not mar its beautiful setting but enhances, completes, humanises it.

Having viewed the house from a distance, we draw near - into the Garden, which is very ordinary, with trees, flower beds, a terrace, a rustic seat, but is transfigured by the magnificent view stretching beyond it.

Two figures are seated on the garden seat: LUCY and CECIL. They are in the classic pose of knight preferring

his suit and maiden hiding her blushes - indeed, they might be posing for a painting entitled The Proposal.

49. DAY. INTERIOR. HONEYCHURCH DRAWING ROOM.

From the garden we enter the drawing room of the house: here there are two other figures -

One of these, MRS. HONEYCHURCH, is surreptitiously peeping out between the drawn curtains at the COUPLE in the garden. The other - FREDDY HONEYCHURCH - is somewhat ostentatiously minding his own business: that is, he is studying a human bone which he has propped on the piano and an accompanying text in a medical text-book.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

I think things are coming to a head.

FREDDY

I don't see you ought to go peeping like that.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Peeping like what? Can't I look out of my own window?... (coming over to glance at his book)
Still page 322.

FREDDY snorts and turns over two pages.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

You know, Cecil actually asked my permission. I was so amused. He's always gone in for unconventionality, and parents nowhere, and so forth. But when it comes to the point, he can't get on without me.

FREDDY

Nor me...He asked me for my permission also.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

You?

FREDDY nods.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

How very odd - whatever did you say?

FREDDY

I said "No" - There! Fly into a stew! I can't help it! It's the way he put it - didn't I think it was a splendid thing for Lucy if he married her and wasn't I off my head with joy. So I said no, I wasn't.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Ridiculous child! You think you're so holy and truthful but really it's only abominable conceit -

FREDDY

Look out!

For the curtains have parted and CECIL has entered.

CECIL

(declaiming dramatically) I promessi sposi.

They fail to understand him. They stare at him. Now that we see him close-up, CECIL still looks like a knight - not a romantic one but one stretched out on a tomb or guarding the portals of a French cathedral. He is tall and refined, thin, Gothic, fastidious, sexless.

CECIL

(translating for their benefit)
She has accepted me.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

(after a short silence - over-effusively) I am so glad. Dear Cecil, what joy. Welcome as one of the family!

CECIL

(shifting his eyes to the ceiling)
Thank you.

FREDDY puts down his bone and proffers a hand stained yellow by chemicals. CECIL gingerly accepts it.

But there is LUCY calling from the garden.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH and FREDDY run out to her - CECIL watches them - amused, perhaps rather touched by their demonstrativeness. He lights a cigarette.

The MAID appears at the door to announce MR. BEEBEE - who is in the room before she has finished.

MR. BEEBEE

Ah, Mr. Vyse. I've come for tea.
Do you suppose I shall get it?

CECIL

Food is the one thing one does
get here - don't sit in that
chair; young Honeychurch has
left a bone in it.

MR. BEEBEE

Pfui! Freddy really is terrible
- a most unpromising youth. So
unlike his sister.

CECIL

(eager to talk about his fiancée)
You think his sister is "promising"?

MR. BEEBEE

(sitting down, glad to expatiate)
...I have a pet theory about Miss
Honeychurch.

CECIL looks encouragingly at MR. BEEBEE in expectation of hearing the theory.

MR. BEEBEE

Does it seem reasonable to you
that she should play so wonder-
fully - play Beethoven with such
passion - and yet live so quietly?
...I suspect that the day will
come when music and life will
mingle, and then she will be
wonderful in both.

CECIL

(simply and sincerely) Well, Mr.
Beebee - I trust that day is at
hand: she has just promised to
marry me.

MR. BEEBEE does not take this news in at once - and when he does, he expresses not the joy Cecil has anticipated but looks disappointed, put out.

There is an awkward silence.

CECIL

(dryly) I'm sorry if I've given
you a shock.

MR. BEEBEE
 (pulling himself together) I'm
 sorry; I must apologise. I had
 no idea you were intimate with
 her - Mr. Vyse, you ought to have
 stopped me -

The others have spotted MR. BEEBEE from the garden.
 They call to him, asking "What do you think of our
 news!"

MR. BEEBEE is glad to resolve the awkward moment - he
 puts his arms around CECIL, now smiling, and leads him
 out.

50. DAY. EXTERIOR. HONEYCHURCH GARDEN.

MR. BEEBEE
 (calling) Congratulations!
 Blessings! Your vicar's
 benediction!

In one hand he has FREDDY's bone which he throws to him
 - FREDDY catches it.

MR. BEEBEE
 (as he goes out to them) I want
 them all their lives to be
 supremely good and supremely
 happy as husband and wife, as
 father and mother. And now I
 want my tea.

Everyone is now happy and smiling in the garden which is
 like a green magic carpet hovering in the air above the
 tremulous world of the Weald stretching beyond it.

TITLE CARD: LUCY AS A WORK OF ART

51. DAY. INTERIOR. MRS. BUTTERWORTH DRAWING ROOM.

A decorous tea party in a Summer Street drawing room.
 The social level is at the point where country merges
 into suburban society.

CECIL and LUCY are the centre piece of the occasion,
 which is in honour of their engagement.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is of course present. The other faces
 are new to us. These include SIR HARRY OTWAY, the local
 squire. All beam approval on the YOUNG COUPLE.

Some (partly) background conversation from SIR HARRY:

SIR HARRY

There was some difference of opinion with the builder whose idea of a Corinthian column was not exactly classical...

Interjections from other GUESTS - e.g.

1. You can hardly expect that sort of person to have any conception of the orders of architecture.
2. It would be comic if it weren't so tragic. (etc.)

SIR HARRY

I hinted that a column should be structural as well as decorative, and he informed me that they had all been ordered and were all in a different style - one with dragons, another in the Ionian style - a third introducing his wife's initials. Most unfortunate, but what could I do?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Sir Harry, I think you should just pull the whole thing down.

SIR HARRY

That might be desirable but, alas, is hardly practical.

Simultaneously with the description of the columns, a clumsy young PARLOUR MAID is bringing in tea things - The hostess, MRS. BUTTERWORTH, keeps an anxious eye on her.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Isn't that our Mary's niece Maggie?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

She has been helping out the past two days - I hope she will turn out more - (to MAID) No, there, not here - (from the unsatisfactory MAID she looks at CECIL and whispers) I do congratulate you, Mrs. Honeychurch: a most distinguished and agreeable young man.

But CECIL, balancing plate and cup, looks more distinguished than agreeable: he is not enjoying the occasion.

SIR HARRY

What I fear most is that the villa will attract the wrong type of tenant. It is too large for the peasant class, and too small for anyone the least like ourselves.

CECIL

It might be a paradise for a bank-clerk.

SIR HARRY

(excitedly) Exactly! That is exactly what I fear, Mr. Vyse. It will attract the wrong type of people. The train service has improved - a fatal improvement to my mind.

Other GUESTS murmur "Quite" and "Rather unfortunate" to indicate their understanding of the problem.

LUCY

Sir Harry - how would you like spinsters?

SIR HARRY

Most certainly - if they are gentlewomen.

LUCY

Oh indeed they are, though at present homeless. I heard from them last week - Miss Teresa and Miss Catherine Alan - I met them in Italy -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Sir Harry, beware of these gentlewomen: they are certain to have canaries: they spit the seed out through the bars of the cages, and then the mice come. Beware of women altogether and only let to a man - provided of course he is clean.

LUCY

Mother, you would be the first to love the Miss Alans.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
I don't know if I would love anyone from that pension of yours. Wasn't there a lady novelist, too - and a free-thinking father and his son?

Just then the clumsy MAID upsets tea over LUCY's new figured silk -

There is general consternation - advice - offers of help - Finally MRS. HONEYCHURCH takes LUCY away to wipe her dress -

CECIL looks after them rather wildly, wishing he could follow.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
Let me see, Mr. Vyse - I forget - what is your profession?

CECIL
I have no profession.

Polite murmurs.

CECIL
My attitude - quite an indefensible one - is that so long as I am no trouble to anyone, I have a right to do as I like. It is, I dare say, an example of my decadence.

Some clearing of throats, some more polite murmurs.

SIR HARRY
(in an attempt to save the day)
You are very fortunate. The possession of leisure is a wonderful opportunity.

52. DAY. INTERIOR. DRESSING ROOM.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH, on her knees, is energetically swabbing LUCY's dress.

LUCY
That's enough, Mother. Please, it's all right... (more high-pitched) Leave it, Mother!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH sits back on her heels and looks up at LUCY as if asking what is the matter.

LUCY

...Why did you say all that about the Miss Alans. They're charming and kind, and you will like them.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

If you do, I'm sure I shall. And also of course the lady novelist and the freethinking father - very well, dear, I'll be serious. Write to the Miss Alans, offer them Sir Harry's villa -

LUCY

(interrupting her with what is really on her mind) You do approve of Cecil, don't you, Mother? I mean, you like him?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

(getting up) I told you, dear: everyone that you like, that you love...

LUCY still looks dubious: it's not as affirmative an answer as she'd hoped for.

53. DAY. INTERIOR. MRS. BUTTERWORTH DRAWING ROOM.

CECIL is still holding forth to an increasingly embarrassed company. It is as if he is carried away on wings of his own boredom and arrogance and can't stop himself:

CECIL

...I'm shockingly stupid over local affairs. It is very remiss of me - but I only go into the country to see my friends and enjoy the scenery. Italy and London are the places where I feel I truly belong -

To his relief - to everyone's relief - LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH return -

CECIL

(jumping up) Mrs. Honeychurch, what if Lucy and I walk home and leave you?

No one thinks this rude but everyone smiles with pleasure at the impatience of a lover. ("Young people, young people.")

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

By all means, leave me to my tea
and gossip and these delicious
scones -

The older people seem as relieved to get rid of the
young as these are to leave.

LUCY goes through the form of thanking and good-bying -
CECIL hardly has the patience.

54. DAY. EXTERIOR. SUMMER STREET.

Summer Street is a pretty little village arranged around
a meadow. There are attractive cottages, a few older
substantial houses from the eighteenth century, and MR.
BEEBEE's church, which looks new and expensively simple.
But the charming scene is marred by two ugly little
villas, speculator built, raw and out of place. These
little houses have names on them - one is called "Albert"
and the other is "Cissie." The first is inhabited and
has lace curtains in its front windows and a well-tended
handkerchief-size lawn. The second is empty and has
three "To-Let" signs in front of it.

As soon as they are outside -

CECIL

How perfectly appalling;
disastrous.

LUCY

I'm so sorry.

CECIL

It's so disgusting, the way an
engagement is regarded as public
property!

LUCY

One has to go through it, I
suppose. They won't notice us
so very much next time.

But she has nothing more to offer on the subject. They
walk along and come to the church, the rectory, and Sir
Harry's villa.

MR. BEEBEE is seen leaning over the gate of the rectory,
smoking a peaceful pipe.

CECIL

There's your philosophising
parson.

LUCY

Don't you like Mr. Beebee either?

He begins to protest -

But instead of listening to him, LUCY approaches MR. BEEBEE.

LUCY

Oh, Mr. Beebee, I've had such a wonderful idea: I'm going to write to our Miss Alans - Miss Teresa and Miss Catherine - and ask them to take Sir Harry's villa.

CECIL

(looking at villa) Is that it?

MR. BEEBEE

Rather horrible, isn't it?...
But I'm sure the Miss Alans have read their Ruskin and will like it.

CECIL

In my opinion, Sir Harry deserves a tenant as vulgar as his villa.

LUCY

Oh, Cecil! Really, he's very nice.

CECIL

I can't help it. It would be wrong not to loathe that man.
Gentlewomen! Ugh!

LUCY is in a hurry to draw CECIL away.

LUCY

(to MR. BEEBEE) I'll write to them, and if you would also send a word -

MR. BEEBEE hardly has time to agree before they are out of earshot.

LUCY

Goodness, how cross you are.

CECIL

It was that miserable tea-party.
And all those dreadful people.
And not being alone with you.

They have now reached the woods surrounding the village.
LUCY stops by a diverging footpath:

LUCY

Which way shall we go?...Perhaps
the road is more sensible, as we
are got up smart.

It's true. They are. A pause.

CECIL

...Do you know, Lucy, that since
we were engaged, you have never
once been with me in the fields
or the wood?

LUCY

Haven't I? The wood, then.

She leads the way into the wood.

55. DAY. EXTERIOR. WOOD.

LUCY loves being here so much that she forgets she is
not alone. She makes her way, sprightly as a wood nymph
- while CECIL has difficulty keeping up with her.

