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EMMA

Written by

Eleanor Catton

Based on the novel by
Jane Austen

Act One

1 **EXT. HARTFIELD - JUST BEFORE DAWN** 1

Sunrise over Hartfield, a handsome country house in Sussex.

2 **INT. HARTFIELD HOTHOUSE - JUST BEFORE DAWN** 2

The Hartfield hothouse is an explosion of exotic colour: scarlet, vermillion, vivid blues and purples and pinks.

EMMA WOODHOUSE, 21, an intelligent, spirited, self-satisfied young woman, is moving through the flowers, choosing the choicest blooms for a bouquet.

An eager young manservant, BARTHOLOMEW, holds a lantern. Emma has got him out of bed and he is struggling to stay awake.

EMMA
Not that one!

Her MAIDSERVANT had been about to cut the wrong flower-

EMMA (CONT'D)
The next.

The maidservant adjusts the secateurs and makes the cut.

3 **INT. HARTFIELD, MISS TAYLOR'S ROOM / UPPER CORRIDOR - MORNING**

MISS TAYLOR, late 30s, a kind, gentle, respectable woman, is packing up her possessions to leave Hartfield. A soft knock comes at the door, and she puts down what she's doing and goes to it, putting her face close. Emma is on the other side of the door.

EMMA (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
How am I to bear it, when you are gone?

MISS TAYLOR
(whispering too)
I am going only half a mile, Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
But great is the difference between a Mrs Weston half a mile away, and a Miss Taylor in the house.

Miss Taylor opens the door. Emma holds out a gift: the bouquet of hothouse flowers. It's exquisite.

MISS TAYLOR
Dear Emma.

EMMA
(sincerely)
You have been a friend and companion such as few possess. A governess in office, but little short of a mother in affection. I wish you every happiness.

They smile at each other. It's a tender moment, but-

MR WOODHOUSE (V.O.)
Poor Miss Taylor!

4 **INT. HARTFIELD GREAT HALL - MORNING** 4

MR WOODHOUSE, 60s-70s, a dashing, fastidious, fretful valetudinarian, comes into the great hall, ready to depart.

MR WOODHOUSE
What a pity it is that Mr Weston ever thought of her!

He's addressing these remarks to Emma, who has followed him downstairs. Her coat is already on. Mr Woodhouse sits down and Bartholomew kneels to exchange his indoor shoes for outdoor shoes. The Woodhouse BUTLER waits by the door.

Emma goes to a floral arrangement by the door and breaks off a few buds to form a sprig for her father's lapel.

EMMA
Papa! Mr Weston is such a good-humoured, pleasant, excellent man. He thoroughly deserves a good wife. And you would not have had Miss Taylor live with us for ever, when she might have a house of her own?

MR WOODHOUSE
A house of her own! Where is the advantage of a house of her own? This is three times as large.

His shoes are on. Bartholomew helps him into his coat, and then brushes down his shoulders with a coat-brush.

MR WOODHOUSE (CONT'D)
It is entirely unnecessary. Poor Miss Taylor- and poor Isabella too.

Emma has to laugh at the absurdity of this. She comes to fit the sprig into his lapel, affectionately.

EMMA
My sister married seven years ago, papa; you must be reconciled to it by now.

She brushes away some invisible dust that Bartholomew missed. He hovers, a little miffed to have been usurped.

MR WOODHOUSE
(immediately wincing)
Oh. That was a terrible day. We knew then it was a terrible day. We know now it was a terrible day-

EMMA
(overriding him)
You would not wish away your grandsons- young Henry Knightley, and little John, whom you love so well?

MR WOODHOUSE
(mollified)
They are very fond of me.

EMMA
Of course they are.

MR WOODHOUSE
(gloomy again)
But I shall always be disappointed they did not visit us this autumn.

Bartholomew administers a few extra brushes to Mr Woodhouse's coat, competitively, while Mr Woodhouse puts on his hat.

CHARLES, another manservant, is filling Mr Woodhouse's cane meticulously with lavender.

EMMA
We shall see them at Christmas, papa. Now we must go.

Charles hands Mr Woodhouse his cane, the top of which is perforated like a salt shaker. He puts it to his nose and inhales deeply.

This is the cue for the butler to open the door. They go out.

5 **EXT. HARTFIELD - CONTINUOUS - MORNING** 5

The Woodhouse carriage is waiting to take them to the church; the coachman JAMES stands by the open door.

6 **INT. WOODHOUSE CARRIAGE - MORNING** 6

Mr Woodhouse looks out of the window, contemplating any and all options for delaying the wedding.

EMMA
It shall always be a matter of great joy to me that I made the match myself. Everyone said Mr Weston would never marry again, but I did not believe it. I planned the match from the first hour of their acquaintance, and now to be proved in the right, and to have it take place, may comfort me for anything.

MR WOODHOUSE
Emma, you should not make matches and foretell things. Whatever you say always comes to pass. You must not make any more.

EMMA
I promise you to make none for myself, papa; but I must, indeed, for other people. It is the greatest amusement in the world. And after such success, you know!

7 **EXT. HARTFIELD GATES - CONTINUOUS - MORNING** 7

Two footmen open the blue gates, and the carriage passes through. Two maidservants, carrying armloads of flowers, part as they see the carriage passing, and curtsey.

Title card: EMMA

8 **EXT. HIGHBURY LANE - MORNING** 8

The vicar MR ELTON, mid-20s, a very good-looking, unctuous, deeply mercenary man, is making his way to the church.

He passes the schoolmistress MRS GODDARD, who is leading a crocodile of schoolgirls, identically dressed in red capes. Among them is HARRIET SMITH, 17, a very pretty, naive, innocent girl, profoundly lacking in self-confidence despite her good looks. They are all wide-eyed at the sight of Mr Elton, the most eligible bachelor in town.

MRS GODDARD
Good morning, Mr Elton.

MR ELTON
(raising his hat)
Good morning, Mrs Goddard.
(to the girls)
Girls.

They swoon, breathless. He is fully aware of the effect he is creating, and puffs himself out a little as he passes them, causing them to swoon even more. Mrs Goddard is annoyed.

MRS GODDARD
Come along, now. Quickly now.

The Woodhouse carriage passes them.

9 **INT/EXT. WOODHOUSE CARRIAGE - MORNING** 9

Emma has seen Mr Elton through the window. She sits back, very pleased with herself for having formed a new plan:

EMMA
One more match, papa; for poor Mr Elton. You like Mr Elton, papa, and you know a vicar must have a wife.

10 **EXT. HIGHBURY PARISH CHURCH - MORNING** 10

The Woodhouse carriage stands outside the church. James comes around to help Emma and Mr Woodhouse out. Theirs is the only carriage in sight; everyone else is on foot.

11 **INT. HIGHBURY PARISH CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - MORNING** 11

A few people are in the church already, mostly seated in the humbler pews at the back. They rise hastily as Emma and her father enter.

Emma holds her head high: she loves these tokens of respect. They pass MR AND MRS COLE, the town's 'new money'-

MR COLE
(lifting his hat)
Mr Woodhouse, sir. Miss Woodhouse.

EMMA
(judging their appearance)
Mr Cole. Mrs Cole.

The Coles step aside to allow the Woodhouses to pass them, and Emma leads her father into their pew at the front.

MR WESTON, 50s, a bluff, well-meaning, slightly gossipy man, is at the altar, facing front. He's nervous and is steeling himself.

MR WOODHOUSE
You will catch your death!

He takes a blanket from beneath the pew and tucks it around Emma's knees.

A few pews behind, kind-hearted, fast-talking spinster MISS BATES, 40s, is seated with her mother, the frail MRS BATES, 70s. She pipes up enthusiastically-

MISS BATES
Oh, Miss Woodhouse- is this not the most happy, happy- the most fortunate- this morning I could not get my bonnet on for trembling!
(seeing the altar cloth)
Oh my heavens, do look at the altar cloth- oh! I am trembling again!

Just then Mr Cole, who has just sat down, lets out an almighty sneeze, frightening Mr Woodhouse-

MR WOODHOUSE
Oh!

He throws a hand across Emma, protecting her.

Emma is annoyed, but propriety prevents her from saying anything. Mr Woodhouse fumbles for his cane and inhales deeply to steady his nerves. Miss Bates is oblivious.

MISS BATES
Surrounded by blessings- wanting for nothing- it is too joyful!

Emma gives Miss Bates a tight smile, ending the conversation. She glances back towards the door. She's waiting for someone.

MR WOODHOUSE
(peevish, tucking the blanket again)
(MORE)

MR WOODHOUSE (CONT'D)
What is the matter, Emma? Why do you turn about?

EMMA
I have a fancy that Mr Weston's son may surprise us.

MR WOODHOUSE
Young Frank Weston?

EMMA
(checking the door again)
He is Frank Churchill now, papa. He is his uncle's heir; when he came of age, he took his uncle's name. I so long to meet him.

MR WOODHOUSE
(in a fearful whisper)
But how do you know that he might surprise us?

Mr Elton appears theatrically from a side-chapel.

EMMA
It is his father's wedding day! Mr Weston speaks of him so highly. I cannot think he will not come.

But just then the church bells start to ring out, and the congregation rises on cue (all except Mrs Bates and Mr Woodhouse, who remain seated). Emma turns- and sees Miss Taylor processing down the aisle. She's holding the bouquet that Emma gave her, and she looks radiant. Mr Weston sneaks a glance back at her. Emma cannot help but smile.

Miss Bates is weeping. But Mr Woodhouse is too upset even to watch them approach. He's shaking his head, muttering sadly:

MR WOODHOUSE
Poor Miss Taylor!

Emma glances over her shoulder to check the door one last time. But it's closing. Frank Churchill has not come.

Miss Taylor joins Mr Weston at the front.

Mr Elton bows to the altar, deeply, then takes his place in front of it, his hands solemnly extended: his office is a performance to him. A beat, then, very theatrically-

MR ELTON
Dearly beloved friends, we gather here in the sight of God to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, an honourable estate instituted by God in the time of man's great innocence...

12 **INT. RANDALLS - AN HOUR LATER - DAY** 12

Randalls is the Westons' residence in Highbury. Mr and Mrs Weston have laid on a wedding breakfast for their friends and neighbours. Mrs Goddard has now joined them.

Emma and Mrs Weston are standing together, a little apart from the crowd. Mrs Weston is holding a letter.

MRS WESTON
It is a very handsome letter.
(beat- perceiving Emma's disappointment)
Mrs Churchill is in poor health. She quite depends on him.

She's putting on a brave face, but she's disappointed too.

EMMA
We shall meet him very soon.

She wants to keep talking, but-

MR WESTON
Mrs Weston, my dear!

He is beckoning his wife to join him. Smiling, she presses Emma's hand and moves off to join her husband.

Emma looks around at the familiar faces of Highbury. Everyone is conversing and laughing in groups. She smiles, disguising the fact that she feels, suddenly, quite lonely.

On the far side of the party, Miss Bates has buttonholed Mr Elton, and is talking ceaselessly, praising him for the service and listing her blessings. He is sneaking glances at Emma and trying unsuccessfully to extricate himself.

Emma glances at him, thoughtfully, and then looks around at all the other women. Everyone is old or middle-aged.

Nearer to Emma, Mrs Goddard is gossiping to MRS COX:

MRS GODDARD
She was born out of wedlock to goodness knows whom. Smith is not her real name. She has no more idea of her true relations than I do.

Emma has overheard all of this, but she is too proud to join in on the village gossip. The women pass out of her earshot.

Mr Elton interrupts Miss Bates to suggest-

MR ELTON
Shall we have some cake, ma'am?

MISS BATES
(flattered, blushing)
Oh! Cake! Sir, you are too kind- I am extremely partial to a piece of cake- what an invitation! Oh, such bounty, wanting for nothing- I do not typically have much of an appetite, but on a joyous occasion such as this, one feels almost rude not to join in the edible celebration-

She comes over to the table and picks up a plate of cake. But Mr Woodhouse is highly distressed, and intercepts-

MR WOODHOUSE
Wedding-cake is sure to disagree with you, Miss Bates. I do not advise your even tasting it.

Miss Bates hesitates. She wants the cake, but she doesn't want to upset Mr Woodhouse. At last, sadly and regretfully, she puts the plate back.

Emma watches her, feeling lonelier than ever.

