

**Wuthering Heights (Cime tempestose) (1939) – William Wyler**  
**Dialogue Transcript – Trascrizione dialoghi (Lux Radio)**

CAST:

The Lux Team:

ANNOUNCER, Melville Ruick  
CECIL B. DeMILLE, your host  
TRIO, of singing girls  
LUX GIRL

On the Moors:

CATHY (Barbara Stanwyck)  
HEATHCLIFF (Brian Aherne)  
ISABELLA (Ida Lupino)  
ELLEN  
HINDLEY AS A CHILD  
CATHY AS A CHILD  
HEATHCLIFF AS A CHILD  
EDGAR LINTON  
HINDLEY  
MR. EARNSHAW  
DR. KENNETH  
LOCKWOOD  
JOSEPH  
SERVANT (1 line)  
DOG

ANNOUNCER:

Lux presents Hollywood!

MFX:

LUX THEME

ANNOUNCER:

The Lux Radio Theatre brings you Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino in "Wuthering Heights"! Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille!

SFX:

APPLAUSE

MFX:

OUT

DEMILLE:

Greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight's play is a powerful, gripping tale, written by a girl whose life was as bleak as the somber Yorkshire moors where the story is laid. It's already stirred many

millions, as it will tug at your heartstrings tonight. And it's an actual fact that you, our listeners, are producing it. For it was your letters asking for "Wuthering Heights" that started me in pursuit of it.

May I read you one of the many letters requesting Emily Brontë's masterpiece? This letter says, "I'm wondering would you, could you, give us 'Wuthering Heights'? If I thought my request could be granted, I should be thrilled to the skies. I think it's one of the greatest love stories that's ever been told, and leaves you with something to think about." Then, our fair correspondent adds, with a - with a twinkle in her pen, "If 'Wuthering Heights' is staged, I shall use two cakes of Lux Toilet Soap each week instead of one." ... It's very gratifying to me that the products behind this theatre -- Lux Toilet Soap and Lux Flakes -- are of such incomparably high standards that I have no hesitation in asking you to purchase them.

And now, just a word about how I came to cast tonight's play. The part of Cathy requires great talent in an actress. But, above all, it demands sincerity. And that alone was enough to make Barbara Stanwyck our choice. I telephoned Barbara at her ranch to ask if she'd like to do "Wuthering Heights" and found she was playing nurse in one of the stables where a blessed event had just taken place. Barbara reported that both mother and son were doing nicely and gave me a confidential tip that the son looked like a sure winner in the Kentucky Derby of 1942. But, of more immediate importance, was Barbara's eagerness to do "Wuthering Heights."

Then we discovered that Brian Aherne had tramped over the Yorkshire moors many times and that one of his secret ambitions was to play the part of Heathcliff. That solved a very knotty problem, for it's a role that demands rare strength and fire. For the part of Isabella, we selected Ida Lupino, one of Hollywood's rising young dramatic actresses -- because, she, too, has that emotional power which every character in this play seems to require. From the motion picture cast of "Wuthering Heights," we have Sarita Wooten, Douglas Scott, and Rex Downing, to play Cathy, Hindley and Heathcliff as children.

Now, the players are on the stage and our drama's about to begin. We raise the curtain on Act One of "Wuthering Heights," starring Barbara Stanwyck as Cathy, Brian Aherne as Heathcliff, and Ida Lupino as Isabella.

MFX:

STRINGS ... EERIE ... THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

SFX:

WIND HOWLS ... BUILDNG SLOWLY BEHIND NARRATION

DEMILLE:

Desolate and lonely are the rolling moorlands of England -- where, in the winter night, the snowdrifts stand like giant spectres in the teeth of screaming gales. About one hundred years ago, a stranger lost his way on such a night. Freezing, blinded and stumbling, he saw at last the fitful lights of an old manor house, aged and crumbling on the hillside. He knocked desperately at the door.

SFX:

DESPERATE KNOCK ON DOOR ... PAUSE, THEN DOOR OPENS

DEMILLE:

It was opened by a doddering old butler who stood staring at him. Then, without a word, he led the stranger into the musty living room, where in the dim candlelight, a man and two women sat without moving. The man was tall and dark-skinned, like a gypsy. On his face, the stamp of years of bitter suffering. At his feet, a great dog growled ominously.

SFX:

DOG GROWLS OMINOUSLY .. DISTANT WIND CONTINUES IN BG

DEMILLE:

At last the man turned and spoke. [X]

HEATHCLIFF:

Who are you? And what do you want?

LOCKWOOD:

My name's Lockwood. I've lost my way on the moors.

SFX:

DOG GROWLS OMINOUSLY

HEATHCLIFF:

Down, Wolf, down. Strangers have no business on the moors at this time of the year. And no business here at any time.

LOCKWOOD:

But I couldn't find the village. A man could die out there on a night like this. I'm afraid I shall have to presume on your hospitality until morning.

HEATHCLIFF: Do as you please.

LOCKWOOD:

I beg your pardon?

HEATHCLIFF:

I don't keep accomodation for visitors. You'll have to sleep with one of the servants.

ISABELLA:

Heathcliff, you can't. He's our guest.

HEATHCLIFF:

Hm? Then suppose you attend to his comfort.

ISABELLA:

Ellen, show the gentleman to the guest room, please.

ELLEN:

(MILDLY SURPRISED) The guest room, mistress?

ISABELLA:

Yes, there's no other place.

ELLEN:

Yes, mistress. (MOVES OFF) This way, sir.

SFX:

DOG GROWLS OMINOUSLY ... WIND UP, FOR A TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG

ELLEN:

(FADES IN) If you'll hold the lamp, sir, while I unlock the door.

LOCKWOOD:

Of course.

SFX:

DOOR UNLOCKED AND OPENED

ELLEN:

Mind you don't stumble on the carpet. It's about falling to pieces, I'm afraid.

LOCKWOOD:

(SURPRISED) You call this the guest chamber?

ELLEN:

It was once.

LOCKWOOD:

It's a trifle depressing. May I light a fire?

ELLEN:

No fire'll burn in that grate, sir. The chimney's been clogged for years.

LOCKWOOD:

Hmm. Must have been a fine old house once. What's it called?

ELLEN:

This is Wuthering Heights, sir.

LOCKWOOD:

And the tall chap downstairs, with the piercing eyes?

ELLEN:

That'll be Master Heathcliff, sir.

LOCKWOOD:

And the once-lovely lady, who looks at him with fear?

ELLEN:

That's his wife, Mistress Isabella. Well, er, good night, sir. If you want anything, there's the bellrope. My name is Ellen.

LOCKWOOD:

Thank you, Ellen. Good night.

SFX:

RATTLE AND BANG AS WINDOW IS BLOWN OPEN ... WIND HOWLS NOISILY, CONTINUES IN BG

LOCKWOOD:

Good lord!

ELLEN:

The window! The catch broke in the wind.

LOCKWOOD:

Stand back, I'll close it.

CATHY:

(FILTER, EERIE, DESPERATE) Let me in. Let me in. I'm lost on the moor.

LOCKWOOD:

Listen. I heard a voice.

CATHY:

(FILTER) Let me in. I'm lost on the moor. Heathcliff! Heathcliff!

LOCKWOOD:

Good heavens, a hand! A cold hand grabbed my wrist.

ELLEN:

A hand?

LOCKWOOD:

Didn't you hear the voice? A woman shouting she's lost on the moor.

SFX:

STEPS IN

HEATHCLIFF:

What's going on in here?!

LOCKWOOD:

A voice, out there! A woman crying that she's lost!

HEATHCLIFF:

Then she's come. She's come again at last! (CALLS) Cathy, wait for me! (MOVING OFF) Wait for me!

LOCKWOOD:

He's not going out there in that storm?!

HEATHCLIFF:

(OFF) I'm coming! I'm coming, Cathy!

LOCKWOOD:

This is insane. (CALLS) Come back!

