

SIDE 7 Emma and Mr. Woodhouse

Emma has just transitioned from the wedding where she was dancing into scene 2 where she is talking to her father.

Hartfield. Mr. Woodhouse, Emma's father, is wrapped up in blankets; he has a little bowl of grey stuff in front of him. He's an over-anxious, melancholy hypochondriac, but people humor him, as he's a nice man under it all.

MR. WOODHOUSE:

(anxiously) Emma, Emma-Emma-do sit down.

EMMA:

(still dancing) Why, Papa?

MR. WOODHOUSE:

You shall take a chill, dancing about in this dreadful draft. *(he shivers, evocatively)*

EMMA:

(spinning close to him, and taking his hands as if to tempt him to dance) I'm running hot, actually.

MR. WOODHOUSE:

(he absolutely will not dance) Getting overheated is EVEN WORSE! Sit and have some gruel. *(speaking lovingly to the goo)* It is nice and smooth today-thin, but not too thin-do have a little basin of gruel with me, Emma-

EMMA:

Oh / thank you, but-

MR. WOODHOUSE:

(picking up his little bell) I'll ring for it now-

EMMA:

(lunging for the bell) NO! No, no, Papa-as appetizing as that looks-I'm too excited to eat.

MR. WOODHOUSE:

(darkly) Gruel is excellent for overexcitement. *(he eyes her as she continues to dance)* Why are you so restless today, my dear?

EMMA:

I am plotting a PROSPECTIVE PROJECT!

MR. WOODHOUSE:

What does that mean?

EMMA:

Oh, you shall see, Papa. (*darkly*) Soon-soon they all shall see. (*swooping in to kiss him*)
(*she dances away*) MWAhahaha!

MR. WOODHOUSE:

-sometimes, Emma, you do make me anxious.