Room With A View Script - transcript from the screenplay and/or E.M. Forster movie
Room With A View Script - Dialogue Transcript
Voila! Finally, the Room With A View script is here for all you quotes spouting fans of the movie directed by James Ivory starring Julian Sands, Maggie Smith, Helena Bonham-Carter, Daniel Day-Lewis, yadda yadda. This script is a transcript that was painstakingly transcribed using the screenplay and/or viewings of Room With A View. I know, I know, I still need to get the cast names in there and I'll be eternally tweaking it, so if you have any corrections, feel free to drop me a line. You won't hurt my feelings. Honest. Swing on back to Drew's Script-O-Rama afterwards for more free movie scripts!

Hurry and get dressed or we'll miss our dinner on top of everything else.

She had no business doing it. No business at all!

Any nook does for me, but it is hard that you have no view.

No, you must have a view, too.

- Buonasera.
- Buonasera.

Miss Lavish, what a recommendation for a place!

Indeed, Miss Alan, it is.

This is not what we were led to expect.

We were to see the Arno.

The signora wrote "South rooms with a view, close together".

Instead of which, we have north rooms without a view and far apart.

Between the squalor of London and the squalor of Prato, there is a great gulf fixed.
you get to know the country,

see the little towns,
Gubbio, Settignano, Galuzzo,

San Gimignano, Monteriggioni.

Their mixture of the primitive with the classical is irresistible.

- Miss Pole?
- Yes, Mr. Emerson.

What is that you are taking?
It's not lemonade, is it?

- Yes, it is.
- Put it right away, Miss Pole.

Lemonade is very bad for the stomach.

Oh!

I shall tell the signora to give the next south view available to you.

- Why not to you?
- No, I insist.

This meat has surely been boiled.

For stock. It's lost all its flavor.

Monteriggioni is not only quaint,
but one meets the Italians in all their simplicity and charm.

Wasn't Monteriggioni where we saw the cornflowers, Teresa?

An entire carpet of them. It was delightful!

I find the cornflower the most delightful of flowers.

I prefer something bolder - the reckless rose, the tempestuous tulip.
Your mother would never forgive me. She'd want you to have it.

On no account. The view of the Arno is yours.

I don't know why we're arguing, because we have no view.

I have a view. And so does George.

My son George here.

You can have our rooms. We'll have yours. We can change.

- Why not?
- Thank you very much.

- We could not impose on your kindness. Why?

- You see...
- Hush, Lucy.

Women like looking at a view. Men don't. George, persuade them.

It's obvious they should have the rooms.

- Signora?
- No, thank you.

We could clear out in fifteen minutes. These niceties go against common sense!

Every kind of sense. I don't care what I see outside. My vision is within.

Here is where the birds sing and where the sky is blue.

Come, Lucy.

Let them have the view if they want it. Why not? George, go after them.

What an impossible person!
He meant to be kind.
I know how to deal with these people.

Charlotte, you dealed rudely.
You dealed wrongly.

This pensione is a failure.
Tomorrow we'll change.

- It's Mr. Beebe.
- Who?

Charlotte, we can't change now.

- Mr. Beebe.
- Don't you remember us?

Miss Bartlett and Miss Honeychurch.

- We met at Tunbridge Wells.
- That very cold Easter.

How do you do?

- I heard you are to be our vicar.
- Yes, I move into the rectory in June.

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

- Mr. Emerson is so tactless.
- But he meant to be kind.

This old gentleman and his son offered us their rooms with a view.

It was most indelicate!

But things that are indelicate can sometimes be beautiful.

- Yes!
- I am the chaperone to my young cousin Lucy.

It would be serious if I put her under an obligation to people of whom I know nothing.

- I wouldn't think much harm could have come.
You think I ought to have accepted?
You think I have been narrow-minded.

I never suggested that.

If you would allow me, I would be happy to act as intermediary with Mr. Emerson.

He would not take advantage nor expect gratitude.

He has rooms he does not value and thinks you would.

Charlotte, please.

My wishes are unimportant compared with yours.

I am only here through your kindness.

If you want me to turn these gentlemen out of their rooms, I will.

Would you, Mr. Beebe, kindly tell Mr...

- Emerson.
- Emerson...

...we accept his offer?

I would like to thank your father personally for his kindness.

You can't. He's in his bath.

I would have given the larger room to you,

but I happen to know it was the young man's.

In my small way, I am a woman of the world.

And I know where things can lead.
Whatever does it mean?

Lucy, get dressed or the better part of the day will be gone.

You said you liked cornflowers.

- So we brought you cornflowers.
- Oh, how kind!

They're your type of flowers. They have your personality.

I'd like to see them in your hair.

There are no jewels more becoming to a lady.

May I say something rather daring?

Mr. Beebe, you sound like Miss Lavish.

- Are you writing a novel, too?

- If I were, you would be my heroine.

And I should write "If Miss Honeychurch ever takes to live as she plays..."

"...it will be very exciting, both for us and for her."

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

Naturally, one would be stirred up.

Won't you play some more?

No, I think I'll go out.

Alone? Is that wise, Miss Honeychurch?

To be wise, one might have stayed at home.

I'll not go far. I promise.
I'm sorry.

Whatever's the matter with dear Miss Lucy?

I put it down to too much Beethoven.

I heard her beautiful playing.

Miss Catharine, you have flowers in your hair.

Buongiorno, buongiorno, Ferdinando!

We salute thee.

The bronze came from Turkish cannons, captured by the Knights of San Stefano.

Come along.

Stop a minute. Let that man go on or I shall have to speak to him.

Oh, the British abroad!

I'd set an examination at Dover and turn back any tourists who failed.

Miss, this sepolcro not very good. You go see affresci di Giotto.

- Capella Peruzzi, Capella Bardivery good.
- No, thank you.