ELLEN:

Close the window, sir.

LOCKWOOD:

But that man out there--

ELLEN:

Close the window.

SFX:

WINDOW CLOSES ... WIND SUBSIDES

LOCKWOOD:

Am I mad? Why did he go out there? What was that voice?

ELLEN:

You heard him call her name. It was Cathy.

LOCKWOOD:

Cathy? Who's she?

ELLEN:

Cathy is a girl, who died.

LOCKWOOD:

I don't believe in ghosts, if that's what you mean. I don't believe in phantoms sobbing in the night.

ELLEN:

You don't believe? Perhaps if I told you her story, you'd change your mind - about the dead returning.

LOCKWOOD:

Tell me her story.

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG, OUT AT [X]

ELLEN:

It all began the time I came to Wuthering Heights as a servant. That was fifty years ago, in Seventeen Hundred and Ninety. The place was different then -- a sweet, well-kept estate. Mr. Earnshaw was master. A fine man who dearly loved his two children, Cathy and Hindley. One day, Mr. Earnshaw returned from Liverpool with a foundling boy he had picked up. A dark, savage-lookin' gypsy lad, with the most dreadful marks of beatings on his back. Mr. Earnshaw called for me the moment he arrived. (FADES OUT) [X]

EARNSHAW: Give him a good scrubbing, Ellen, and put some of Hindley's clothes on him.

ELLEN:

Yes, sir. Come with me, lad.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

Don't touch me! Let me alone!

ELLEN:

Goodness!

EARNSHAW:

Now, son, Ellen won't hurt you. You're safe here. No one will ever beat you again and you'll always have plenty to eat.

CATHY AAC:

Papa's home! Papa's home!

HINDLEY AAC:

(TO HEATHCLIFF) Get out of my way. (TO EARNSHAW) Hello, Father.

EARNSHAW:

Well, Hindley! Well, Cathy!

CATHY AAC:

Papa, who is that boy?

HINDLEY AAC:

Yes, who is he, father?

EARNSHAW:

Children, this little guest will pay us a visit for a time, as long as he wants a home here.

CATHY AAC:

He's dirty. Look at him.

EARNSHAW:

Cathy, don't make me ashamed of you. Hindley, he will sleep in your room.

HINDLEY AAC:

In my room? I won't let him! He's a dirty gypsy!

EARNSHAW:

That'll do, Hindley. You must learn to share things. Take charge of the lad, Ellen.

ELLEN:

And what'll his name be, Mr. Earnshaw?

EARNSHAW:

His name? Why, I think we'll call him -- Heathcliff.

ELLEN:

Yes, sir. Come, Heathcliff.

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG, OUT AT [X]

ELLEN: That dark, brooding boy brought a subtle change to life at Wuthering Heights. The three children seemed to play together well enough, going scamping up over the moors on their ponies and climbing the crags together. But neither Cathy nor Hindley were open and frank anymore. And one day the children fought. (FADES OUT) [X]

HEATHCLIFF AAC:



Your father gave me this pony! It's mine!

HINDLEY AAC:

Give me that pony, do you hear? Or I'll tell Father how you boasted that you'd turn us out when he died.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

That's a lie! I never said it!

CATHY AAC:

Of course, he didn't.

HINDLEY AAC:

He did! He worms his way into everything Father does for us. He'll cheat us out of everything. You never had a father, you gypsy beggar, and you'll never get mine.

SFX:

HINDLEY STARTS BEATING UP HEATHCLIFF

CATHY AAC:

Hindley, don't hit him! No, don't! Don't! Heathcliff, look out, he has a stone!

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

(HIT BY STONE) Ooh!

HINDLEY AAC:

There! Fancy that'll teach you.

CATHY AAC:

Hindley, he's - he's bleeding.

HINDLEY AAC:

Serves him right. Gypsy scum!

SFX:

HINDLEY MOUNTS PONY WHICH GALLOPS AWAY

CATHY AAC:

Heathcliff, are you hurt?

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

He - he hit me -- with that stone.

CATHY AAC:

Please, Heathcliff, don't look like that. Why don't you ever cry when you're hurt, like other people?

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

Why should I cry? I'll pay him back someday. I don't care how long I wait, if I can only pay him back.

CATHY AAC:

Heathcliff, don't say those things. Come, Heathcliff -- now Hindley's gone we can have our game at the Castle again.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

I don't feel like playing at the Castle.

CATHY AAC:

Please. You always smile and laugh when we're there. Come on, Heathcliff, we'll play our game. (FADES OUT)

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... FADE IN WIND BLOWING ON THE MOORS ... THEN IN BG

CATHY AAC: Don't frown so, Heathcliff. Sit here beside me on the stone, and we'll look out over the moors. This is our castle.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

(SCOFFS) Castle! It's Penistone Crag and you know it.

CATHY AAC:

It's not either! (ROMANTIC) This is your castle and you're a prince in disguise.

HEATHCLIFF AAC: (MORE SYMPATHETIC) Tell me about it -- again.

CATHY AAC:

It's all true. Cross my heart. Your father was - was Emperor of China, and your mother - a Queen of India. You were kidnapped by wicked sailors and brought to England.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

Don't make fun of me, Cathy.

CATHY AAC:

I'm not making fun of you. You're a really and truly Prince. And I'm your slave.

HEATHCLIFF AAC:

You're not my slave. You're my queen, Cathy, and you'll always be my queen. Nobody else will make you his queen, you hear?

CATHY AAC:

Yes, Heathcliff. Your queen.

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG

ELLEN: And that's the way they grew up. Wild and free, roaming the moors together. But Hindley grew more and more jealous. Cathy was eighteen and Hindley past twenty-one when Mr. Earnshaw died. Good man, he never saw the evil of life and had raised Heathcliff like his own son. But on the very day of his funeral...

MFX:

A GRIM ACCENT, THEN IN BG

HINDLEY:

(WARNING) You're not going into that room to look at my father's body.

HEATHCLIFF:

(SIMPLY) Why? He loved me more than he did you.

HINDLEY:

He's past your wheedling now. I'm master of Wuthering Heights. If you want to stay here, we've need for a stable boy.

HEATHCLIFF:

A - a stable boy?

HINDLEY:

That -- or get out!

MFX:

A SHARP ACCENT, THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

ELLEN:

And that's what he became. Heathcliff, who had lived under this roof as one of the family, was a stable boy. [X]

HINDLEY:

Well? Give me a hand up to my saddle.

HEATHCLIFF:

Very well.

HINDLEY:

(CORRECTS HIM, SAVAGELY) "Sir"! You gypsy beggar! How many times must I tell you?

SFX:

HINDLEY WHACKS HEATHCLIFF WITH RIDING CROP

HEATHCLIFF:

Sir.

HINDLEY:

Huh. That's better. By the time I come back in the morning, I want these stables scrubbed. Scrubbed, do you understand? And if they're not, I'll thrash you till my arms are off.

SFX:

HINDLEY'S HORSE TURNS AND GALLOPS AWAY

CATHY:

(APPROACHES) Heathcliff? (NO ANSWER) Heathcliff?

HEATHCLIFF:

Yes, Cathy?

CATHY:

Heathcliff, I heard him. How much longer are you going to stand for this?

HEATHCLIFF:

I don't know what you mean.

CATHY:

Oh, look at you -- dirty and unkempt and in rags. Why aren't you a man? Why don't you run away?

HEATHCLIFF:

Run away? What, from you?

CATHY:

You could come back rich and take me away. Why aren't you a prince like we said long ago? Why can't you rescue me, Heathcliff?

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy, Cathy, come away with me now.

CATHY:

Now? Where?

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, anywhere.

CATHY:

You mean, leave as we are? Live in haystacks, steal our food? Oh, no, Heathcliff, that isn't what I want.

HEATHCLIFF:

No. (CHUCKLES) You just want me to go off -- alone. Well, it won't do. I've stayed here since your father died, been beaten and cursed like a dog, abused and driven mad, just because I could be near you. And like a dog, I'll stay to the end. To the end!