When she has disappeared from his sight, he calls to her.
While waiting for her, he sits on a tree-stump, thereby
making it look like a drawing room chair.

When she comes back for him -

CECIL

...I have a strange feeling that
you feel more at home with me in
a room...Never in the real country
like this.

LUCY

Oh, Cecil, whatever do you mean?
You talk as if I was a poetess
sort of person... (looking at
him perched there, she suddenly
bursts out laughing) How funny!
Do you know that you're right?
When I think of you, it's always
in a room.

Laughing, she walks on, swift and sure. He straggles
behind her, not looking pleased. She has come to a
little clearing among the pines. There is a shallow
pool.

She stands looking at it with pleasure. It takes him some time to catch up with her. When he joins her -

LUCY

This is the Sacred Lake...

CECIL

It's more a puddle than a lake.

LUCY

Yes but after heavy rains it fills up and becomes quite large and beautiful...Freddy loves to bathe here. He's very fond of the Sacred Lake.

CECIL

And you?

LUCY

(dreamily) ...I bathed here too till I was found out. Then there was a row.

He looks at her smiling dreamily by the pool's edge. Forster wrote that "...she reminded him of some brilliant flower that has no leaves of its own, but blooms abruptly out of a world of green..."

CECIL

...Lucy!

LUCY

Yes, I suppose we ought to be going.

But instead he moves up closer to her.

CECIL

Lucy, I want to ask something of you that I have never asked before.

LUCY

(looking up at him frankly and kindly) What, Cecil? (a pause) Yes?

CECIL

(visibly overcoming his embarrassment and looking around to see if they're observed) Up to now I have never kissed you.

LUCY
 (stammering in embarrassment not
 at the request but at his
 clumsiness) No - you haven't.

CECIL
 May I now?

LUCY
 Of course you may, Cecil. You
 might before. I can't run at
 you, you know.

She gives a business-like lift to her veil and dutifully
 raises her face.

After some hesitation, he brings his own down to it - But
 at the crucial moment his gold pincenez becomes dislodged
 and is flattened between them.

It is a very unsatisfactory moment for both of them.
 They walk away from the Sacred Lake in embarrassed
 silence. It is she who finally speaks:

LUCY
 You know, Mother is right...
 Those people Charlotte and I
 met at the pension -

CECIL
 What people at what pension?

LUCY
 The Pension Bertolini in Florence.
 They were - all of them - rather
 extraordinary.

CECIL
 (stiffly) I don't follow the
 sequence of your thoughts.

LUCY
 They have no sequence. They
 never do.

56. DAY. EXTERIOR. ROAD.

Now they have reached the road again - and appear once
 again a decorous Engaged Couple got up smart and walking
 home from a tea party.

TITLE CARD: IN MRS. VYSE'S WELL-APPOINTED FLAT

57. NIGHT. EXTERIOR. LONDON RESIDENTIAL STREET
WITH SOME CABS AND MOTORCARS.

There is still light in the sky, but the electric and/or gas lights have been turned on in street and houses. It is a solid, upper middle-class neighborhood somewhere in Kensington of expensive mansion flats. Their tall brick facades loom.

58. NIGHT. INTERIOR. LONDON DRAWING ROOM OF THE VYSE'S.

LUCY is playing the piano for a party of the VYSE'S FRIENDS, mostly smart-looking younger people. She plays magnificently, though not Beethoven. The music throbs, affecting the audience. CECIL listens with proprietary pleasure. MRS. VYSE, a worldly hostess, is pleased to see her party and future daughter-in-law such a success.

59. NIGHT. INTERIOR. CORRIDOR OF VYSE APPARTMENT.

CECIL and LUCY are saying goodnight outside her door. She creeps into his arms.

LUCY

Cecil - Cecil darling.

CECIL

(very affectionate and demonstrative for him) So you do love me, little thing?

LUCY

Oh, Cecil, I don't know what I should do without you.

60. NIGHT. INTERIOR. LONDON DRAWING ROOM OF THE VYSE'S.

CECIL comes back from seeing LUCY to bed to his mother. MRS. VYSE is pacing up and down like a general in his War Room. She turns to CECIL as he enters and says dramatically:

MRS. VYSE

Make Lucy one of us. Lucy is becoming wonderful - wonderful!

CECIL

Her music always was wonderful.

MRS. VYSE

Yes, but she is purging off the Honeychurch taint - most excellent, Honeychurches, but you know what

(MORE)

MRS. VYSE (contd)

I mean - She's not always quoting servants or asking one how the pudding is made. Cecil, mind you marry her next January!

CECIL

Her music! The style of her! How she kept to Schubert when, like an idiot, I wanted Beethoven. Schubert was right for this evening. Do you know, Mother, I shall have our children educated just like Lucy. Bring them up among honest country folk for freshness, send them to Italy for subtlety, and then - not till then - bring them to London.

MRS. VYSE

Make her one of us!

61. NIGHT. INTERIOR. LUCY'S BEDROOM AT THE VYSE'S.

LUCY is asleep in bed. She is having a dream.

Lucy's Dream:

62. DAY. EXTERIOR. TUSCAN LANDSCAPE.

She sees the Italian COACHMAN. He is leading her down the hillside.

He parts a hedge. She sees a sea of violets and a FIGURE on a precipice.

63. NIGHT. INTERIOR. MRS. VYSE'S BEDROOM AND CORRIDOR.

MRS. VYSE, lying in bed, hears a cry. She gets up. Putting on a dressing gown, she goes swiftly to Lucy's room - She opens the door.

64. NIGHT. INTERIOR. LUCY'S BEDROOM.

LUCY is sitting up in bed, with her hand to her cheek.

LUCY

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Vyse. It's these dreams.

MRS. VYSE

Bad dreams?

LUCY

Just dreams.

MRS. VYSE

(smiling and kissing her) You should have heard us talking about you, dear. He admires you more than ever. Dream of that.

LUCY returns the kiss, still holding her hand to her cheek and MRS. VYSE withdraws.

TITLE CARD: CECIL AS A HUMORIST

65. DAY. EXTERIOR. TENNIS LAWN AT WINDY CORNER.

A rowdy, rumbustious game of Bumble-puppy is in progress: consisting of striking tennis balls high into the air, so that they fall over the net and bounce very hard. It is being played by LUCY and MINNIE, MR. BEEBEE's 13-year-old niece, with FREDDY acting alternately as referee and co-player.

Two stout, middle-aged figures - MR. BEEBEE and MRS. HONEYCHURCH - sit watching placidly. Sometimes a ball bounces among them, even hits them. MRS. HONEYCHURCH protests, but in vain. She is also keeping score and commenting on the game absent-mindedly.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

I hate that game - it turns perfectly nice children into savages. Here, Minnie...
(tossing ball to her)

MR. BEEBEE

It's good of you to let Minnie come and be a savage at Windy Corner: life in the rectory is too staid for my niece. I'm trying to get Lucy's attention for this letter - from the Miss Alans -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Those tiresome Miss Alans! I hate their "if"-ing and "but"-ing -

MR. BEEBEE

But they really are coming now. Miss Teresa enquired how often the butcher called, and my reply must have impressed her favourably - Lucy! (waving letter) They really are coming!

LUCY

Who is?...No, Minnie! Not that ball! That doesn't count!

FREDDY

That ball's all right for Bumble-puppy! Minnie, don't listen to her!

LUCY

It doesn't bounce!

FREDDY

It bounces enough - that's right, Minnie, go for her - get her over the shins with the racket - get her over the shins!

FREDDY possesses to a high degree the power to lash little girls to fury. MINNIE howls, LUCY shrieks and falls down, the ball rolls away, FREDDY grabs it, etc.

MR. BEEBEE and MRS. HONEYCHURCH cry out in protest - but the PLAYERS are getting all entangled now, grabbing balls and falling over each other.

While they are lying tangled up in the grass, MR. BEEBEE stands above them with the letter.

MR. BEEBEE

If the Miss Alans were to witness this, they might have second thoughts again.

FREDDY

Who are the Miss Alans?

MR. BEEBEE

Sir Harry's new tenants for his villa.

FREDDY

That wasn't the name.

They all fall on the grass. FREDDY's head is now in LUCY's lap.

LUCY

Wasn't whose name?

FREDDY

Sir Harry's new tenants. I met him this morning and he said,

(MORE)

FREDDY (contd)

"Ahem! Honeychurch, ahem! I have at last procured really dee-sire-rebel tenants." I said, "Hooray, old boy!" and slapped him on the back.

LUCY

Exactly. The Miss Alans.

FREDDY

Rather not. More like Anderson.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Oh good gracious, I knew there'd be another muddle! I'm always right. Lucy, I'm quite uneasy at being always right.

LUCY

It's only another muddle of Freddy's who doesn't even know the name of the other people.

FREDDY

Yes I do. I've got it. Emerson.

LUCY

(quietly) What a weathercock Sir Harry is. I wish I'd never bothered over it at all.

Then she turns and lies on her back and looks up at the cloudless sky.

MR. BEEBEE notices LUCY's change of mood.

She hears the voices of the others as from a long way away:

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Emerson?...I trust they are the right sort of person. Yes, Freddy, there is a right sort and a wrong sort, and it's affectation to pretend there isn't.

FREDDY

Well, these must be the "right sort" because they're friends of Cecil's.

LUCY

(sitting up on the grass with a jolt) Cecil!

FREDDY

(with elaborate irony) So, you and the other county families will be able to call in perfect safety.

LUCY

Cecil!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Lucy, don't screech. It's a new bad habit you're getting into.

LUCY

(getting up from the grass) ... Emerson's a common enough name...

MRS. BEEBEE

(trying to help her regain her composure) Yes, we had some Emersons at Florence, do you remember? Oh, Mrs. Honeychurch, the oddest people, these Emersons! The queerest people - for our part we liked them, didn't we? -

Appealing to LUCY who is on her way to the house.

FREDDY

(catching hold of LUCY's ankles) "...so really dee-sire-rebel. Ahem! Honeychurch, I have just telegraphed to them..."

LUCY

(gravely) Don't be silly, Freddy. You always overdo it when you play.

She goes, slowly and alone, toward the house. She might still hear MR. BEEBEE'S VOICE telling MRS. HONEYCHURCH about the Emersons, describing the roomful of violets.

CECIL is leaning out of the smoking-room window. He's in great spirits.

CECIL

Don't move! Stay right there! Yes, a Leonardo...Did you know you were a Leonardo? Smiling at things beyond our ken...

But LUCY refuses to be a Leonardo and goes on walking toward him.

LUCY

Cecil, what's this about Sir Harry's tenants?

CECIL

(very pleased with himself) Yes, I, even I, have found him tenants for his "Cissie Villa." Don't be angry! You'll forgive me when you hear it all. I've won a great victory for the Comic Muse! Don't be angry.

She is now by the window. He takes her hands. Again - spuriously - they look like traditional lovers in traditional romantic pose.

LUCY

Oh, Cecil - after all that trouble I took over the Miss Alans. Well of course I'd rather have nice friends of yours, so I suppose I must forgive you.

CECIL

(laughing heartily) Friends of mine! Lucy, the whole joke is to come! They're absolute strangers whom I happened to meet in the National Gallery.

LUCY

(nervously) What an odd place to meet people.

CECIL

In the Umbrian Room. Absolute strangers. They were admiring Luca Signorelli -- of course quite stupidly. However, we got talking. They amused me not a little. They had been to Italy - a father and a son - the oddest couple -

Horror and consternation are growing in LUCY. She drops his hands and steps back from him as he proceeds hilariously.

We see a Silent Flashback contained within a circular frame at the side of the master scene.

FLASHBACK. DAY. NATIONAL GALLERY. LONDON.

CECIL, GEORGE EMERSON, and MR. EMERSON are seated together on a round velvet seat in one of the Italian rooms at the National Gallery.

They are having a conversation which we do not hear, but which CECIL in Voice Over is describing.

CECIL

...In the course of conversation they said they wanted a country cottage, and did I know of one - a "simple burrow" they could call their own, where they could smell the earth -

We see MR. EMERSON beseeching CECIL with his hands joined as in prayer.

CECIL

- As a matter of fact, I said, I do. Not exactly a cottage, more a "villa" with some rather original architectural features. It is in Surrey: a place called Summer Street.

In the Flashback MR. EMERSON shouts: "Summer Street! I have dreamed of Summer Street!"

CECIL

- I thought, "What a chance of scoring off Sir Harry!" I took their address - it was great sport...

We see this. Flashback ends.

LUCY goes into the house abruptly, but not into the smoking room.

66. DAY. INTERIOR. PASSAGE AND STAIRS.

CECIL has come to the smoking room door and sees LUCY ascend the stairs.

