

WITHERING SIGHTS

Shot on location: The Dakota at W.72nd St. and Central Park
West

March 1966

Black and white, 16mm sound, 24fps, 70 minutes

Sharp focus, with moving camera

with:

Heathcliff: Charles Aberg

Catherine & Cathy: Ingrid Von Scheven

Nelly Dean: Susanna Campbell

Also: Mr. Earnshaw, Hindley, Edgar Linton, a Minister, etc.

Camera: Andy Warhol

Something happened at the filming of WITHERING SIGHTS that redefined my relationship with Andy Warhol, and altered it forever. He had to be made accountable for the incident, and that account put our work on track with a pointless destination.

Andy told me that his two favorite novels were WUTHERING HEIGHTS and JANE EYRE. But since he would refer to them only with the names of the Fox and Goldwyn stars who interpreted their Hollywood versions (e.g., "the Leslie Howard character"), I had no reason to believe he'd read either. He had difficulty reading, and George Abagnalo, a teenager who worked as a general aid and budding writer himself in the Factory from 1968 to 1976 thinks he may have been dyslexic. Historians discovering books in the time capsules Andy left as part of his legacy, assume he read them, or that they were favorites of his. Both assumptions want proof and are foolish.

What is certainly true is that Andy felt re-energized early in 1966, he'd regrouped his troop, rescheduled undertakings, and gotten back to the grind. High among his projections were his own cinema treatments of the Brontë sisters' sagas. But in March the stable of Warhol-exclusive performers was in disarray, and that both cramped and freed up my style. What I mean, is that I'd found it easier, and faster, to write if I had actors to visualize for the roles. Seeing them moving about in my mind's eye just a few feet in front of my typewriter as it were, made the scene more concrete for me and expedited the task. But having no one at all inspiring to write for, perhaps predictably, was to open unexpected vistas.

Ondine and Mary Woronov - she detested the Warholian subjugation of "Mary Might" as I did the diminutive "Ronnie" - were two potential headliners; but at this point, taking a fancy to each other, they were off together doing more dope than drama. So I was stuck with Ingrid Superstar (so called largely to mock her), the actress I could abide least in my life, and the word "stuck"

is repeated twelve times in the WITHERING SIGHTS scenario. Of course, it is a tale of persons somehow stuck with and to each other over two generations, so in that sense the Maladroit, willy-nilly, tells the theme well unconsciously, and in a way that William Wyler, using Merle, never could. I remember looking at Ingrid and thinking, "I've been spending too much time lately with the beautiful, superficial people. That has to change! I've got to spend much more with the ugly, superficial people." Now, we had a twenty-minute audio of an ash brown-tressed young man, anything but ugly, one Charles Aberg, discussing his very sixties self; and I wanted, or was encouraged, to incorporate it into the flick as voice-over while the fellow frolicked (or moped) about as a depressed Heathcliff. Since it would get me through twenty minutes of the second reel without a depression equal to Heathcliff's from helplessly watching all those competents not know what to say or do, I jumped at this time-chewer. But in the chaos of the afternoon's gross unprofessionalisms, even that pre-recording went unused; it is of course long gone; and I've not the slightest recollection of how it went. A comely comer named Susanna Campbell was to play Nelly Dean in this mimed sequence, for Miss Dean, the narrator of the novel, does not otherwise appear in my scenario. I.e., the Brontë narrator appearing along with, as if doing, the Aberg narration. But we have no further trace of what was intended here as the sequence, however jarring to the work's main body, for better or worse, never was realized. But then again, neither was much of my scenario.

To be sure, a general attempt - shot to appear as if it were our initial intention - was made to have Susanna read through all of the dialogue while the assemblage tableaued it, they being too inept to dumb-show their way through under the reading. But in the end, this last resort seemed half-baked indeed and too crappy to stand by, or for.

There was a lovely woman who lived at The Dakota at this time, No.1 W.72nd St., named Panna Grady, who was a patron of the arts. She had given the Play-House of The Ridiculous a small sum to launch its early projects (in March, THE LIFE OF LADY GODIVA was

in rehearsal), and since her suite at The Dakota took advantage of its Gothic look and 19th Century construction to develop a 19th Century feel, it was natural that Andy would ask her to open the premises for the lensing of a Brontë story. (At a subsequent use of her rooms, the Warhol entourage, led by René Ricard, trashed the place, not only ending Ms. Grady's involvement with Warhol, but spreading bad word about the Drella Dellas from CPW to Beekman Place.)