MFX:

MOURNFUL ... CONTINUES IN BG, OUT AT [X]

ELLEN: Yet Heathcliff did run away. The curses and insults were too much, even for his great love -- and he disappeared. Cathy found a new world in her first introduction at Linton Manor, with Edgar Linton and his sister Isabella, both Cathy's age. Music and laughter were there, shining eyes and dancing, and it was her escape from Wuthering Heights. Edgar Linton fell madly in love with Cathy. They were constantly together. Then, one evening Edgar brought Cathy home in the pony cart. As quickly as I could, I tried to warn her... (FADES OUT) [X]

EDGAR:

My hand down from the cart, Miss Cathy?

CATHY:

Thank you, Edgar! Oh, Ellen, we had the most marvelous time! Judge Linton had guests from Liverpool.

ELLEN:

(WHISPERS, URGENTLY) Cathy, come here.

CATHY:

Excuse me, Edgar.

EDGAR:

Certainly.

CATHY:

(LOW) Something wrong, Ellen?

ELLEN:

(LOW) Heathcliff's back.

CATHY:

(LOW) Heathcliff? When did he come?

ELLEN:

(LOW) Last night. He talked so strange. He-- (WHISPERS) Here he is now.

HEATHCLIFF:

(PAUSE) Hello, Cathy.

CATHY:

Heathcliff! You said you'd stay away until--

HEATHCLIFF:

Why were you gone so long?

CATHY:

I didn't expect to find you here.

HEATHCLIFF:

(INSISTENT) Why were you gone so long?

CATHY:

(UNAPOLOGETIC) Because I've met the Lintons. Because I was at their house. Because I've learned to dance and had a wonderful, delightful, fascinating time.

EDGAR:

(INNOCENTLY) Are you the stable boy? Would you mind putting my horse up for an hour?

CATHY:

Yes, and you might wash your hands and comb your hair, Heathcliff, so I needn't be ashamed of you before a guest. And -- look after Mr. Linton's horse please.

HEATHCLIFF: (MOVING OFF) Let him look after his own horse.

EDGAR:

Hm. Pleasant fellow. How can your brother allow such a beast of a gypsy stable boy to act like this?

CATHY:

(OFFENDED, SLOWLY) Beast of a gypsy stable boy?

EDGAR:

Of course. A roadside beggar, giving himself airs of equality.

CATHY:

What do you know about Heathcliff?

EDGAR:

Judging from this performance, all I need to know.

CATHY:

He was my friend, long before you!

EDGAR:

That blackguard?

CATHY:

Blackguard and all, he belongs under our roof and you'll speak well of him or get out!

EDGAR:

Cathy, are you out of your senses?

CATHY:

Get out, I said, or stop calling those I love names!

EDGAR:

Those you love? That stable boy?

CATHY:

Yes!

EDGAR:

Cathy, do you realize what you're saying?

CATHY:

I'm saying I hate you! I hate the look of that milk-white face! I hate the touch of your soft, foolish hands!

EDGAR:

Some of that gypsy's evil soul has got into you, I think.

CATHY:

Yes!

EDGAR:

Some of that beggar's dirt is on you.

CATHY:

Yes! Yes! Now, get out! (MOVING OFF) Get out! Get out!

EDGAR:

Cathy, Cathy, please! Come back!

SFX:

CATHY'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING

ELLEN:

Cathy?

CATHY:

Oh, Ellen, where is he? Where's Heathcliff? Tell me!

ELLEN:

He's across the moors, towards Penistone Crag.

CATHY:

Heathcliff! (MOVING OFF) Heathcliff!

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... FADE IN WIND BLOWING ON THE MOORS ... THEN IN BG

CATHY:

(FADES IN) Heathcliff. Heathcliff. You've forgiven me? Oh, say you've forgiven me.

HEATHCLIFF:

It wasn't your heart that spoke, Cathy.

CATHY:

No, my darling. Because my heart is yours.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LOVING SIGH) Cathy! (BEAT) The clouds are lowering over Gimmerton Head.

CATHY:

Yes. Oh, see how the light is changing?

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, Cathy, you're such a part of all this.

CATHY:



Perhaps we belong to the moors, you and I. Oh, Heathcliff, make the world stop right here. Make everything stop and stand still and never move again. The moors never change. You and I, never change.

HEATHCLIFF:

The moors and I will never change. Don't you, Cathy.

CATHY:

I can't. No matter what I say or do. This is I, forever.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LOVINGLY) Cathy.

CATHY:

Oh, smell the heather, Heathcliff. Fill my arms with heather, all they can hold.

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy, you're not thinking of that other world now?

CATHY:

Oh, don't talk, darling, don't talk. All this might disappear.

MFX:

BRIEF ROMANTIC BRIDGE

CATHY: Ellen, hurry, please. My hair's not nearly done yet.

ELLEN:

What's the matter? Supposing you're not ready when young Mr. Linton gets here. Hmmph! Any young man who'll come snivelin' back after the way you treated him--

CATHY:

But I sent my apologies to him, didn't I? Of course, he'll come.

ELLEN:

Cathy, I can't believe this change in you. Just yesterday, it seems, you were just a stupid harum-scarum child with dirty hands and a willful heart.

CATHY:

(LAUGHS) That's my other nature, Ellen. I still have it. It used to fly around wild. But now I can coax it into a cage whenever I want to.

SFX:

DOOR OPENS, STEPS IN

CATHY:

Heathcliff! Since when are you in the habit of entering my room?

HEATHCLIFF:

I want to talk to you. Get out, Ellen.

ELLEN:

I will not. I take orders from--

HEATHCLIFF:

Get out!

SFX:

ELLEN EXITS, DOOR SHUTS

CATHY:

Well! Now that we're so happily alone, may I know to what I owe this great honour?

HEATHCLIFF:

He's coming here again.

CATHY:

Who?

HEATHCLIFF:

You know who I mean. That stupid fop, Linton.

CATHY:

You're unbearable. Utterly unbearable.

HEATHCLIFF:

Why are you dressed in silk?

CATHY:

Because gentlemen dress for dinner.

HEATHCLIFF:

And why are you trying to win his piling flatteries?

CATHY:

I'm not a child anymore! You can't talk to me that way!

HEATHCLIFF:

I'm not talking to a child. I'm talking to Cathy -- my Cathy.

CATHY:

Oh. I'm your Cathy?

HEATHCLIFF:

Yes.

CATHY:

Am I to take orders from you -- a dirty stable boy?! Allow you to select what dresses I shall wear and bow humbly to your horrible, wretched tempers?!

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy, where's your heart?

CATHY:

You had a chance to be something else! You left here once! Oh, why didn't you stay away?! Now, let me alone.

HEATHCLIFF:

That's right, that's right, the dirty stable boy can't come near you lest he soil your dress. But who soils your heart? Who turns you into a cheap, vain, ambitious fool?! Linton does. You let yourself be loved by him because you want to be a fine lady, because it pleases your stupid, greedy vanity!

CATHY:

Stop it! Thief or beggar is all you were born to be! Kneeling beside the road, begging for favours, not earning them, but wimpering for them, with dirty hands!

HEATHCLIFF:

I see. All I am to you now is a pair of dirty hands. Well, have 'em, then!

CATHY:

Oh!

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF HITS HER

HEATHCLIFF:

Have 'em where they belong!

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF HITS HER AGAIN ... PAUSE

CATHY:

How dare you? How dare you?!

HEATHCLIFF:

(QUIETLY) No. It doesn't help to strike you.

MFX:

BRIDGE

SFX:

KITCHEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ELLEN:

Well, Heathcliff. I'll thank you to stay out of my kitchen.

HEATHCLIFF:

Is - is Cathy still with him?

ELLEN:

Yes, she is. What's the matter with you? What are you staring at?

