

SIDE 5 Miss Bates and Emma

At Mr. and Mrs. Weston's wedding

MISS BATES:

Miss Woodhouse!!

I understand you alone are to credit for this happy day!!!

Emma does a victory lap in front of Knightley.

EMMA:

WHY YES, Miss Bates, I certainly AM.

MISS BATES:

So extraordinarily clever, Miss Woodhouse-but then how could you be anything but?

Emma laughs in Knightley's face.

MISS BATES:

Such a happy occasion this is. If only my niece could join us today!

Emma instantly drops her arm-

EMMA:

(flatly) Yes, if only Jane Fairfax could be here. What a pity.

Music starts.

MISS BATES:

(entering a certain glassy-eyed love haze as she speaks) Jane does love a celebration! Sweet, amiable, Jane! What an addition to any party! Jane is so accomplished, Jane is so elegant, Jane is so charming /

Jane -- Jane-(spelling it like a cheer) J-A-N-

EMMA:

MISS BATES-they are starting the dances.

MISS BATES:

Oooh!

Emma has gone to visit the Bates at home and get the gossip out of Miss Bates, who loves to talk, when Mr. Weston and Frank Churchill arrive.

MISS BATES:

Do forgive me, Miss Woodhouse, you know I am an eternal talker.

EMMA:

(intrigued) May I ask why Jane left her position with the Dixons, Miss Bates?

Miss Bates knows she shouldn't say, but-in a bad bad overloud stage whisper:

MISS BATES:

She would only tell us that it was a trying experience, and would not name particulars -- I am sure she does not care to worry us, you know, and hates for anybody to broach the subject!

MUM'S THE WORD, EH, MOTHER? MOTHER, WE SHAN'T DISCUSS IT, SHALL WE MOTHER, FOR JANE FRETS SO? DON'T TALK OF IT, MOTHER! MOTHER! MOTHER, DO STOP SPEAKING! MOTHER!

The rocking pile of blankets and bonnets-which never spoke-gives another affirmative hand signal.

The doorbell rings

MISS BATES:

MOTHER-IT'S THE DOOR. STAY HERE, MOTHER. I'M GOING TO GET THE DOOR. THE DOOR, MOTHER! MOTHER!

She opens the door to find Mr. Weston-as well as a young man, dressed in the latest styles. This is FRANK CHURCHILL Frank is the kind of man who gets away with almost everything. And is he ever rich -- he's dressed to the NINES.

MISS BATES:

MOTHER! MOTHER! It is Mr. Weston, come to call, Mother, and his son Frank Churchill at long last! MOTHER! THE SAME FRANK CHURCHILL WHO JUST INHERITED ALL THAT MONEY! MOTHER! MOTHER! MONEY! MOTHER?

MISS BATES:

... Mother?

MISS BATES:

MOTHER?!!

A frozen, slightly horrified moment and then the old lady starts awake with a big noisy GASP:

MISS BATES:

Oh-oh! (with great relief) Only sleeping.

MR WESTON BROUGHT HIS SON, MOTHER!