My own standing with the artist during the late winter and spring months of 1966 called for a justification as well, which I procrastinated undertaking until he finally forced my hand. As always, the day-to-day dealing closely resembled a familial tie: my presence and my work, when requested, were taken for granted. One might assume that my true fidelity lay by April in the theatre, but when we remember that I took playwriting even during the run of GODIVA no more seriously than I did screenwriting, that would be inaccurate. No, I still was waiting and looking for someone to publish my novel. And I'd wait for that someone, actually a gentleman, Maurice Girodias, until 1968.

With its importance easy to overlook, the most identifying exchange perhaps between Andy and me, was his giving verbally at several shhots his full permission for me to refilm my screenplays myself as my own works, or have someone else direct and shoot them as theirs, after he had. This green light made no impression on me at the time, for who else would want these scripts so conscientiously tailored to his aesthetic, as I understood it, and current need? And why would I reshoot them, whose ambition was not to be an indie-maker? From today's vantage, we more nearly appreciate what he was suggesting, for there's always been time and footwork in store deciphering the puzzling pronouncements of real avant-gardists. First, he understood that his use of my screenplays was but one take on them, and that any competent other's might be equally valid, or end in a finer product. And two, he was implying that the core creation, in this case the screenplay, be recycled - an indefinite number of times. In this, he was not exactly forerunning the pathetic fashion of recycling

so much as submitting to, and submitting altogether, the notion of what recycling in its true and best sense means: that there is no legitimately defensible definitive interpretation ever of a core creative work, and that we have never really done it right or well or else we'd be saved. And that, surely, we are not.

Andy would have understood the theatre stagings of the screenplays - the first, JUANITA CASTRO, by then already history, the second, SCREEN TEST, to premiere early that September - as the screenplays' first recycling. And this writing now as but their latest.

In the meantime, waiting a more embracing illumination, Andy's biographer, Victor Bockris, claims an event just prior to my writing of the 1966 scripts explains that darkening clouds were gathering about me. It is only a theory with a certain purchase, mind you, I am not dishonest in telling Bockris and others who ask, that I felt nothing odd or even very changed as the new year began.

This was it: back in November, Andrew Sarris, the undisputed "only serious" widely-read film critic of the day, inadvertently caught a showing of THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO at the Filmmakers' Cinematique, then in the basement at 125 W.41st Street, when it was substituted at the last moment for a flick that may have caused police intervention. His initial reaction (Nov. 11th) was to call the work "an unheralded masterpiece" and say that he needed more time to reflect on it, and so would review it fully at some later date (how often does a critic say that?) Accordingly, the expansive notice appeared on December 9th and bore at its center the sentences:

"The creative force behind JUANITA CASTRO is not so much Warhol, actually, as Ronnie Tavel, who wrote the script, and acted the key role of the stage manager, and very good he is in both capacities. What is curious is that Warhol has assumed the role of mere metteur-en-scene...."

So far as Bockris is concerned, from that Wednesday on my days chez Andy were numbered.

I had trouble figuring out which baroque lift or spiral stair would take me up to Panna's, and so was a bit late to the shoot on WITHERING SIGHTS. But her suite was thronged with extra extras, fashion editors, guests, and morbid curiosity seekers who caused a delay in rolling Reel One, anyhow. The parlor where we would film was smaller than I'd have wanted and worried me since the scenario highlights a ball. Having been to a number of the patron's soirées, I wasn't sure why I hadn't remembered the sizes of her rooms better. A bevy of twenty-something male lovelies was gathered for this "cast of thousands" entry, rather difficult to distinguish from the husband-team in HEDY, no doubt because a certain culling of same was repeating here, again in throw-away roles. Ingrid looked smug and so more discouraging than ever, but annoyingly calm and self-assured in the centrality that her dual lead, as Catherine and Cathy, had placed her in, unearned. Cross-legged on a chaise, she in fact seemed, like Zola's Nana, to be receiving.

A friend of Andy's of several years' standing, a Shakespeare scholar named Paul Bertram, then Dean of Graduate Studies at Rutgers, had arrived at The Dakota to pick up Andy and spend the night with him on the town. Since the shoot was late wrapping, he had to wait in an antechamber and kill some time. To do so, as any English professor might, he picked up a spare copy of WITHERING SIGHTS that happened to be out there and flipped through it. I heard some laughter through the foyers; then, wearing a suit, he entered from the antechamber smiling broadly and asked to be introduced to the screenwriter. I was sitting on a divan at the farthest reaches of the suite: I stood, pleased I suppose, and came forward. But with startling decisiveness, Andy took Ingrid in tow and blocked my way, literally coming between Paul and myself. "Oh, uh!" Andy began tensely, "why don't you interview our star, instead? Paul, this is Ingrid - Ingrid superstar!" Paul executed a graceful step back and, to spy me approaching, another half-step to the left: and responded with; "No. I want to talk to the screenwriter."