HEATHCLIFF:

I - I want to crawl to her feet, whimper to be forgiven for loving her. For needing her more than my own life. For belonging to her more than my own soul. I want to beg for a smile. I don't care if she loves Linton or whom she loves. If only she'll look at me -- and say my name.

ELLEN:

Oh, Heathcliff, you--

CATHY:

(OFF, CALLS) Ellen?! Ellen?!

ELLEN: (LOW) She's coming now. Get out, Heathcliff.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LOW) I'll wait outside the door.

ELLEN:

(LOW) No, you can't.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LOW) I want to be where I can see her, and hear her.

ELLEN:

(LOW) Heathcliff!

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF EXITS, KITCHEN DOOR SHUTS

CATHY:

(APPROACHES) Ellen, where are you? Oh, here you are.

ELLEN:

Yes, Miss Cathy. Has - has Mr. Linton gone?

CATHY:

He just left. Oh, Ellen, I have some wonderful news for you--

ELLEN:

Well, the kitchen's no place for that dress. Come inside.

CATHY:

No, no, listen. Edgar has asked me to marry him.

ELLEN:

What did you say?

CATHY:

Well, I'm to give him my answer tomorrow.

ELLEN:

Cathy, do you love him?

CATHY:

Of course.

ELLEN:

Why?!

CATHY:

Now, isn't that a silly question? Because he's handsome and pleasant to be with.

ELLEN:

Not enough.

CATHY:

Well, then, because he'll be rich someday! And I'll be the finest lady in the county. Oh, Ellen, it would be heaven to escape from here.

ELLEN:

What about Heathcliff?

CATHY:

(SLOW, THOUGHTFUL) Heathcliff? Ellen, you know he gets worse every day. It would degrade me to marry him. I wish he'd never come back.

SFX:

A NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR (HEATHCLIFF LEAVING)

CATHY:

What was that?

ELLEN:

I think-- Oh, nothing. The wind perhaps. Well, my darling, if Master Edgar and his beautiful home mean heaven to you, you'd better enter that heaven and take your place among the Linton angels.

CATHY:

The only thing is, I wonder if I belong in heaven. I dreamed once I was there and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth, to the bleak moors. And I awoke, sobbing with joy -- on top of Wuthering Heights. And so you see, Ellen, I - I suppose I've really no more business marrying Edgar Linton than I'd have in heaven. But, oh, Ellen, what can I do?

ELLEN:

You're thinking of Heathcliff?

CATHY:

Who else? He's sunk so low, he seems to take pleasure in being mean and brutal and yet-- Yet he - he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same. Everything he's suffered, I've suffered, too. The little happiness he's known, I've known. If everything else in the world died, and only Heathcliff remains, life would still be full for me.

SFX:

FROM OFF, A HORSE GALLOPS AWAY

CATHY:

Who was that? Ellen, I heard--

SFX:

OUTER DOOR BURSTS OPEN ... WIND HOWLS IN BG

JOSEPH:

Miss Cathy, Miss Cathy?!

CATHY:

Yes, Joseph?

JOSEPH:

Heathcliff's taken Master Hindley's best horse and he's gone.

CATHY:

Gone? Ellen, did he hear what I said?

ELLEN:

Yes, Miss Cathy.

CATHY:

How much did he hear?

ELLEN:

Oh, I'm not sure. But I think to where you said it would degrade you to marry him.

CATHY:

No! (CALLS) No, Heathcliff! Heathcliff, come back! (MOVING OFF) Come back, Heathcliff!

SFX:

HOWLING WIND UP, FOR PUNCTUATION

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

The curtain falls on the first act of "Wuthering Heights." Stormy conflict and adventure lie ahead for Cathy and Heathcliff in the second act of our play. But this is intermission time and Mr. Ruick is going to tell you a little story that he told me at rehearsal yesterday.

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen, in this brief intermission before our stars, Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino, return in Act Two of "Wuthering Heights," I should like to say a word about the product which brings you tonight's play, Lux Toilet Soap. I just want to tell you what a lovely and intelligent lady, whom I know here in Hollywood, said to me the other day. She knows that I talk to the Lux Radio Theatre audience each Monday night and we chatted about the program for a while. Then she said something I'd like to pass on to you. She told me that she thought I ought to tell our women listeners of her own experience with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll be interested to know that the lady in question was Joan Bennett.

She said, "I think you could be even more emphatic than you are about your soap. Here's what I mean. For example, some years ago, I used to buy an expensive soap. Then I found Lux Toilet Soap in a neighboring star's dressing room and tried it. I liked it better than the soap I'd been using. It seemed milder, gentler and it agreed with my skin. Well, since then I've been one of your most enthusiastic users. And here's what seems to me so marvelous. For a few pennies, literally, I get a beautifully-made, subtly-perfumed complexion soap that I like better than the very expensive one. Why don't you tell women what a bargain Lux Soap is?"

It is interesting to realize that, for a few pennies, any woman can buy the very same soap that the lovely screen stars use -- nine out of ten of them -- to help keep their complexions lovely. I'm sure I don't need to remind the women in our audience that taking care of your complexion, making the most of your looks, pays rich dividends, and the admiration and love of those around you, and in bringing you romance and keeping it. No woman ever quite outgrows the longing for romance, the need for it. No woman ever grows tired of hearing the lovely things that loveliness makes people say. There's a song, you may remember, that says the kind of things I mean exceptionally well.

TRIO:

(SINGS, TO PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT) If there is someone lovelier than you,  
Then I am blind, a man without a mind,  
If there is someone lovelier than you.  
But no, I am not blind,  
My eyes have traveled ev'rywhere  
In hope that I might find  
A creature half so fair.  
If there is someone lovelier than you,  
By all that's beautiful,  
Such beauty can't be true.

ANNOUNCER:

Our producer, Mr. DeMille.

DEMILLE:

Act Two of "Wuthering Heights," starring Barbara Stanwyck as Cathy, Brian Aherne as Heathcliff, and Ida Lupino as Isabella.

MFX:

STRINGS ... EERIE ... FOR AN INTRO ... THEN IN BG, FADES OUT AT [X]

DEMILLE:

On that stormy winter night, a century ago, the traveler, Lockwood, sat in the musty guest room at Wuthering Heights, listening to the story told him by the old servant, Ellen. Outside, the wind swept over the moors, shaking the ancient house to its foundations. The lamp on the mantelpiece flickered, casting eerie shadows. (FADES) [X]



SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG, OUT AT [Y]

ELLEN:

That night, Heathcliff went away. Cathy ran far across the moors after him in the bitter cold, calling his name into the wind. Hours later, in the morning, Edgar Linton found her, half-frozen in her silken party dress, unconscious on the crag the children used to call the Castle. For weeks after, she was ill. The Lintons took her to their manor house, and I was glad, for day by day, the strange influence that Heathcliff had had upon Cathy wore off and she was happy with Edgar. (FADES OUT) [Y]

EDGAR:

Why can't you remain here, forever, Cathy?

CATHY:

Oh, Edgar, you and your sister, you've been too kind to me already.

EDGAR:

If I can make you happy by just by being kind, that should be enough for me. After all, what else can I give you?

CATHY:

What else? You've given me a great deal else, Edgar. You've given me your own self, your strength.

EDGAR:

My - my strength?

CATHY:

You'd understand if you really knew what my life was before. It was like the moors, endless and desolate. And I was lost in them, calling for someone in the darkness to save me and -- nobody, nobody answered. I couldn't even see the trace of a path. I was so frightened, so terribly alone and-- And suddenly you were there, Edgar. You held out your hand and led me back to a way of living I thought I'd lost forever. What you said long ago is true. There was a curse on me. It kept me from being myself -- or, at least, what I wanted to be. And that kept me from living in - heaven. There, do you understand now?

EDGAR:

Cathy, my darling. Let me take care of you forever. Let me guard you and love you always.

CATHY:

Would you? Would you love me -- always?

EDGAR:

Always, Cathy.