13 **EXT. DONWELL ABBEY - LATE AFTERNOON** 13

A man on horseback gallops down a shaded avenue to the handsome DONWELL ABBEY, a grander, more Gothic house than Hartfield. It looks preserved rather than lived-in.

The rider is GEORGE KNIGHTLEY, 30s, a cheerful, intelligent, morally conscious man. He's sweaty from his ride.

A GROOM is waiting. The groom takes the bridle to lead the horse away, and Mr Knightley heads inside to wash.

14 **INT. DONWELL ABBEY, MR KNIGHTLEY'S ROOM - LATER - LATE AFTERNOON** 14

Mr Knightley, now bathed, is being dressed by his VALET. This room looks properly inhabited: it's cosy, with books and papers everywhere.

15 **INT. DONWELL ABBEY, BEDROOM / DOUBLE CUBE / SINGLE CUBE/ STATUE HALL - CONTINUOUS - LATE AFTERNOON** 15

Mr Knightley, now dressed in clean clothes, is walking through the cavernous space. The furniture is all dust-sheeted and the chandeliers are bagged. Footmen are lighting candles in the background.

His housekeeper MRS REYNOLDS intercepts him, ruefully-

MRS REYNOLDS
You know what I'm about to say, sir-

MR KNIGHTLEY
"-Why do you keep a carriage if you never put it out?"

He smiles at her, unrepentant.

MRS REYNOLDS
It's just such a shame to see it standing by.
(changing tack)
A gentleman on foot- it's unusual.

He says the word 'unusual' with her. Laughing, he goes out.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Good evening, Mrs Reynolds.

MRS REYNOLDS
(calling after him)
It would be a kindness to the driver. Just every now and again.

16 **EXT. DONWELL ABBEY - SUNSET** 16

Mr Knightley exits on foot and sets off through the grounds, still smiling, enjoying the exercise.

17 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER - EVENING** 17

Mr Woodhouse is asleep in his habitual armchair, snoring softly. Emma is re-reading the letter from Frank Churchill. She hears footfalls and looks up to see through the window that Mr Knightley is approaching. Wanting to appear occupied when he comes in, she puts down the letter, hurries through to the music room, sits down at the piano and begins to play.

The sound of the piano startles Mr Woodhouse awake.

Mr Knightley comes in. Mr Woodhouse is pleased to see him.

MR WOODHOUSE
Mr Knightley! You must have had a shocking walk.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Not at all, sir. It is a beautiful, balmy evening.

Mr Knightley feels at home at Hartfield. He goes at once to his habitual chair next to Mr Woodhouse and sits down.

Emma, wanting to annoy him, plays a discordant note on the piano just as he sits down, as a rude sound effect. He shoots her a look, and she innocently busies herself with the music.

MR WOODHOUSE
But you must have found it very damp and dirty.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Dirty, sir! Look at my boots. Not a speck on them. How do you do? I came to wish you joy.

MR WOODHOUSE
Joy?
(wincing)
Oh! The wedding. Terrible day.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(to Emma)
So how did you all behave? Who cried most?

Emma has become bored with her pretend piano practice. She leaves the music room and comes back to join them.

EMMA
We all behaved charmingly. Everybody was in their best looks. Not a tear, and hardly a long face to be seen.

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Bartholomew)
Bring that screen a little closer. Mr Knightley feels a chill.

Bartholomew hastens to bring the screen forward.

MR KNIGHTLEY
And what of Mr Frank Churchill? Is he every bit as handsome as his father promised he would be?
(MORE)

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
(seeing Emma's expression)
He did not come?

He sees the letter on the sofa next to her and picks it up.

MR WOODHOUSE
Emma bears everything very well, but, Mr Knightley, she is really very sorry to lose poor Miss Taylor.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Poor Mr and Miss *Woodhouse*, if you please, but I cannot accept 'poor Miss Taylor'- on her wedding-day!

He turns his attention back to the letter. Emma is watching him closely.

EMMA
He wished exceedingly to come, but his aunt and uncle could not spare him.

Mr Knightley starts reading the letter, a little sceptically.

Mr Woodhouse gets up: it's the time of the night when Bartholomew sets up the backgammon table, and Mr Woodhouse needs to find the perfect spot to set it up.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Well, I dare say he might have come if he could.

EMMA
I do not know why you should say so.

MR KNIGHTLEY
If Frank Churchill had wanted to attend his father's wedding, he would have contrived it. He chose not to come.

EMMA
It is very unfair to judge of any body's conduct without an intimate knowledge of their situation. We have never met Mr Frank Churchill; we do not know what he is able, and unable, to do.

MR KNIGHTLEY
There is one thing, Emma, which a man can always do if he chooses, and that is his duty. It is Frank Churchill's duty to pay this attention to his father.

EMMA
He also has a duty to his aunt, who is unwell.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Mrs Churchill has been unwell for as long as she could say so. Her nephew is not a doctor. If he had told her, simply, and resolutely, that he must attend his father's wedding, there would have been no opposition to his going.

EMMA
(laughing)
No, but there might have been some to his coming back again. You are the worst judge in the world, Mr Knightley, of the difficulties of dependence. You have always been your own master. You do not know what it is to have tempers to manage.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I shall remember that next time you quarrel with me.

Tossing her head pettishly, she gets up and relocates to a chair on the other side of the folding screen, so that he now can't see her. A beat- and then she reaches one hand over the screen and plucks Frank Churchill's letter out of his hand.

18 **INT. HARTFIELD, EMMA'S ROOM - MORNING** 18

Emma's maidservant is helping her to dress: first layers and layers of petticoats, then the gauzy outermost gown.

After the maidservant has gone, she goes to the fire and, completely unself-consciously, lifts up her skirts to warm her bare bottom by the fire which is lit in the grate. A beat. She feels alone.

18A OMITTED 18A

19 **INT. HARTFIELD DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - MORNING** 19

Mr Woodhouse is reading the paper as he eats breakfast. Emma sits opposite. She's bored. An empty chair between them shows where Miss Taylor used to sit. Bartholomew waits discreetly.

EMMA
There is a new parlour-boarder at Mrs Goddard's school, papa. Miss Smith.

Mr Woodhouse whips around, electric, and points to the wall.

MR WOODHOUSE
There. Distinctly.

Bartholomew hesitates, then goes to the place where Mr Woodhouse is pointing, and places his hands on the wall.

MR WOODHOUSE (CONT'D)
Do you feel it? A chill draught.
(then, more impressively)
A chill *and sickly* draught.

EMMA
(trying again)
She is a natural child. No one knows her parentage, not even Miss Smith herself. Is that not mysterious?

It's just the sort of topic that Miss Taylor would have taken up. But Mr Woodhouse is still focused on Bartholomew, who can't feel anything but is loyally trying his best.

MR WOODHOUSE
Miss Taylor would have felt it.

20 **EXT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL - DAY** 20

Emma is speaking with Mrs Goddard on the lawn in front of the school.

MRS GODDARD
(doubtfully)
Miss Smith...
(MORE)

MRS GODDARD (CONT'D)
does not know the circumstances of her birth, Miss Woodhouse.

EMMA
(carelessly)
A fact which surely proves her parentage is good. If her origins were very low, there would have been no need for secrecy, for there would have been no shame.

Again Mrs Goddard hesitates- this is awfully presumptuous, and even a little cruel. But Emma has made up her mind.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I will improve her. Those natural graces must not be wasted; she wants only a little elegance, I think, to be quite perfect. Will you send her to Hartfield, Mrs Goddard? Tomorrow morning?

Mrs Goddard curtseys in a way that is not quite sincere.

MRS GODDARD
You are very kind, Miss Woodhouse.

Emma, satisfied, leaves her to continue on.

21 **EXT/INT. HARTFIELD COURTYARD/GREAT HALL - THE NEXT MORNING DAY** 21

Harriet enters Hartfield alone, completely dwarfed by its grandeur and stately beauty. She looks around her, losing confidence.

22 **INT. HARTFIELD MINT DRAWING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY** 22

Harriet faces Emma across the vastly opulent Hartfield drawing room. She is positively terrified.

EMMA
The misfortune of your birth, Harriet, ought to make you particularly careful as to your associates.

The door opens and the butler, maidservant and Bartholomew come in. The butler is carrying a trestle-table, the maidservant a tea-tray, and Bartholomew an urn. Harriet is instantly on edge. Emma doesn't notice.

EMMA (CONT'D)
There can be no doubt of your being a gentleman's daughter. You must support your claim to that station by every thing within your power.

While she talks, she unlocks the tea caddy and then watches as the servant measures out the tea. Bartholomew adds hot water and then the servants melt away again.

HARRIET
Know you the Martins, Miss Woodhouse- of Abbey Mill Farm?

EMMA
I know that they are tenant farmers. They rent their farm from Mr Knightley.

Harriet doesn't catch the snobbish note, and bumbles on.

HARRIET
They were ever so kind to me this summer. I stayed for two months together. When I went away, Mrs Martin was so very kind as to send Mrs Goddard a beautiful goose; the finest goose Mrs Goddard had ever seen, she said. She had it dressed on a Sunday, and asked all of us to sup with her- and I declare, Miss Woodhouse, I had never tasted anything so fine.

She's gabbling, trying to be impressive. Emma hands her a teacup and begins cutting the cake.

EMMA
The Martins are of precisely the order of people with whom I feel I can have nothing to do. A degree or two lower might interest me; if they were *very* poor, I might hope to be useful to them in some way. But a farmer can need none of my help, and is therefore as much above my notice as he is below it.

This neat piece of rhetoric goes right over Harriet's head: while Emma has been talking, Harriet has realised to her horror that her finger is stuck in the delicate china handle of the teacup. She manages to pop it free just in time to accept a plate of cake.

HARRIET
Mr Robert Martin went three miles one day to bring me walnuts, because he knew how fond I was of them. I believe he's very clever. He understands every thing.

EMMA
I suppose he does not read.

HARRIET
Oh yes! That is- I believe he has read a good deal- he reads the Agricultural Reports- and I know he has read *The Vicar of Wakefield*. He had never even heard of *The Romance of the Forest*, nor *The Children of the Abbey*, until I mentioned them.

Emma feels a little envious of Harriet's patent crush- which is more than she has ever felt for anyone- but she hides her envy behind a mask of cool detachment, changing the subject:

EMMA
After tea we will call on my dear Mrs Weston. We promised we should be seeing one another every day.

23 **INT. RANDALLS DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 23

The room is plain but homey, showing a bachelor's tastes, to which a few feminine touches have recently been added.

Mrs Weston had been sitting with Mr Elton. They both rise as the door opens and Emma and Harriet come in. Really it ought to be Mrs Weston, the hostess, who speaks first, but:

EMMA
I am not the first to visit you!

MRS WESTON
(laughing)
You are no less welcome for being the second.

EMMA
Mr Elton, Miss Harriet Smith.

MR ELTON
(with a flourish)
It is my great honour.

EMMA
You must sit there, Harriet, so that you may admire the view of Enscombe over the fire.

Harriet hesitates: isn't Emma usurping Mrs Weston? But Mrs Weston smiles indulgently, so Harriet sits down where Emma indicates, and obediently looks at the picture.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Mr Frank Churchill is the artist.

It is of a handsome country house and is signed F. CHURCHILL.

MR ELTON
I have heard it described as one of the finest houses in Yorkshire.

MRS WESTON
I have heard the same, though for Mr Weston's sake, I would that it were closer by.

MR ELTON
And Mr Churchill is to inherit the entire estate?

MRS WESTON
He is very fortunate.

EMMA
(to Harriet)
There is such symmetry between us. We both lost our mothers when we were very young, and he has his aunt to care for, as I have papa.

Mr Elton feels a pang of envy, and changes the subject, turning back to the girls with a flourish-

MR ELTON
But how can we admire a painted beauty, with such loveliness before us in the flesh?

EMMA
(smiling at him)
We must have you to Hartfield, Mr Elton.

MR ELTON
I can conceive no greater pleasure.

24 **EXT. HIGHBURY LANE, NEAR HARTFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY** 24

Emma and Harriet are walking home together.

EMMA
Mr Elton is a such a good humoured man. So cheerful, and obliging, and gentle. I think very well of Mr Elton.

Harriet glances at her uncertainly, wondering if Emma is trying to tell her something in a coded way.