CECIL

...It will teach that snob, Sir Harry, a lesson...No, Lucy, the classes ought to mix. There ought to be intermarriage - all sorts of things. I believe in democracy.

LUCY

(snapping)
No you don't...You don't know
what the word means.

CECIL is amazed.

LUCY

It isn't fair, Cecil. I've
probably met them before -

CECIL

Perfectly fair if it punishes
a snob -

LUCY

(cutting his attempt to justify
himself short) Cecil, I blame you
- I blame you very much indeed.
You had no business to undo my
work about the Miss Alans, and
make me look ridiculous. You
call it scoring off Sir Harry,
but do you realize that it's all
at my expense? I consider it
most disloyal of you.

She leaves him.

CECIL

(looking after her with raised
eyebrows) Temper, Lucy. Temper,
please.

But LUCY goes up the stairs - into her bedroom - closes
the door.

TITLE CARD: THE SACRED LAKE

67. DAY. EXTERIOR. "CISSIE" VILLA, NOW THE EMERSON'S.

A beautiful sunny day. MR. BEEBEE, with FREDDY behind
him, unlatches the gate of "Cissie Villa" and goes up to
the open front door. Behind the two men Summer Street
can be seen, and some automobiles passing with people in
dusters, out for a drive on a glorious day.

MR. BEEBEE

Hallo!

GEORGE is carrying a large framed photograph of Rafael's
"School of Athens" up the stairs.

GEORGE

Hallo!

MR. BEEBEE

I've brought someone to see you.

GEORGE'S VOICE

I'll be down in a minute.

The front hall is blocked by a wardrobe and other belongings. The sitting room is full of books in boxes and in piles stacked up.

FREDDY

(whispering) Are these people great readers?

MR. BEEBEE

I fancy they know how to read - a rare accomplishment. What have they got? Byron. Exactly. A Shropshire Lad. Never heard of it. The Way of All Flesh. Never heard of it. Hullo! Dear George reads German. Um - um - Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and so we go on.

Someone has painted on the wardrobe in an amateur hand "Mistrust all enterprises that require new clothes." FREDDY points this out to MR. BEEBEE.

MR. BEEBEE

I like that. I'm certain that's the old man's doing. What on earth are those people doing upstairs? Emerson - we think we'll come another time.

GEORGE now comes clattering down the stairs. He pushes them, silently and unceremoniously, into the sitting room.

MR. BEEBEE

Let me introduce Mr. Honeychurch, a neighbor.

FREDDY

(to GEORGE) How d'ye do? Come and have a bathe.

GEORGE

(impassive as usual) Oh all right.

MR. BEEBEE
 (much amused) That's the best
 conversational opening I've
 ever heard. "How d'ye do?
 Come and have a bathe."

MR. EMERSON comes down the stairs.

MR. BEEBEE
 Let me introduce Mr. Honeychurch,
 whose sister you will remember at
 Florence.

MR. EMERSON
 How do you do? Very glad to see
 you. Very glad to hear that
 your sister is going to marry.
 I am sure she will be happy. We
 know Mr. Vyse, too. He's been
 most kind - yes, go and bathe,
 George. The change will do you
 good. Then come back for tea.
 (calling out after them) Bring
 back some milk, cakes, honey.

FREDDY
 Do you really want this bathe?

GEORGE
 Yes - I've said "yes" already.

MR. BEEBEE leads them out of the house. MR. EMERSON
 dispenses smiles and waves, shouts "Yours is glorious
 country, Honeychurch!"

68. DAY. EXTERIOR. PINE WOODS.

The two young MEN are silent, but MR. BEEBEE chatters
 away.

MR. BEEBEE
 When I was a young man I always
 meant to write a "History of
 Coincidence."

No response.

MR. BEEBEE
 Though, as a matter of fact,
 coincidences are much rarer
 than we suppose...

Nothing from either.

MR. BEEBEE

For example, it isn't pure
coincidentalness that you're
here now, when one comes to
reflect.

More silent walking. MR. BEEBEE is about to give up when
GEORGE finally speaks.

GEORGE

I have reflected. It's Fate.
Everything is Fate.

MR. BEEBEE

You have not reflected at all,
Emerson. Let me give you a
useful tip: attribute nothing
to Fate. Now I'll cross-examine
you. Where did you first meet
Mr. Vyse who is going to marry
Miss Honeychurch?

GEORGE

National Gallery.

MR. BEEBEE

Looking at Italian art. There
you are, and yet you talk of
coincidence and Fate! You
naturally seek out things
Italian, and so do we and our
friends. This narrows the
field immeasurably.

GEORGE

It's Fate that I am here, but
call it Italy if it makes you
happy.

FREDDY

Here we are.

MR. BEEBEE

(mopping his brow) Oh, good!

69. DAY. EXTERIOR. "THE SACRED LAKE" - A SMALL POND
IN A WOODS.

They make their way down a slippery bank of pine needles
to the little pond that lies in a sort of lap of green.
Because of the rains the water has flooded the
surrounding grass, making it look like an emerald path.

They go up to the edge of the pond and look at it a
moment.

FREDDY
(starting to strip) I wish it
was bigger.

MR. BEEBEE
It's distinctly successful as
ponds go. No apologies are
necessary for the pond.

GEORGE sits down where the bank is dry and starts to
unlace his boots.

MR. BEEBEE continues his chatter as the others strip.

MR. BEEBEE
What's the name of this aromatic
plant?

No answer.

MR.. BEEBEE
I love willow-herb in seed -
these abrupt changes of vege-
tation: water plants, heather,
bracken, hurts, pines - very
charming.

FREDDY prances in.

FREDDY
Mr. Beebee, aren't you bathing?

GEORGE is stripping without much enthusiasm, revealing a
fine, compact physique.

When he is naked, he stands on the bank of the pool in a
Michelangesque pose, weight on one foot, hand care-
lessly on hip, chin down.

GEORGE
Is it worth it?

FREDDY
(puffing up and down) Water's
wonderful. Water's simply ripping.
Do hurry up, Emerson. Come along,
Mr. Beebee!

MR. BEEBEE, laughingly disclaiming any intention of
joining them, nevertheless begins to divest himself
of his clerical clothes.

As GEORGE stands hesitating, the bank breaks away and -
much to FREDDY's delight - he is plunged in.

GEORGE
(reappearing, sputtering at the sun) Water's not bad.

FREDDY
Water's wonderful. Mr. Beebee, do!

MR. BEEBEE looks around cautiously, as if expecting parishioners to appear from behind the bushes.

MR. BEEBEE
I may as well wash too, why not.

The remainder of his clothes are flung off very fast.

There are now three neat little piles of clothes.

MR. BEEBEE approaches the pool. FREDDY pulls him in.

All three rotate in the pool breast-high, like the nymphs in Goetterdaemmerung.

FREDDY
It's like swimming in a salad.
Ugh, I've swallowed a frog.

MR. BEEBEE
(laughing at him) Hee-hee,
Freddy's swallowed a pollywog!

FREDDY splashes him. MR. BEEBEE playfully splashes him back.

After splashing each other, they turn and splash GEORGE - timidly, as if unsure of his reaction.

After a moment's delay GEORGE's reaction is stupendous.

He smiles, flings himself at them, splashes them, ducks them, kicks them, muddies them, and drives them out of the pond.

FREDDY
Race you round it!

They race around the pond in the sunshine. GEORGE takes a shortcut and goes through the pond. Then MR. BEEBEE consents to race. They rush into the water to cool off, then out to play football.

FREDDY snatches up GEORGE's bundle and places it beside an imaginary goalpost.

FREDDY
A try! A try!

GEORGE
(scattering FREDDY's bundle
with a kick) Soccer rules!

FREDDY
Goal!

GEORGE
Goal!

FREDDY
Pass!

MR. BEEBEE
Take care my watch!

Clothes are flying in all directions.

MR. BEEBEE
(crying in unheeded protest)
Take care my hat! No, that's
enough, Freddy. Dress, now!
No, I say!

The two young MEN are deliriously running around, FREDDY with a clerical waistcoat under his arm, GEORGE with a wide-awake hat on his dripping hair.

MR. BEEBEE
That'll do! Hi! Steady on! I
see people coming, you fellows!

He is still disregarded. They continue to yell and scrimmage.

MR. BEEBEE
Hi! Ladies!

His warning is too late - the LADIES are upon them before they can hide.

It is MRS. HONEYCHURCH and LUCY, escorted by CECIL. FREDDY, dropping the waistcoat at their feet, dives for shelter into some bracken.

MR. BEEBEE dives back into the pond.

GEORGE, after whooping into their faces, disappears down a path, still clad only in MR. BEEBEE's hat.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Gracious alive! Who ever were
 those unfortunate people? Oh,
 dears, look away! And poor Mr.
 Beebee, too!

CECIL
 Come this way, immediately.

LUCY has swiftly placed her parasol between herself and
 the immodest sight.

CECIL
 (masterfully) This way, Mrs.
 Honeychurch, this way.

But that way FREDDY is hidden, and as they approach, his
 head and naked shoulders emerge.

FREDDY
 Look out! You're treading on
 me.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 So it's you, dear. Why not have
 a comfortable bath at home, with
 hot and cold laid on -

FREDDY
 Look here, Mother -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 You're in no position to argue,
 Freddy. Come, Lucy.

As they turn to go -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Oh look - no, don't look - oh,
 poor Mr. Beebee!

For they have caught MR. BEEBEE in the act of crawling
 out of the pond. He hastily crawls back again and swims
 there unhappily, surrounded by floating garments of an
 intimate nature.

GEORGE, now clad in a pair of ill-fitting trousers,
 steps boldly in front of them from behind a bush.

FREDDY
 Emerson, you beast, you've got my
 bags on!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Hush, dears! Be sure you dry
yourselves thoroughly first.
All these colds -

LUCY
(simultaneously) Oh, Mother,
do come away! For goodness
sake, do come!

GEORGE
Hallo!

This is shouted with such bold self-confidence that they
are stopped in their tracks.

GEORGE
Hallo, Miss Honeychurch! Hallo!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
(urgently whispering) Bow, Lucy;
better bow. Who ever is it? I
shall bow.

She does so.

LUCY - immaculately dressed in white, holding a parasol -
also bows: she is stiff, tight-lipped, vacant-eyed. So
is CECIL.

But GEORGE, hardly dressed at all, barefoot, barechested,
is as utterly at ease as if he owned the wood, the lake,
the sky, and everything else the eye can see. He is
radiant.

TITLE CARD: HOW MISS BARTLETT'S BOILER WAS SO TIRESOME

70. DAY. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM.

FREDDY is tinkling at the piano, playing "Chopsticks"
with two fingers.

CECIL looks pained at the noise he is making.

LUCY hardly hears it, but aware of CECIL's displeasure,
comes out with an occasional "Must you, Freddy" or "Do
stop it."

MRS. HONEYCHURCH, reading a letter, shakes her head over
it and gives an occasional "Poor Charlotte. Oh, poor,
poor Charlotte."

LUCY
(To CECIL) This is the standard
reaction to any letter from our
cousin Charlotte -

LUCY AND FREDDY
(in unison) "Poor, poor Charlotte."

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
How unkind you are...But it really is serious: her boiler is to be had out and her bath cistern cleaned, and all kinds of terrible to-doing...I think it would be very nice if we asked her to stay - and give her a nice holiday while the plumbers at Tunbridge Wells finish.

CECIL lays his hands over his eyes.

LUCY
Mother, no! We're squeezed to death as it is with Freddy's friend coming and Minnie Beebee -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Minnie can sleep with you.

LUCY
I won't have her.

CECIL
Most decidedly you won't.

LUCY
Freddy, must you.

A pause - with only FREDDY playing chopsticks on the piano.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
(folding away letter) The truth is, dear, you don't like Charlotte.

LUCY
She gets on my nerves, and the one time Cecil met her she drove him quite frantic. So please, Mother, don't worry us this last summer, but spoil us by not asking her to come.

CECIL
Hear, hear! We vote no Miss Bartlett.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 This isn't very kind of you two.
 You have each other and poor
 Charlotte has only the water
 turned off and plumbers.

CECIL
 Again: Poor Charlotte.

FREDDY suddenly launches into a comic song:

FREDDY
 "Strike the concertina's
 melancholy string!

Blow the spirit-stirring harp
 like anything!"

It isn't very comic, but it overrides the dispute. MRS. HONEYCHURCH enjoys it, and so would LUCY - If it weren't for CECIL who gets up and ostentatiously strolls out.

FREDDY
 "Let the piano's martial blast
 Rouse the echoes of the past!"