CATHY:

Then let's be married, Edgar. Quickly. Quickly!

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG, CHANGES TO ISABELLA'S SPINET AT [X]

ELLEN:

If the Linton home had seemed heaven to me before, I don't know what to call it after she became its mistress. The only one who did not seem completely happy was Edgar's sister, Isabella. A year or two after the marriage, the three of them sat in the drawing room [X] -- Edgar reading, Isabella playing the spinnet, Cathy quietly doing petit point -- when the door knocker sounded. When I saw who it was, I went back into the drawing room.

SFX:

ISABELLA'S SPINET UP FOR A MOMENT, THEN IN BG, ABRUPTLY OUT AT [Y]

CATHY:

Yes, Ellen? (NO ANSWER) Why, what's the matter?

ELLEN:

(URGENT WHISPER) Mistress Cathy-- Heathcliff - has come back.

CATHY:

Heathcl--? (BEAT, DECISIVE) Tell him I'm not at home, Ellen.

EDGAR:

Not at home, darling? To whom?

CATHY:

It's Heathcliff.

EDGAR:

Heathcliff?! [Y] Well! Does he seem the same, Ellen?

ELLEN:

No, sir. I hardly recognised him. Fine clothes; he seems quite the gentleman.

CATHY:

Don't prattle, Ellen! I said I didn't wish to see him!

EDGAR:

Oh, nonsense, Cathy. It's been a long time. Bygones must be bygones.

ISABELLA:

Oh, yes, let us see some kind of caller.

EDGAR:

Show him in, Ellen.

ELLEN:

Yes, sir.

CATHY:

Edgar, this is a mistake.

EDGAR:

Why, Cathy, your hands are trembling.

CATHY:

Are they?

EDGAR:

The past is dead, dear. Don't hesitate to smile and be nice to him -- because I'll understand it's my wife who loves me who smiles.

CATHY:

Thank you, Edgar. You always understand.

ELLEN:

(OFF, ANNOUNCES) Mr. Heathcliff.

EDGAR:

Come in.

HEATHCLIFF:

Hello, Cathy.

EDGAR:

How are you, Heathcliff? Er, have you met my sister, Isabella?

HEATHCLIFF:

No, I'm sorry. How do you do, Miss Linton?

ISABELLA:

We are glad to see a guest, sir.

HEATHCLIFF:

Thank you.

EDGAR:

Well, Heathcliff, I must say I've never seen such a complete change in a man. You seem to have prospered. You must have gone to America.

HEATHCLIFF:

I did.

CATHY:

We wondered where you went.

EDGAR:

You must have found at least a gold mine.

HEATHCLIFF:

No, I merely remembered that my father was an Emperor of China and my mother a Queen of India.

EDGAR:

I beg your pardon?

HEATHCLIFF:

So I claimed my inheritance. Cathy will understand. It's an old "joke" between us.

EDGAR:

I see. Are you staying long in the neighbourhood?

HEATHCLIFF:

I'm staying the rest of my life.

EDGAR:

Really?

HEATHCLIFF:

I've just bought the horses, the cattle, and the moors, belonging to the estate known as Wuthering Heights.

CATHY:

No!

EDGAR:

You mean--? Cathy's brother Hindley sold out?

HEATHCLIFF:

(AMUSED, AFFIRMATIVE) Mmm. Heh! But he doesn't know it -- yet. I imagine it'll be a shock when Hindley discovers that his gambling and drinking debts were paid up for him by his former stable boy.

CATHY:

Heathcliff, you can't have done that!

EDGAR:

That's as underhanded a piece of work as I've ever heard of. If I'd known that his holdings were being stolen by a stranger--

HEATHCLIFF:

May I remind you, Mr. Edgar Linton, that I am not a stranger. I'm merely a neighbour. For now, I'll say goodnight.

CATHY:

Wait, Heathcliff.

HEATHCLIFF:

Well?

CATHY:

I - I want you to know that we sometimes have friends who come here as guests, Edgar and I. You're welcome to come, too. But not with the old scowl on your face or the old bitterness in your heart.

HEATHCLIFF:

Thank you, my old friend Cathy, for the warning. Oh, I just remembered I forgot to congratulate you on your - marriage. I've often thought about it, I can assure you. May I now express my delight? Good night.

SFX:

PAUSE AS HEATHCLIFF EXITS, THEN DOOR CLOSES, OFF

ISABELLA:

Edgar, I think you behaved abominably.

EDGAR:

What?

ISABELLA:

And you too, Cathy.

EDGAR:

What in thunder do you mean?

ISABELLA:

You could at least have been civil. You dismissed him as if he'd been a servant.

EDGAR:

Well, do you consider him anything else?

ISABELLA:

Yes, I find he's grown fascinating and distinguished.

EDGAR:

Really, Isabella, I hope I misunderstand.

ISABELLA:

Well, you don't! We see all too few people -- and I for one shan't be rude if he ever calls again.

SFX:

PAUSE AS ISABELLA EXITS, THEN DOOR CLOSES, OFF

CATHY:

Edgar, I - I greatly dread what the future will bring.

EDGAR:

Oh, nonsense, darling. I tell you, the past is dead.

MFX:

BRIDGE

HEATHCLIFF:

That's all, Joseph. You'll stay on, of course.

JOSEPH:

Thank you, sir. Shall I pack Master Hindley's things?

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, just move 'em out of the master's bedroom. He'll remain under this roof.

JOSEPH:

(SURPRISED) Master Hindley, sir?

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, yes, he gave me a roof once when I needed it. I, uh, I take it he's drinking a great deal?

JOSEPH:

Uh, yes, sir. Though Dr. Kenneth has ordered him not to.

HEATHCLIFF:

Well. Well, give him all the drink he wants.

JOSEPH:

Yes, sir. Uh, a lady is waiting to see you, sir.

HEATHCLIFF:

A lady?

JOSEPH:

From Linton Manor, sir.

HEATHCLIFF:

(ANNOYED) Well, why didn't you tell me? In the future, announce visitors at once.

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF'S BRISK FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR WHICH OPENS

HEATHCLIFF:

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Miss Linton.

ISABELLA:

Are you - disappointed, sir?

HEATHCLIFF:

No, not at all.

ISABELLA:

(UNCONVINCING) Well, I - I was passing by and - my horse went lame.

HEATHCLIFF:

I see.

ISABELLA:

Mr. Heathcliff, I want to tell you, I'm furious with my brother and with Cathy. They received you most shamefully last night.

HEATHCLIFF:

Your brother didn't send you with this apology, did he?

ISABELLA:

Oh, no. No, in fact he's forbidden me to ...

HEATHCLIFF:

To speak to me, hm?

ISABELLA:

Well, yes.

HEATHCLIFF:

And - and Cathy also forbade you?

ISABELLA:

Yes.

HEATHCLIFF:

Hmm. Then in all the moorland, you are my only friend, hm?

ISABELLA:

(SINCERELY) Well, I - I would like to be.

HEATHCLIFF:

Hmm, thank you. Miss Linton, I enjoy frankness. You didn't come here to apologise and your horse didn't go lame.

ISABELLA:

Why, I--

HEATHCLIFF:

You came because you're lonely. And because the house you live in is too happily-wedded for an outsider. And because it's no joy to ride the moors alone. Is that right?

ISABELLA:

Yes.

HEATHCLIFF:

Then you needn't be lonely anymore, my dear. (ABRUPTLY KISSES HER)



ISABELLA:

(EXHALES, UNCERTAIN) Oh.

HEATHCLIFF:

What? Do you think it strange that I should kiss you?

ISABELLA:

Well, I - I don't know.

HEATHCLIFF:

You hated it?

ISABELLA:

(CERTAIN) No.

HEATHCLIFF:

Well. (LAUGHS) I see you like frankness, too.

AFX:

ACCENT ... AND BRIEF BRIDGE

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

ISABELLA:

Oh, come in, Cathy.