HARRIET
I do so wonder, Miss Woodhouse... that *you* should not be going to be married. So charming as you are.

She winces- has she overstepped? But Emma laughs.

EMMA
A person's being charming, Harriet, is not quite enough to induce them to marry; they must find another person charming, too. I have none of the usual inducements of women to marry. Fortune I do not want; employment I do not want; consequence I do not want. I believe few married women are half as much mistress of their husband's house as I am of Hartfield; and never could I expect to be so truly beloved and important, so always first and always right in any man's eyes, as I am in my father's.

They've reached the Hartfield gates. They stop and Emma puts out her hand, regally, for Harriet to take.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You must come again tomorrow.

HARRIET
(overcome)
Oh, Miss Woodhouse! Thank you!

She curtseys and walks off. Emma watches her go.

25 **EXT. HIGHBURY MARKET SQUARE - A FEW DAYS LATER - MORNING** 25

Emma and Harriet are out walking through the quaint town centre of Highbury. They pass into Ford's, the haberdasher.

26 **INT. FORD'S HABERDASHER - A LITTLE LATER - DAY** 26

Harriet and Emma are shopping. Emma has already made her purchase, and Harriet is infuriating her by taking a long time to decide between two almost identical ribbons.

HARRIET
The dark blue or the light? Miss Woodhouse, which do you prefer?

EMMA
(repressing irritation)
They are nearly identical.

HARRIET
(still dithering)
Of course, if the dark gets dirty, it will not show... but the light-

EMMA
The dark then.

HARRIET
The light is a good deal prettier.

Emma perceives Miss Bates peering through the window at them, and groans audibly. Harriet is instantly alarmed.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
What is the matter, Miss Woodhouse? Are you ill?

But there's no time to reply. Miss Bates comes in, breathless-

MISS BATES
Miss Woodhouse. How do you do- and you, Miss Smith- I saw you through the window- Miss Woodhouse, I bring happy news- such happy news- we have had a letter this very morning from my niece Jane Fairfax!

EMMA
I hope that she is well.

She turns away and goes to continue shopping. But Miss Bates follows her around the store, not letting her escape-

MISS BATES
In normal course she writes Tuesday, or Wednesday, but here it is today, so very unexpected-
(hearing Emma belatedly)
(MORE)

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
Oh, Miss Woodhouse, you are so very kind to inquire. Her health- poor Jane- she is at Weymouth with Colonel Campbell, and-
(hunting in her bag for the letter)
Oh, where is the letter? It must not be far off- such an unexpected-

Harriet has turned back to the ribbons.

HARRIET
(to herself)
For winter perhaps the dark is best-

MISS BATES
(finding it)
Ah!- it had got lost under the-
(passing it to Emma, who takes it reluctantly)
-yes, Weymouth, with Colonel Campbell, and his wife, and her dear friend Miss Campbell, who is recently, married: she is Mrs Dixon now.

Emma has scanned the letter very briefly, and holds it out for Miss Bates to take; but Miss Bates has changed the subject, so Emma puts it down on the counter between them.

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
And oh- oh dear! Mr Dixon- the most charming young man- rendered Jane a great service in recent days. They were out in a party on the water, and Jane, by the sudden whirling round of something or other among the sails, would have been dashed to the sea at once- and actually was all but gone- but Mr Dixon, with the greatest presence of mind, caught hold of her habit, *and saved her life!*

Harriet gasps. Miss Bates turns, thrilled to discover that Harriet is listening, and reaches out her hand to clasp Harriet's. Her eyes fill with sympathetic tears.

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
To think that poor Jane might have perished! I cannot think of it without trembling! She an orphan! I shall always be very very fond of Mr Dixon now.

EMMA
I am very glad that Miss Fairfax was not harmed.

MISS BATES
(quivering with gratitude)
You are too kind. I shall write to Jane this very day!
(MORE)

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
How very gratified Jane will be, to know that she has such dear, devoted friends.

She goes to leave, then realises she has left the letter and returns for it.

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
Such devoted friends.

27 **EXT. HIGHBURY LANE - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY** 27

Emma and Harriet are returning to Hartfield.

EMMA
Heaven forbid that I should ever bore people half as much about all the Knightleys together, as Miss Bates does about Jane Fairfax. One is sick of the very name of Jane Fairfax. Every letter from her is read forty times over, and if she does but knit a pair of garters, one hears of nothing else for a month. I wish Jane Fairfax very well; but she tires me to death.

But Harriet has stopped walking. Emma, surprised, stops too and follows Harriet's gaze. She sees, in the field opposite, the strapping young farmer ROBERT MARTIN. He had been tilling the ground, but seeing Harriet, he puts down his plough and strides over to the fence to greet her, grinning broadly.

HARRIET
It is Robert Martin!

She dashes to the fence to greet him. Emma, left alone, looks on with patent disapproval. After a brief and evidently good-natured exchange, Harriet runs back to Emma, beaming-

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Only think of our happening to meet him! Well, Miss Woodhouse, is he like what you expected? What do you think of him?

Robert Martin has returned to his plough; now he resumes his work, strongly, conscious of the ladies' presence. Emma watches him coolly for a moment, then resumes walking. Harriet falls into step beside her. A beat, then-

EMMA
I had no right to expect much, and I did not expect much; but I had no idea that he could be so very clownish, so totally without air. I had imagined him, I confess, a degree or two nearer gentility.

Harriet is crestfallen.

HARRIET
To be sure- he is not so genteel as a real gentleman.

Emma sweeps on ahead. Harriet hurries to catch up with her.

28 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - EVENING** 28

Emma is showing Harriet the letter from Frank Churchill. Mr Knightley sits in his habitual armchair, reading, but without attention: he's distracted by the girls.

EMMA
You see he signs 'Mr F. C. Weston Churchill.' Is that not fine?

But Harriet, too, is distracted. In the room beyond, Mr Woodhouse is being attended to by the apothecary MR PERRY, who is supplying him with new potions and tinctures to test.

HARRIET
(to Emma, in a whisper)
I do hope Mr Woodhouse is not ill.

EMMA
Oh, papa sees Mr Perry every day. I know I disappoint him awfully- I am so seldom indisposed. If he does not invent an illness for me, I hardly figure in his letters.

Mr Knightley smiles at this, but it goes over Harriet's head.

HARRIET
Truly, you are the very picture of good health, Miss Woodhouse.
(then, blurting out)
Mrs. Martin thinks you the most handsome woman in all of Highbury!

Emma busies herself putting Frank's letter away in her embroidered letter-case.

EMMA
You must never flatter me in Mr Knightley's hearing, Harriet. He thinks me vain enough already.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(after a beat)
I do not think you personally vain. Considering how very handsome you are, you seem little occupied with it.
(with a glance at Harriet)
Your vanity lies a different way.

Harriet is aghast. But Emma smothers a smile. She has only heard the compliment. After a beat, very casually, but dropping her voice to a whisper, so Mr. Knightley can't hear:

EMMA
Did I tell you what Mr. Elton said of you the other day? He called you 'loveliness itself'.

Harriet looks sharply at her, disbelieving. Emma smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(still in a whisper)
It seems to me his manners are rather softer than they used to be. I rather wonder if he means to ingratiate himself with you.

In the next room, Mr Woodhouse is still talking to Mr Perry:

MR WOODHOUSE
Now an egg boiled very soft, Mr Perry: *that* is a remedy!

29 **INT. RANDALLS, SMALL HALL - THE NEXT DAY - DAY** 29

Mr Knightley is standing in the window, fidgeting. There is something he wants to raise with Mrs Weston, who is on the adjacent window seat, but he isn't sure how to phrase it.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I do not know what your opinion may be, Mrs Weston, of this great intimacy between Emma and Harriet Smith, but I think it a bad thing.

MRS WESTON
(very surprised)
How differently we feel!

MR KNIGHTLEY
Miss Smith knows nothing about herself, and looks upon Emma as knowing every thing. Her ignorance is hourly flattery. How can Emma imagine she has anything to learn, while Harriet is presenting such a delightful inferiority?

MRS WESTON
But educating Harriet will be an inducement for Emma to educate herself. They will read together.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Emma has been meaning to read more ever since she was twelve years old. She never would submit to anything requiring industry and patience.

MRS WESTON
I am sure you always thought me unfit to be her governess.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Yes, you are better placed here- very fit for a wife, but not at all for a governess. You were preparing yourself to be an excellent wife all the time you were at Hartfield, by submitting your own will, and doing just as you were bid.

MRS WESTON
And yet you came today on purpose to solicit my opinion, knowing my husband to be out; you do not treat me as a wife, Mr Knightley, but, I dare say, as a governess.

He laughs, pleased to have been bested.

MRS WESTON (CONT'D)
I cannot allow you to be a judge in this matter, Mr Knightley. You are so used to live alone; you do not know the value of a companion.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(brooding)
She always declares that she will never marry, which, of course, means just nothing at all. I should like to see Emma in love, and in some doubt of a return; it would do her good.

MRS WESTON
That I must answer as a wife. There are wishes in this house respecting Emma's destiny.

Mrs Weston smiles meaningfully at him, and glances at the picture of Enscombe over the fire.

30 **INT. HARTFIELD MUSIC ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 30

Mr Elton is leafing through Emma's portfolio, which contains mostly sketches of Hartfield and portraits of her family. None of them are finished. Emma is at Mr Elton's shoulder. Harriet sits nearby, feeling a little like a third wheel.

MR ELTON
But these are exquisitely done, Miss Woodhouse. You have a charming talent!

EMMA
(carelessly)
I dare say there is merit in them; in the least finished, perhaps the most. So Mr Knightley tells me. He finds fault in everything I do.

She's talking about herself too much. She remembers Harriet.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Did you ever have your likeness taken, Harriet?

HARRIET
(with alarm)
Oh dear- no, never.

EMMA
(to Mr Elton)
What an exquisite possession a good picture of her would be!

MR ELTON
It would indeed.

It isn't much of a compliment, but Harriet dares to feel a flush of pleasure. Emma waits, and Mr Elton takes the hint-

MR ELTON (CONT'D)
It would *indeed!* Let me entreat you, Miss Woodhouse- now, at once!

31 **INT. HARTFIELD MINT DRAWING ROOM - LATER - DAY** 31

Emma is at the easel, applying paint to a sketch; the picture is now very well advanced. Mr Elton is at her elbow. Harriet is posing against a folding screen that has been painted with a pastoral scene. She is trying her best to keep still.

MR ELTON
You have given Miss Smith all that she required. She was a beautiful creature when she came to you, but the attractions you have added are infinitely superior to what she received from nature.

EMMA
I am glad you think I have been useful to her; but Harriet only wanted drawing out. I have done very little.

MR ELTON
If it were admissable to contradict a lady-

EMMA
I have perhaps given her a little more decision of character. I have taught her to think on points which had not fallen in her way before.

MR ELTON
Skilful has been the hand.

EMMA
Great has been the pleasure, I am sure. I never met with a disposition more truly amiable.

Mr Knightley and Mr Woodhouse come in from outside. Mr Elton greets them with a flourish-

MR ELTON
Mr Woodhouse. Your daughter's gifts are without compare. Bear witness!

Mr Knightley looks at the picture, sceptically.

MR KNIGHTLEY
You have made her too tall, Emma.

MR ELTON
Oh no. Certainly not too tall; not in the least too tall. It gives one exactly the idea of such a height as Miss Smith's. Exactly so!

Mr Knightley glances at him doubtfully, but Emma is looking at Harriet, who is still obediently holding her pose. Both women are highly gratified by Mr Elton's enthusiasm.

MR ELTON (CONT'D)
A most perfect resemblance in every feature! I never saw such a likeness in my life!

MR WOODHOUSE
It is very pretty. When it is finished, you must have it framed.

MR ELTON
Allow me! Trust me with this commission, Miss Woodhouse, and I will ride to London the moment I am asked! It would be my great honour.

MR WOODHOUSE
(dubious)
London?

Mr Knightley is looking at Mr Elton with patent disdain. But Harriet is flushed with pleasure. Emma's eyes are sparkling.

CUT TO:

A short while later, Harriet and Emma look on as Mr Elton takes the painting, and rolls it in a leather tube.

MR ELTON
(bowing to them)
Miss Woodhouse; Miss Smith.