Then I took the initiative, circled around Andy and Ingrid

to get past them, and offered my hand to Paul. He clamped down on it and shook it powerfully, complimented me on my comic take on Bronte, was as a matter of fact exuberant I thought, and all at once started to laugh again.

Professor Bertram phoned me the following week. We got together, found we had a lot in common, became close for years, and are good friends to this day. Oh - he wears a suit everywhere, every day.

As for Andy's world-class show of his hand, it was one of those disclosures that the most reticent of persons must call to account and make the discloser responsible for, or always after be treated as the flunkie he so blatantly is. The apprenticeship was nearing an end and he'd make an uneasy equal, if indeed he'd make one at all. History would prove him an evil collaborator. For as true friend, equal, or partner, one would have to be accountable oneself for the man morally that he was, living in approval with the repercussions of his icy opinion, his selfish decisions, and the hoarding tone which he set that had to shape, if not young America, everything he himself touched, a life-style and tone whose aesthetic transcendence could never subjugate the infection of its greed or the outrage of its ethical indifference.

The question, then, was how much more he'd have to teach me in the most immediate sense. Meaning by immediate, in its proximity to its object and also as soon as possible. To repeat the obvious, sense and pride if not one's confidence in himself harped on time as of the essence here. My work previous to 1964, as much as in whatever I did for him, spells out how I came to his door with a fully articulated sense of art: he knew that, he intended to make money from that, but he did want to give me, finally, something on which a price could not be set.

The screenplay of WITHERING SIGHTS is bread upon the water, for its returns were proverbially postponed. A long-term profit was hidden in how it seems joyfully impervious to the hard reality that there is no way that the current Warholian crew is going to learn or do this. That being so, it is off on its own

Freedom Road - to what? To the making an art of self-indulgence and the apparent loss of discipline, to a sniffing out of extremities, a kind of frantic dramatic rushing that I wanted to, and would often from then on, be doing. WITHERING SIGHTS in itself resembles a TV skit - albeit, cable TV, BRAVO, perhaps - as free to find fun in, and poke fun at, everything without the least caution for how arcane the references might be and obscure the triple-entendres; or, on the other hand, how naked, obvious, corny, or low brow. For whatever's recondite, that "skit" is a demonstration of how to care not; and for its trashiness, how to redress it. Or, undress it.

And the Master/Monster, to be sure, would very shortly have one more lesson to teach, or, if we undervalue him, direction to point me in, rich with expectation. But of all unpredictable things, it would be to try my craft at ground-breaking: in the immensity of Americana.

H E A T H C L I F F

Or, Withering Sights

a scenario by Ronald Favel

with Charles Aberg as Heathcliff and Ingrid Von Scheven in the dual role of Catherine and Cathy. *Sasanna Campbell as Kelly Dean*

Other characters: Mr. Earnshaw, Hindley, Edgar Linton, Extras.

REEL ONE: SCENE I WITHERING SIGHTS, the home of the Earnshaw family.

Open with the Earnshaw children, Catherine and Hindley, playing together.

CATHERINE: O, brother Hindley, let us pretend we are grown ups dancing at a ball.

HINDLEY: A what?

CATHERINE: Are you deaf? - I said a ball.

HINDLEY: That's what I thought you said.

(They dance together a minuet.)

CATHERINE: What a ball!

(Suddenly MR. EARNSHAW enters with a huge coat coat on, as if from the rain. HEATHCLIFF is completely concealed under the coat. The children rush up and kiss him.)

HINDLEY: Father, darling, how good to see you! What present did you bring me from Liverpool?

CATHERINE: (referring to his greatly oversized overcoat) What a greatly oversized overcoat you have ~~x~~ on, O father. Is it your maternity overcoat?

EARNSHAW: I have just arrived from Liverpool.

CATHERINE: You look like you just arrived from cesspool. What have you under your coat, O my father?

EARNSHAW: I have just arrived from Liverpool.

HINDLEY: Sounds like a broken record. I don't like the sound of it. It sounds ominous. It sounds like a threat to me. It sounds ominous. Doesn't it sound ominous to you, O my sister, Catherine?

