

SIDE 4 Emma and Frank Churchill

EMMA:

So, Mr. Churchill-what do you think of Highbury thus far?

FRANK:

As a stranger in a strange land, Miss Woodhouse, I am confined only to compliments. Shall I pay you a few more, now?

EMMA:

No, sir-slow, sir. You shall frighten me away!

FRANK:

I don't think so

EMMA:

Let us be good children, and speak in a civilized fashion.

FRANK:

I shall try, for your sake, Miss Woodhouse. But I am told-that I am very very naughty.

He smiles and looks across the room at where Jane plays.

EMMA:

What do you think of Miss Fairfax's playing? Are you-as Miss Bates prophecied-in raptures?

Frank looks at Jane; she does not look at him.

FRANK:

Oh, it is accomplished, to be sure. Beautiful, even.

And yet-there is a certain-coldness, in her melody, Miss Woodhouse. D'you know what I mean?
(Emma is delighted - Jane hits an especially forbidding note. Frank smiles at her and shudders)
Brrrrr.

EMMA:

(overjoyed; meaning precisely what she means to mean) How can you say so, sir? I find Miss Fairfax's music-every bit as full of feeling as herself! *(Jane hits another forbidding note; Emma also shudders with pretend cold)* BrrrrrrRRrr.

FRANK:

If you say it, Miss Woodhouse, it must be so.

She giggles.

EMMA:

May I ask, Mr. Churchill-how well DID you know Miss Fairfax, in Weymouth?

FRANK:

She and I were often in the same set.

EMMA:

Then why would she pretend otherwise?

FRANK:

I dare not guess!

EMMA:

Jane Fairfax left the Dixon's service abruptly, did she not?

FRANK:

- I think the family was surprized.

EMMA:

Do you know the reason?

FRANK:

- I dare not speculate.

EMMA:

She won't speak about why she left Weymouth, and she denies knowing you - the only person who saw her there. Why?

FRANK:

You are a clever creature, Miss Woodhouse. And I agree-there must be something there. Perhaps it is a mystery-we can unravel together.

Jane finishes playing.

Bravah, Miss Fairfax, bravah!