

A. C. & R. C. BROMHEAD present
THE TERRA FILM PRODUCTION

"Her Fateful Marriage"

Directed by E. A. DUPONT
From the novel by FELIX HOLLANDER



WITH

LIL DAGOVER

Sole Distributors - THE GAUMONT COMPANY, Ltd.

FOREWORD

E. A. Dupont has achieved a considerable reputation for dramatic realism—particularly demonstrated in his recent film, "Vaudeville"—and Felix Hollander's story, "Her Fateful Marriage," gives him further opportunity for the production of a drama of which grim realism is the keynote. It is the story of the tragic climax to a marriage bargain struck between desire and ambition. Lil Dagover has a typically strong emotional role as an ambitious woman conscience-stricken with a sense of moral guilt of murder. The picture will appeal particularly to audiences appreciative of strong dramatic fare.

THE PLAYERS

TOINETTE	LIL DAGOVER
Marie Duvent	MARGARETE KUPFER
Phillip Reamer	GHERHARD LEITHOFF
Count Leiseg	HANE MIERENDORFF
Raimondi	LOUIS RALPH

From the novel by FELIX HOLLANDER.

Directed by E. A. DUPONT.

LENGTH:

6,300 FEET in 6 REELS.

PASSED BY THE BRITISH BOARD OF FILM CENSORS,
CERTIFICATE "A."

A TERRA PRODUCTION

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THE GAUMONT COMPANY, Ltd.

THE STORY

Marie Duvent, an old time music hall performer who had seen better days, was taking Toinette, a promising pupil, to a Continental city in search of fame and fortune as a prima donna. On the crowded train Toinette made the acquaintance of Phillip Reamer, a young composer, whilst Marie found herself—without questioning circumstances—the object of friendly interest from Count Leiseg, a wealthy landowner. Quite plainly the Count was only interested in Marie as a means of introduction to Toinette. The young singer saw no more of Phillip, but Marie moved with her and all her baggage into the Count's compartment. They reached their destination late at night, and on the Count's suggestion went to the Excelsior hotel and were given a luxurious suite with service and a meal to please the most extravagant. Marie accepted everything as a matter of fact, but Toinette was suspicious and alarmed; so much so, that even Marie began to wonder if she had not taken too much for granted. However, discreet enquiries elicited the information that the Count had paid their bill for a week's stay.

At the end of the week Toinette, scorning Marie's repeated suggestions to look for a wealthy husband instead of work, insisted upon leaving the hotel. Two or three weeks went by with no prospect of an engagement. They were living in a miserable garret and had soon come to the end of their resources. Opportunely, a note arrived from the Count enquiring how they were getting on and offering any help that they might need. Marie tried hard to persuade Toinette that this was a chance not to be missed, but Toinette refused to take it.

To Marie hunger and thirst were real problems and she was determined to solve them, so she called on the Count and for a "consideration" readily agreed to help in his plan. Toinette could not resist the invitation of a box at the opera. Afterwards they went home with the Count for supper, but Marie got lost on the way and the Count had at last succeeded in getting a quiet tete-a-tete with Toinette. She found that her host was keenly interested in her ambition, and eventually he pictured for her the great success she might almost certainly attain if given the best teachers and the influence that his money could and would buy—if she would marry him.

The temptation of fame and wealth and luxury was too alluring for Toinette to resist.

To most women marriage is the greatest thing in life—but to Toinette it was a nightmare from which there seemed to be no awakening. The Count fulfilled his promise to the letter; she had her teacher and everything for ease and luxury that she could wish and her husband was kind and considerate always; but he was much older than she—he wanted to live on her youth, and his touch to her was repugnant. Her nervous system suffered under the strain of a distasteful association, and eventually the Count took her to the Riviera.

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THE . STORY

[continued]

Toinette's beauty attracted attention at the fashionable resort to which they had gone, and the Count's jealousies were particularly aroused by the attentions paid to his wife by a handsome philanderer known as Raimondi. The acquaintance had started with the latter rescuing Toinette from the incoming tide; there had been other incidents and dancing together, and the Count could not clear his mind of a recent tragedy, sensationally reported in the Press, of a famous singer's husband being murdered by an admirer. Fear of such consequences to himself preyed on his mind till finally he was prostrated with a nervous breakdown. Toinette nursed him, but his illness gave Raimondi opportunity for embarrassing situations. Eventually, realising that Toinette would remain faithful to her husband, Raimondi found an opportunity to give the Count an overdose of narcotic powders.

But Raimondi achieved nothing except the tortured conscience of a murderer. Toinette knew that he had done the deed but felt morally responsible herself. A few days later she left the scene of her life's tragedy.

An enterprising theatrical producer saw in the tragic Countess a sensational attraction, and still ambitious for a stage career and in need of some diversion from the calamitous circumstances of her marriage, she accepted his offer of an engagement to play "Carmen." Her success was immediate and among the many who congratulated her was the conductor of the orchestra—Phillip Reamer.

Toinette and Phillip resumed their friendship, but on a more intimate basis, and as time pressed she began to reflect upon whether she ought not to confess her moral guilt in the murder of the Count. So she worked herself up into a state of nervous tension that needed little to produce calamity.

Inspired by Toinette, Phillip had written an opera which the theatrical producer had promised to stage if Toinette would play the title role; he had named it "The Murderess."

The crisis had arrived; she could not refuse to play the part without inviting embarrassing questions; on the other hand, to play the role would mean mental torture leading to madness, if not worse.

She decided to play the part. On the first night, playing to an hushed audience, she reached her cue, "I am the murderess." She could not speak the lines. The prompter urged her, Phillip encouraged her, the audience swam dizzily before her eyes. She mastered herself, and eventually she made the halting confession—and collapsed.

They took her home—the shadow of guilt lying heavily over her. Phillip came to see her and she confessed. He listened, surprised but sympathetic. Eventually he managed to soothe her. "There is no judge in all the world who would condemn you. Your past is bound up in your name. Why not change it—and forget?"

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