CECIL can be seen standing aesthetically under a tree in the garden, looking like one of those Elizabethan miniatures of a very refined youth enjoying a highly stylised Nature.

FREDDY
 "They played then a sonata - let
 me see!

Medulla oblongata - key of G."

LUCY joins CECIL outside - So that when FREDDY looks round at his audience, only MRS. HONEYCHURCH is left.

FREDDY
 What's the matter? Isn't it
 good?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 (abstracted) It's lovely, dear.

FREDDY
 "Then they began to sing
 That extremely lovely thing,
'Scherzando!ma non troppo, ppp.'"

71. DAY. INTERIOR. MRS. HONEYCHURCH BEDROOM.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is changing her frock for dinner. She pulls it over her head and when she emerges her face is flushed.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH		
Lucy, is anything the matter with)	
Cecil?)	
)	(head
LUCY)	inside
Cecil's all right. Perhaps he's)	dress)
a little tired.)	
)	
MRS. HONEYCHURCH)	
(ominous tone) Because otherwise -		
(with gathering displeasure) because		
otherwise I cannot account for him.		

Silence. She goes on dressing. LUCY looks unhappy.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Since Cecil came back from London, nothing and no one appears to please him. Whenever I speak he winces - I see him, Lucy; it's useless to contradict me. No doubt I am neither artistic nor literary nor intellectual but I cannot help the drawing room furniture...

LUCY
 (much embarrassed) ...Cecil doesn't mean to be uncivil - he once explained - it is ugly things that upset him - he is not uncivil to people.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Is it a thing or a person when Freddy sings?

LUCY
 (faltering) You can't expect a really musical person to enjoy comic songs as we do.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Why must he sneer and spoil everyone's pleasure?...Go and dress, dear.

LUCY
 All right, Mother.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Don't say "All right" and stop.
 Go.

LUCY goes out.

72. DAY. INTERIOR. LANDING AND PASSAGE.

LUCY stops still by the landing window. She is depressed. FREDDY comes bounding up the stairs.

FREDDY
 I say, is anything on Sunday week?...If not, I want to ask the Emersons up for tennis.

LUCY
 Oh, I wouldn't do that, Freddy
 - I really wouldn't -

FREDDY
 (clutching her elbows and dancing up and down the passage with her)
 They're topping people - they're ripping - the Emersons are spiffing -

LUCY is very irritated with him - so is CECIL coming up to change - so is the MAID carrying up hot water cans.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 (appearing in her doorway) What a noise you're making.

She sees the expression on LUCY's face.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Let Lucy go, Freddy.

FREDDY also now looks into LUCY's face - and lets her go at once. There is a great unspoken understanding between these three Honeychurches.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH stands aside, inviting LUCY into her bedroom again.

73. DAY. INTERIOR. MRS. HONEYCHURCH BEDROOM.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Hook me behind, old lady.

LUCY does so.

LUCY
 ...Need we have Charlotte?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

We need not.

LUCY

And now Freddy wants to ask the Emersons.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

He needn't.

LUCY

...And you're not pleased with Cecil.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Kiss me, dear.

LUCY does so.

LUCY

...Well of course, if you feel Charlotte should come...with her boiler and everything... (half-heartedly) She's been so kind to me...

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Kiss me again.

LUCY does so and then returns to fastening her mother's hooks or whatever needs doing by this time.

TITLE CARD: HOW LUCY FACED THE EXTERNAL SITUATION BRAVELY

74. DAY. EXTERIOR. LANDSCAPE PASSING SEEN THROUGH TRAIN WINDOW.

The country around Summer Street, looking lush and beautiful.

But it's not even noticed by CHARLOTTE in the second-class carriage. She is in an agony of suspense. She looks at her ticket stub, at a timetable in her bag, at the other PASSENGERS, whom she would like to ask for advice - and begins to, raising her gloved hand, but then falters; they aren't the right sort to ask, being two TRAVELLING MEN and she a lone female...She withdraws her hand, rummages again with the timetable, etc., stands up, opens the window, but just then the train enters a tunnel and smoke and cinders blow into the carriage. The TRAVELLING MEN cough. CHARLOTTE can't get the window shut. One of them gets up to help her. She can't thank him enough or apologize enough...

75. DAY. EXTERIOR. WINDY CORNER.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is descending from the carriage, looking put out. LUCY comes to meet her -

LUCY
Where's Charlotte?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Charlotte no doubt got off at the wrong station. Trust Charlotte.

76. DAY. EXTERIOR. RAILWAY STATION.

CHARLOTTE is peering around anxiously and making anxious enquiries. A PORTER explains to her that this is not the South-Eastern station at Dorking but the London and Brighton station -

CHARLOTTE
(very flustered) I thought it was Dorking...How very vexing...I suppose I had better take a cab - and you had better take my -

In her flurried state, she doesn't see where she is going - And bumps into a man wheeling a bicycle out of the station - Her apologies give way to astonishment when she discovers this man to be GEORGE.

CHARLOTTE
Mr. Emerson!

He greets her in his own inimitably impassive way.

CHARLOTTE
...Were you on the train? I had no idea -

GEORGE
My father lives here. I come weekends.

Considering this both sufficient explanation and conversation, he gets on his bicycle and rides off. CHARLOTTE gets into the cab, pays the PORTER, is driven off.

77. DAY. EXTERIOR. IN A CARRIAGE.

CHARLOTTE is now deeply disturbed. She is too much in her thoughts to notice the beautiful scenery through which she is being driven. What makes it worse for her is that every time her carriage rounds a corner she sees -

GEORGE on his bicycle.

78. DAY. EXTERIOR. SUMMER STREET.

Unlike Charlotte, GEORGE is enjoying the scenery very much. He has his hands in his pockets like a trick cyclist and is whistling happily.

Passing an overhanging branch, he rises in the saddle to pluck at it.

79. DAY. EXTERIOR. EMERSON VILLA.

CHARLOTTE POV - MR. EMERSON and GEORGE affectionately greeting each other.

80. DAY. EXTERIOR. WINDY CORNER.

LUCY, looking out for CHARLOTTE, comes out to meet her. As CHARLOTTE descends from the carriage and before kissing LUCY -

CHARLOTTE

I had no idea...I met him at the station...My poor Lucia.

They kiss, both shutting their eyes, for different reasons.

81. DAY. EXTERIOR. GARDEN.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH, FREDDY, MR. FFLOYD (Freddy's friend), CECIL, and MINNIE BEEBEE are at tea.

CHARLOTTE comes up to them in a great flurry, breaking up the party -

CHARLOTTE

(breathlessly) It was the stupidest blunder and you'll never forgive me. I've upset everything.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

We forgive you. Freddy, pay the cab.

FREDDY goes.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, but I absolutely insist - I must - I - how do you do, Mr. Vyse.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

And this is Mr. Ffloyd, Freddy's friend -

CHARLOTTE

How do you do, Mr. Ffloyd. I insist on paying for my cab -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

And Minnie, Mr. Beebee's niece.

CHARLOTTE

How do you do, Minnie. Grant me that, at any rate, after all my -

FREDDY has returned.

CHARLOTTE

How much was it, Freddy? I insist - absolutely -

FREDDY

If you'd really rather - five shillings, and I gave a bob to the driver.

Another contretemps - CHARLOTTE has no change, only a sovereign. FREDDY and MR. FFLOYD dig out half-crowns.

CHARLOTTE

...We all have our little foibles, and mine is the prompt settling of accounts...But who am I to give the sovereign to?

FREDDY and MR. FFLOYD offer to toss for the sovereign.

CHARLOTTE

Please - please - I know I'm a sad spoil-sport, but it would make me wretched. I should practically be robbing the one who lost.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH turns her eyes up to heaven.

CECIL

(amusing himself) Freddy owes me 15 shillings. So it will work out all right if you give the pound to me.

CHARLOTTE

(bewildered, but handing it over) Most kind of you, Mr. Vyse.

MINNIE

(protesting) Why is Mr. Vyse taking the quid?

MR. FFLOYD and FREDDY try to stifle her with cake.

MINNIE

What about Mr. Ffloyd's ten shillings?

She shrieks as FREDDY pokes her.

LUCY

(getting up with decision) Cecil, give me that sovereign. No, give it to me! I'll get Mary to change it and we'll start from the beginning.

She starts off across the lawn.

CHARLOTTE

(following her, wailing) Lucy - Lucy - what a nuisance I am!

As soon as they are out of earshot -

CHARLOTTE

(quite briskly) Have you told him about him yet?

LUCY

No, I haven't.

She goes into the house, CHARLOTTE following.

82. DAY. INTERIOR. PASSAGE.

CHARLOTTE goes into the drawing room. LUCY calls down the basement stairs to the MAID asking for change - MAID comes up with it.

LUCY lingers over this, not wanting to join CHARLOTTE till she has sufficiently collected herself and has made up her mind what to say. When she has done so, she goes into the drawing room.

83. DAY. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM.

CHARLOTTE is gazing at an Italian picture hung up there (it is the same one with which we saw GEORGE struggling on the stair, Rafael's "School of Athens").

LUCY

No, I haven't told Cecil or anyone. I promised you I shouldn't. Here is your money - all shillings, except two half-crowns. Would you count it? You can settle your debt nicely now.

CHARLOTTE
(murmuring, looking at Italian picture) How dreadful - how more than dreadful if Mr. Vyse should come to hear of it from some other source.

LUCY
There is no other source.

CHARLOTTE
He would have told his father.

LUCY
He would not. He would not have told anyone.

CHARLOTTE
How do you know?

LUCY
Because I know. Shall we go out? They'll smash all the china if we don't.

Through the windows she can see FREDDY and MR. FFLOYD scalping MINNIE with tea spoons. Minnie's screams can also be heard.

CHARLOTTE
Dear, one moment - we may not have this chance for a chat again. Have you spoken to him yet?

LUCY
...I have seen him.

CHARLOTTE
What happened?

LUCY
(taking up a position too firm and common-sensical to be convincing) You simply must stop thinking that he admires me or any nonsense of that sort. He doesn't, not one straw.

Linking her arm into CHARLOTTE's, she draws her outside.
As they go -

LUCY

Suppose we don't talk about this silly Italian business any more. We want you to have a nice restful visit at Windy Corner with no worriting.

84. DAY. EXTERIOR. GARDEN.

LUCY leaves CHARLOTTE and runs to the rescue of MINNIE. CHARLOTTE follows soberly, her dark-clad figure expressing foreboding.

85. DAY. EXTERIOR. GARDEN OF WINDY CORNER.

Sunday morning. Another perfect day. The scene begins with a travelling shot towards a book, which lies on the gravel path. It has a red cover and from its size might be a novel.

As the camera is moving towards this book, which lies open and face down, as if forgotten, we hear female voices coming from the house, making church-going preparations:

VOICES

The men say they won't go...

Well, I don't blame them...

Minnie says, need she go?...

Tell her, no nonsense...

Mary! Hook me behind!...

Dearest Lucia, may I trespass upon you for a pin?...

The camera has moved to a close-up of the book. Its title is Under a Loggia.

LUCY, wearing a vivid pink dress, comes out of the drawing room window and looks at the view. She does not look happy. In fact she is frowning, looking as if she is holding back tears.

VOICE OF MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Lucy! Lucy! What's that book?

LUCY looks up at her mother standing in an upstairs window.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Who's been taking a book out of
the shelf and leaving it to spoil?

LUCY
It's only a library book that
Cecil's been reading.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
But pick it up, and don't stand
idling there like a flamingo.
Have you a sixpence for Minnie
and a shilling for yourself?

86. DAY. EXTERIOR. FRONT STEPS OF WINDY CORNER.

The LADIES pop out one at a time, all dressed up for church. MRS. HONEYCHURCH has worked herself into a Sunday fluster. She counts out money.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
It's a special collection - I
forget what for - I do beg, no
vulgar clinking in the plate
with halfpennies. See that
Minnie has a nice bright sixpence.
Where is the child? Here comes
the horse - (etc.)

The carriage pulls up and LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH go towards it.

CHARLOTTE appears, smartly dressed.

CHARLOTTE
Dear Marian, I'm so very sorry -
but I have no small change -
Could you -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Yes, easily. Jump in. Gracious
me, how smart you look. What a
lovely frock!

MINNIE runs down the steps and climbs in and the carriage pulls away with spirit.

CECIL appears at the door and calls out, "Goodbye! Be good!" The tone is sneering. LUCY bites her lip.

87. DAY. EXTERIOR. TENNIS LAWN - WINDY CORNER.

FREDDY and GEORGE are playing against LUCY and MR. FFLOYD.