SFX:

DOOR CLOSES

ISABELLA:

Wasn't it a lovely dance tonight? Though I think you could have been more gracious to my guest.

CATHY:

Isabella, may I speak to you for a moment?

ISABELLA:

Well?

CATHY:

You behaved disgracefully.

ISABELLA:

How, may I ask?

CATHY:

It was bad enough asking Heathcliff here without consulting us or preparing us.

ISABELLA:

You'd have forbidden me!

CATHY:

But to make a spectacle of yourself, to throw yourself at him the way you did.

ISABELLA:

Well, nobody else would pay attention to him. You refused to dance with him. I had to dance every dance as a result.

CATHY:

Oh, you fool. You vain little fool.

ISABELLA:

Really, Cathy.

CATHY:

I'm going to open your eyes, Isabella. He's using you, using you to be near me, to smile at me behind your back, to stare at me until our guests fear his murderous gypsy look, to try to rouse something in my heart that's dead! And I'll not let you help him any longer!

ISABELLA:

So that's what you mean. It's you who are vain and foolish, Cathy. Heathcliff's in love with me.

CATHY:

It's a lie!

ISABELLA:

It's not a lie. He told me so. He's kissed me.

CATHY:

He's--?

ISABELLA:

Yes, kissed me. Held me in his arms. Told me he loves me.

CATHY:

(WOUNDED) Oh! (BEAT, THREATENING) I'm going to your brother.

ISABELLA:

Yes, go to Edgar. Tell him Heathcliff asked me to marry him. And that I've said yes. You hear?! Yes!

CATHY:

You can't. He's not a man. He's something horrible and dark to live with.

ISABELLA:

I know why you say these things. Because you love him.

CATHY:

How dare you say that?

ISABELLA:

Yes, you do love him. You're mad with pain and jealousy at the thought of my marrying him. Because you want him to pine for you, dream of you, die for you, while you're safe as the lovely Mrs. Edgar Linton. You won't have him happy. You want to hurt and destroy him. But I want to make him happy! And I will! Do you hear?! I will!

AFX:

BRIDGE

HEATHCLIFF:

Sit down, Cathy. I won't say I'm not surprised to see you.

CATHY:

Heathcliff, is it true?

HEATHCLIFF:

Is what true?

CATHY:

Did you ask Isabella to marry you?

HEATHCLIFF:

(LAUGHS)

CATHY:

Oh, Heathcliff, you mustn't do this villainous thing. She's never harmed you!

HEATHCLIFF:

No. No. But you've harmed me.

CATHY:

Then punish me!

HEATHCLIFF:

And that's what I intend to do.

CATHY:

I - I - I don't understand.

HEATHCLIFF:

Every moment I hold her in my arms -- when I kiss her, when I promise her life and happiness -- you'll be punished.

CATHY:

(INCREDULOUS) You'd marry her to do that?

HEATHCLIFF:

Yes! To teach you the ways of pain and the hell that I'm in.

CATHY:

Oh, Heathcliff, you can't. If there's anything human left in you, don't make me a partner to this crime. It's mad! It's stupid!

HEATHCLIFF:

If your heart were only stronger than your dull care for the world and its conventions, I'd live silent and content in your shadow, begging for an occasional word or thought as I used to do. But now! You had to destroy me with that weakness you call virtue. You had to keep me tormented with that cruelty you think so pious.

CATHY:

How have I been cruel?!

HEATHCLIFF:

You wished to be known as the finest lady in the county. You wanted your luxury and your light. And at the same time you wanted to keep me your despairing lover. Well, now that I am returned, had you given me the smile of love I might have been content. But you needn't think of me now as your despairing and foolish lover. You can think of me as Isabella's husband! And be glad for my happiness! As I am for yours!

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

So ends the second act of "Wuthering Heights." In a moment, we hear Act Three and the dramatic way in which the love of Cathy and Heathcliff seeks its own solution. But, before we continue, let's listen to a man we all like here in the Lux Radio Theatre.

ANNOUNCER:

In our brief intermission before Act Three of "Wuthering Heights," starring Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino, I want to remind the women in our audience that keeping as attractive as you possibly can is not only a wise thing to do because it helps you to be more successful but also because it gives so much pleasure to those who know and love you. However, to make the most of your looks, you must give regular attention to your complexion.

LUX GIRL:

Isn't it true, Mr. Ruick, that to really care for your complexion, you must thoroughly clean your pores of dust, dirt, and stale cosmetics -- for there's danger in imperfect cleansing?

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, that's very true. Pore choking causes cosmetic skin, dullness, little blemishes and enlarged pores. But, with regular Lux Toilet Soap care, you can use cosmetics all you wish because Lux Toilet Soap's Active Lather gives your skin the very necessary protection of gentle but thorough cleansing.

LUX GIRL:

I'm always impressed, Mr. Ruick, that nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They can afford to spend any price on soap, yet almost all of them use Lux Toilet Soap.

ANNOUNCER:

It's the highest praise a toilet soap can receive, to have the world's most beautiful women so overwhelmingly prefer Lux Toilet Soap. And clever women everywhere, by the thousands, use Lux Toilet Soap, too, for the same reason the screen stars do -- to help keep their complexions as lovely as possible. So I hope you'll buy at least three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin tomorrow your regular Lux Toilet Soap care. I promise you that before the three cakes have been used, you'll thank me.

We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MXF:

FOR A STATION BREAK ... THEN OUT

DEMILLE:

Once again, Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino in "Wuthering Heights."

MXF:

EERIE ... FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN IN BG, FADES OUT AT [X]

DEMILLE:

In the crumbling house on Wuthering Heights, a hundred years ago, the candle burns low in the dreary guest room. There's no sound but the wind outside and the hushed voice of the old maidservant as she tells her story. [X]

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

MFX:

SNEAKS IN ... CONTINUES IN BG, OUT AT [Y]

ELLEN:

It was then that Isabella Linton came into this house as a bride. Yes, Heathcliff married her out of revenge. The same revenge that made him keep Hindley here, a staggering, broken fool, slowly drinking himself into the grave. Isabella learned the reason for her marriage to Heathcliff, but she was powerless to do anything. Then, one day, Dr. Kenneth, an old friend, came to see her. He had come that morning from Linton Manor. [Y]

KENNETH:

Isabella, go back where you belong, to Edgar's house.

ISABELLA:

Edgar disowned me, Dr. Kenneth.

KENNETH:

I know, but he needs you now. Cathy's gravely ill.

ISABELLA:

Really?

KENNETH:

Didn't you know? It's a matter of days now. Perhaps hours.

ISABELLA:

She - she can't be dying.

KENNETH:

Fever, inflammation of the lungs, this intense cold and - and something else.

ISABELLA:

Something else?

KENNETH:

I'd call it the will to die.

ISABELLA:

If Cathy dies, I might begin to live.

KENNETH:

(ADMONISHES) Isabella!

HINDLEY:

(FADES IN, SCOFFS) Ahhh. Begin to live? Ha! In this house with Heathcliff, nothing can live.

KENNETH:

No, Hindley, nothing but hate. (MOVING OFF) Goodbye.

SFX:

KENNETH EXITS AS DOOR CLOSES, OFF

HINDLEY:

So you think you'll begin to live, when Cathy dies? You won't.

ISABELLA:

Oh, Hindley, what is it? This house! I can feel the hate within it, like a crushing weight.

HINDLEY:

Of course you can. And you! He hates you even more than he does me.

ISABELLA:

Stop it!

HINDLEY:

He loathes you.

ISABELLA:

(WEEPS, CONTINUES IN BG)

HINDLEY:

Every time you kiss him, his heart breaks with rage that it's not Cathy. Isabella, why don't you do what I've been too weak to do? Kill him. Kill him. Kill him! ...

ISABELLA:

Don't talk to me. Get away.

HINDLEY:

... while there's still time to save your immortal soul.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LAUGHS) Well, Hindley! Remarkable.