He takes his leave, waving to them. As soon as he's gone, Emma takes Harriet's arm and leans in close.

EMMA
I cannot have a moment's doubt about his intentions. It is just as I planned: he is in love with you.

Harriet hardly dares to believe it. She manages a smile.

31A **EXT. HARTFIELD - DAY** 31A

Bartholomew holds the horse's bridle for Mr Elton while he stows away the leather tube in his saddlebag. He goes to mount his horse. But his balance is a little off, and he can't quite swing himself up. Bartholomew has to come and help him. He slithers a little, using Bartholomew's shoulder to lever himself up, but it takes a good few seconds until he's up in the saddle. He trots off.

32 **EXT. ABBEY MILL LANE - VERY EARLY MORNING** 32

Mr Knightley, on horseback, is making for the modest farmhouse at the end of the lane, which appears to be very comfortably lived-in. The cottage garden is flourishing and well tended; pegged laundry flaps in the breeze; geese and hens peck about in the yard.

MRS MARTIN is peeling apples on the step. Her daughters ELIZABETH and CATHERINE are doing laundry together nearby.

They see Mr Knightley approaching. Elizabeth puts down what she's doing and goes into the house to tell her brother.

Seconds later, Robert comes out of the house, pulling on his jacket, as Mr Knightley rides up. He's glowing with exertion.

MR KNIGHTLEY
The day's wasting, Mr Martin! Come along!

Robert scuttles off to the barn to saddle up his horse. Mr Knightley doesn't wait. He turns his horse around and trots off down the road, expecting Robert will catch up. Soon Robert leads a horse out of the stable, swings himself up into the saddle, and rides off after his landlord.

33 OMITTED 33

34 **EXT. LANE NEAR ABBEY MILL FARM - NEARING SUNSET** 34

Robert Martin and Mr Knightley are following a flock of sheep down a country road.

ROBERT MARTIN
I'm really most obliged to you, sir. I'd expected to wait until the spring.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Always buy out of season, Mr Martin, whenever you can.

Robert glances at him, taking this advice to heart. Then-

ROBERT MARTIN
Mr Knightley, sir.
(beat)
Forgive my liberty- but- may I be so bold as to seek your advice?

35 **INT. EMMA'S DRESSING ROOM AT HARTFIELD - THE NEXT DAY - DAY** 35

Emma, in her dressing room, is being fitted for a winter coat by the haberdasher MRS FORD. Emma is wearing a mock-up, and Mrs Ford is busily altering the garment to fit.

The door opens and Harriet bursts in, carrying a letter.

HARRIET
Miss Woodhouse- you will never guess what has happened- Robert Martin has offered me his hand!
(then, suddenly)
Hic.

She is so breathless with excitement that she has given herself the hiccups. She rushes on, fumbling with the letter-

HARRIET (CONT'D)
He writes as if he really loves me very much. *Hic.* I came as fast as I could to ask you what I should do. *Hic.*

Mrs Ford glances at her quickly, and then resumes work on Emma's hem. Harriet is now comfortable enough at Hartfield not to pay attention to the servants, and doesn't notice. She comes forward, holding out the letter-

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Will you read it? *Hic.*

EMMA
Take a deep breath and hold it.

Harriet obliges. Emma begins to read the letter. A long beat, and then Harriet exhales noisily to ask-

HARRIET
(anxiously)
Is it a good letter? Or too short?

It is, in fact, a good letter. Emma is surprised.

EMMA
A very good letter- so good, that I think one of his sisters must have helped him.

HARRIET
What shall I do? *Hic.*

EMMA
Hold your nose.

HARRIET
(holding her nose)
About the letter.

EMMA
You must answer it, of course.

HARRIET
But what shall I say? Dear Miss Woodhouse, do advise me.

EMMA
(handing back the letter)
Oh, no, no! The words must be your own. But you must be unequivocal. You must express gratitude, concern for the pain you are inflicting, and sorrow for his disappointment.

She takes off the mocked-up coat and hands it to Mrs Ford, who curtseys and withdraws, glancing at Harriet dubiously as she does so. Harriet's hiccups seem to have subsided.

HARRIET
You think I ought to refuse him.

EMMA
My dear Harriet, what do you mean? Are you in any doubt as to that?

HARRIET
I...I had no notion that he liked me so very much. *Hic.*

EMMA
I lay it down as a general rule, Harriet, that if a woman doubts as to whether she should accept a man or not, she certainly ought to refuse him. But do not imagine that I want to influence you.

HARRIET
Hic... Perhaps... it will be safer... Do you think I had better say 'No'? *Hic.*

EMMA
Not for the world would I advise you either way. You must be the best judge of your own happiness. If you prefer Mr Martin to every other person;
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
if you think him the most agreeable man you have ever met, why should you hesitate?

HARRIET
I have now quite determined, and really almost made up my mind-
(tiny beat)
-to refuse Mr Martin. Do you think I am right? *Hic.*

EMMA
(with great relief)
Perfectly, perfectly right, dear Harriet. While you were all in suspense I kept my feelings to myself, but now that you are decided, I have no hesitation in approving. I give myself joy of this. It would have grieved me to lose you. I could not have visited Mrs Robert Martin, of Abbey-Mill Farm!

HARRIET
You could not have visited me!

The horror of this prospect has frightened the hiccups away.

EMMA
It would have been a severe pang to lose your acquaintance, but so it must have been. You would have thrown yourself out of all good society. I must have given you up.
(beat- then, pleased)
There. They've subsided.

36 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 36

Mr Woodhouse is directing Bartholomew and Charles, to position the folding-screens around him to block the draught. They are over-eager to please.

They shut the front flaps, boxing him in completely.

MR WOODHOUSE
Not the-
(protesting)
It's dark in here!

Hurriedly, they unbox him again. He's highly disgruntled-

MR WOODHOUSE (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to read in the dark?
(beat- they're flummoxed)
Well, go and fetch a candle!

They both set off running.

37 **INT. HARTFIELD STAIRCASE ENTRANCE - LATER - DAY** 37

Emma is descending the staircase when Mr Knightley steps in through the front door. He's in a very good mood.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I just passed Miss Smith.

EMMA
She has gone home with a complaint.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Well, I am sorry to hear it; but I have reason to believe she will soon be feeling rather better. Mr Robert Martin sought my opinion yesterday-can you guess what about?

Emma knows what's coming. She goes through to the dining room, and Mr Knightley, still cheerful, follows.

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
You will not guess?

EMMA
Mr Martin proposed to Harriet this morning. He wrote, and was refused.

38 **INT. HARTFIELD DINING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY** 38

The Woodhouse family silver is out, having recently been cleaned and polished; Emma, wanting to occupy herself, has begun examining the inventory and checking everything is there.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Refused! Then she is a greater simpleton than I ever believed her! *Harriet Smith* refuse *Robert Martin?* I hope you are mistaken.

EMMA
I saw her answer; nothing could be clearer.

MR KNIGHTLEY
You saw her answer! You wrote her answer. This is your doing, Emma. You persuaded her to refuse him.

EMMA
If I did, I should not feel that I had done wrong. Mr Martin is a respectable young man, but I cannot admit him to be Harriet's equal.

They are circling one another, around the table.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Not Harriet's equal! No, indeed: he is her superior in both sense and situation! Emma, your infatuation about that girl blinds you. What are Harriet Smith's claims, either of birth, nature, or education, to any connection higher than Robert Martin? She is the natural daughter of nobody knows whom, with probably no settled provision at all, and certainly no respectable relations.

Emma had begun to interrupt him, at 'nobody knows whom'-

EMMA
There can scarcely be a doubt that her father is a gentleman, and a gentleman of fortune. Her allowance is very liberal; nothing has been grudged for her improvement.

She leaves the room. But Mr Knightley follows her.

39 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 39

Mr Woodhouse is distressed: he has left the door open.

MR WOODHOUSE
The draught- he does not think of the draught- Bartholomew! Charles!

Bartholomew is coming back with the candle. He sprints to close the door.

40 **INT. HARTFIELD MUSIC ROOM - DAY** 40

Mr Knightley and Emma have not paused.

MR KNIGHTLEY
She is known only as a parlour-boarder at a common school. She is pretty, and she is good tempered, and that is all.

EMMA
'That is all'? These are not trivial recommendations, Mr Knightley. Till men do fall in love with well-informed minds instead of handsome faces, a girl with such loveliness as Harriet has a certainty of being admired and sought after wherever she goes. I am very much mistaken if your sex in general would not think such qualities the highest claims a woman could possess.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Upon my word, Emma, to hear you abusing the reason you have, is almost enough to make me think so too. Better to be without sense altogether, than to misapply it as you do.

Emma is taken aback: Mr Knightley has never spoken so harshly to her before. At a loss, she turns and goes out. But he still isn't done. He follows her.

41 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 41

Mr Woodhouse sees that the door has been left open again.

MR WOODHOUSE
Mr Knightley- I beg you!

Mr Knightley bows to Mr Woodhouse tightly and closes the door, but he's still on Emma's heels.

42 **INT. HARTFIELD DINING ROOM - DAY** 42

MR KNIGHTLEY
Men of sense, whatever you may choose to say, do not want silly wives. Men of family would not be very fond of connecting themselves with a girl of such obscurity- and more prudent men would be afraid of the inconvenience and disgrace that they might be involved in, when the mystery of her parentage came to be revealed. Let her marry Robert Martin, and she is safe and respectable for ever;
(MORE)

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
but if you teach her to expect to marry greatly, nobody within her reach will ever be good enough for her!

Emma's jaw is set. Mr Knightley is still pursuing her.

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
(intensely)
Your plans for Harriet are best known to yourself; but as you make no secret of your love of match-making, it is fair to suppose that plans you have; and as a friend, I shall just hint to you that if Elton is the man, I think it will be all labour in vain. Elton knows the value of a good income as well as anybody. He may talk sentimentally, but he will act rationally. He knows that he is a very handsome young man, and a great favourite wherever he goes, and from his general way of talking when there are only men present, I am convinced that he does not mean to throw himself away.

And at last Emma has had enough. She faces him, fierce:

EMMA
I am very much obliged to you for opening my eyes, Mr Knightley, but know that I am done with match-making for the present. I only want to keep Harriet to myself.

She knows this sounds selfish as soon as it's out of her mouth. Mr Knightley is too disgusted and angry to speak. He opens the door, bows stiffly to Emma, and leaves.

43 **INT. HARTFIELD MINT DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 43

Mr Elton has returned from London with the framed portrait. It is wrapped in paper and set up on an easel. With a flourish, he sloughs off the paper and displays it to Harriet, Emma and Mr Woodhouse.

They gape at it. The frame that Mr Elton has chosen is completely tasteless, and utterly wrong for the picture: it's ornate, gilt, too heavy. But there's more: Mr Elton cranks a tiny handle, and a music box hidden in the frame starts to play. Emma can't imagine anything worse. But-

HARRIET
(in wonderment)
It's so beautiful!

She's open-mouthed with wonder. Emma has to say something nice too.

EMMA
You certainly spared no expense.

She smiles at Harriet, who is smiling at the portrait as the tinny tune winds down. Mr Elton is smiling at Emma.

44 **EXT. HARTFIELD - A FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS - AFTERNOON** 44

A carriage turns into the Hartfield drive. We hear, but do not see, the absolute bedlam within: children crying, everyone speaking over everyone else-

ISABELLA (O.S.)
Sit down. Henry, do not pull on your collar- stop that- stop! John, discipline him! Use your influence, please! Do not make that face-

JOHN KNIGHTLEY (O.S.)
Oh, for pity's- now there's milk all over my trousers! Look! Look what he did to my trousers! You know that's going to leave a stain-

45 **INT. HARTFIELD UPPER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON** 45

Mr Woodhouse had been sitting in the window, waiting. He sees the carriage approach, and goes to tell Emma-

MR WOODHOUSE
Emma! They are here.

He hurries off, but we stay in the window, and watch down through the glass as the carriage comes to a halt, and the butler approaches to open the door. The chaos has been silenced: the family is now perfectly composed.

Emma's sister ISABELLA KNIGHTLEY, late 20s, like her father a fellow hypochondriac, is helped out first. She is carrying a baby in a swaddling-cloth. After her comes JOHN KNIGHTLEY, early 30s, a lawyer, rather bad-tempered and judgmental, sponging his trousers, and finally their children HENRY, JOHN, and BELLA. By this time the front door has opened, and Emma and Mr Woodhouse have come out to greet them. We hear their exclamations only mutedly, through the glass.