The game is very active. LUCY, who has changed her dress, is entirely different from the morning. She is having fun; she seems free, relaxed, unimpeded, carefree in a mood we have not seen before.

GEORGE is very determined to win - He makes LUCY run up and down - she does her best but keeps missing balls.

This delights him no end and, crowing with triumph, he shouts out the score.

If there is an impediment to the general fun, it is CECIL, who is odd man out. He makes a nuisance of himself and tries to draw attention away from the others. This he does by walking up and down LUCY's side of the court, reading aloud from the forgotten red book. The book is so bad he is obliged to read it to the others. ("I say, listen to this, Lucy - three split infinitives," etc.)

GEORGE wins the set - But he has knocked so many balls into the bushes that FREDDY and MR. FFLOYD have to dive in search of them.

CECIL

There's a murder scene, too -
do listen.

LUCY

What fun, Cecil. Read away.

She seats herself near him. GEORGE jumps over the net.

CECIL

(getting ready to read) The
scene is laid in Florence -

GEORGE sits down at LUCY's feet.

CECIL

"Sunset - the sunset of Italy."

GEORGE

(Looking up at LUCY) Do you mind
losing?

LUCY

(merrily) Yes. Of course I do...
I don't see you're such a splendid
player, though. The light was
behind you, and it was in my eyes.

GEORGE

I never said I was.

CECIL

(reading louder, not liking any interruption) "Under Orcagna's Loggia - the Loggia de'Lanzi, as we sometimes call it now - "

LUCY

What's the title?

CECIL

(reading from spine) Under the Loggia by Eleanor Lavish.

LUCY

(bursting into laughter) Eleanor Lavish! Oh my goodness! Mr. Emerson, you remember Miss Lavish?

GEORGE

Of course I do.

LUCY

No wonder the novel's bad. But I suppose one ought to read it as one's met her.

His dark head is very near her lap. She stares down at it. We feel her impulse could be to suddenly stroke it.

CECIL

There's an absurd account of a view which I will spare you -

LUCY

No, do read it...How do you like our view, Mr. Emerson?

GEORGE

My father says there's only one perfect view -

He looks up into her face - She waits, interested.

GEORGE

- the view of the sky straight over our heads, and that all these views on earth are bungled copies of it.

CECIL

(shutting the book with a snap) I expect your father has been reading Dante.

He gets up, ready to stalk off.

LUCY

...Cecil, do read the description of the view.

CECIL

Not while Mr. Emerson is here to entertain us.

LUCY

No - read away. Nothing's funnier than to hear silly things read out loud. If Mr. Emerson thinks we're frivolous, he can go help look for tennis balls.

CECIL is pleased with this reply and sits down again, mollified.

LUCY

Mr. Emerson, go and find tennis balls.

GEORGE

Must I?

LUCY

No, of course not.

CECIL

(yawning, handing the book to LUCY) It's in Chapter 2 - just find me Chapter 2.

LUCY leafs through the book to find the chapter. She reads something which freezes her. Her eyes are stretched wide.

CECIL

Here - give it to me.

LUCY

(holding the book away from him)
Oh it's too silly - who would want to read such rubbish -

CECIL reaches over and takes the book from her and reads:

CECIL

"Afar off the towers of Florence, while the bank on which she sat was carpeted with violets. All unobserved, he stole up behind her" - Isn't it immortal? - "there came from his lips no wordy protestations such as formal lovers use..."

He looks up from the book to have her share his smile -
 Afraid of what he might see in her eyes, she turns them
 from him -

And looks straight into GEORGE's, unblinkingly raised
 to hers -

CECIL

"No eloquence was his, nor did
 he suffer from the lack of it.
 He simply enfolded her in his
 manly arms - " This isn't the
 passage - there's another much
 funnier further on - (searching
 for it)

LUCY

(in a steady voice) Should we
 go in to tea?

She rises and leads the way.

CECIL

By all means, tea rather than
 Eleanor Lavish.

He follows her.

GEORGE follows them both. They enter the shrubbery.

CECIL

Oh, I forgot the book -

LUCY

Never mind -

CECIL

It's your mother's library book
 and she will fuss.

He goes back to get it.

GEORGE blunders against her in the narrow path.

LUCY

No -

But he kisses her (on the lips).

And she stands still for him.

CECIL'S VOICE can be heard approaching - "I must read
 you the bit about the murder - a crime passionel - "

LUCY walks on.

CECIL rejoins them.

GEORGE lets them walk ahead.

CECIL
(his voice receding) What is
it about Italy that makes lady
novelists reach such summits
of absurdity...

GEORGE, trailing behind, plucks a flower rather roughly,
but he holds and smells it tenderly.

TITLE CARD: LYING TO GEORGE

88. DAY. INTERIOR. PASSAGE AND STAIRS.

As CECIL and LUCY enter the house - CHARLOTTE is coming
down the stairs.

LUCY
Charlotte -

CHARLOTTE sees that something has happened.

LUCY
(to CECIL) Go and start tea.
I'll be with you in a moment.

She watches CECIL go into the drawing room and help
himself from the tea table. Then she goes into the
opposite room.

89. DAY. INTERIOR. SMOKING ROOM.

CHARLOTTE immediately follows, looking apprehensive. As
soon as the door is shut -

LUCY
Do you know anything about Miss
Lavish's novel?

CHARLOTTE looks bewildered and then a little shifty.

LUCY
There is a scene in it. The
hero and heroine make love. Do
you know about that?

CHARLOTTE
Dear - ?

LUCY
Do you know about it, please.
They are on a hillside, and
Florence is in the distance.

CHARLOTTE opens and then closes her mouth.

LUCY

There are violets. I cannot believe it is a coincidence. Charlotte, Charlotte, how could you have told her?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, Lucy, dearest girl - she hasn't put that in her book?

LUCY nods. CHARLOTTE sinks on to a chair.

CHARLOTTE

Then never - never - never more shall Eleanor Lavish be friend of mine.

LUCY

So you did tell?

CHARLOTTE hides her face, shaking her head, making no attempt to defend herself.

LUCY

Cecil read it to me - and - that man took the opportunity to insult me again behind Cecil's back.

CHARLOTTE moans.

LUCY

Why did you tell her? What made you?

But now LUCY sees GEORGE approaching, ambling slowly toward the house across the lawn.

As she watches him - CHARLOTTE moaning - the hard expression goes from LUCY's face and she looks like a girl watching her lover from the window. And GEORGE - handsome and manly - does look like a lover. But then her expression hardens again.

LUCY

I see now why you wanted me to tell Cecil, and what you meant by "some other source." You knew that you had told Miss Lavish, and that she was not reliable.

CHARLOTTE, wincing, joins LUCY by the window and takes her hand.

CHARLOTTE

Even if you forgive me, I shall never forgive myself, not to my dying day.

LUCY

(watching GEORGE, not listening to CHARLOTTE) Go and call him.

CHARLOTTE

Call Mr. Vyse?

LUCY

No - no. The other one.

CHARLOTTE tries to protest but LUCY, turning from the window, says in a cold voice:

LUCY

This time I'll deal with him myself.

CHARLOTTE dare not disobey her. She goes out. LUCY seats herself very straight-backed in a very straight chair.

She clenches her hands: she can be seen steeling herself. CHARLOTTE returns with GEORGE, still holding his tennis racket.

LUCY

Charlotte, please stay.

CHARLOTTE, looking frightened, shuts the door and stands against it as if barring their exit. We see them from CHARLOTTE POV.

LUCY

(rising from her seat) Mr. Emerson, go out of this house and never come into it again as long as I live here...I hate a row. (pointing to the door) Go, please.

GEORGE

But I can't -

LUCY

Go, please. I do not want to call in Mr. Vyse.

GEORGE

You don't mean you are going to marry that man?

LUCY

(taken by surprise, then recovering; she hasn't expected him to take that line) You are merely ridiculous.

While they continue talking, CHARLOTTE can see CECIL appearing on the terrace with his tea cup:

CECIL carefully puts down the cup, seats himself, dusts his knees, picks up his cup, stirs it, sips it, precise and prissy looking.

GEORGE

...Oh, I would have held back if your Cecil had been a different person. But he's the sort who can't know anyone intimately - least of all a woman. He doesn't know what a woman is. He wants you for a possession - he wants to see you as a painting - or an ivory box - something exquisite to own and display. He doesn't want you to be real and think and live.

CHARLOTTE turns away from the sight of CECIL - CHARLOTTE POV - LUCY and GEORGE standing close together. Dissolve -

90. DAY. EXTERIOR. TUSCAN LANDSCAPE.

CHARLOTTE sees again - LUCY and GEORGE kissing among the violets - but enhanced, more than what took place: more romantic, more passionate. Dissolve -

91. DAY. INTERIOR. SMOKING ROOM.

LUCY and GEORGE standing close together. GEORGE is, as usual, unable to express himself and stammers with strong feeling; afraid of not making himself clear, he tends to repeat the same idea several times over, in his own simple, straightforward language.

GEORGE

But I love you - in a better way than he does. Yes - really in a better way: I want you to have your own thoughts even when I hold you in my arms.

And for a moment it looks as if he is going to take her in his arms - But this time he controls himself and turns instead to CHARLOTTE:

GEORGE

You wouldn't stop us this second time, if you understood.

And in fact CHARLOTTE does not stop them - she lowers her eyes away from GEORGE's penetrating gaze and says nothing. So that he feels entitled to appeal again directly to LUCY:

GEORGE

It's our last chance.

He gazes at her with great intensity. Like CHARLOTTE, she cannot meet this gaze, half turns from him; there is something hesitant in her attitude which makes him press on:

GEORGE

You mustn't say no - you mustn't ever say no to what's right and... good. Don't you understand how lucky people are when they've found what's right for them? It's a...blessing, don't you see?

She has remained in her hesitant attitude but now she faces him - faces him falsely, with a hard laugh that isn't hers at all:

LUCY

And the fact that I love Cecil and shall be his wife shortly? I suppose that's a detail of no importance.

And he does brush it aside as though it were:

GEORGE

This tremendous thing has happened and what it means - let me explain - it means nothing must hinder us, not ever again. Never again. That's what it means. You have to understand that.

LUCY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

GEORGE

(half turning to CHARLOTTE, with great emphasis, almost shouting)
Everyone has to understand!

CHARLOTTE starts forward as though to say something, but LUCY silences her with a gesture.

LUCY

And you must leave. It was wrong of me - very wrong - to stand here listening to you.

She turns away from him in dismissal, and as she does so, he catches her hand in desperation - and she doesn't snatch it away at once but leaves it lingering in his long enough for him to say -

GEORGE

But you haven't been listening. If you had, you would know.

Now she does snatch it away.

LUCY

How dare you. You will leave at once. Now. No, not another word - no no -

And, much shaken in spite of herself, she puts her hands over her ears -

LUCY

I will not listen to one more word.

CHARLOTTE

Lucy -

LUCY

(flashing out at CHARLOTTE)
Haven't you done enough? Don't interfere again.

GEORGE tries to meet LUCY's eyes again - but she is resolutely turned away from him. He stands there for a moment, defeated, then goes toward the door where CHARLOTTE is still standing. CHARLOTTE doesn't move, making no secret of the fact that she doesn't want him to leave.

GEORGE

It's useless. Let me go, Miss Bartlett.

Still CHARLOTTE does not move.

LUCY

Let Mr. Emerson go, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE moves aside reluctantly.

It is CHARLOTTE who goes to the window to watch GEORGE stride away.

LUCY, to hide her feelings, has busied herself with some tidying around the room.

CHARLOTTE

I shall never forgive myself.
(but never forgive herself for what?)

LUCY

You always say that, Charlotte, but you always do forgive yourself, quite readily.

She goes out briskly.

CHARLOTTE watches GEORGE go up the drive and begin to climb the slope behind the house.

It is CHARLOTTE now who has tears in her eyes.

92. DUSK. EXTERIOR. GARDEN.

LUCY, still walking briskly, passes CECIL who is again reading Miss Lavish's book on the terrace. He wants to read her another comic passage but she walks past him.

LUCY goes through the garden to the place in the shrubbery where GEORGE kissed her. But now everything is different - the brightness has died out of the air, afternoon is drawing into evening, and the lengthening shadows are creeping over the house.

Only FREDDY and MR. FFLOYD are still calling out in jolly voices as they bounce balls around on the court - One ball comes bouncing into the shrubbery where LUCY catches it.

FREDDY comes to retrieve it.

FREDDY

Hallo, Lucy! There's still light enough for another set, if you two'll hurry.

LUCY

Mr. Emerson has had to go.

FREDDY

What a nuisance.