ISABELLA:

(STOPS WEEPING) Heathcliff!

HEATHCLIFF:

Really, Hindley, the first coherent speech I've heard from you in weeks.

ISABELLA:

Heathcliff, please don't. I tried to stop him.

HEATHCLIFF:

Thank you, my dear wife. Your loyalty is touching.

HINDLEY:

Your curses will come home to feed on your own heart. Every agony you've given will return.

HEATHCLIFF:

(LAUGHS)

HINDLEY:

Laugh now, Heathcliff! (MOVING OFF) There's no laughter in hell!

SFX:

HINDLEY EXITS AS DOOR CLOSES, OFF

ISABELLA:

Heathcliff, why do you have him here? I can't breathe with him in this house.

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, existence would be so much less -- without my boyhood friend under my roof.

ISABELLA:

Oh, Heathcliff, you poison yourself with paying him back what he gave you. Send him away and love will come to this house. Kiss me, Heathcliff. Tell me you love me. Tell me, darling!

HEATHCLIFF:

(PAUSE, WISTFUL) Oh, why isn't there the smell of heather in your hair?

ISABELLA:



Heathcliff, let me come near you. Please. You're not as black and horrible as they say. It - it's just you're full of pain, all twisted inside. I can make you happy, my darling. Let me, please. You'll never regret letting me try. I'll - I'll be your slave. I'll bring life to you. Life and sunshine and freshness. Put your arms around me. Look into my eyes.

HEATHCLIFF:

Your eyes are empty. Like Linton's.

ISABELLA:

They aren't empty. If you'll only look deeper, Heathcliff. Look at me! I'm pretty! I'm a woman! Let your heart see me, just once.

HEATHCLIFF:

It's no use. Why did God give me life? What is it but hunger and pain? A naked runner in a storm of spears.

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLEN:

Mistress Isabella--

ISABELLA:

Ellen?

HEATHCLIFF:

What do you want here, Ellen?

ELLEN:

I've come from Linton Manor to speak to Mistress Isabella.

HEATHCLIFF:

Then you'll do so in front of me.

ELLEN:

Her brother's askin' that she come home for a visit.

HEATHCLIFF:

Ah, so he's lost some of his pride, has he? Well, there's none gone in this house.

ELLEN:

Oh, please, Mistress Isabella. He needs you.

HEATHCLIFF:

Needs her? Now what is this, Ellen? (SEIZES ELLEN) Why does he need her?

ELLEN:

Let go of me.

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy's ill!

ELLEN:

Yes.

HEATHCLIFF:

She's dying?! Tell me the truth!

ELLEN:

(TEARFUL) Yes. She's dying.

HEATHCLIFF:

Dy--? (CALLS, URGENT) Joseph?!

ISABELLA:

You're not going, Heathcliff!

JOSEPH:

(APPROACHES) Yes, Master Heathcliff?

HEATHCLIFF:

Saddle my horse at once.

ISABELLA:

No! She belongs to Edgar!

HEATHCLIFF:

She belongs to me.

ISABELLA:

If she's dying, let her die in his arms where she belongs! Let her die! Let her die!

HEATHCLIFF:

Now who speaks of hate? Get out of my way.

ISABELLA:

Heathcliff! (WEEPS) No-o-o! No-o-o.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

EDGAR: (READS) "And there was a murmur from the height, / a far away and wild heartbroken moan. / The wings of Lucifer beat on the night. / The soul of Lucifer wept, all alone." Shall I read some more, darling?

CATHY:

(WEAKLY) No, Edgar. Will you open the window?

EDGAR:

Won't it be too cold?

CATHY:

Please.

EDGAR:

Of course, darling.

SFX:

WINDOW OPENED ... DISTANT WIND, IN BG

CATHY:

(PLEASED) Ohhh. Now I can smell the heather. And, Edgar -- isn't there a south wind? And isn't the smell almost gone?

EDGAR:

Yes, quite gone.

CATHY:

Edgar, will you get me something?

EDGAR:

Anything you wish, my darling.

CATHY:

Some heather. There's a beautiful patch near the Castle. Will you get it from there?

EDGAR:

What castle, Cathy?

CATHY:

The castle on the moors, of course. Bring me some from there.

EDGAR:

You're in a fever, dear. There's no castle on the moors.

CATHY:

There is, there is. On the little hill beyond Wuthering Heights.

EDGAR:

You mean Penistone Crag?

CATHY:

Yes, yes, please go.

EDGAR:

Why do you call it "the Castle"?

CATHY:

Because I was a queen there once. Will you bring me the heather, darling?

EDGAR:

If you'll rest while I'm gone. And sleep.

CATHY:

You're so kind, so good.

EDGAR:

My darling.

CATHY:

You made me the finest lady in the county. Go now, please. Get me the heather so I can have it on my pillow.

EDGAR:

Sleep, my dear Cathy. I'll be back with the flower you want.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

SFX:

DOOR OPENS, STEPS IN ... WIND HOWLS, IN BG

HEATHCLIFF: Where is she?! Where's Cathy?!

SERVANT:

She's not to be disturbed, sir. Master Linton has gone for the doctor.

HEATHCLIFF:

Get out of my way.

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS THROUGH HOUSE ... DOOR OPENS

HEATHCLIFF: Cathy?!

SFX:

DOOR CLOSES

HEATHCLIFF:

(OVERCOME AT THE SIGHT OF HER) Oh, oh, Cathy.

CATHY:

(WEAK BUT PLEASED) Heathcliff. Come here.

HEATHCLIFF:

(DISTRAUGHT) Cathy, my life. How can I bear this?

CATHY:

I dreamed you'd come before I died. And when you came in my dream, you scowled at me once more.

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy, Cathy--

CATHY:

Oh. Does it hurt so much to see me dying?

HEATHCLIFF:

Please, Cathy, don't hurt me.

MUSIC:

SNEAKS IN ... ROMANTIC

CATHY:

Oh, how strong you look, Heathcliff. (SIGHS) How many years do you think you'll live on - after me?

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy. Oh, my life, my soul.

CATHY:

Oh, my darling, don't let me go. Oh, if only I could hold you till we were both dead.

HEATHCLIFF:

Please, please don't speak of death.

CATHY:

Will you forget me and be happy - when I'm in the earth?

HEATHCLIFF:

Never. Never.

CATHY:

Will you say of me, "This is the grave of Catherine Earnshaw, I loved her long ago and wept to lose her -- but all has passed"?

HEATHCLIFF:

I could as soon forget you as my own life. If you die, Cathy -- if you die -- there'll be no peace for me -- ever.

CATHY:

Poor Heathcliff. I want to die. To escape.

HEATHCLIFF:

Oh, why did you betray your heart? Cathy, you killed yourself.

CATHY:

Ssh, my darling. Hold me. Just hold me.

HEATHCLIFF:

(RESISTS) No. No. I'll not comfort you. You deserve this.

CATHY:

Heathcliff, don't break my heart.

HEATHCLIFF:

I never broke your heart, Cathy. You broke it. My tears don't love you, Cathy, they blight and damn you. You loved me. What right had you to throw my love away for the poor fancy thing you felt for him?

CATHY:

I found out, Heathcliff.

HEATHCLIFF:

Misery and death and all evil could never have parted us. You, you did that alone. You wandered off, like a greedy child, to break your own heart -- and mine.

CATHY:

I know, Heathcliff. Oh, forgive me.

HEATHCLIFF:

(OVERCOME) Oh, Cathy, your poor wasted hands. Oh, why didn't someone tell me? I forgive you, I forgive you for what you've done. I love you, I love my murderer.

CATHY:

Carry me to the window. Let me look at the moors with you once more. Oh, my darling, once more.

HEATHCLIFF:

Yes. Yes. Yes.

SFX:

HEATHCLIFF CARRIES CATHY TO WINDOW

CATHY:

(SIGHS, DYING) Oh, how lovely the sky looks. And over there is our castle. Remember?