46 OMITTED 46

47 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON** 47

Mr Knightley has now joined the family party. Emma has the baby in her arms and is walking it back and forth, rocking it to sleep.

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Isabella)
I shall always be very sorry that you went to the sea this autumn instead of coming here.

ISABELLA
But why should you be sorry, sir? It did us a great deal of good.

Emma is trying to catch Mr Knightley's eye, but he seems to be avoiding her eye.

MR WOODHOUSE
No, I think Mr John Knightley is far from looking well.

MR JOHN KNIGHTLEY
South End was most strenuously recommended by our physician, sir.

ISABELLA
Sea air and sea bathing.

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Mr Knightley)
The sea is very rarely of use to anybody. I am sure it almost killed me once.

The inane conversation is too much for Emma, who bursts out-

EMMA
Come, I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable- I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited if you please.

She glances at Mr Knightley. But he doesn't smile.

MR WOODHOUSE
In London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London. Nobody can be.

Isabella starts telling her father about Mr Wingfield, her physician, whose medical opinions Mr Woodhouse then contrasts with the superior opinions of his Mr Perry.

But we cross to Mr Knightley, who takes pity on Emma and comes over to her.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Let us be friends.

He reaches down and caresses the baby's face.

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
(to the baby)
Tell your aunt, little Emma, that she was very wrong, and that she ought to set you a better example.

Suddenly the baby sicks up milk, copiously. Emma involuntarily jerks the baby away from her body, so that milk doesn't get on her dress, alerting Isabella, who flies to rescue the baby-

ISABELLA
What is the matter? Is there fever? Oh! Where is the nurse- give her to me-

MR WOODHOUSE
(panicked too)
Is he feverish? Isabella!

Emma and Mr Knightley are laughing. Emma feels heartened by the restored connection between them, and belatedly answers his scolding remark to the baby:

EMMA
As far as good intentions went, we were both in the right. I must say, I have not yet been proved wrong.

Isabella and Mr Woodhouse are still in a flap.

ISABELLA
(returning to him)
Oh, I do not know, I do not know, I do not know! Where is the nurse?

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Bartholomew)
Send for Perry.

MR JOHN KNIGHTLEY
Do not send for Perry.

ISABELLA
(chastising)
My love!
(to Bartholomew)
Send for Perry!

Mr Knightley turns to go. But Emma wants to detain him.

EMMA
Mr Knightley.
(beat- he turns back)
Was Mr Martin very disappointed?

Another beat. Then, very grave-

MR KNIGHTLEY
A man cannot be more so.

He looks hard at her, and then leaves her to her conscience.

End of Act One

Act Two

48 **EXT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL - DAY** 48

Emma, opulently dressed in a fur-trimmed winter cape, sweeps up the walk to Mrs Goddard's school. The schoolgirls see her and race ahead.

49 **INT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL STAIRWELL - DAY** 49

Emma has entered the hallway, and has been met by Mrs Goddard.

EMMA
I have come to visit Miss Smith.

MRS GODDARD
We were not expecting you.

The schoolgirls watch star struck as Emma glides up the stairs, accompanied by Mrs Goddard.

50 **INT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL, HARRIET'S ROOM - DAY** 50

When Emma comes in, Harriet leaps up, mortified that Emma has seen where she lives. But she's too weak, and almost faints.

EMMA
Harriet!

HARRIET
Miss Woodhouse!

EMMA
You are so disheveled!

HARRIET
I am always ill at Christmas.

EMMA
Get back in bed at once.

Harriet falls back in bed. Emma sits beside her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You will miss the party at Randalls. Mr Elton will be there. And Frank Churchill is expected at last.

HARRIET
(weakly)
And Mr. Elton's sermon.

She pulls a pocketbook from under her pillow.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
The sermon on Christmas Day. I transcribe them every Sunday.

EMMA
(taking the pocketbook)
I will transcribe it for you.

HARRIET
You are so good to me, Miss Woodhouse. I do not deserve it.

51 **EXT. RANDALLS - CHRISTMAS EVE - EVENING** 51

Three carriages turn into the Randalls driveway. Mr Weston, beaming, comes out of the house to greet them.

MR WESTON
Welcome, welcome, welcome!

52 OMITTED 52

53 **INT. RANDALLS DRAWING ROOM - EVENING** 53

A noisy scene of reunions, everyone talking at once:

ISABELLA
(to Mrs Weston)
"Mrs Weston" is very well for every body else, but to me, you shall always be my dear Miss Taylor.

MRS WESTON
(to Isabella, smiling)
And you, my dear Miss Woodhouse. How are the children?

JOHN KNIGHTLEY
(acidly, answering for Isabella)
Multiplying.

ISABELLA
(to Mrs Weston)
They are not at all well, I am sorry to say. Really we should never have travelled at such a time of year- Mr Wingfield expressly said-

Meanwhile, Mr Knightley is talking to Mr Woodhouse:

MR KNIGHTLEY
How is your temperature, sir? Shall I ask to bank the fire?

But Mr Woodhouse has been distracted by the conversation between Isabella and Mrs Weston. He addresses Isabella:

MR WOODHOUSE
We wanted you to visit in the autumn, Isabella.
(to Mrs Weston)
They went to South End.

Isabella and Mrs Weston peel off with Mr Woodhouse. Mr Weston comes to greet Emma.

MR WESTON
How is poor Miss Smith?

EMMA
No better, I'm afraid.

She’s addressing Mr Elton, who had been the first to take off his coat, and is poking about, examining the trinkets on the mantelpiece, and patently passing judgement on the room.

MR WESTON
Such a sad loss to our party today.
(beat)
Miss Smith has sent her apologies.

MR ELTON
She will be missed every moment.

But in the next moment, he forgets her altogether: a servant appears with a tray of glasses of wine. He takes a glass.

Meanwhile, Mr John Knightley is complaining to Mr Knightley.

MR JOHN KNIGHTLEY
Going in dismal weather to return probably in worse- four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home!

Mr Elton’s lack of concern for Harriet bothers Emma, but before she can press him, Mr Weston has taken her arm:

MR WESTON
Frank has been detained at Enscombe, I am sorry to say. I had a letter from him just this morning-

Mr Elton is left with the Knightley brothers.

MR ELTON
I dare say we shall have some snow.
(beat)
I was once snowed up at a friend’s house for a week! Nothing could be pleasanter.

MR JOHN KNIGHTLEY
I cannot wish to be snowed up a week in Highbury.

MR ELTON
(misunderstanding him)
Of course, we are but a small party. You are perhaps used to the large parties of London-

MR JOHN KNIGHTLEY
I know nothing of the large parties of London, sir; I never dine with anybody.

Mr Elton is silenced. Mr Knightley is trying not to smile. He looks over and sees Mr Weston giving Emma a letter, evidently from Frank.

54 **INT. RANDALLS DINING ROOM - LATER - EVENING** 54

The others are talking in small groups in the drawing room. Emma is sitting alone in the dining room, which has already been set for dinner. She is re-reading the letter from Frank Churchill. Mr Knightley comes near.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Another fine flourishing letter, full of professions and falsehoods?

EMMA
Your feelings are singular. His letters seem to satisfy every body else.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I suspect they do not satisfy Mrs Weston.

This is quite true, and Emma does not reply. After a beat:

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT’D)
Were she a person of consequence herself, he would have come by now, I dare say.

EMMA
You seem determined to think ill of him.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I should be as ready to acknowledge his merits as any other man;
(MORE)

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
but I hear of none, except that he is well grown and good-looking.

EMMA
(teasing)
Well, if he has nothing else to recommend him, he will be a treasure at Highbury. We do not often look upon fine young men; we cannot ask for all the virtues into the bargain.

MR KNIGHTLEY
You will excuse my being so much overpowered.

EMMA
We are both prejudiced; you against, I for him; and we will have no chance of agreeing until he is really here.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Prejudiced! I am not prejudiced.

EMMA
But I am, very much, and without being at all ashamed of it. My love for Mr and Mrs Weston gives me a decided prejudice in his favour.

She turns back to the letter. Mr Knightley watches her for a beat, his expression clouded, before bowing and moving away.

Mr Elton sees Emma alone, and sees an opportunity to go and sit with her. But just as he's making his move, the maid steps between them and strikes a gong: dinner is ready.

55 **INT. RANDALLS DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - EVENING** 55

Mr Weston is seated at the head of the table; Mr Woodhouse is at the foot. Mr Elton is next to Emma, and trying in vain to start a conversation with her, but she is paying all her attention to Mr and Mrs Weston, who are talking about Frank:

MR WESTON
Mrs Churchill is an odd woman. She was nobody when Mr Churchill married her, barely the daughter of a gentleman; but ever since being turned into a Churchill she has out-Churchill'd them all in high and mighty claims.
(MORE)

MR WESTON (CONT'D)
She has decreed that if Frank does not marry a lady of some fortune, he will be entirely cut out from her will.

MRS WESTON
There is jealousy. She is jealous even of his regard for his father.

Mr Elton is trying to cut in.

MR ELTON
Jealousy-

But Emma is focused on the Westons.

EMMA
But she is so very fond of her nephew. He is her particular favourite.

MRS WESTON
Dear Emma, do not attempt, with your good nature, to understand a bad one; you must let it go its own way.

MR WESTON
Mrs Churchill rules at Enscombe. Everything gives way to her.

MR ELTON
(raising his voice)
I have heard it described as one of the finest houses in Yorkshire.

They all look at him. Embarrassed to have repeated himself, he fumbles for another topic of conversation-

MR ELTON (CONT'D)
What seasonable weather we are having. I dare say we shall have snow tonight!

At word 'snow' everyone stops and looks at Mr Woodhouse. He stands up.

MR WOODHOUSE
Snow? Tonight?

He looks at the window: yes, it's snowing.

Suddenly everyone is talking at once.

ISABELLA
But when did it commence? We must call for the carriage-

MR KNIGHTLEY
I will speak to James

He runs out. Isabella has gone to the window. Mr Woodhouse has too.

MR WESTON
(trying to make them stay)
But accommodation can be found- there is room for everybody-

MRS WESTON
(to Mr Woodhouse)
You will be quite safe, sir. James is an excellent driver in all seasons- he knows the road so well-

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Isabella)
It was snowing when your mother died.

ISABELLA
Oh, papa! I know. We shall get you home-

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Emma, despairing)
What is to be done, Emma? What is to be done?

EMMA
(coming to him)
Mrs Weston is right, papa. You will be quite safe. The horses are in excellent health, and no one drives as James does- you are surrounded by friends-

MR WESTON
(trying again)
But there is room for all of you! For all of us! The house is warm- we have good wine- and hot food-

ISABELLA
My children! My children are at home- I cannot leave my children-

JOHN KNIGHTLEY
(snidely, to Mr Woodhouse)
I admire your resolution, sir, in venturing out in such weather. Anyone could have seen that snow was coming on.

ISABELLA
(snapping)
Do not vex my father, sir!

Mr Knightley comes back in, his shoulders dusted with snow.

MR KNIGHTLEY
It has hardly begun. Barely an inch. But it is falling fast. We must go at once.

Mrs Weston gets up to instruct Hannah to get their coats. Mr Knightley follows her.

MR WESTON
(vainly)
Mrs Weston- the party!

MR WOODHOUSE
Where is the carriage? Where is James? I must speak with James.

Isabella is bundling Mr Woodhouse out the door. John Knightley can't resist:

JOHN KNIGHTLEY
And of course we have more than one carriage; so if one is blown over in the wind-

ISABELLA
(appalled)
Husband, please!

They go out. Only Mr Weston, Mr Elton, and Emma remain. Mr Elton is mortified for having caused such chaos so quickly.

MR WESTON
(to Emma)
I think we shall be very glad Frank did not come at Christmas. The spring will be a better time of year, better weather... We shall be very glad of the delay.

He's trying to say sorry. She smiles at him, kindly.

56 **EXT. RANDALLS - NIGHT** 56

It's now snowing very hard. Three carriages are waiting, the drivers wrapped up in hats and scarves, stamping their feet to keep warm. The horses breathe plumes of steam.