He calls to CECIL sitting on the terrace:

FREDDY

I say, Cecil, do play, there's a good chap. Just this once - it's Ffloyd's last day.

CECIL

My dear Freddy, as you well remarked this morning: "There's are some chaps who are no good for anything but books." I plead guilty to being such a chap.

FREDDY bangs the ball across the net in disappointment. Pleased with his repartee, pleased with himself, CECIL continues to amuse himself over his book.

We see him from the POV of LUCY:

He adjusts his pincenez, he smiles, he swings one elegant foot.

We see the scales fall from LUCY's eyes, as it were. She turns away from him decisively, turns her back on him as if to shut him out and the life they'd planned together.

TITLE CARD: LYING TO CECIL

93. NIGHT. INTERIOR. SMOKING ROOM.

All through this scene where LUCY breaks off her engagement, she is shown to be irritated and sometimes angry with CECIL - irritated and angered by herself, of course, as much as with him - while he is always shown as gentle, rational, calm - if bewildered by what she's saying. It is his finest hour in the film; he gets to redeem himself somewhat. Forster wrote of CECIL here: "...For all his culture, Cecil was an ascetic at heart, and nothing in his love became him like the leaving of it..."

CU CECIL, taking off his pincenez, looking bewildered.

CECIL

(incredulously) ...Because I wouldn't play tennis with Freddy?

LUCY is on her knees by the sideboard, putting away some whiskey bottles. She doesn't turn to him as he speaks.

CECIL

...I never do play tennis. I never could.

LUCY

Oh, forget the tennis. It was just the last straw. I'm sorry, Cecil. I can't marry you and you will thank me for saying so one day. We are too different.

She speaks irritably and all her fussing around the sideboard is irritable.

But CECIL is stammering with true feeling.

CECIL

But I loved you, and I did think you loved me!

LUCY

(rising) I did not. I thought I did at first. I'm sorry... And as for your loving me - no you don't, Cecil, not really.

She pauses. He stands looking at her, speechless for once. Then an inspiration strikes her:

LUCY

You don't. It's only as something else - as something you can own - a painting; a Leonardo. I don't want to be a Leonardo. I want to be myself. Oh, don't let's go on now. I shall only say things that will make me unhappy afterwards.

CECIL

You don't love me, evidently. I dare say you're right not to. But it would hurt a little less if I knew why -

LUCY

Because - you're the sort who can't know anyone intimately, least of all a woman.

A horrified look comes into his eyes.

LUCY

I don't mean exactly that, but you will go on asking questions -

He doesn't defend himself. Instead he looks at her as she struggles to express herself.

LUCY

You wrap yourself up in art and books and music, and you want to wrap me up! That's why I'm breaking off my engagement.

There is a pause. Then CECIL says with emotion:

CECIL

It's true.

LUCY

(feeling ashamed) True on the whole...

Another pause. CECIL speaks gently, with growing admiration. Now that he's losing her, each moment she seems more desirable.

CECIL

...You're so different tonight. Like a different person - speaking with a new voice.

LUCY

(her irritation bursting into uncontrollable anger) If you think I'm in love with someone else, you're very much mistaken!

CECIL

Of course I don't -

LUCY

(cutting across his protestation) If a girl breaks off her engagement, everyone always thinks "Oh, she has someone else - she hopes to get someone else." It's disgusting, brutal!

CECIL

No, Lucy, no. I beg your pardon. You must excuse me if I say stupid things, but my brain has gone to pieces.

After a silence, ashamed of her outburst, impressed by his dignity:

LUCY

I really think we'd better go to bed, if you don't mind.

CECIL

...Let me light your candle,
shall I.

He does so, carefully and gently, and gives it to her.

His voice is breaking as he speaks again.

CECIL

I must actually thank you for what
you've done - for your courage in
doing it. I do admire you for it.
Will you shake hands?

LUCY

Of course I will, Cecil.

They solemnly shake hands and then go out into the hall.

LUCY

Goodnight, Cecil. I'm sorry
about it. Thank you very much
for taking it so well.

94. NIGHT. INTERIOR. PASSAGE AND STAIRS.

CECIL watches LUCY go upstairs, the shadows from the
banisters passing over her face like the beat of wings.

95. NIGHT. EXTERIOR. GARDEN.

CECIL looks at Windy Corner as if he were saying goodbye.
He wanders about. He sees a figure glimmering in the dark
on the bench where he once proposed to LUCY. He
approaches -

CECIL

(surprised) Miss Bartlett?

He sits next to her.

CECIL

Aren't you going to bed?

CHARLOTTE

No, I like sitting here. I come
here quite often, after everyone's
asleep...Perhaps that surprises
you.

CECIL supports his head between his hands.

CECIL

Lucy has broken off our engagement.

CHARLOTTE says nothing.

CECIL

...If there were a reason - it might be easier; even if there were someone else -

CHARLOTTE

I hope you don't think that?

CECIL

Of course I don't. Of course not, she didn't have to accuse me of that.

A silence.

CECIL

Perhaps she is right, and I can't love her as she should be...loved; that I can't be with anyone that way.

CHARLOTTE is looking up at the house which is quite dark except for Lucy's window. LUCY's shadow can be seen moving against it.

A silence. Perhaps they get up and walk about before he starts up again.

CECIL

Perhaps I'm one of those who's meant to live alone. Some of us are...I think perhaps you are too, Miss Bartlett.

CHARLOTTE

(after a pause) I dare say it seems so now, but it wasn't always. Not at all always. Certainly not when I was Lucy's age...Look, she's blown out her candle.

For the light in Lucy's window is extinguished, and everything is dark.

TITLE CARD: LYING TO MR. BEEBEE, MRS. HONEYCHURCH, FREDDY AND THE SERVANTS

96. DAY. INTERIOR. BLOOMSBURY HOTEL BEDROOM-SITTING ROOM

MISS CATHERINE ALAN is writing a letter to MR. BEEBEE, sitting at a little writing table in a Spartan room. We

hear the words of the letter aloud. As she is writing she gets up to put a sixpence in the gas fire and it makes a clink in the gloom. Traffic sounds of the city come in from outside.

MISS ALAN (VO)

"...Since Florence did my sister so much good, we do not see why we should not try Athens this winter.

She goes to put the coin in and returns.

MISS ALAN (VO)

...Of course, Athens is a plunge, and the doctor has ordered her special digestive bread; but, after all, we can take that with us, and it is only getting first into a steamer and then into a train..."

97. DAY. EXTERIOR. ROAD OVER THE HILL TO WINDY CORNER.

MR. BEEBEE is bicycling along through a blustery afternoon. The sky is dark with clouds, the wind blows, trees groan, and the first autumn leaves fly away.

He is smiling to himself. We hear MISS ALAN's letter.

MISS ALAN (VO)

"...Dear Mr. Beebee, is there an English Church? I do not expect we shall go any further than Athens, but if you know of a really comfortable pension at Constantinople, we would be so grateful..."

He sees CECIL and FREDDY coming towards him up the road on foot. Some way behind the carriage, with a trunk and other luggage in it, is making its way up slowly. They meet and shake hands.

MR. BEEBEE

So you're off for a minute, Mr. Vyse?

CECIL

Yes.

FREDDY looks shifty-eyed and uncomfortable.

MR. BEEBEE

I was coming to show Miss Honeychurch this delightful letter from those friends of hers, the Miss Alans.

He quotes from it.

MR. BEEBEE

Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it Romance?

CECIL

(civilly) I'm sure Lucy will be amused.

FREDDY

Have you any matches? I'm sorry to interrupt.

CECIL

(in a more kindly tone than usual) I have.

He hands him his silver match box.

MR. BEEBEE

You've never met these Miss Alans, have you, Mr. Vyse?

CECIL

Never.

MR. BEEBEE

Then you don't see the wonder of their Greek visit. I haven't been to Greece myself, and don't mean to go. It's altogether too big for our little lot. Don't you think so? - All right, Freddy, I'm not going to be clever - give me those matches when you're done with them. I was saying, if our poor little Cockney lives must have a background, let it be Italian...

He lights a cigarette. During the above the carriage makes it to the top and the two young MEN climb in.

CECIL

You're quite right. Greece is not for our little lot. Goodbye.

The carriage moves off, but stops after a dozen yards. FREDDY comes running back to ask for CECIL's match box.

FREDDY

Cecil's hard hit. Lucy won't marry him.

MR. BEEBEE

But when -

FREDDY

Late last night. I must go.

MR. BEEBEE

Perhaps they won't want me down there.

FREDDY

No - go on. Goodbye.

He runs after the carriage and MR. BEEBEE gets on his bicycle, smiling with satisfaction at the good news, slapping the saddle of the bike approvingly.

98. DAY. EXTERIOR. GARDEN OF WINDY CORNER.

The wind has knocked down the dahlias. MRS. HONEYCHURCH, looking cross, is tying them up. CHARLOTTE, inappropriately dressed for the task, offers unwanted assistance. MINNIE and the gardener's CHILD each hold the end of a long piece of twine.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Not the scissors, thank you, Charlotte, when both my hands are full already. How do you do, Mr. Beebee? Gracious, what a mess everything is!

MINNIE goes up to her uncle and whispers to him.

MINNIE

Everyone is so horrid today, Uncle Arthur - let's go out to tea.

MR. BEEBEE

Get your hat and coat, Minnie, and I'll take you. I shall take her up to tea at the Beehive Tavern. Would you like to join us, Miss Bartlett?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Yes, Charlotte, I don't want you - do go.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you, but you have no one
to help you. Even my poor
services are better than nothing.

MINNIE looks pleased that CHARLOTTE isn't going to tea.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Oh look out!

For CHARLOTTE, in lunging at a falling plant, has stepped
on it. MRS. HONEYCHURCH looks ready to explode.

From inside, LUCY can be heard playing Mozart.

MR. BEEBEE

It's terrible, this havoc among
the flowers...Ah, Mozart today -
less exciting than Beethoven,
perhaps, but also less unsettling...

He walks toward the drawing room with his letter.

99. DAY. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM.

When MR. BEEBEE comes in, LUCY is still tinkering at
Mozart but stops quite soon.

MR. BEEBEE

(talking fast) Here is this
most delightful letter from the
Miss Alans who are making plans
for a thrilling trip to Greece -
I must read you this - (reading)
"...I do not think we shall go
any further than Athens, but if
you know of a really comfortable
pension at Constantinople..."
Constantinople! Isn't it
delightful! They will end by
going round the world.

LUCY

(echoing in a dull voice)
Delightful!

He puts down the letter.

A pause.

MR. BEEBEE

(after clearing his throat) Miss
Honeychurch, your brother told me.

LUCY
 (with a trace of annoyance) Oh
 did he?

MR. BEEBEE
 I needn't say that it will go
 no further.

LUCY
 (striking a note on the piano
 for each name) Mother - Charlotte
 - Cecil - Freddy - you. (and
 then striking a sixth note)

MR. BEEBEE
 If you'll let me say so, I'm
 certain you have done the right
 thing.

LUCY
 (in a high, artificial voice)
 Oh, do tell me more about the
 Miss Alans! How perfectly
 splendid of them to go abroad!

MR. BEEBEE
 I want them to start from Venice
 and go in a cargo steamer down
 the Illyrian coast!

LUCY looks suddenly alert.

LUCY
 Oh, I long to join them!...Did
 Freddy say whether he was driving
 straight back?

MR. BEEBEE
 No, he didn't.

LUCY
 Because I hope he won't go
 gossiping.

He puts the letter away, expecting her to go on about
 her broken engagement. But she says instead:

LUCY
 How perfectly splendid of them
 to go abroad. I wish they'd
 take me.

He sees to his surprise that she is serious.

MR. BEEBEE

Would your mother spare you again so soon? You've scarcely been back three months.

LUCY

She must spare me. I simply must go away. I have to.

She runs her hands hysterically through her hair.

LUCY

Don't you see that I have to go away?

CHARLOTTE comes in.

LUCY

...Charlotte, isn't it too romantic! The Miss Alans are going to Constantinople!

MR. BEEBEE

So far only to Athens -

LUCY

I have always longed to go to Constantinople. Athens, I mean.

MINNIE BEEBEE comes in to claim MR. BEEBEE.

MR. BEEBEE

In lieu of Constantinople, could Minnie and I not lure you to tea at the Beehive?

LUCY thanks him but declines. So does CHARLOTTE. MR. BEEBEE and MINNIE go out.

100. DAY. EXTERIOR. WINDY CORNER IN ITS SETTING.

Hand in hand, MR. BEEBEE and MINNIE are walking sedately up the hill.