- Giotto scolaro di Cimabue.
- Kept the sheep on the mountain.

- Make a picture of the sheep.

- No, thank you.
- I very... good speak English.

- Do go away, please.
- Capella Peruzzi, affresci di Giotto...

Cio tuttol
You see here these superb frescoes by Giotto, depicting the life of St Francis. On the left, there he is, renouncing worldly goods. And, on the right, the fourth Pope. And here he is preaching to the bishops. And there he is undergoing a... trial by fire before the Sultan. And here... I'm leading a little private tour of my own. Ah, Mr. Eager, good morning.

Mr. Eager is our English chaplain here in Florence.

...now unhappily ruined by restoration, is untroubled by the snares of anatomy and perspective...

Look at that fat man! He must weigh as much as I do, but he's floating like a balloon.

Remember that Santa Croce was built by faith in the full fervor of medievalism.

Built by faith! That simply means the workers weren't paid properly!

Pardon me. The chapel is somewhat small. We will incommode you no longer.

Oh, I... Oh!

Mr. Eager, there's plenty of room for all of us. You don't have to...
Oh, dear.

Gather round, everybody.

You may observe here in the Peruzzi Chapel, as well as in the place from which we've been expelled, the special character of Giotto among the great painters.

He was practical...

My poor boy has brains, but he's very muddled.

But why should he be?

Well may you ask. But think how he's been brought up - free from the superstition that leads men to hate in the name of God.

I must go...

I don't require you to fall in love with my boy, but please help him. If only one could stop him from brooding.

And on what? The things of the universe.

I don't believe in this world sorrow. Do you?

No, I don't. Not at all, Mr. Emerson.

Well, there you are. Make my boy realize that, at the side of the everlasting "why", there is a "yes".
And a "yes" and a "yes"!

Has your son no particular hobby?

I forget my worries at the piano,

and collecting stamps helped my brother.

Excuse me. My cousin will be most anxious if I don't get back.

Poor girl.
Poor girl?

I think myself most fortunate.
I'm very happy and having a splendid time.

Thank you very much. Goodbye.

Look at that adorable wine cart.
How he stares at us, dear simple soul!

I love these little dark alleys.

They're all peasants, you know. Come along.

I do declare we're lost.

No, Miss Bartlett, you will not look into your Baedeker.

Two lone females in an unknown city, that's what I call an adventure.

We will simply drift.

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

Open to what, Miss Lavish?
To physical sensation.

I'll let you into a secret.
I have my eye on your cousin.

For a character in your novel?
The young English girl, transfigured by Italy.

And why should she not be transfigured?

It happened to the Goths.

Signorina?

The smell!

A true Florentine smell. Inhale, my dear.

Deeper.

Every city, let me tell you, has its own smell.

Grazie.

How are you now?

Perfectly well. Absolutely well.

Then, let's go home.

There's no point in our stopping.

How very kind you've been.
I can go alone. Thank you.

- My photographs!
- What photographs?

I must have dropped them in the square. Would you be so kind...?

Miss Honeychurch!

You're not fit enough to go alone.

- I am.
- No, you're not!

- But...
- Then I don't get the photographs.
Besides, that way, you'd have to fly over the wall.

Sit down and don't move until I come back.

Isn't it extraordinary?

I mean, Italians are so kind, so lovable, and yet at the same time so violent.

Mr. Emerson?

I've never been so ashamed. I can't think what came over me.

It's perfectly natural. I nearly fainted myself.

Well, I owe you a thousand apologies.

And... I want to ask you a great favor.

You know how silly people are.

Gossiping.

Ladies especially, I'm afraid.

- You understand what I mean?
- No.

I mean, would you not mention it to anyone, my foolish behavior.

What was that?
I believe it was my photographs!

I didn't know what to do with them. They were covered with blood.

There. Now I've told you.

Something tremendous has happened.

Well, thank you... again.
How quickly accidents happen. Then one returns to the old life.

I don't.

I mean... something's happened to me.

And to you.

- No!
- She is my sister.

- We ought not to allow this.
- They're doing no harm.

You can't object in such a landscape.

As long as she is his sister.

So, Miss Honeychurch, you're traveling. As a student of art?

- No, I'm afraid not.

- As a student of human nature like myself?

- I'm here as a tourist.
- Indeed?

We residents sometimes pity you poor tourists not a little.

Handed about like parcels from Venice to Florence to Rome, unconscious of anything outside Baedeker, anxious to get done and go on elsewhere.

I abhor Baedeker. I'd fling every copy in the Arno.

Towns, rivers, palaces, all mixed up in an inextricable whirl.

Over there, Miss Honeychurch, the villa of my dear friend Lady Laverstock,
at present busy
with a Fra Angelico definitive study.

And, on your left - no, just there -

Mr. Henry Burridge lives.

An American of the best type. So rare!

Doubtless you know his monographs
in "Medieval Byways".

Your father, Mr. Emerson, is a journalist?

· He used to be.
· He's retired? And you, yourself?

I'm on the railways.

You know the American girl
in "Punch" who says to her father,

"Say, Poppa, what did we see in Rome?"

The father replies,
"Guess Rome was where we saw the
yellow dog."

Yellow dog!

There's traveling for you!

What?! Stop at once!

What? Is Phaethon misbehaving
with his Persephone?

Ferma la carrozza subitol

Have we bolted?

- Please, I'll deal with them.
- Leave them.
Do we find happiness
so often that we should turn it away?

He's declaring the eternal "yes".

Scandal

And a spoon, if there is one.

Beauty!

Love!

Espoir

- What's that?
- The gentlemen are doubtless having a game.

Is that your son?

Could that be the silent, dour George?

Why don't you join them, dear?

He's saying his creed.

I want to stop here with you.

One more lump,
if I might trouble you, Mr. Beebe.

Observe my foresight. I never venture forth without my mackintosh squares.