The door opens and Isabella and Mr Woodhouse exit-

MR WOODHOUSE
You will catch your death. Your husband is not strong.

ISABELLA
Look to your vinaigrette, papa. Mr Knightley! You must move your carriage- my father is unwell-

MR KNIGHTLEY
Take it. It is first, and will be fastest. Come.

He goes to his carriage, which is first, and opens the door for Isabella and Mr Woodhouse. She bundles Mr Woodhouse in, and Mr Knightley signals to the coachman to drive off.

John Knightley is now exiting. Mr Knightley hails him.

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
I'll ride with you then.

And he and Mr Knightley climb into the second carriage, hurrying to escape the cold. The door slams shut; the second carriage moves off, and Emma, who is just now exiting the house, is appalled to see that she is now obliged to travel alone in a carriage with Mr Elton.

EMMA
Oh!

She looks in despair at the departing carriages. Mr Elton is by the open door of the third carriage, offering his hand-

MR ELTON
Miss Woodhouse?

57 **INT. WOODHOUSE CARRIAGE - NIGHT** 57

Emma is resolutely quiet, looking out the window and trying to pretend Mr Elton doesn't exist. Mr Elton, sitting opposite, is staring at her amorously. A beat, then he leaps across the carriage to sit next to her, and seizes her hand. She wrenches it away at once, horrified.

EMMA
Mr Elton!

MR ELTON
I must avail myself of this precious opportunity to declare sentiments which must be already well known-

EMMA
Mr Elton, please! You have drunk too much wine.

MR ELTON
My ardent attachment-

EMMA
Mr Elton!

She detaches herself and goes to sit where he was sitting.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You forget yourself.

MR ELTON
I am ready to die if you refuse me.

EMMA
You take me for my friend. Any message to Miss Smith I shall be happy to deliver.

MR ELTON
Miss Smith! Message to Miss Smith!

EMMA
Command yourself to say no more, and I will endeavour to forget it.

MR ELTON
I never thought of Miss Smith in the whole course of my existence- never paid her any attentions, but as your friend: never cared whether she were dead or alive, but as your friend. Oh! Miss Woodhouse! Who can think of Miss Smith, when Miss Woodhouse is near! Everything I have said or done, for many weeks, has been with the sole view of making my adoration to yourself.

EMMA
Oh, good heaven!

Now she doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. A beat, then-

MR ELTON
Charming Miss Woodhouse. Allow me to interpret this interesting silence. It confesses that you have long understood me.

EMMA
No, sir, it confesses no such thing! Nothing could be farther from my wishes. Your pursuit of Harriet gave me great pleasure, and I have been very earnestly wishing you success.

MR ELTON
(irritated)
Miss Smith is a very good sort of girl;
(MORE)

MR ELTON (CONT'D)
and no doubt, there are men who might not object to-
(beat)
Everybody has their level!
(petulantly now)
Madam, my visits to Hartfield have been for yourself only; and the encouragement I received—

EMMA
Encouragement! I give you encouragement! Sir, you have been entirely mistaken. I have no thoughts of matrimony at present.

A beat. Mr Elton looks like he's about to explode. Suddenly:

MR ELTON
Stop the carriage. Driver- stop!

The carriage stops. He wrenches open the door and gets out.

EMMA
Mr Elton-

The door slams. He's gone. A beat, Emma still processing.

58 **INT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL PARLOUR - CHRISTMAS DAY - DAY** 58

Harriet, still looking very ill, is crowded around a small table with a group of girls. They have formed a pile of flour on a large plate, at the top of which they have placed a bullet, and the girls are passing a knife around, cutting away slices of the flour and trying not to disturb the bullet. They're all giggling and breathless.

Finally it's Harriet's turn. She makes the cut- and the bullet drops into the flour. All the girls start screaming with pleasure. Harriet puts down the knife and puts her face into the pile of flour to retrieve the bullet with her mouth.

But when she comes up, the bullet in her teeth, flour all over her face, the girls aren't laughing. They are looking, open-mouthed with horror, over Harriet's shoulder. Blinking, Harriet turns to see what has transfixed them- and sees Emma in the doorway, elegantly dressed, but looking ashen-faced.

59 **INT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL, HARRIET'S ROOM - DAY** 59

There's still a dusty halo of flour around Harriet's face.

HARRIET
How kind of you to visit me on Christmas Day, Miss Woodhouse. I have been longing to hear about the party at Randalls Cottage. And did you hear that Mr Elton has gone away? He left town quite unexpectedly- nobody knows why.

Emma looks at the picture of Harriet in its ridiculous frame.

EMMA
Presumptuous, conceited man.

HARRIET
Miss Woodhouse!

EMMA
How could I have been so deceived?

A beat, Harriet reading her. Then, realising:

HARRIET
He never loved me. He loved you.

Harriet has started to cry. Her tears streak through the flour.

EMMA
(hotly)
Love! He sought to aggrandize and enrich himself! He had the arrogance to raise his eyes to me, a Woodhouse, and so convinced himself in love. He is a vicar!
(noticing Harriet's tears for the first time)
Harriet. You might never have thought of him but for me. I assured you of his attachment- I contrived his visits to Hartfield-

HARRIET
Dear Miss Woodhouse. I do not blame you. I could never have deserved him, and none but so partial and kind a friend as you could have even thought it possible.

Emma doesn't know what to say. Harriet looks at the picture. A beat, then she runs across the room towards the it, intending to take it and throw it into the fire.

EMMA
(firmly)
Harriet.

Harriet stops and dissolves into tears.

HARRIET
I cannot see it without thinking of him.

EMMA
Burn the frame if you like, but you must keep the likeness.

An uncomfortable silence. Then-

EMMA (CONT'D)
Then I will take it.
(beat)
I will take it.

60 **EXT. HARTFIELD - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 60

Isabella, John Knightley and the children have said their goodbyes to Emma and Mr Woodhouse, and are now piling into the carriage to return to London. Isabella is fussing over the children as usual, as she climbs aboard to join them.

ISABELLA
Be still and eat this. Henry, sit next to your sister. Why are you so pale? And where is the baby? Bella, stop! Henry!

John Knightley is the last to climb aboard. Before he leaves, he looks straight at Emma, with loathing. A beat, then-

JOHN KNIGHTLEY
How I hate the childless.

He climbs into the carriage and the coachman shuts the door.

EMMA
Goodbye, Isabella. Goodbye, little ones. Goodbye!

The carriage begins to move. Emma returns to her father, who is by the door, and to her surprise, sees he is crying.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Papa!

MR WOODHOUSE
(thickly)
I wish she would not leave.

He fishes for a handkerchief and waves it as the carriage goes down the drive. Emma takes his arm and hugs him to her.

MR WOODHOUSE (CONT'D)
You must never leave me, Emma.

EMMA
Oh, papa. You know I never will.

Emma puts her head on his shoulder, and they watch as the carriage turns into the lane and disappears from sight.

61 **EXT. HIGHBURY LANE - A FEW WEEKS LATER - DAY** 61

Emma and Harriet are walking to the village beside the river. Harriet is going on about Mr Elton, to Emma's annoyance. She has her book of sermons out.

HARRIET
He cannot stay away forever. The curate cannot give the sermon forever. No one preaches as Mr Elton does. Hear this extract, Miss Woodhouse- hear this-

EMMA
(rounding on her)
Enough about Mr Elton!

Impulsively, Harriet throws the book into the water.

Emma is aghast. Harriet immediately regrets her choice. A beat. They stare at each other, horrified.

MISS BATES (O.S.)
Miss Woodhouse! Miss Smith!

Miss Bates is running towards them, waving a handkerchief excitedly. Emma is almost relieved to see her.

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
My niece- Jane Fairfax- Miss Woodhouse- Jane Fairfax- she has- Jane has surprised us! She is here!

62 **INT. MRS BATES' ROOMS - TEN MINUTES LATER - DAY** 62

The Bates' first-floor rooms are very humble: this is a household only just scraping by.

Mrs Bates is by the fire. Opposite sits JANE FAIRFAX, early 20s, a very composed, reserved young woman, beautiful, but very pale and quite without animation. Emma and Harriet are now seated, with cups of tea. Miss Bates is prattling away:

MISS BATES
She caught a bad cold, poor thing, so long ago as the 7th of November;
(MORE)

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
she has never been well since, and her kind friends the Campbells thought she had better come home, and try an air that always agrees with her; they have no doubt that three or four months at Highbury will entirely cure her.

In her excitement, Miss Bates is rattling her teacup against the saucer as she speaks. The sound is maddening to Emma, but it doesn't seem to be affecting Jane at all: her composure is absolute.

Harriet is sitting forlornly apart, a little tearful, still mourning the loss of her sermons.

JANE FAIRFAX
(to Emma, blandly)
I hope that your father is well?

EMMA
Very well, I thank you.

MISS BATES
Jane has been ill since the 7th of November. A long time, is it not, for a cold to hang upon her? My mother and I have been so distressed. But she is here now. She is here at last. Nobody could nurse as we should do. We shall feed her baked apples, extremely wholesome, and apple dumplings!

JANE FAIRFAX
I am very grateful to you, aunt, for your concern.

Her bland composure infuriates Emma.

MISS BATES
She is very sorry to be parted from her dear friends the Campbells, and Mrs Dixon, and Mr Dixon, who is a most amiable young man, and did her so great a service at Weymouth in October. I shudder to envision what might have- if not for Mr Dixon- and the boat, and the water- such a charming man. Is not this pleasant!How glad we are that Jane is here! She plans to stay three months.

EMMA
We must have you all to Hartfield.

MISS BATES
Oh! Mother! Do you hear!
(shouting)
(MORE)

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
Miss Woodhouse has invited us to Hartfield!
(to Harriet, happily)
My mother's deafness is very trifling you see. By only raising my voice and saying a thing two or three times over, she is sure to hear. But it is very remarkable that she should always hear Jane better than she does me.

63 **INT. HARTFIELD GREAT HALL - A FEW DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON** 63

Emma is preparing lavish floral arrangements to place throughout the house for the Bates' visit. She's possibly overdoing it a little. She places them, gauging their effect.

64 **INT. HARTFIELD DINING ROOM - NIGHT** 64

Emma, Mr Woodhouse, Mrs Bates, Miss Bates, Harriet, Mrs Goddard, Jane Fairfax, Mr and Mrs Weston and Mr Knightley are at dinner, waited on by the male servants of Hartfield.

Mr Woodhouse, at the head of the table, is between Mrs Goddard and Mrs Bates. He is policing what they eat-

MR WOODHOUSE
I do not advise the custard. Perhaps a little bit of tart. A *very* little bit. And what do you say to a half glass of wine? A *small* half glass? In a tumbler of water?

MISS BATES
(to her mother, shouting)
MOTHER! YOU MUST SAMPLE THE TART!

Everyone jumps a mile, Mrs Bates most of all.

Everyone resumes their conversations: Mr Woodhouse with Mrs Bates; Mr Knightley, with Mr and Mrs Weston in the middle of the table, where Mr Weston is, as ever, apologising for Frank-

MR WESTON
We shall be seeing Frank any day now, I have no doubt of it-

Emma is at the foot of the table between Harriet and Jane Fairfax. She turns to Jane, but before she gets a word in,

Miss Bates launches in, having caught the subject of Mr Weston's conversation, and picked up on it-

MISS BATES
Now, Mr Frank Churchill is a man much talked about in Highbury, is he not, Miss Woodhouse! We are all so very eager to meet him. He was at Weymouth when Jane was there.

Jane startles imperceptibly, and tries to downplay it:

JANE FAIRFAX
We are very little acquainted.

HARRIET
(to Emma, in a whisper)
That was the month of his father's wedding!

She glances at Mr and Mrs Weston. But they are deep in conversation with Mr Knightley and don't look up at Frank's name.

EMMA
(still to Jane)
But you must describe him! Is he handsome? Is he agreeable?

JANE FAIRFAX
I believe... he is generally thought so.
(changing the subject)
How well-prepared these ices are. I must ask your cook for the method.

Miss Bates leans forward-

MISS BATES
My dear Miss Woodhouse- such a lavish meal- you are too bountiful. We are so honoured by the kind attentions of our dearest friends!

Emma is still looking at Jane, who is still studiously avoiding her gaze.