CATHERINE: Yes, it does, O my brother, Hindley. What does ominous mean?

HINDLEY: It means foreboding - like the moors around our estate, Withering Sights.

CATHERINE: O, I don't think the moors around our estate Withering Sights are ominous or even foreboding or even brooding or murky for that matter. I love the wild moors.

HINDLEY: You would. I hate them.

CATHERINE: That's because you're very unromantic, Hindley.

HEATHCLIFF: Air! Give me air!!

CATHERINE: You may have to have a caesarian, father!

(EARNSHAW opens his coat and HEATHCLIFF pops out. The children are startled.)

CATHERINE: What a mess! What an unslightly urchin!

HINDLEY: Wherever did you dig that up, O my father?

EARNSHAW: I picked him up on 42nd Street in Liverpool. He was hungrey so I gave him something to eat.

CATHERINE: I'll bet.

EARNSHAW: After that, he stuck to me.

CATHERINE: He what to you?

EARNSHAW: I said he stuck.

HINDLEY: Stuck?

EARNSHAW: Stuck.

CATHERINE: Stuck! stuck! stuck! - didn't you hear what father said the first time? Where did he stuck to you?

HEATHCLIFF: Why must you humiliate me with parodies and puns? You are so pretty, Catherine.

CATHERINE: It is the privilege of pretty girls to torment Street urchins and gamins.

HINDLEY: Gamins?

HEATHCLIFF: I'll get even with you, Catherine Earnshaw:- I'll make you regret your words!

CATHERINE: (intrigued) Hmmm..... what are your intentions?

HEATHCLIFF: Strictly honourable.

CATHERINE: Strict, struck.

EARNSHAW: Stuck.

HINDLEY: Stuck, that's what I thought.

EARNSHAW: Well, you three children play nicely together. I'm going to bed.

CATHERINE: With whom, O my father?

EARNSHAW: With your dying mother, O my daughter.

CATHERINE: Is mother really dying, O my father?

EARNSHAW: Yea, I'm afraid so. (crying) Everybody dies in this story.

CATHERINE: What was that first word you used, father?

EARNSHAW: Yea.

CATHERINE: Yea..... that's what I thought you said.

EARNSHAW: What's wrong with "yea"?

CATHERINE: I don't know. It sounds funny. It sounds ominous. And it sounds dirty.

HEATHCLIFF: Dirty?

CATHERINE: Yeah, all the words everybody around here uses sound dirty. And I don't like it. I don't like it because I am respectable and very romantic.

HEATHCLIFF: Yea, you are very romantic.

CATHERINE: Yea, that I am.

HEATHCLIFF: Yea, that you are.

EARNSHAW: Good night, children.

CATHERINE: Good night, father. Say good bye to mother for us.

EARNSHAW: Yea, that I will.

CATHERINE: Yea, that you are.

(EARNSHAW leaves.)

HINDLEY: Nephrophiliac!

HEATHCLIFF: There you go again, using words to torment me. I am a wretched tormented waif.

HINDLEY: Why shouldn't I add to your burdens? I hate you:- always playing up to father as though you were his real son when you're just a pick-up! And don't think I don't know why.

HEATHCLIFF: In order to become his heir? In order to inherit Withering Sights when he follows your mother to his murky grave on the lone and brooding stretches of the moor?

HINDLEY: Exactly. But I shall thwart your schemes, Heath.

CATHERINE: Will you boys stop talking shop and come and play with me. Let's play grown-ups.

HINDLEY: You just can't wait to grow up, can you, Catherine?

CATHERINE: I've already bought a maiden-form.

HEATHCLIFF: Do you think adult life will be any happier for you than your childhood, Catherine?

CATHERINE: No, but it will be more romantic.

(HINDLEY strikes HEATHCLIFF.)

HEATHCLIFF: Why did you strike me?

CATHERINE: Strike, struck.

HINDLEY: Stuck.

CATHERINE: It sounds like profanity.

HEATHCLIFF: You are rotten and mean, Hindley. I'll tell father.

HINDLEY: He's not your father. Come, Catherine, let's make a Cinderella of this dog. Polish our boots, lackey!

CATHERINE: Button my boots, boot-bottoner.

HINDLEY: Wash my hands, fix my tie, comb my hair.

CATHERINE: Scrub the floor, do the dishes, water the plants, put out the cat, saddle the horses, whitewash the fence, roam on the moors, be romantic.

(HEATHCLIFF goes through all these changes; swearing vengeance.)