Joy!

At any time, one may have to sit on damp ground or cold marble.

Beauty!

Lucy, you have the other one.

Joy...!
Come on, I insist. The ground will do for
me.

I have not had rheumatism for years,
and if I feel a twinge I'll stand up.

And she never went back to Weybridge?

Her friend had to return without her.
She remained at Monteriano.

And did she really...?

No, no. Don’t be alarmed. This is not a
cold.

Just a slight cough.
I've had it for three days.

Nothing to do with sitting on the ground.

I shall go and find Mr. Beebe.

- Did she really marry this Italian?
- In the church at Monteriano.

A youth. Ten years younger than herself.

Eleanor!

PUCCINI'S "CHI IL BEL SOGNO
DI DORETTA" FROM "LA RONDINE")

Excuse me.

Dove Mr. Beebe?

Buoni uomini?

I think there is something
in the Italian landscape
which inclines
even the most stolid to romance.

Oh, do, dear. He will be so pleased.
It reminds me somewhat of the country around Shropshire. Are you sure?

Where I once spent a holiday at the home of my friend Miss Apesbury. Courage, Miss Honeychurch, and faith.

And I divine it, Charlotte. You had an adventure there. Do you suppose this display is called into existence to extinguish you or me?

Vain to deny it. Even scientifically, the chances against being struck are enormous.

Lucy! The steel knives that might attract the current are in the other carriage.

Mr. Eager, do come and join us. Miss Honeychurch is feeling unwell. What is to be done?

Andiamo. How do you propose to silence him?

Andiamol
- The driver?
- My dear girl, no. Mr. George Emerson.

George. George. I don't wish to be uncharitable, but I know he will talk.

- Aren't you coming with us?
- I'll walk.
He will not. He never talks.

One's lucky to get as much as a "yes" or "no" out of him.

Unfortunately, I have met the type before.

They seldom keep their exploits to themselves.

Exploits?

Very well. I'll speak to him.

Oh, no, my dear Lucy.
I think it is for me to do that.

He should have been here at least an hour ago.

Don't stand there, dear.
You will be seen from the outside.

The moment he comes, I shall face him.

No, my dear, you will do no such thing.

My poor dear girl, you are so young!

You've always lived among such nice people.
You cannot realize what men can be.

This afternoon, if I had not arrived, what would have happened?

I can't think.

Answer me, Lucia.

What would have happened had I not appeared?

You did appear!

Oh, I have vexed you at every turn.

It's true.
I am too old for you. And too dull.
It will be a push to catch the morning train.

I have failed in my duty to your mother. She will never forgive me when you tell her.

Come away from the window! She will certainly blame me when she hears of it.

Certainly. And deservedly.

- Why need Mother hear of it?
- Well, you tell her everything. Don't you?

I suppose I do, generally.

There's such a beautiful confidence between you.

One would hate to break it.

And, as I've said before, I am to blame.

I wouldn't want Mother to think so.

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

I shall never speak of it to Mother or anyone.

We'll both be as silent as the grave.

You'd better get to bed, dear. We have to make an early start.

But, of course, we have not had a full week.

I reserved them for a week like you wrote you wanted.

Yes, but we've only had half a week, so I calculate we owe you half the price.
I'm the loser.
I could have let them rooms five times over.

It's the way he put it - wouldn't it be a splendid thing for Lucy if he married her?

Buonasera. Grazie.

Wasn't I off my head with joy?
So I said no, I wasn't.

Lucy! We must get packed immediately!

Ridiculous child. You think you're so holy and truthful, but it's just conceit.

I wish to have a word with you,
Mr. Emerson, in the drawing room, please.

Look out!

· You shouldn't peep.
· Cecil asked my permission.
· He asked my permission also.
· Whatever did you say?
· I said no.

I promessi sposel

· She has accepted me.
· I'm so glad.
· Well, welcome as one of the family.
· Thank you.
· Dear Cecil, what joy!
· Nor me.
· You?
· Whatever did you say?
· I said no.

Mother?
- Lucy. with such passion and live so quietly?

Freddy!

- Mr. Beebe. I suspect that one day...
- Thank you, Mary.

Hello, Mr. Vyse, I've come for tea. Then she will be wonderful in both.
Do you suppose I shall get it?

Food is the one thing one does get here.

What an extraordinary thing! I'm sorry if I've given you a shock.
- One of Freddy's bones.

I'm awfully sorry. I'd no idea you were so intimate with her.

He's terrible. A most unpromising youth. You should have stopped me.
So unlike his sister. Shall we join the others?

You think his sister is promising?

I have a pet theory about Miss Honeychurch.

Blessings. Your vicar's benediction.

Is it not odd that she should play Beethoven
I want you to be supremely happy.

And supremely good,
both as man and wife, mother and father.

And now I want my tea.

Just in time. How dare you be so serious!

- Summer Street will never be the same.
- It's too small for anyone like ourselves.

It might attract the wrong type.
The trains have improved so.

Fatal. What are five miles
from the station these days?

Sir Harry, how about spinsters as tenants?

Most certainly!
That is, if they are gentlewomen.

Indeed they are. Miss Teresa

and Miss Catharine Alan. I met them in Italy.

Sir Harry, beware of these gentlewomen.
Only let to a man.

Provided, of course, he's clean.

You'd love the Miss Alans.

I don't think I'd like anyone at that pensione.

Wasn't there a lady novelist
and a free-thinking father and son?

I have no profession.
My attitude - quite indefensible -

is that, if I trouble no one, I may do as I like.

It is, I dare say, an example of my decadence.
You're very fortunate.
Leisure is a wonderful opportunity.

Don't slouch, Lucy. Go and talk to Mrs. Pool. Ask her about her leg.

Would Cecil and I be missed if we went for a walk?

I think it would be all right. Don't get your frock muddied.