65 **INT. HARTFIELD MINT DRAWING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT** 65

Emma is seated at the piano, playing for the guests, who are seated in concert format around her. Harriet stands at her shoulder to turn the pages. Her playing is competent, but it lacks brilliance. She finishes the piece and everyone applauds. She stands up, gesturing to Jane to take her place.

EMMA
Miss Fairfax? What a pity you didn't bring your music.

Jane stands up too.

JANE FAIRFAX
I hope that I can recollect the tune.

Emma yields the piano to Jane and goes to sits down next to Harriet, who leans over and whispers, loyally-

HARRIET
Nobody in the world plays like you do.

Jane Fairfax begins to play. It's immediately apparent that she is leagues ahead of Emma in terms of technical skill and poetic feeling.

Annoyed, Emma looks over and sees Mr Knightley gazing at Jane with frank appreciation.

Mr Woodhouse is sitting next to Miss Bates, who is fanning herself energetically with a fan. The draught is maddening to him. She doesn't notice: she's captivated by Jane.

EMMA
(to Harriet, whispering)
She is so cold, so cautious! There is no getting at her real opinion. She is wrapped up in a cloak of politeness, determined to hazard nothing at all.

Mr Knightley gets up and comes over to Emma.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I am glad you invited Miss Fairfax to play; having no instrument at her grandmother's, it must be a real indulgence.

EMMA
I am glad you approve; but I hope I am not often deficient in what is due to my guests at Hartfield.

MR KNIGHTLEY
No, you are not often deficient.
(beat)
You make it very plain you do not like Miss Fairfax.

EMMA
Everybody supposes we must be so fond of each other, because our ages are the same. Ever since I can remember, I have been told that I could have no better companion than Jane Fairfax. She who is so accomplished and so superior.

MR KNIGHTLEY
She is certainly accomplished; perhaps, the accomplished young woman you wish to be thought yourself.

Jane finishes the piece she's playing and everyone but Emma applauds. Mr Knightley looks at Emma. Sulkily, Emma switches on a smile and applauds, half-heartedly.

66 OMITTED 66

67 **EXT. HIGHBURY MARKET SQUARE - DAY** 67

It's raining hard.

68 **INT. FORD'S HABERDASHER - DAY** 68

Harriet examines ribbons while Emma complains about Jane.

EMMA
Three months of doing more than I wish, and less than I ought, for that indifferent, imperturbable *statue!*

HARRIET
Where do you suppose he has gone?

EMMA
Who?

HARRIET
Mr Elton.

The door opens and the Martin sisters come in, followed by Robert Martin. They're all very wet. Harriet and Robert both startle, red-faced. But there's nowhere to hide.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
(to Emma, in a whisper)
I must go.

But it's too late.

ELIZABETH MARTIN
Harriet. We have missed you.
(with a glance at Robert)
My mother has been asking for you.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH MARTIN (CONT'D)
Will you come and visit us again?

Harriet glances at Emma, stricken, not knowing what to do. But she can't decline the invitation. She nods.

HARRIET
(in a whisper)
Of course. Good day, Miss Martin, Miss Catherine Martin.
(beat)
Mr Martin.

Curtseying awkwardly to Robert Martin, she goes out.

69 **EXT. FORD'S HABERDASHER - DAY** 69

She is walking away, through the rain, when-

ROBERT MARTIN (O.S.)
Miss Smith!

Harriet turns. He has followed her out into the rain; even in a few seconds they have both become drenched. A beat, all the more romantic for the rain. Then-

ROBERT MARTIN (CONT'D)
The near way is flooded. You would do better going round by Mr Cole's stables. The ground is higher there.

70 OMITTED 70

71 **EXT. ABBEY MILL LANE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 71

Emma's carriage makes its way down the lane towards the Abbey Mill Farm and comes to a halt. Emma is talking her into it.

EMMA
You behaved extremely well; and it is over. As a first meeting, it cannot occur again.

Harriet is nodding, talking herself into it.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You must stay no more than a quarter of an hour, and allow no dangerous reminiscences. There must be no recurrence into the past.

Harriet nods, steeling herself. James opens the door and helps Harriet out, not noticing that she drops the muff she has been clutching in her lap. The women don't notice it either. Harriet goes apprehensively down the path to the cottage, trying to be brave, and James returns to the driver's seat to wait.

Emma watches from the carriage as Mrs Martin, Elizabeth Martin and her sister greet Harriet warmly, smiling, hugging hugging her, inviting her in.

A HORSEMAN appears, coming from the opposite direction. He reins in when he sees the carriage, hailing James.

72 **INT. EMMA'S CARRIAGE - DAY** 72

Right outside the carriage window is the horseman's foot and knee; Emma cranes to see the rider, and perceives a handsome man, dashingly coiffed and wearing very tight trousers. (It is FRANK CHURCHILL, but Emma doesn't know this yet.)

FRANK CHURCHILL
I seek the village of Highbury, sir. Is it near?

JAMES
Very near, sir. But three miles. Over the bridge, then left at the Crown, and you'll see the steeple.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Thank you. I'm very much obliged.

He tosses a coin to James, roguishly, then turns and looks directly at Emma. The move is flirty and very practised: he was aware of her the whole time, but he has saved his first look in order to dazzle her. Then he sees Harriet's muff in the dirt. He dismounts, picks it up, then opens the carriage door and presents it to Emma like a prince in a fairy tale.

As he puts the foot up on the carriage step, the whole carriage leans towards him, almost tipping her into his lap.

A little stunned, she takes the muff. He winks, tips his hat, then shuts the door, mounts his horse, kicks it into a canter, and tears off.

73 **INT. HARTFIELD HOTHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING - DAY** 73

Emma is among the flowers, selecting blooms, humming happily to herself, when she sees, through the misted windows of the hothouse, the man she encountered the previous day.

He shimmers through the misted glass, almost as if he has been conjured by Emma's imagination. He sees Emma and smiles.

Then Mr and Mrs Weston appear behind him, and Emma realises who he is.

74 **INT. HARTFIELD HOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY** 74

They've come in. Mr Weston presents Frank to Emma, proudly.

MR WESTON
My son, Mr Frank Churchill; Miss Emma Woodhouse.

Frank bows, eyes twinkling, and Emma curtseys.

MR WESTON (CONT'D)
He has caught us quite by surprise!

EMMA
He has indeed.

The fact they met yesterday is already like a private joke between them.

FRANK CHURCHILL
There are not many houses I should presume on so far, sir, but in coming home, I felt that I might take the liberty.

Mr Weston is looking at Emma eagerly, anxiously: he wants the two of them to fall in love as soon as possible. To that end-

MR WESTON
We have made a plan to walk to the village, Emma. Will you join us?

75 **EXT. HIGHBURY BRIDGE - LATER - DAY** 75

Mr and Mrs Weston are walking a discreet distance ahead, leaving Emma and Frank Churchill to walk together.

EMMA
Do you plan to stay in Highbury long?

FRANK CHURCHILL
But two weeks, alas. My aunt cannot spare me any longer.

EMMA
You must know your arrival has been long anticipated.

Across the street, Mrs Goddard is walking her crocodile of girls, who are completely star-struck at the sight of Frank Churchill in his tight trousers.

FRANK CHURCHILL
I have always had the greatest curiosity to visit. Now that I am here, I find it lovelier than ever I imagined.

He holds his arms out to embrace the scene, turning about, speaking deliberately loudly enough for the girls to hear-

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Oh, airy, cheerful, happy-seeming Highbury!

The girls dissolve in giggles. Mrs Goddard shoos them on.

EMMA
I believe we have a mutual acquaintance in Jane Fairfax. Did you meet often at Weymouth?

Up ahead is Ford's. He runs to it.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Oh- pray let us go in here, that I may prove myself to be a true citizen of Highbury. I must buy something at Ford's!

He makes for the door. But Emma doesn't move. He perceives her hesitation and returns to her.

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
But I beg your pardon, Miss Woodhouse- you were speaking to me.

EMMA
I merely asked whether you had known much of Miss Fairfax and her party at Weymouth.

FRANK CHURCHILL
And now that I understand the question, I must pronounce it to be a very unfair one. It is always the lady's right to decide on the degree of acquaintance.

EMMA
Upon my word! You answer as discreetly as she would herself. But her account leaves so much to be guessed, that I really think you may say what you like of your acquaintance with her.

FRANK CHURCHILL
May I indeed? Shall we go in?

He gestures toward the door again. They go into the shop.

76 **INT. FORD'S HABERDASHER - DAY** 76

Emma and Frank inspect the gloves laid out on the counter for a moment. Then, very casually:

FRANK CHURCHILL
You are her intimate friend?

EMMA
Intimacy between Miss Fairfax and me is quite out of the question. I have no reason to think ill of her- not the least- but I never could attach myself to any one so completely reserved.

FRANK CHURCHILL
It is a most repulsive quality, indeed. There is safety in reserve, but no attraction. One cannot love a reserved person. Nor a person so continually out of health.

EMMA
(feeling guilty)
Her constitution is delicate.

FRANK CHURCHILL
To me nothing can make amends for the want of a fine glow of health. Where features are indifferent, a fine complexion gives beauty to them all; and where they are good, the effect is-
(bowing to Emma)
-well, fortunately, I need not attempt to describe what the effect is.

Emma doesn't quite know what to say. She's flattered, but feels guilty too.

Frank has seen Jane Fairfax through the window. She is with Miss Bates, and they have just intercepted the Westons, and are talking in the street.

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Oh, good heaven. There she is!
(with mock horror)
My father will oblige me to talk to her. Ugh! I feel fatigued already!

He's too wicked. Emma, still a little bewildered, smothers a giggle.

Outside, Mr Weston is gesturing to Ford's and evidently telling Jane and Miss Bates that Frank has arrived. Miss Bates is ecstatic. But Jane meets Frank's eye through the glass, then takes her aunt's arm, reminding her of a prior engagement. They farewell the Westons and move away.

77 **EXT. HIGHBURY MARKET SQUARE - LATER - DAY** 77

Emma and Frank Churchill have resumed their walk. They pass the Crown Inn. Stacks of chairs have been piled outside, * ready for a cart to come and clear them away. Frank gestures * to it.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Here is where you have your balls, I suppose? Every fortnight through the winter?

EMMA
(laughing)
I am afraid Highbury may yet disappoint you, Mr Churchill. We have not society enough for dancing.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Oh, but an inn of this size must have a ball-room; and where there is a ball-room, there can be a ball. We cannot do without dancing!

He grabs her hand, grinning, and leads her in a dance through the forest of chairs.

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
(as he dances)
Instances have been known of young people passing many, many months successively, without being at any ball of any description, and no material injury either to body or to mind; but when a beginning is made-

Mr and Mrs Weston have joined them. He's addressing them all, showing off a little, enjoying his own flamboyance.

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
-when the felicities of motion have once been felt- it must be a very heavy heart that does not ask for more.

Mr Weston, infected by Frank's energy, takes Mrs Weston by the hand and leads her in a few steps. She's laughing.

MRS WESTON
It is very dirty.

MR WESTON
My dear, you are too particular! By candle-light it will be as clean as Randalls! We must have a ball.

FRANK CHURCHILL
And when we do-
(bowing to Emma)
May I hope for the honour of your hand for the first two dances?

Emma is delighted. She curtseys.

Mr Weston doesn't want the moment to end. Eagerly:

MR WESTON
(eagerly)
The Coles are to host a supper-party in Frank's honour. Perhaps there will be dancing there.

But Mrs Weston, looking uncomfortable, stops him.

MRS WESTON
Mr Weston.
(delicately)
The Coles are good people, but their origins are low. It is not for merchants to set the terms on which the superior families visit them.

MR WESTON
But Frank is in Highbury only two weeks! And we have all been invited.

MRS WESTON
(even more delicately)
Harriet Smith has not been invited.
(to Frank)
Emma's dear companion.

A slightly awkward beat. Emma glances at Frank, battling with hersel. She knows she should be loyal to Harriet, and she feels real snobbery towards the Coles. But she wants to go.

At last:

EMMA
I am sure I would not wish to disappoint the Coles- such good, friendly, unpretending people, who have been our neighbours these ten years!

78 OMITTED 78

*

79 OMITTED 79

80 OMITTED 80

81 OMITTED 81

82 OMITTED 82

83 **EXT. COLES' RESIDENCE - NIGHT** 83

The Coles' driveway is crowded. Emma's carriage turns in, and the coachman opens the door for Emma, and she steps out. She is delighted to see Mr Knightley step out from around the Knightley carriage. He's also well dressed.