101. DAY. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM.

LUCY

(with great intensity) You must help me persuade Mother. (when CHARLOTTE, completely bewildered, starts protesting) ...Don't you see that I must go somewhere - anywhere (striking her knees with clenched fists) I must get away,

(MORE)

LUCY (contd)

ever so far...Before it's known (impatiently, as CHARLOTTE looks puzzled) that I've broken off my engagement...He must not get any ideas.

CHARLOTTE

You mean, Mr. Emerson might think it was on his account?

LUCY

How slow you are, Charlotte.
How slow.

CHARLOTTE

Of course there must be no gossip in Summer Street. But to go all the way to Greece -

LUCY

(interrupting) You saw him yourself that day, you heard him. If he gets to know of this, goodness knows what will happen.

There is a pause. They look at each other.

CHARLOTTE

(hesitating) Lucy, are you completely sure -

LUCY

(unhesitating) Yes! What are you thinking of -

CHARLOTTE

(swallowing) - completely sure that you want to go to Greece?

LUCY

Well - of course - of course - of course.

But she doesn't look at CHARLOTTE. She turns away and goes on -

LUCY

- I would have thought you would want to help me - that you would be the first to go to Mother and say "Lucy must go to Greece at once" - that you would want to do this for me -

CHARLOTTE

Of course I want to do every-
thing that is right for you, can
you doubt that for one moment?
Everything that is good for you.

FREDDY comes in.

LUCY

I'm telling you what is right
and good for me - oh please
don't argue - do what I ask.

CHARLOTTE presses LUCY's hand and goes out.

LUCY sits at the piano again.

FREDDY

Why's she look like that?

LUCY

Like what?

FREDDY

(shrugging) Like Charlotte
Bartlett.

LUCY

(starting to play again) Because
she is Charlotte Bartlett.

FREDDY sits on the floor, leaning against LUCY while she
plays and sings.

102. DUSK. EXTERIOR. BEEHIVE TAVERN.

MINNIE

(her mouth full of cream bun)
One thing I've noticed, Uncle
Arthur: you're the one person
who never gets cross. It must
be because you're the vicar.

MR. BEEBEE

It could be that. Or because
I tend to be disengaged.

MINNIE

Is that what's happened? Has
Lucy got disengaged?

MR. BEEBEE

Attend to what I'm saying: dis-
engaged in the sense of not being
an active participant: of being
merely a spectator.

MINNIE

Because if she's got disengaged
from Mr. Vyse, then it's not so
bad.

MR. BEEBEE

Yes, but not with your mouth
full, please, Minnie.

103. DUSK. INTERIOR. DRAWING ROOM.

LUCY is playing and singing. FREDDY is still sitting on
the floor, leaning against her.

LUCY

(singing)
"Stop thine ear against the singer
From the red gold keep thy finger."

FREDDY

The tune's right enough, but the
words are rotten. Why throw up
the sponge?

LUCY

How stupidly you talk.

FREDDY

...Tell you what I could do: run
up to London and see Cecil. If
you like, I could.

LUCY

Sit quiet and listen. (singing)
"Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die."

104. DUSK. EXTERIOR. GARDEN.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is still struggling with her dahlias -
getting more and more cross every minute, with them and
with the Garden BOY.

At this inauspicious moment, CHARLOTTE, her skirt blowing
in the wind, comes to make her announcement. What she
says and what MRS. HONEYCHURCH replies is lost in the
windstorm, so the scene is a kind of pantomime of
gesticulating, more seen than heard.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Look at my scarlet pompoms, isn't
it a tragedy?

CHARLOTTE

Lucy has a plan -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 (not hearing because of the wind)
 And I'm perfectly certain that the
 orange cactus will go before I can
 get to it.

CHARLOTTE
 (shouting) Miss Alans are going
 abroad! They're going to Greece!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Good luck to them.

CHARLOTTE
 (bravely shouting) Lucy would
 like to join them as far as Athens!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH sits down there and then in the flower
 bed and stares up into CHARLOTTE's face.

CHARLOTTE
 (less bravely) ...And on to
 Delphi if the roads are safe.

At that moment the orange cactus falls.

105. DUSK. EXTERIOR. WINDY CORNER IN ITS SETTING.

MR. BEEBEE and MINNIE are descending the hill toward
 Windy Corner.

LUCY'S VOICE can be heard singing:

"Stop thine ear against the singer
 From the red gold keep thy finger."

As they draw near the house, they can see LUCY through
 the glass doors.

FREDDY has his head against her as she sits at the
 piano, and an unlit pipe between his teeth.

LUCY
 (singing)
 "Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
 Easy live and quiet die."

The song sounds even more mournful than the autumn gale:
 but not so the piano accompaniment, which appears to be
 soaring on wings of its own.

106. DAY. INTERIOR. THE EMERSON HOUSE.

As in the earlier scene, when we saw them move in, there

was a cheerful air of unpacking, now there is a depressed air of packing up, giving up, departing.

GEORGE could be struggling on the stairs with the big picture by Raphael, carrying it down as we saw him take it up before. He might then turn to packing books into boxes.

MR. EMERSON

Take all those but leave me Thoreau
till I leave. I need him by me now.

GEORGE drags a filled box away to stack with other boxes. As he does so, speaking in a dull matter-of-fact tone:

GEORGE

It's an ugly house. We never did
like the house.

MR. EMERSON

What's a house? It's what you
put in it - the light you fill
it with, that's what makes a
house. (looking out at the rain)
Why is rain even worse in the
country?

POV MR. EMERSON: water dripping from the trees like tears, soaking into the grass, falling onto water, falling on the tombstones in the churchyard (whatever one sees from his window - in any case, it should look like the world is dissolving in tears).

MR. EMERSON

(turning from the window) And
when we first came, the sun was
shining all the time. Yes, every
day was bright.

GEORGE

(painfully straightening up from
carrying a heavy load) You can't
expect the summer to last forever.

He is very gloomy; he looks like a hero in defeat. His FATHER comes over to him and puts his hand on GEORGE's shoulder. This hand trembles. Obviously he would like to do more - embrace his SON, comfort him - but there is something granite about GEORGE that does not encourage the soft gestures of comfort.

Watched by MR. EMERSON, GEORGE stoically continues to pack.

GEORGE

I mustn't miss the train. The movers can do the rest - no, not you. I don't want you straining your back. I won't be coming next weekend. There's no point. I'll come to take you back to town the week after.

MR. EMERSON accompanies GEORGE to the door and stands there watching while GEORGE gets on his cycle.

107. DAY. EXTERIOR. COUNTRY ROADS.

GEORGE cycling to the station - but very differently from the way we saw him travel the same road in an earlier scene. Then it was all downhill and he rode as a conquering hero; now he is pedalling painfully uphill, hunched against the wind and the rain.

108. DAY. INTERIOR. BLOOMSBURY HOTEL LOUNGE.
LONDON.

The MISS ALANS are entertaining LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH to tea. There are other elderly LADIES sitting around doing the same. LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH are the liveliest looking elements in the scene, which is otherwise hushed, genteel, and in terms of any life or gaiety, virtually moribund.

CATHERINE ALAN

...Paper soap is a great help towards freshening up one's face on a train...But of course, you know all about these things, and you have Mr. Vyse to help you.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH begins to drum nervously on her card case.

CATHERINE ALAN

We think it so good of Mr. Vyse to spare you. But perhaps he will come out and join you later.

TERESA ALAN

(the more acute, and less kindly, of the two sisters) Or does his work keep him in London?

CATHERINE ALAN

We shall meet him when he sees you off. I do so long to...

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 (cutting her off) No one will
 see Lucy off. She doesn't like
 it.

TERESA ALAN
 Really? How funny! I should
 have thought that in this case -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH rises decisively.

CATHERINE ALAN
 Oh, Mrs. Honeychurch, you aren't
 going? It's such a pleasure to
 have met you...

MISS TERESA and MISS CATHERINE chatter away as they see
 their visitors off - "We shall write to you very often
 and send pretty cards from every place. We know how
 anxious you will be to hear, naturally, of course, both
 you and Mr. Vyse."

109. DAY. EXTERIOR. BLOOMSBURY STREET. LONDON.

LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH walk through the drizzle.

LUCY
 (with relief) We just got through
 that time.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 Yes, and were seen through, which
 is most unpleasant.

110. DAY. INTERIOR. BLOOMSBURY HOTEL LOUNGE.
 LONDON.

The two OLD LADIES return to their table.

MISS CATHERINE
 (peering into the teapot) Is
 there a drop left? Oh, quite a
 bit left. They were in such a
 hurry, they hardly had time to
 enjoy their tea... (she pours
 it, also examines the sandwiches)
 Do you think these are curling
 just the tiniest bit? (but she
 takes one and eats it) ...Do you
 know, Teresa, I could not help
 thinking that our dear Lucy did
 not look -

MISS TERESA

I wish you would learn to finish your sentences, Catherine, you are getting worse and worse.

MISS CATHERINE

(indicating she cannot speak because of having her mouth full, but when that difficulty is overcome, she continues) - no, did not look like a bride-to-be.

MISS TERESA

Oh? And pray, how should a bride-to-be look according to your great wisdom and experience in these matters?

MISS CATHERINE

I can't say exactly how, only that she lacked something. Yes - well - if you must know, Teresa - radiance. (and in pronouncing it, she loads that word and glows with it)

MISS TERESA

(after regarding her speculatively) Do you know what I think? I think you need cooling off. Perhaps we should be going to a colder climate - to Russia not to Greece.

MISS CATHERINE

(playfully shuddering) Brrrrr.

MISS TERESA is hard put to it to continue to look severe.

111. DAY. EXTERIOR. LONDON STREET.

Still in drizzle, and continuing their earlier conversation, MRS. HONEYCHURCH sounds very annoyed, and so does LUCY.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

I shall never understand this hole and corner work. You've got rid of Cecil - well and good, and I'm thankful - but why not announce it?

LUCY

I promised not to till I left England. It's only for a few days.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
But why at all?

They have reached a bookstore near the British Museum and turn in.

112. DAY. INTERIOR. LONDON BOOKSHOP.

They go over to the guidebook section - as LUCY stretches up for the Baedeker for Greece:

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
I still don't understand it.
Why? Why Greece? Why go rushing
off to the ends of the earth?

LUCY pretends to be engrossed in Baedeker.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
I'm beginning to think that you're
tired of your home - of Windy
Corner -

LUCY
(irritable and petulant) Oh,
Mother, what rubbish you talk!

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
- and tired of Freddy and me.

A silence, during which LUCY takes down another book.

LUCY
Of course I'm not tired of Windy
Corner.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Then why not say so at once instead
of considering for half an hour
first.

LUCY
(leafing through book) ...Of
course I want to live at home.
But as we're talking about it,
I may as well say that in the
future I shall want to come up
to London more. I might even
share a flat for a little with
some other girl. You see, I come
into my money next year.

Tears come into MRS. HONEYCHURCH's eyes.

Seeing her MOTHER's look, LUCY screws up her mouth and backtracks.

LUCY
Perhaps I spoke hastily.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
(flashing out) Oh, goodness!
How you do remind me of Charlotte
Bartlett.

LUCY
Charlotte?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
Charlotte to the T.

She purses up her mouth the way LUCY did just now and the way CHARLOTTE does often. LUCY turns her face away, as one offended.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
There: Charlotte again.

LUCY
(through clenched teeth, and leaving her mother to go up to the cashier) I don't know what you mean. Charlotte and I are not in the least alike.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
(following LUCY) No, you used not to be.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH stands looking at her daughter counting out change. She does resemble CHARLOTTE: pinched, anxious, and prematurely spinsterish.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH relents as she watches LUCY, anxiety and concern softening her expression.

113. DAY. INTERIOR. RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

The train rushes through a sodden landscape. Neither LUCY nor MRS. HONEYCHURCH speak. The train whistles forlornly and the rain-streaked glass rattles and shakes.

LUCY makes a show of reading the Baedeker guide she's just bought.

She stops at a photograph of the Charioteer of Delphi, struck by the statue's grave, youthful, masculine confidence.

114. DAY. EXTERIOR. EMERSON VILLA.

CHARLOTTE, passing, sees Emerson furniture being carried out. She walks over to MR. BEEBEE's house.

115. DAY. INTERIOR. MR. BEEBEE'S HOUSE - PASSAGE.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, Mr. Beebee, what is happening to your neighbours?

MR. BEEBEE

Alas, they are moving out. Old Mr. Emerson's rheumatism has come on, and George says it is too far out of town -

Through the open library door, CHARLOTTE sees MR. EMERSON sitting by the fire.

CHARLOTTE

Might I trespass on your kindness, Mr. Beebee, and wait here for Mrs. Honeychurch to fetch me in the carriage?