It's disgusting the way an engagement is regarded as public property.

All those old women smirking.

One has to go through it. They won't notice us much next time.

But their whole attitude is wrong.

An engagement - horrid word in the first place -

is a private matter and should be regarded as such.

· There's your philosophizing parson.
· Don't you like Mr. Beebe?

I never said so.
I consider him far above the average.

Mr. Beebe, I've had a wonderful idea.

I'm going to write to our Miss Alans and ask them to take Sir Harry's villa.

Sir Harry deserves a tenant as vulgar as himself.

Oh, Mr. Vyse, he's really very nice.

Gentlewomen! Yuck!

Acting the little god down here with his patronage
and his sham aesthetics, and everyone is taken in.

I'll write to them, and if you'd also send a word?

Certainly. A highly suitable addition to our little community.

Goodness, how cross you are!

It was that miserable tea party and all those dreadful people.

And not being alone with you.

Hmm.

Italy and London are the places where I feel I truly belong.

I am something of an Inglese Italianato.

E un diavolo incarnato. You know the proverb?

I somehow think you feel more at home with me in a room.

Never in the real country like this.

I think you're right. When I do think of you, it is always in a room.

This is the Sacred Lake.

Very picturesque, but hardly a lake. More of a puddle.

Freddy loves to bathe here. He's very fond of it.

And you?

I used to bathe here, too.
Until I was found out.

- Lucy.
- Hmm?

Yes, I suppose we ought to be going.

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

What, Cecil?

Yes?

I have never kissed you.

No. You haven't.

May I now?

Well, of course you may, Cecil.

You might before. I can't run at you.

I'm sorry.

Mother's right. Those people Charlotte and I met at the pensione, they were all rather extraordinary.

ur neighbor and friend, Sir Harry tway, has a villa in Summer Street for which he needs a tenant.

- I immediately thought of you.
- "The house has the added attraction "that it stands exactly across the road from the Reverend Beebe's church.

"I told him of my plan to lure you hither, and he is in complete agreement

"and says he is writing today to urge you to consider our little corner of Surrey."
"Yours sincerely, Lucy Honeychurch."

There.

- Goodnight.
- Goodnight.

Oh, dear.

- Goodnight.
- Goodnight.

Goodnight. See you Friday.

- That will be all, Rose. Thank you.
- Thank you, madam.

Goodnight, Rose.

Make Lucy one of us.
Lucy's becoming wonderful.

Her music always was wonderful.

But she's purging off that Honeychurch taint.
You know what I mean.

Not quoting the servants or asking how the pudding is made.

Mind you marry her next January.

Her music, the style of her...

how she kept to Schubert when, like an idiot, I wanted Beethoven.

Schubert was right for this evening.

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 not till then bring them to London. Go for her. Get her round the shins.

Not a day beyond January. - Freddy, be careful!
- You really are savages, you know.

Cecil... darling. Impossible to make oneself heard.
Don't you want to hear about the Miss Alans?

So, you do love me, little thing? - Who?
- Sir Harry's new tenants.

Lucy! - That wasn't the name.
- Wasn't whose name?

I want to show her this letter from the Miss Alans. The tiresome Miss Alans.
I hate their "if"-ing and "but"-ing.

Well, now they're really coming. Sir Harry's tenants.
"I have procured desirable tenants."

I had a letter from Miss Teresa asking how often the butcher called. I said, "Hurray,"
and slapped him on the back.

- More like Anderson.
I knew there'd be another muddle. I'm always right. Emerson's a common enough name.

Only Freddy's muddle, who doesn't even know their name. "So really desirable. I've telegraphed them."

Yes, I do. I've got it. It was Emerson. Don't be silly, Freddy. You always overdo it.

- What a weathercock Sir Harry is. A most remarkable father and son.
- I hope they're the right kind of people.

Yes, Freddy, there is a right and a wrong sort. Father's something of a radical. The son, full of possibilities.

These must be all right. They're friends of Cecil's. Don't move. Stay where you are. "Ginevra de Benci"!

- Cecil? Did you know you were a Leonardo, smiling at things beyond our ken?
- So you can all call in perfect safety.

- Cecil?! What's this about Sir Harry's new tenants?
- We met some Emernals in Florence.

The oddest people, Mrs. Honeychurch, but we rather liked them. I have found him tenants for his Cissie Villa.
I've won a great victory for the comic muse.

but we've a longing for green things growing, don't we, George?

After all the trouble I took over the Miss Alans.

The sweetness of the English countryside...

Of course I'd prefer friends of yours...

of wet hedgerows with birds singing inside them.

Friends of mine? The joke is to come.

I know we should make our heaven and earth where we are.

They're strangers
I met in the National Gallery.

However, I fear I've faltered and need some help from outside.

They had been to Italy.
A father and son. The oddest couple.

Well, in short, sir, what I seek is a country cottage where George can come at weekends.

In the course of conversazione, they said they wanted a country cottage.

I happen to know of just the place. Not exactly a cottage, more... a villa.

A simple burrow where they could smell the earth.

Dear sir, I implore you...

Of course, London has its own character,
If you'd give me your card...

I fear we have no card, but George will write down the address.

Sir Harry Otway. It is in Surrey, a place called Summer Street.

Summer Street! I've dreamed of Summer Street.

It will teach that snob Sir Harry a lesson.

The classes should mix, there should be intermarriage. I believe in democracy.

No, you don't! You don't know what the word means.

It isn't fair! I've probably met them before.

Perfectly fair if it punishes a snob.

I blame you. You had no business to undo my work about the Miss Alans.

You've scored off Sir Harry, but at my expense.

It was most disloyal of you.

Temper, Lucy, temper. Please!

- Hello?
- Hello.

- I've brought someone to see you.
- One minute.

Byron. Exactly.

"A Shropshire Lad".

Never heard of it.