HEATHCLIFF: Someday, I'll get even with both of you.

(EARNSHAW re-enters, appearing very ill.)

CATHERINE: Father, you appear very ill.

EARNSHAW: Your mother is dead, children, and so am I.

CATHERINE: I said you appear ill, but that's an exaggeration.

EARNSHAW: See if it is.

(EARNSHAW drops dead.)

HINDLEY: He wasn't kidding.

CATHERINE: Dead as a doornail! It is very unfortunate for us, seeing as we are his children, but as for himself he hath found peace at last from the brooding, murky, misty, fog-bound moors, and God save us all.

HEATHCLIFF: (kneeling by the corpse) O, Mr. Earnshaw, why hast thou forsaken me? Surely misery and disaster will follow me now.

CATHERINE: Disaster? Stuck.

HINDLEY: How right you are:- Off, dog!

HEATHCLIFF: What?

HINDLEY: I said be off, dog! Now I am master at Withering Sights.

HEATHCLIFF: Please retain me, even if it be as servant!

HINDLEY: Serve on 42nd Street in Liverpool; the stock's low down there. Be gone.

CATHERINE: Good bye, Heathcliff. I'll miss you but I'm grown up now that father and mother are croaked. So it doesn't matter that much anymore. I must assume my duties as mistress of Withering Sights.

(HINDLEY kicks HEATHCLIFF out.)

HINDLEY: Now I am master and you are mistress.

CATHERINE: Sounds funny. Sounds ominous.

HINDLEY: Well, what do we do now?

CATHERINE: Well, since we're grown up, let's go to a ball.

HINDLEY: A what?

CATHERINE: A---

HINDLEY: Oh, yes, of course. Let us. Your arm, my dear.

CATHERINE: Your ball, my dear.

SCENE II: THE BALL AT THRUSHCROSS GRANGE.

(The Extras come on and there is a long minuet dance, etc. EDGAR LINTON is in the crowd and he dances with CATHERINE.)

CATHERINE: Who are you, good sir?

EDGAR: I am Edgar Linton of Thrushcross Grange. I own this estate and I threw this ball and I love you.

CATHERINE: How sudden!

EDGAR: Why is it sudden? Your loveliness excuses my forwardness.

CATHERINE: I suppose it does.

EDGAR: Will you marry me then?

CATHERINE: I suppose I will.

EDGAR: Good. Let us finish the dance.

(They continue to dance and brush into HINDLEY.)

CATHERINE: O, Hindley, this is Edgar Linton. I'm going to marry him briefly.

HINDLEY: Why briefly?

CATHERINE: Because I'll probably die shortly after the marriage.

HINDLEY: Whatever for?

CATHERINE: It is more romantic that way. Besides, what else is there to do on the murky moor except brood and croak?

HINDLEY: Then I shall have Withering Sights for myself.

CATHERINE: A lot of fun you'll have being couped up there all alone.Visit me sometime, in my grave.

HINDLEY: Where would you like to be laid?

CATHERINE: I beg your pardon?

HINDLEY: Well, I'll see to the final arrangements.

CATHERINE: Excuse me gentlemen: I think I'll go out to the terrace for a breath of misty moor air.

(CATHERINE moves out to the terrace with the camera following her. She stands there romantically brooding by herself for a while. HEATHCLIFF, dressed up, appears behind her.)

HEATHCLIFF: What are you doing, Catherine, my love?

CATHERINE: I am standing here on the terrace brooding all by myself as I catch a breath of misty fog-bound night air as it is wafted off the dismal moor.

HEATHCLIFF: There is a clarity in the moorish air not detected anywhere else on earth.

CATHERINE: (turning about and discovering him) Why, it is Heathcliff! My, don't you look fine in those fancy clothes. Where did you come from?

HEATHCLIFF: From Gimmerton where I have made my fortune. And now that I am rich and respectable, no longer the stable boy, I have returned to claim you for my wife.

CATHERINE: It is too late, Heathcliff. I am going to marry Edgar Linton.

HEATHCLIFF: Edgar Linton! But why??!! I have just as much money as he does, and more in my pants besides.

CATHERINE: It is not a question of money, but of position and family. Edgar has family; you have only the streets.

HEATHCLIFF: But you do not love him; you love me.

CATHERINE: That is true. But what is love to one who is fore-doomed as I am.

HEATHCLIFF: Love shall save us, Catherine.

CATHERINE: No - never; we are cursed, can't you see that? We could win the maudit award at next year's Cannes Festival.