MR. BEEBEE

Most certainly, with pleasure - do join Mr. Emerson who has taken refuge in there from the movers. Only you must excuse me - (the organ can be heard from the church) - as you can hear, they have got going there -

He goes out. She goes into the library.

116. DAY. INTERIOR. MR. BEEBEE'S LIBRARY.

MR. EMERSON is sitting by the fire. He looks wan and weak but smiles at CHARLOTTE with a childlike sweetness.

CHARLOTTE

I'm very sorry to hear, Mr. Emerson, that the house has brought on your rheumatism.

MR. EMERSON

It's not the rheumatism; it's my boy...George is so sorry! I cannot blame him - and yet I wish he had told me first.

CHARLOTTE
 (a pause) ...He never told you
 - not what happened in Italy?

MR. EMERSON
 Not one word.

CHARLOTTE
 (almost to herself) Yes, that's
 what Lucy thought...

MR. EMERSON
 I was only told last Sunday -

CHARLOTTE
 What were you told?

MR. EMERSON
 That he loves her.

CHARLOTTE flinches, blushes, turns away.

MR. EMERSON
 (regarding her keenly) Won't
 you sit down?

CHARLOTTE
 I think I hear the carriage -
 it would be most discourteous
 to keep my cousin waiting.

MR. EMERSON
 No, there isn't any carriage.
 Sit down, my dear.

CHARLOTTE hesitates, then sits - or rather, perches,
 uncomfortably.

CHARLOTTE
 (biting her lip, rigidly) There
 appears to have been a series of
 unfortunate misunderstandings.

MR. EMERSON
 Worse than that, Miss Bartlett.
 Everyone's been lying, except
 George. And now here's Miss
 Honeychurch marrying Mr. Vyse
 in January - (he trails off as
 CHARLOTTE shakes her head)

CHARLOTTE
 Miss Honeychurch - Lucy - is
 taking a tour of Greece with
 (MORE)

CHARLOTTE (contd)
 our friends, the Misses Alan,
 you may remember them from the
 Pension Bertolini, Miss Teresa
 and her younger sister, Miss
 Catherine - (or however far she
 gets before he has taken it in
 and interrupts her)

MR. EMERSON
 (almost shouting) She is not
 getting married?

CHARLOTTE
 Miss Honeychurch has broken off
 her engagement. It was all done
 with great tact and discretion,
 naturally, and for the time being
 we would prefer it to be kept
 quiet -

MR. EMERSON
 (interrupting again) Oh, there's
 a time for keeping quiet, Miss
 Bartlett, and there's a time for
 speaking out. No, you don't hear
 any carriage - but why don't you
 sit back - lean back - make your-
 self more comfortable - here, take
 this - (he puts a cushion behind
 her) - there, that's better.
 You look much better.

And CHARLOTTE, now with a cushion at her back, does look
 better: more relaxed, less rigid.

117. DUSK. EXTERIOR. LANE IN SURREY.

LUCY and MRS. HONEYCHURCH are seated in the Honeychurch
 carriage. POWELL is driving them. The rain has stopped.

Showers of water fall from the overhanging trees and
 rattle on the hood of the carriage. The carriage-lamp
 passes its searchlight over mud and fallen leaves.

They are coming in to Summer Street. It is oppressive
 inside the carriage.

LUCY
Can't we have the hood down?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
 (with sudden tenderness) Very well,
 old lady. Stop the horse.

The horse stops. LUCY and POWELL wrestle with the hood and get it down. When it is down, LUCY sees: Cissie Villa, exactly opposite, with the movers carrying out furniture.

LUCY
Is that house to let again,
Powell?

POWELL
Yes, miss.

LUCY
Have they gone?

POWELL
Sir Harry's looking for new
tenants, I heard.

LUCY sinks back. The cottage recedes into the distance. The horse's hooves strike the road.

LUCY is in a kind of despair and sits numbly, thinking about her recent actions.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH
What a pity about the Emersons.
Freddy will be so sorry and indeed,
so am I...Lucy, go and get
Charlotte from Mr. Beebee's, and
do hurry both of you because Mary
has her fishpie in...Such an
agreeable family. What a pity.

LUCY gets down from the carriage.

She goes up to MR. BEEBEE's house and rings the bell.

TITLE CARD: LYING TO MR. EMERSON

118. DUSK. INTERIOR. MR. BEEBEE'S LIBRARY.

LUCY, opening the door, sees MR. EMERSON and CHARLOTTE sitting as before by the fire. Before she can say anything:

CHARLOTTE
Lucy, Mr. Emerson says it is all
his fault.

MR. EMERSON
Because I told him to trust to
love. I told him, "George, love
and do what you will." It's what
I taught him, and so you see it is
all my fault.

CHARLOTTE uses this speech to make her get-away - that is, during it she gets up and tries to slip out of the door.

LUCY

Where are you going?

CHARLOTTE

Your dear mother has most thoughtfully come to fetch me in her carriage, and I have not been brought up to keep anyone waiting, least of all a kind hostess.

When LUCY tries to go out with her, she pushes her back into the room and shuts the door on her.

119. DUSK. EXTERIOR. CARRIAGE.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is very irritated.

When she sees CHARLOTTE emerging -

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

Now where is Lucy? No, you get in, Charlotte. If Mary's fish-pie is spoiled, she will mope from now till next Friday -

CHARLOTTE gets in, seating herself humbly with her back to the horse.

When MRS. HONEYCHURCH protests -

CHARLOTTE

This will do very well for me -
I must not inconvenience you -

When MRS. HONEYCHURCH insists -

CHARLOTTE

I shall make myself as tiny as
a mouse.

And she does so, to MRS. HONEYCHURCH's exasperation.

120. DUSK. INTERIOR. MR. BEEBEE'S LIBRARY.

MR. EMERSON and LUCY. All through this scene we hear the sound of the litany.

LUCY

...Mr. Emerson, I have no wish to
discuss your son or even to hear
(MORE)

LUCY (contd)

his name mentioned. He has misbehaved from the first... (facing MR. EMERSON) Why, he has behaved abominably. Do you know what he did?

MR. EMERSON

(gently) Not "abominably." He only tried when he should not have tried.

LUCY

No, of course. "Abominable" is much too strong a word. I'm sorry I used it about your son. I must leave you - Mother and Charlotte are waiting -

MR. EMERSON

And now he's gone under.

A pause.

MR. EMERSON

(striking his palms together in silence, his head falling on his chest) Gone under.

Another pause. She looks frightened.

LUCY

(in a shaky voice) ...Is your son ill?

MR. EMERSON

No, George is never ill but he ...goes under. Gives up and - (makes a sinking gesture) It was the same in Florence, after you left. Horrible. Then we take the house here and he goes bathing with your brother, and became better. You saw him bathing?

LUCY

I'm sorry, but it's no good discussing this affair...

MR. EMERSON

George is coming to take me up to London. He can't bear to be here, and I must be where he is.

(MORE)

MR. EMERSON (contd)

He says the thought of seeing
you and of hearing about you -

LUCY

(in a kindly tone of voice for
the first time) Oh, Mr. Emerson,
don't leave - at least not on my
account. I'm going to Greece.
Don't leave your comfortable house.
You mustn't! I've been bother
enough to everybody by now -

MR. EMERSON

Why are you going to Greece?
(when LUCY has no answer) My
dear, I'm worried about you. It
seems to me - (he says this
dreamily, posing a hypothesis
almost to himself) - that you
are in a muddle. It seems to
me - (continuing his hypothesis)
- that the reason you are going
to Greece - the reason you have
broken your engagement - (yes,
Miss Bartlett told me) - is
that you love George.

LUCY

(gasping) Oh! Oh, how like a
man! - I mean, to suppose that a
woman is always thinking about a
man.

MR. EMERSON

But you are.

She sinks down on a chair, completely bewildered, all her
thoughts and feelings turned upside down.

MR. EMERSON

You see, my dear, you can ignore
love, you can muddle it, you can
do whatever you like - but you can
never pull it out of you...Look,
all the light's gone out of your
pretty face - just like it's gone
out of George...I cannot bear it...
And now I've made you cry. Dear
girl, forgive me.

LUCY

(in a panic) But I have to go to
Greece now - the ticket's bought
and everything - it's impossible!

MR. EMERSON

There's only one thing impossible,
and that's to love and to part.

VOICE of MRS. HONEYCHURCH calling for LUCY.

LUCY gets up, glad of an excuse to run away.

But MR. EMERSON gets up too -

MR. EMERSON

(pressing home on her) You love
George! You love the boy body
and soul as he loves you!

LUCY

(as she lowers her veil, tears
pouring down her face) But of
course I do. What did you all
think.

She hurries out, with him close behind her, MRS. HONEY-
CHURCH's voice calling.

LUCY

Oh please not, Mr. Emerson -
Mother's calling - I must go -
they trust me -

MR. EMERSON

But why should they, when you have
deceived everyone, including your-
self?

MRS. HONEYCHURCH is still calling but LUCY does not call
back. She has stopped still, waiting for MR. EMERSON to
say more.

121. DUSK. EXTERIOR. CARRIAGE.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

...If Lucy has so much to say to
Mr. Beebee, then let her walk home.
Go on, Powell.

The carriage starts, with MRS. HONEYCHURCH grumbling to
CHARLOTTE.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

On no account am I going to have
Mary moping. I don't know what
has got into Lucy: she was never
so inconsiderate. But now one
week Italy, next week Greece -

CHARLOTTE

The plan for Greece may be cancelled.

MRS. HONEYCHURCH

What? Now? When everything is turned topsy-turvy -

CHARLOTTE is constantly craning back out of the carriage - She sees LUCY running behind them -

CHARLOTTE

(in great excitement) Oh stop!
Lucy has something to tell us!
Do stop!

She gets up in the carriage - she looks drunk with her hat and veil slipped over her eyes - she is in danger of falling out so that MRS. HONEYCHURCH has to hold her by clasping her around the knees.

122. NIGHT. INTERIOR. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

CHARLOTTE, now entirely back in character, is putting herself to bed.

Encased in flannel night-gown and cotton night-cap, she slips her hand under the neatly turned-down blankets to make sure of her hot water bottle.

She gets into bed. From her bedside table she takes an envelope with foreign stamps and draws out a letter which appears to have been already read more than once -

LUCY (VO)

Dear Cousin Charlotte, You will be glad to hear that the Pension Bertolini is entirely its own dear self. Even the guests appear to be just another set of Miss Alans - Miss Lavish - Mr. Beebee - and indeed Charlotte and Lucy -

123. DAY. INTERIOR. PENSION DINING ROOM.

It is exactly as before and - yes, the GUESTS do seem to be yet another set of English spinsters and clergymen: except for LUCY and GEORGE who are sitting there.

The bottles of wine and water still alternate down the table -

The GUESTS are still cutting meat with English boarding house refinement -

Two NEWCOMERS enter: a young GIRL and her CHAPERON. They are received with the stiff good breeding appropriate to newcomers who have not yet proved themselves.

Their seats are opposite LUCY and GEORGE. They whisper to each other - the CHAPERON trying to dampen the ardour of the GIRL.

But finally the GIRL breaks out, turning to GEORGE and LUCY:

GIRL
But we were promised rooms with
a view -

CHAPERON
Hush, dear, we mustn't -

GIRL
It's so unfair! (appealing to
GEORGE and LUCY) Don't you agree
that on one's first visit to Italy
one must have a room with a view?

GEORGE
We have a room with a view. (but
he doesn't offer to give it up)

124. NIGHT. INTERIOR. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM.

CHARLOTTE puts away the letter. She blows out her candle. She sleeps. She dreams.

125. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW IN CHARLOTTE'S DREAM.

GEORGE and LUCY are standing by the open window, kissing - Dissolve -

126. NIGHT. INTERIOR. ROOM WITH A VIEW.

GEORGE and LUCY really are kissing by the open window, standing against the same view she saw on her first night: the lights dancing in the Arno, the cypresses of San Miniato, and the foothills of the Appenines, black against the rising moon.

There is a hiss like a serpent's from underneath the window.

GEORGE and LUCY draw apart and look out:

A COACHMAN is eagerly offering them his carriage for tomorrow:

COACHMAN

Signorino, domani faremo un
giro -

LUCY

(leaning forward) Lascia, prego,
lascia. Siamo sposati.

COACHMAN

Scusi tanto, signora.

He whips up his horse and drives off singing. GEORGE
shuts the window shutters. And they continue to kiss
with increasing ardour: breaking not only out of
Charlotte's dream but - passion mounting - out of the
19th century and - with passion unconfined - into the
20th.