"The Way of All Flesh".
Never heard of it.

Oh, yes. How do you do? Glad to see you.

Hello? George reads German.

Very glad to hear your sister is marrying. I'm sure she'll be... happy.

I'm certain that's old Emerson. What are those people doing? Hello!

We know Mr. Vyse, too. He's been very... kind.

Wait on, Mr. Beebe.

Go and bathe. It will do you good. Then all come back for some tea.

- This is Mr. Honeychurch.
- How do you do?

- Do you really want this bathe?
- Yes, I've said so.

How do you do? Come in.

Bye, Emerson.

Come and have a bathe!

I'd like that.

Bring some milk and honey and... er, cakes. Cakes!

What a conversational opening! "How do you do? Come and have a bathe."

Yours is glorious country, Honeychurch!

Emerson, this is Honeychurch. You remember his sister.

As a matter of fact, coincidence is much rarer than we suppose.
For example, on reflection, it's not coincidental that you're here now. Are you bathing, Mr. Beebe?

I have reflected. It's fate. Everything is fate. - Don't be shy!

- Why not?

You've not reflected. Let me cross-examine you. Oh, it's wonderful! Simply ripping.

Where did you meet Mr. Vyse?

- The National Gallery.
- Looking at Italian art.

- Come along, Mr. Beebe!
- I may as well wash, too.

Hurry up, Emerson!

You see? You talk of coincidence and fate. Here goes.

Race you round it!

You're naturally drawn to things Italian, as are we and all our friends. "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree..."

That narrows the field immeasurably. You've gone too far! Really, I...

It is fate, but call it Italy if it pleases you, Vicar. I have a boot!
And some trousers...

Graces alive!

- Come this way immediately!
- Who were those unfortunate people?

This way, Mrs. Honeychurch. Follow me.

Oh, dears. Look away!

Poor Mr. Beebe, too!

You're treading on me!

It is you! Why not have a comfortable bath
at home with hot and cold laid on?

- Mother!
- You're in no position to argue. Come, Lucy.

Oh, look! No, don't look! Poor Mr. Beebe!

Poor Charlotte.

Poor, poor Charlotte!

Standard reaction to any letter from Cousin Charlotte.

Poor, poor Charlotte!

This is serious.

Her boiler is to be had out and the cistern cleaned and all kinds of to-doing.

I think we should ask her to stay.
Give her a holiday while the plumbers finish.

No! We're squeezed to death with Freddy's friend and Minnie Beebe.

Freddy, must you?
The truth is, you don't like Charlotte.

Well, she gets on my nerves.

The time she met Cecil, she drove him quite frantic.

So, please, don't worry us this last summer. Spoil us by not asking her to come.

Hear, hear. We vote no Miss Bartlett.

This isn't very kind of you two. You have each other and poor Charlotte...

- Again! Poor Charlotte. ...has the water turned off and plumbers.

Strike the concertina's melancholy string

Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything

Let the piano's martial blast

Rouse the echoes of the past

They played their next sonata, let me see

Medulla oblongata, key of G...

However, we're in E flat.

- Wasn't it any good?
- It's lovely, dear.

Then they began to sing

That extremely lovely thing

Scherzando ma non troppo, P, P, P

Scherzando ma non troppo, P, P, P

Is anything the matter with Cecil?
Because otherwise, I cannot account for him.

Whenever I speak, he winces.

I see him, Lucy. It's useless to contradict me.

No doubt, I am not artistic nor literary nor intellectual.

Your father bought the drawing room furniture, and we must put up with it.

Cecil doesn't mean to be uncivil.

He explained. It's ugly things that upset him. He's not uncivil to people.

Is it a thing or a person when Freddy sings?

You can't expect a really musical person to appreciate comic songs as we do.

Must he sneer and spoil everyone's pleasure?

- Go and dress, dear.
- All right, Mother.

Sunday week, I want to ask George Emerson up for some tennis.

George Emerson is simply ripping!

What a noise you're making. Freddy, let Lucy go.

Hook me behind.

Need we have Charlotte?

We needn't.
- And now Freddy wants to ask the Emersons.
- Well, he needn't.

And you're not pleased with Cecil.

Kiss me.

Well, of course, if you want Charlotte to come, with her boiler and everything...

She's been so kind to me.

Kiss me again.

- Would you like it closed?
- Oh, thank you.

- Thank you so much.
- Pleasure.

Oh, porter! Could you...?

- Freddy, pay the cab.
- No, I must. I absolutely insist.
Oh, how do you do, Mr. Vyse?
- Toss for it, Honeychurch.
- All right.

- And Mr. Floyd, a friend of Freddy's.
  - I insist I pay for my cab.
  No. I know I'm a spoilsport, but it would make me wretched.

- And this is Minnie, Mr. Beebe's niece.
  - Grant me that.
  It would be robbing the one who lost.

- Here you are.
  - Thank you, sir.
  Freddy owes me shillings, so it works out all right if you give the pound to me.

I insist, absolutely.
Fifteen shillings to you? How so, Mr. Vyse?

All right.
Five shillings and a bob for the driver.
Because fifteen and five shillings make a pound.

We all have our foibles, and mine is prompt settling of accounts.
Why is Mr. Vyse taking the quid?
No, thank you!

Does anyone have any change?
- Have some tea.
- What about Mr. Floyd's ten shi...

How much is...?
Who do I give the sovereign to?
And why doesn't she pay the bob
for the driver?

A shilling for the driver.
Of course. How kind of you to remind me.

Does anyone have change for half a crown?

Cecil, give that sovereign to me.

Mary can change it, and we'll start from the beginning.

Oh, dear. I am sorry. What a nuisance I am!

Poor Charlotte!

Mary, have you got any change?

For a sovereign.

Have you told him about him?

No, I haven't, nor anyone.
I promised you I shouldn't.

