

SIDE 2 Emma and Harriet

EMMA:

Dear, dear Miss Smith. You are welcome to Hartfield.

HARRIET:

Oh, Miss *Woodhouse*-(*bobbing up and down frantically*) *hullo*, yes. *Hullo*. *Hullo*. How you can ever thank !--(*correcting*) that is – how can I ever thank *you* for having me – to your beautiful home? (*that took a really concerted effort*)

EMMA:

-it is my pleasure!

HARRIET:

(*trembling, but trying to get the polite phraseology out*) No-no, Miss Woodhouse –my all – my – pleasure – is *mine*. –(*she mentally kicks herself and clears her throat, painfully*)
Emma motions to the servant, who goes to fetch tea.

EMMA:

Do sit, Miss Smith-and we shall have a real *tete-a-tete*.

HARRIET:

(*rather frightened*) A what?

EMMA:

A *tete*-(*surprised*) an intimate chat. Do you not speak French?

HARRIET:

Noooo – do you you –you do.

EMMA:

Why, yes. Mrs. Weston educated me in *French* – (*rattling them off very carelessly and fast*) Latin, Spanish, Italian. Maths, music, composition, botany, biology, anatomy, history, geography, geology, oratory, philosophy, astronomy, metallurgy, – you know. The usual.

HARRIET:

Lord, usual? That's not – usual at all. Nobody I know - knows so much, you. No?

EMMA:

(*shrugging*) Of course, I am done with learning now.

HARRIET:

What shall you do – with all of that education?

EMMA:

(rather at a loss) What will I do? I shall... be... educated, I suppose?

HARRIET:

You wouldn't-have an occupation? Be a governess, or teacher, or-
Emma starts laughing. Harriet, totally unaware of what she's laughing about, starts laughing with her.

EMMA:

A lady of my station cannot work. It would scandalize the county.

HARRIET:

(panicking) Oh, no, of course! Silly me. No. Yes! No. Haha. Nono.

The servant has returned. Emma turns to get the tea-Harriet, having some slow-moving version of an anxiety attack, frantically sponges her face and armpits with a handkerchief as she quasi-collapses.

HARRIET:

(to herself) Noooo...

EMMA:

Miss Smith, *(she turns and sees the frantic sponging of sweat)* are you all right?

HARRIET:

I'm sorry - It's just - I'm nervous - I've never been-in such a nice place before! And then I come here, all aaaAaaah - and I'm being, just - and I'm getting so-baaAAahhh! *(she flails about demonstratively)*

EMMA:

(Harriet's gestures get a bit wild) I careful!

Harriet is starting to babble – but Emma, like all channing people, is very good at putting people at ease fast-and also, perhaps, at believing everything she says is absolutely accurate.

HARRIET:

/and you are so lovely, and learned, and I have heard so much about you-and know I should be calm and rational and make a good impression-and, yet, I *also feel-(bobbing back up)* Oh, I really should go-

EMMA:

Sit. *(Harriet nearly breaks something trying to sit down as fast as possible)--you feel –?*

HARRIET:

But -- yet, I also feel--because I have thought about you so much --quite as if I knew you already.
(melting into a puddle of embarrassment) Oh God, what am I saying?
Harriet starts lightly hitting herself in the head-

EMMA:

Miss Smith-Miss Smith!

HARRIET:

Stupid, stupid Harriet, stupid!

EMMA:

(she catches her hand) Stop that --you --are absolutely charming!

HARRIET:

I am?

EMMA:

And what's more --I feel exactly the same.

HARRIET:

You do?

EMMA:

From this day forward, I shall call you my sweet Harriet, and you may call me your darling Emma.

HARRIET:

(dreamily) Your darling Emma.

EMMA:

No, it's "my darling Em--"

HARRIET:

What?

EMMA:

--never mind. (she pours her tea)
May I ask, Harriet, how old you are?