HEATHCLIFF:

I'll never forget.

CATHY:

The Castle, Heathcliff -- I'll be waiting there until you come. I'll be waiting there. Goodbye. (INHALES ONE LAST TIME)

HEATHCLIFF:

Cathy? (NO ANSWER) Cathy? (NO ANSWER) No!

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLEN:

(APPROACHES, WARNING) Heathcliff, they're coming! Master Edgar. Oh, for heaven's sake, go away and-- (STOPS SHORT, THEN IN DESPAIR) Cathy--

HEATHCLIFF:

You're dead, Cathy. May your soul hear this before I go. May you not rest so long as I live on. I killed you. Then haunt me. Be with me always. Take any form you wish. Only don't leave me where I can't find you. I can't live without my life! (SOBS) I can't live without my soul!

MFX:

SOMBER, FILLS A PAUSE, CONTINUES IN BG

ELLEN: And though that was twenty years ago, I can still hear and see that wild hour. With poor Heathcliff holding the dead body of his beloved, crying out to Cathy's soul to haunt and torment him till he died.

LOCKWOOD:

Then the strange hand that gripped my wrist last night--? The strange voice that called to me was Cathy? And Heathcliff went to follow her into the storm?

ELLEN:

It wasn't Cathy herself, but her love. Cathy's love -- stronger than time, sobbing for its unlived days.

MFX:

OUT WITH--

SFX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

ELLEN:

Who's there?

KENNETH:

(OFF, UNNERVED) Doctor Kenneth. Open the door.

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLEN:

Doctor Kenneth, what's the matter?

KENNETH:

(CLOSER) I - I was just crossing the moor on my way home--

ELLEN:

Did you see Heathcliff?

KENNETH:

(IN AWE) Yes. I saw him from my carriage. He was wandering through the snow -- with a woman.



SFX:

DISTANT DOG HOWLS

ELLEN:

A woman, you say?

KENNETH:

A young woman, she seemed, and - as mad as himself. They were walking through the storm with their arms about each other. I shouted at them but they didn't hear.

SFX:

DISTANT DOG HOWLS

KENNETH:

I was nearly up to them when, of a sudden, my horse reared and plunged. And then-- Then I found him. Alone, lying in the snow. Heathcliff was dead.

ELLEN:

Dead?

SFX:

DISTANT DOG HOWLS

ELLEN:

(SLOWLY) Was it by the Castle? By the Penistone Crag?

KENNETH:

(SURPRISED) Yes. (SLOWLY) How ever did you know?

MFX:

ROMANTIC, IN BG

CATHY: (FILTER, SOFTLY) Look down, my Heathcliff. This is our castle really now. All the wild beauty of it. For your father was an emperor of China. Your mother, a Queen of India. And this is our land forever -- and our love.

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

The storm and passion of Wuthering Heights fade into the dimness of a hundred years ago. We're back in the present, with Barbara Stanwyck, Brian Aherne and Ida Lupino at our microphones. But it seems to me that they - they all look just a little bit stirred by the drama they just brought us.

STANWYCK: It's a moving play, C. B. But, more than that, I think, it has a lesson today for every woman. It shows the necessity of holding on to one's ideals.

LUPINO:

But Cathy gave up what she really wanted for position and security. That's a common failing among women, isn't it, Mr. DeMille?

DEMILLE:

Mm, on the contrary, Ida. I think women are less likely than men to sidetrack their ideals.

AHERNE:

Well, whatever Cathy's faults, she was one of the most real characters I've ever come across.

STANWYCK:

Yes, if you know the story of "Wuthering Heights," I imagine it'd be pretty easy to hear the voices of Cathy and Heathcliff out on those moorlands when the winds begin to howl. What about it, Brian? You've been there.

AHERNE:

Well, that wind is one of the weirdest sounds I've ever heard. It's no place to be at night.

STANWYCK:

Mm, no place for my Irish imagination.

LUPINO:

Nor for anybody's without a good big flashlight. If you ask me, the safest way to cross those moors is in an aeroplane.

DEMILLE:

(CHUCKLES) Yes. What have you been doing with your airplane, Brian?

AHERNE:

Oh, very useful, C. B., very useful. Last time I used it, I went up to northern California and got myself a marriage license.

DEMILLE:

(CHUCKLES) Yeah, that's right. You came out a co-pilot. Congratulations and happy landings.

AHERNE:

(CHUCKLES) Thanks. Perhaps my co-pilot and I can take you for a ride sometime. Or, uh, how 'bout you taking us?

STANWYCK:

Yes, you're a pilot, too, aren't you, C. B.?

DEMILLE:

Oh, yes.

STANWYCK:

But, before we fly away from here, I want to tell you how much I've enjoyed working with you again in the Lux Radio Theatre. And that I'm still absolutely loyal to Lux Soap, too. It was a number of years ago that I started using it and I've been a faithful Lux fan ever since. It does a swell job for my skin.

LUPINO:

Well, I agree with Barbara. Lux Soap is a wonderful beauty care. And I know we're all looking forward to the Lux Radio Theatre next week, Mr. DeMille.

STANWYCK:

I see by the rehearsal schedule backstage that you're going to have Ginger Rogers, George Brent and Edith Fellows next Monday night, C. B.

DEMILLE:

Hm, if you'd read a little further, Barbara, you'd've seen the name of the play, too -- "She Married Her Boss" -- a story about a girl who thought the boss' home should be run as efficiently as his office.

AHERNE:

(AS IF SAVORING IT) Ginger Rogers, George Brent and Edith Fellows in "She Married Her Boss." Well, I'll be waiting for that. (CHUCKLES) And good night.

STANWYCK:

Good night.

LUPINO:

Good night.

DEMILLE:

(CHUCKLES) Good night. I wish I had you three in a picture!

SFX:

APPLAUSE

MFX:

THEME ... CONTINUES IN BG

DEMILLE:

Our sponsors, the makers of Lux Toilet Soap, join me in inviting you to be with us again next Monday night, when the Lux Radio Theatre stars Ginger Rogers and George Brent, with Edith Fellows, in "She Married Her Boss." This is Cecil B. DeMille saying good night to you from Hollywood.

MFx:

THEME UP AND OUT

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

This is Melville Ruick asking you to be sure to listen to the Lux daytime radio program, "The Life and Love of Dr. Susan." This human and gripping story of a young, attractive woman doctor is brought to you every afternoon, Monday through Friday. For the time and station, see your newspaper. "The Life and Love of Dr. Susan" comes to you in addition to the Lux Radio Theatre.

Also heard in tonight's play were: Thomas Freebairn-Smith as Edgar Linton; Kemball Cooper as Hindley; Marga Ann Deighton as Ellen.

Barbara Stanwyck's current film is the Columbia picture "Golden Boy." Brian Aherne will be seen next on the screen in the RKO production "Vigil in the Night." Ida Lupino's latest picture is Paramount Studio's "The Light That Failed." Louis Silvers is from Twentieth Century-Fox where he directed music for "The Rains Came."

Here is important news for those of you who live in communities not operating on Daylight Saving Time. If you live in a community which does not operate on Daylight Saving Time, you will hear this program, beginning next Monday night, one hour later than heretofore.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, may I take this opportunity to announce that there's a very great treat in store for you. Tomorrow evening over the Columbia network, a full hour of top-notch entertainment. First, Edward G. Robinson, dynamic star of stage, screen and radio, returns to the air, starring again in a new series of the dramatic exposé "Big Town" with lovely Ona Munson. Immediately thereafter, the Tuesday Night Party starring Walter O'Keefe, with special guest star Sophie Tucker, and Bobby Dolan's orchestra. A half hour of thrills, excitement and dramatic action followed by a half hour of laughs, song and music. See your local paper for the exact time and station.

MFx:

THEME

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

Melville Ruick speaking. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

SFX:

APPLAUSE CONTINUES TO END

MFX:

LUX THEME CONTINUES TO END