Here's your money.
It's all shillings except two half crowns.

You can settle your debt nicely now.

How dreadful. How more than dreadful if Mr. Vyse should hear from another source.

There is no other source.

- George would tell Mr. Emerson.
- He would tell no one.

- How do you know?
- Because I know. Shall we go out?

Dear, a moment. We may not have this chance again. Have you spoken to him yet?

I have seen him.
Stop thinking he admires me or any nonsense of that sort. He doesn't. Not one straw.

Freddy, stop it!

No, poor Minnie. No, not me. Get off!

Lucy! Lucy! What's that book?

Who's been leaving books out to spoil?

- It's only a library book of Cecil's.
- Well, pick it up.

It's a special collection.
I forget what for, but I beg,

no vulgar clinking ha'pennies in the plate.

Make sure Minnie has a sixpence.
Where is the child?

Dear, I'm so sorry, I don't seem to have any small change. Could you...

Yes, easily. Gracious, how smart you look! What a lovely frock.

Go on.

Goodbye. Be good.

"'No place on earth as glorious as this where love is spoken face to face."

"'So he cried, 'Utter rapture! The silvered twilight, the wraith-like swallows,

"'the perfume of the cooling earth all fill me with inutterable and inestimable bliss.'"

"And so, locked in mortal combat, they brought to life the eternal...

"They brought to life the eternal battle where men stand face to face
"to slowly gird, to bravely fight,
   to stoutly dare..."

Listen, Lucy. Three split infinitives.

"And then the cry was heard,
 'Once more into the breach, my friends.'"

Victory, Mr. Floyd!

"The scene is set in Florence.
The sunset. The sunset of Italy."

- Did you mind losing?
  - Of course.

You're not such a splendid player.
The light was in my eyes.

I never said I was.

"Under Orcagna's Loggia -
   the Loggia de Lanzi, as we call it now..."

What's the title?

- "Under a Loggia" by Eleanor Lavish.
  - Eleanor Lavish!

My goodness!
Do you remember her, Mr. Emerson?

- Of course.
  - No wonder the novel's so bad.

Still, one ought to read it, I suppose.

- There's an absurd account of a view.
  - Do read it.

Do you like our view, Mr. Emerson?

My father says there's only one perfect view -

the view of the sky over our heads.

I expect your father has been reading
Dante.

- Do read it.
- Not while Mr. Emerson is entertaining us.

No, do. Nothing’s funnier than silly things read aloud.

Mr. Emerson finds us frivolous.
Look for tennis balls, Mr. Emerson.

- Do I have to?
- No, of course not.

It’s in chapter two. Find me chapter two.

- Give it here.
- No, it’s the silliest thing.

Come on.

- Cecil!
- Thank you.

A·ha.

"Afar off, the towers of Florence.

"And she wandered as though in a dream through the wavering sea of barley,

"touched with crimson stains of poppies.

"All unobserved, he came to her:"
Isn’t it immortal?

"There came from his lips no wordy protestations such as formal lovers use.

"No eloquence was his, nor did he need it.
He simply enfolded her in his manly arms..."

No, this isn't the bit. It's further on.

- Shall we go in to tea?
- By all means.

Excuse me.
Charlotte, a minute.

Cecil, ask Mary for sandwiches. I'll be with you in a moment.

Do you know Miss Lavish's novel?

There's a scene in it - the hero and heroine make love. Do you know about that?

Do you know about it?

They're on a hillside and Florence is in the distance.

There are poppies and a barley field.

It can't be coincidence. How could you tell her?!

Oh, Lucy! Oh, dearest girl! She hasn't put that in her novel?

Never, never more shall Eleanor Lavish be a friend of mine.

So you did tell. Why?! When you wouldn't even let me tell Mother?

Cecil read it to me.

And that man insulted me again behind Cecil's back.

Why did you tell her? What made you?!

Even if you forgive me, I shall never forgive myself... till my dying day.

Go and call him.

· Call Mr. Vyse?
· No. The other one.

I'll deal with him myself.
You missed a good match, Miss Bartlett.

Charlotte, please stay.

Mr. Emerson, leave this house and don't come back as long as I'm here.

· I can't.
· No discussion.

Go, please. I don't want to call in Mr. Vyse.

You mean to marry that man?

· You're being ridiculous.
· I'd have held back if Cecil was different.

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, to look at like a painting or an ivory box.

Something to own and to display.

He doesn't want you to be real, to think and to live. He doesn't love you.

But I love you. I want you to have your own thoughts and ideas, even when I hold you in my arms.

Miss Bartlett, you wouldn't stop us, not if you understood.

It's our last chance.

Do you understand how lucky people are to find what's right for them?

It's such a blessing, don't you see?

And the fact I love Cecil and shall be his wife shortly is of no importance?
This tremendous thing has happened between us and it means...

it means nothing must hinder us ever again.

You have to understand that.

- I've no idea what you mean.
- Everyone must understand.

And you must leave.

It was wrong of me to listen to you.

But you haven't been listening.
If you had, you would know!

- Leave at once. Now.
- Lucy...

- No, I will not listen to one more word.
- My dears, do stop.

Haven't you done enough?
Don't interfere again.

- It's useless. Let me go, Miss Bartlett.
- Let Mr. Emerson go, Charlotte.

- I shall never forgive myself.
- You always say that,

Why does Italy make lady novelists reach such summits of absurdity?

Lucy, it's still light enough for another set.

- Mr. Emerson has had to go.
- What a nuisance.

I say, Cecil, do play, there's a good chap.
Just this once. It's Floyd's last day.

Freddy, as you remarked this morning, some chaps are good for nothing but books.
I plead guilty to being such a chap.

Because I wouldn't play tennis?

I never do play tennis. I never could.

Forget tennis. It was just the last straw.

I'm sorry, I can't marry you.
One day you'll be glad I said so.