HEATHCLIFF: Let me hlep you - elope with me! We could run off and live together in Gimmerton or Liverpool - it isn't far from London.

CATHERINE: And do what? - hide out in a garret ashamed to meet people and face the faces one must face? It would never work, I tell you. I have a place and position in this society:- there are balls I must attend and receptions I must receive and be received at court et al. You and I were not meant for each other.

HEATHCLIFF: God has already united us!

CATHERINE: Blasfemy!

HEATHCLIFF: If you marry Edgar you'll regret it all your days and know naught but anguish.

CATHERINE: I care not; my days shall be short and my anguish brief, Heathcliff. My fate is written in the sands of the moors.

HEATHCLIFF: But it is me you love. What compels you to marry that despickable weakling?

CATHERINE: My basic unfeelingness and the irresistable evil emotions which motivate me basically. And now, please excuse me, Heathcliff dear, but I have to get married.

HEATHCLIFF: I curse you, Catherine Earnshaw!!

CATHERINE: O, go sit on it!

(CATHERINE leaves him and the camera follows her out to EDGAR again. She takes EDGAR's arm and moves forward to a minister. X The ballroom crowd arranges itself behind the couple. Church music.)

MINISTER: Do you, Catherine Earnshaw of Withering Sights, take this weakling, Edgar Linton of Thrushcross Grange, as your lawful wedded spouse?

CATHERINE: Spouse? Sounds like mouse. Sounds ominous. Sounds dirty, too.

MINISTER: Then kiss and be coupled.

CATHERINE: Oh, I'm so excited! My very own wedding day.

EDGAR: And my very own wedding night!

HEATHCLIFF: Curse you both!

(After the nuptuals, the dancing resumes until the end of the reel.)

END OF REEL ONE.



REEL TWO: SCENE: THE MOOR

(For the first part of the moor reel the tape of Heathcliff speaking about himself plays. This should lasts at least 20 minutes. During the tape, the camera examines HEATHCLIFF who stares into the lens, mopes about, culls flowers, strikes various Byronic poses and broods over his lonely fate.

At one point, CATHERINE appears, decked out like Merle Oberon and the two romp together over the moors. Music plays storms and over foreboding themes.

When the tape ends, the lovers begin to speak.)

HEATHCLIFF: Catherine, are you at all happy with Edgar.

CATHERINE: More than I should be with you, gypsy!

HEATHCLIFF: You are my soul! You are my flesh and blood! You move within my body; we breathe as a single person! Can you look into my eyes and deny it?

CATHERINE: I deny nothing.

HEATHCLIFF: Then come and run away with me.

CATHERINE: What? - and miss the balls. I never saw a moor, I never saw the sea; but I know what Heather Angel is and what a whale must be.

HEATHCLIFF: What manner of gibberish is this?

CATHERINE: Well, you had that long shpeel, didn't you? At least leave a verse or two to me.

HEATHCLIFF: You'll never replace Merle Oberon. Come, let us make love by the gypsy fires deep in the forest.

CATHERINE: It is too late, Heathcliff.

HEATHCLIFF: Why, my darling?

CATHERINE: Because I am dying.

HEATHCLIFF: Then die - die now! I am sick of your ruining my life and your own! And for what? For a ball! She who turns from her inner substance, from the marriage made in heaven, from the union of the natural movement of the spheres spells out her destruction in very certain terms. Die! Die here!

CATHERINE: But, Heathcliff, I am pregnant.

HEATHCLIFF: Then die in childbirth!

(She does. He catches her in his arms, there is a romantic

farewell kiss, and a baby slips out from under her skirts. She slides to the floor and expires. HEATHCLIFF kneels and lifts up the little baby. He looks at it for a moment.)

HEATHCLIFF: A girl child. She shall be named Cathy two, and I will raise her as my own and torment her all her life until her mother and I are reunited in hell! She was irresistably impelled by the mean spirit within her and I shall match it at every turn. Let the devil have free rein in my veins. And he who would gather the hindmost.

BABY: Whaaaaaaaaa!!!

HEATHCLIFF: A love frustrate will out! The soul must go its way, pale it as we would. I shal fill up this island of the north and people it with ghosts that stir abroad in open light!

(CATHERINE comes back as a ghost and haunts him, running after him and calling his name; she wears a sheet over herself.)

GHOST: Heathcliff! Heathcliff! Heathcliff! Heathcliff!

(He falls muttering, cursing, weeping, on the moor.)

END OF REEL TWO.