· We're too different.
· But I...

I love you.

And... I did think you loved me.

I did not.

As for your loving me, you don't, not really.

You don't. It's only as something else.

As something you own. A painting, a Leonardo.

I don't want to be a Leonardo, I want to be myself.

Oh, let's not go on now.

I'll only say things that will make me unhappy afterwards.

You don't love me, evidently.

I dare say you're right not to...

...but it would help a little, hurt a little less, if I knew why.

I thought I did at first. I'm sorry.
Because...

...you can't know anyone intimately, least of all a woman.

I don't mean exactly that, but you will go on asking questions.

You wrap yourself up in art, and want to wrap me up,
so I'm breaking it off.

It's true.

True, on the whole.

You're so different tonight, like a different person speaking with a new voice.

What do you mean? If you think I love someone else, you're mistaken.

Of course I don't. I only meant that...

there was a... force in you I hadn't known of up to now.

If a girl breaks off her engagement, everyone thinks, "Oh, she has someone else."

It's disgusting, brutal!

Forgive me if I say stupid things. My brain has gone to pieces.

I think we'd better go to bed, if you don't mind.

Let me do that for you.

I must actually thank you for what you've done.

For showing me what I really am.

I admire your courage.
Will you shake hands?

Of course I will, Cecil.

Goodnight.

I'm sorry about it.

Thank you for taking it so well.

Since the days are chillier now and we've not, alas, a home of our own,

my sister feels we might benefit by travel to a warmer clime.

The doctor has ordered her special bread, but we can take that with us.

It is only getting first into a steamer and then a train.

- Hello. So you're off, Mr. Vyse?

- Yes.

I've come to show Miss Honeychurch a letter from our friends the Miss Alans.

"Since Florence did my sister so much good, we think we should try Athens this winter."

Isn't it wonderful? The Parthenon, the frieze of Phydias.

- Have you ever met these Miss Alans?
  - Never.

Then you cannot appreciate the romance of this visit.

I've never been myself, nor do I have any plans to go.

Altogether too big for our little lot, don't you agree? Got any matches?

Thank you.
You're quite right. Greece is not for our little lot.

- Good afternoon.
- How do you do, Mr. Beebe?

- Good gracious! What a mess things are!
- Yes.

Mr. Beebe! Matches!

Matches!

Everyone's so horrid today, Uncle Arthur.
Let's go out to tea.

Cecil's hard hit. Lucy won't marry him.

I'll take Minnie to the Beehive Tavern.
Care to join us, Miss Bartlett?

- When?
- Late last night. I must go.

Oh, yes, Charlotte! I don't mind.

- Will they want me to go down?
- Yes. Goodbye.

No. You have no one to help.
My services are better than nothing.

All right, Powell.

Oh, dear, Marian. I'm so sorry.

No, Charlotte.
Not the scissors, not when my hands are full.

A delightful letter from the Miss Alans.
They're going to Greece. I'll read you some.
"Dear Mr. Beebe, I doubt we shall go any further than Athens,

"but, if you know of a good pensione in Constantinople, we should be so grateful."

Isn't that delightful? I do believe they'll end by going round the world. Delightful.

Miss Honeychurch, your brother has told me.

- Did he?
- I needn't say it will go no further.

Mother... Charlotte... Cecil... Freddy... you...

If I may say so, I'm certain you've done the right thing.

Tell me more of the Miss Alans.

How splendid of them to go abroad.

I want them to start from Venice and then go by cargo steamer down the Illyrian coast.

- Did Freddy say he'd drive straight back?
- No, he didn't.

I hope he won't gossip.

How splendid of them to go. I wish they'd take me.

Would your mother spare you?

She must. I simply must go away.

I have to. Don't you see I have to go away?

Charlotte, the Miss Alans are going to Constantinople.
No, only to Athens.

I've longed to go to Constantinople... Athens, I mean.

In lieu of Constantinople, could not we lure you to tea at the Beehive?

- No, thank you.
- Oh, well, Minnie, you and I must eat alone.

- Good afternoon.
- Good afternoon, Mr. Beebe.

- You must persuade Mother.
- What?

Don't you see? I must go somewhere. Anywhere!

I must get away, far, before it's known.

- What?
- That I've broken off my engagement.

- He mustn't get any ideas.
- You mean Mr. Emerson?

Charlotte, how slow you are.

There must be no gossip at Summer Street, but to go as far as Greece!

I thought you'd be the first to go to Mother and say Lucy must go to Greece.

Lucy, are you absolutely sure? I only want to do what is right for you.

I'm telling you what's right. Don't argue, do it!

All right.

Thank you, Freddy.

Why does she look like that?
Like what?
Like Charlotte Bartlett.

Because... she is Charlotte Bartlett.

Stop thine ear against the singer
From the red gold, keep thy finger
The tune's fine, but the words are rotten.

Marian?
Oh, Charlotte!

Lucy has a plan.
Isn't this a tragedy?

I get one thing tied up
and another thing falls over.

The Misses Alan are going to Greece.
Good luck to them.

Lucy would like to join them as far as Athens.

She'd what?!
And on to Delphi if the roads are safe.

Vacant heart and hand and eye
Easy live and quiet die
Vacant heart and hand and eye
Easy live and quiet die

You can take all those, but leave me Thoreau
till I go. I need him by me now.

It's an ugly house. We never liked it.

I mustn't miss the train.
The removers can do the rest.

Oh, I...
No, I don't want you straining your back.

I won't be down at the weekend. There's no point.

I'll come to take you back to town the week after.

Paper soap is a great help towards freshening up one's face on a train.

But you know about these matters, and you have Mr. Vyse to help you.

A gentleman is such a standby.

It's so good of Mr. Vyse to spare you.

Perhaps he will join you later.

- Or does work keep him in London?
- We shall meet him when he sees you off.

No one will see Lucy off. She doesn't like it.

Really?

But, in this case...

- You aren't going?
- Yes, we've a train to catch.

- It's been such a pleasure to meet you.
- We will write you often

and send pretty cards from every place.

- Thank you so much for taking her.
- Bye-bye.

Well, we got through that time.

Yes, and were seen through, which is most unpleasant.
I cannot understand this hole and corner business.

You got rid of Cecil, well and good.

I'm thankful. Why not announce it?

- I promised. It's only for a few days.
- Victoria Station.

I couldn't help thinking that our dear Lucy did not... No.

I wish you'd finish your sentences. You're getting worse.

...did not look like a bride-to-be.

How should one look? According to your great experience in these matters.

I can't say exactly. Only... she lacked something.

And, if you want to know, Teresa, she lacked... radiance.

- Miss Bartlett.
- Mr. Beebe.

- What is happening to your neighbors?
- They're moving.

Old Mr. Emerson's rheumatism is back, and George thinks it's too far.

Mr. Emerson is avoiding the removers inside.

Might I impose and wait here for Mrs. Honeychurch?

By all means. I'm afraid you must excuse me.

Mr. Emerson, Miss Bartlett, excuse me.

Oh, please.
I am sorry that the house has brought on your rheumatism. It would be discourteous to keep my cousin waiting.

It's not the rheumatism, it's my boy.

George is so sorry. There isn't any carriage.

I cannot blame him, but I wish he'd told me about it first. Sit down, my dear.

Everyone's been lying, except George.

- He never told you what happened in Italy?
- Not a word.

And now here's Miss Honeychurch marrying Mr. Vyse in January...

No. Lucy said he wouldn't. She has broken off her engagement.

I was only told last Sunday. It was all done with great tact and discretion, naturally.

- What were you told?
- That he loves her. And, for the time being, we would like to keep it quiet.

Won't you sit down? There's a time for keeping quiet and there's a time for speaking out.

I think I hear the carriage.
Now, you don't hear any carriage.

Why don't you sit back, make yourself more comfortable? Take this.

There. You look much better.

So... she's not marrying Mr. Vyse?

Why? Why Greece?

Why rush off to the ends of the earth?

You're tired of your home. You're tired of Windy Corner.

And you're tired of Freddy and me.

Of course I'm not tired of Windy Corner, but, as we're talking about it,

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.

To mess about with typewriters and latchkeys and call it work.

- Perhaps I spoke hastily.
- Oh, goodness!

You remind me of Charlotte Bartlett!

- Charlotte?!
- Charlotte to a T.

I don't know what you mean. We are not the least alike.

- You never used to be.
- Can't we have the hood down?

Can we have the hood down, Powell?
Powell, is that house to be let again?

Sir Harry's looking for new tenants, I hear, Miss.

What a pity about the Emersons.

Freddy will be so sorry. And, indeed, so am I.

- All right, Powell, stop at the stores.
- Yes, ma'am. Walk on.

Such an agreeable family. What a pity.

No Charlotte.

Go and see if she's at Mr. Beebe's.

And do hurry, both of you. Mary has her fish pie in.

Did you hear what I said, Lucy?

Lucy!

Mr. Emerson says it's all his fault.

I told him to trust to love.

I told him, "George, love and do what you will." It's what I taught him.

So you see, it is all my fault.

Where are you going?

Your mother offered to fetch me in her carriage.

I have not been brought up to keep anyone waiting, least of all a kind hostess.

And now where's Lucy?

Get in. If Mary's fish pie spoils,
She'll mope till next Friday.

- I will sit here.
- Nonsense.

- I mustn't inconvenience you.
- You know you prefer facing.

I've no wish to even hear your son's name mentioned. He has misbehaved from the first.

In fact, he behaved abominably.

Not abominably. He only tried when he should not have tried.

No, of course, abominable is too strong a word.

- It's no good discussing this.
- George is taking me to London.

He can't bear to be here, and I must be where he is.

He says the thought of... seeing you or hearing about you...

Mr. Emerson, please don't go on my account.
I'm going to Greece.

Don't leave your comfortable house.
You mustn't!

Why are you going to Greece?

Forgive me, but it seems to me you're in a muddle.

I think the reason you're going to Greece and you've broken off your engagement -

Miss Bartlett told me - is that... you love George.

All the light's gone out of your pretty face.

Just like it's gone out of George.
I can't bear it, and now I've made you cry. Forgive me.

But I've got to go to Greece now. The ticket's bought and everything.

- It's impossible!
- There's only one thing impossible.

That's to love... and to part.

Lucy!

You love George.

You love the boy body and soul, as he loves you.

But of course I do.

What did you all think?

- Then...

- No. Mother's calling. I've got to go.

They trust me.

Why should they? When you deceived everyone...

...including yourself.

Charlotte, sit here. Go on, Powell.

- One week Italy, then Greece.
- Greece may be cancelled.

- What?!
- Do stop!

- I think Lucy has something to tell us.
- Stop the horse!

Dear Charlotte, after an awful journey when our luggage went missing twice, we reached Florence.
You'll be glad to hear that the Pensione Bertolini is its dear self. - Again.
- I'm reading.

The Cockney signora still terrorizes the staff. - What are you reading?
- It's from Freddy.

Her guests are another set of Miss Alans, Miss Lavish, Mr. Beebe and Charlotte and Lucy. What does he say?
- We were promised rooms with a view.

- and Charlotte and Lucy.
- We were promised rooms with a view.

Hush, we mustn't. First thing tomorrow, I shall have a bone to pick with the signora. Silly boy, he thinks he's being dignified.

I mean, everybody knew we were going away in the spring.

It's so unfair!

Special help by SergeiK

Don't you agree that, on one's first visit to Florence, one must have a room with a view?

We have a view.

Kiss me again.