EMMA
Mr Knightley! This is coming as you should do, like a gentleman.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(amused)
You think me more of a gentleman than usual?

EMMA
Indeed I do. You do not use your carriage so often as becomes the owner of Donwell Abbey. Had you arrived on foot, I should not have been so happy to walk in with you.

They start ascending the stairs to the house.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I am surprised you are happy to walk in at all. So Emma Woodhouse deigned to accept an invitation from the merchant Mr Cole!

EMMA
Mr Churchill will soon return to Yorkshire. We must make the most of every opportunity before he does.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(sarcastic)
"We must."

EMMA
He is in Highbury only two weeks.

MR KNIGHTLEY
And yet he spent a whole day going to London just to get his hair cut. Sixteen miles twice over. He is a trifling, silly fop.

They pass into the house.

84 **INT. COLES' RESIDENCE - NIGHT - LATER** 84

Dinner is over and the guests are moving through into the next room.

Mr Knightley and Frank Churchill find themselves in each other's vicinity. They are trying to avoid each other, feeling mutual dislike, but Mr Cole appears between them.

MR COLE
Such grand estates you have in common, gentlemen! Donwell Abbey, and Enscombe-

At the mention of the word 'Enscombe', Jane throws Frank a look. He is flummoxed. Mr Cole realises he has made a mistake-

MR COLE (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Soon to inherit, of course. Soon to inherit Enscombe.
(realising he has made another)
Not too soon. I trust your uncle Churchill is in good health?

Neither Mr Knightley nor Frank Churchill wants to take up this awkward attempt at small talk. They bow stiffly to one another then move away, Mr Knightley towards Emma, and Frank towards Mr Weston. Mr Cole, also glad to be released from his embarrassment, moves off to speak to Jane.

Mrs Cole, meanwhile, has taken Emma's arm.

MRS COLE
And have you heard the choicest piece of gossip, that has set all the tongues of the village aflame?

Emma suppresses a look of disdain at Mrs Cole's crassness.

MRS COLE (CONT'D)
A pianoforte - very elegant- delivered to Miss Fairfax this very morning with no return address!

Emma glances around jealously, realising that almost everyone is talking about Jane:

MRS COX *
(to Mrs Weston)
I never saw so fine an instrument-

MISS GILBERT
(to Mrs Cox)
A pianoforte, very elegant, and with no return address!

MRS COX *
(to Mrs Weston)
No return address!

MRS COLE
(to Emma)
Jane herself is quite at a loss- quite bewildered to think who could have sent it.

MRS COX *
(still to Mrs Weston)
Bewildered indeed-

MR KNIGHTLEY
(to Mrs Cole)
Perhaps her friends the Campbells?

In the background Mr Cole has led Jane to the piano and is inviting her to leaf through the piano music.

MRS COLE
One can suppose nothing else, but Jane had a letter from them very lately-

MISS GILBERT *
(clocking in)
Tuesday-

MRS COLE
-and not a word was said about it.

*

MRS COX *
They are entirely confounded! *

MISS GILBERT *
Such a lavish gift. *

MRS COLE *
Jane is so very accomplished. *

MRS COX/MISS GILBERT/MRS COLE *
Indeed! *

MRS COX *
I have never known facility like
hers!

Emma sees that Frank Churchill is having his glass refreshed by the Coles' butler. He is smiling. Bored by the endless conversation about Jane, she steps away from Miss Bates and Mrs Cole and goes over to him, smiling too.

EMMA
Why do you smile?

FRANK CHURCHILL
Nay, why do you?

EMMA
I suppose I smile for pleasure. A pianoforte is a handsome present.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Very.

EMMA
I rather wonder it was never made before.

Mr Knightley has left Miss Bates and Mrs Cole and joined Jane and Mr Cole at the piano. Mr Cole suggests they sing a duet together and goes to dispatch a servant to fetch a violin for Mr Knightley to play, leaving Jane and Mr Knightley alone.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Perhaps Miss Fairfax has never been staying here so long before.

EMMA
Or that Colonel Campbell did not give her the use of his own instrument, which must now be shut up in London, untouched by anybody.

Frank glances at Jane, who looks up and catches his eye. Her expression is not warm.

FRANK CHURCHILL
(wickedly, to Emma)
She has done her hair in so odd a way. I never saw anything like it! It must be a fancy of her own. I see nobody else looking like her.

Emma smothers a laugh, unkindly.

Jane looks over at them, hurt. She hasn't caught the substance of their conversation, but she knows from their body language that they are being unkind.

Frank, who has used this spiteful jab to regain his composure, resumes:

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
If Colonel Campbell is not the person, who can be? Mrs Dixon? A token of her friendship perhaps.

But Emma has been encouraged by Frank's unkindness to be unkind herself. She lowers her voice too-

EMMA
What do you say to Mr Dixon?

FRANK CHURCHILL
Mr Dixon!

EMMA
He saved her life. Did you ever hear of it? A water-party, and by some accident she was falling overboard. He caught her.

Frank Churchill hesitates. He looks over at Jane, who is the very model of respectable politeness. Then he nods.

FRANK CHURCHILL
At first, supposing that Colonel Campbell was the giver, I saw it only as paternal kindness. But now I can see it in no other light than as a secret offering of love!

Emma smothers another laugh. Mr Knightley glances at her.

Mr Knightley receives the violin and tunes it, ready to play. The others move closer. Mr Cole addresses them all-

MR COLE
Ladies and gentlemen, a duet.

Jane and Mr Knightley begin to play a gorgeous duet.

Mrs Weston comes over to speak to Emma.

MRS WESTON
What do you say to this, Emma? I have made a match between Mr Knightley and Jane Fairfax.

Emma has recoiled at the very thought.

EMMA
Mr Knightley and Jane Fairfax!

MRS WESTON
This pianoforte has been sent to her by somebody- and she has always been a favourite with him.
(even more excitedly)
Tonight he sent his carriage for her as a courtesy- and walked himself! Was that not gallant?

Emma is taken aback. So Mr Knightley didn't arrive as a gentleman after all! Feeling foolish, she watches him play. Frank, next to her, is also in a bad mood; it's unclear how much of Mrs Weston's gossip he has heard.

Jane and Mr Knightley are now singing. Everyone joins in lustily for the chorus. Emma and Frank are the only people who aren't having fun.

84A **EXT. COLES' RESIDENCE - NIGHT** 84A

The sound of their singing filters out into the night.

85 OMITTED 85

86 OMITTED 86

87 **EXT. HARTFIELD - DAY** 87

Emma intercepts Harriet just as she's approaching the house. Her coat is already on, and she's tying on her bonnet.

EMMA
Let us pay a call on Jane Fairfax.

HARRIET
(bewildered)
Jane Fairfax? Whatever for?

Emma has already left. Harriet hurries after her.

88 **INT. MRS BATES' ROOMS IN HIGHBURY - DAY** 88

Emma and Harriet come into the tiny room to find Frank Churchill fiddling with Mrs Bates' spectacles, while Jane plays the piano. It takes up an absurd amount of space in the room. She stops playing as they come in. Frank jumps up.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Miss Woodhouse. Miss Smith. You find me trying to be useful. Come, tell me if I shall succeed.

He makes space for her to sit by him. There isn't much room. Emma has to squeeze around the piano to go to Frank, which flusters and irritates her.

MISS BATES
The rivet on my mother's spectacles came out this morning, and who should leap to our assistance but Mr Frank Churchill! "Oh" said he "I do think I can fasten the rivet; I like a job of this kind excessively!" Which you know showed him to be so very- Miss Smith- he far exceeds anything- everyone should have two pairs of spectacles. They should indeed. Jane said so. "Oh I can fasten the rivet" said he!

She goes on; but we have crossed to Frank and Emma, who are seated next to one another.

Jane, with a glance at Emma, has started playing again.

FRANK CHURCHILL
(to Jane)
What a felicity to hear that tune again! If I mistake it not, it was danced at Weymouth. With Mr Dixon.

Jane falters. She looks at Emma, confused. Emma is smothering a smile. She starts playing something else.

EMMA
(in a whisper)
You speak too plain. She must understand you.

FRANK CHURCHILL
(also in a whisper)
I hope she does.

EMMA
Mine was a random guess. Do not distress her.

FRANK CHURCHILL
If she is distressed, it must be for a reason. She has something to hide.

MISS BATES
(to Harriet)
And Mr Knightley has honoured us with a gift of apples. Donwell apples, with his very special compliments!

89 **INT. HARTFIELD, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT** 89

Emma is in her nightgown. She's sitting in the window, reflective, doubting herself. She stares at the flame of the candle on the sill, then reaches out and snuffs out the flame.

90 **EXT. HARTFIELD SHRUBBERY - THE NEXT DAY - DAY** 90

Emma is cutting roses in the garden. The wind whips her dress against the roses and she has to tug it free of the thorns.

Frank Churchill comes up behind her. Mr Weston is waiting at a discreet distance, giving them time to say goodbye.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Of all horrid things, leave-taking is the worst.

EMMA
But you will come again. This will not be your only visit to Highbury.

FRANK CHURCHILL
I am at the mercy of my aunt in that regard. As I am in everything.
(beat)
She and uncle are to spend the season in Richmond, however.

He seems to be trying to tell her something and he doesn't know how. The wind is aggravating him, as is the fact that Emma isn't giving him her full attention.

EMMA
Richmond! But that is but nine miles away. You may visit every day if you wish! And we shall have our ball.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Our ball. My father depends on it.

Something's wrong.

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Perhaps, Miss Woodhouse- I think you can hardly be without suspicion—

He's about to go on, but Mr Woodhouse appears at the window.

MR WOODHOUSE
Emma! The wind- you will catch your death! Come in at once, I beg you!

Mr Weston is waiting for Frank. There isn't time to say anything more. Frank bows to her.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Goodbye.

And he goes to join his father. Emma stares after him, frowning slightly. She's not quite sure what just happened.

91 **INT. HIGHBURY PARISH CHURCH - MORNING** 91

Emma and Mr Woodhouse walk down the aisle to their usual pew, Harriet following behind them. Halfway down the aisle, Emma sees, to her astonishment, that someone is sitting in her place: a woman, very showily dressed. She's facing front.

When they reach the front, she sees them, and turns. MRS ELTON is a social climber, competitive, modern, brash, self-serving- and triumphantly married.

Emma is dumbstruck, and doesn't know how to handle the situation. Harriet is bewildered. Mrs Elton doesn't get up. She looks at Emma coolly, and then gives her a haughty smile.

Emma and Mr Woodhouse are obliged to sit in the far pew. As they sit down, Mr Woodhouse sees to his displeasure that Mrs Elton has just found the folded blanket under their pew. She tucks it over her knees with satisfaction.

At the altar, Mr Elton begins to intone the day's scripture:

MR ELTON
Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.
(portentous beat)
Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness...es.
(then, with pride)
Wickednesses.

92 **INT. HIGHBURY PARISH CHURCH - AN HOUR LATER - MORNING** 92

The service has now concluded; the parishioners are standing. Mr Elton proceeds down the aisle first, and then both Emma and Mrs Elton turn to follow him. A tiny beat, as there is a battle of wills as to who will go first. Then Mrs Elton sweeps after Mr Elton, taking his arm.

Harriet and Emma, disbelieving, fall into step behind them.

HARRIET
(distraught)
He is married!

EMMA
It cannot be a long acquaintance. He has only been gone six weeks!

Mr Woodhouse is following them out.

At the door, Mr and Mrs Elton station themselves at the door in order to greet each member of the congregation as they depart. When Emma, Harriet and Mr Woodhouse approach, Mr Elton presents Mrs Elton, addressing Mr Woodhouse:

MR ELTON
My wife, Mrs Augusta Elton.

MR WOODHOUSE
(to Mrs Elton)
I hate weddings. People make you eat their favourite food.

MRS ELTON
(not listening)
We really seem quite the fashion! From Monday to Saturday, I assure you we have not a disengaged day.
(turning to Emma, and gesturing to the congregation)
What charming society, Miss Woodhouse, for such a small and sheltered village. Mrs Weston appears so truly good- there is something so motherly and kind-hearted about her.
(lowering her voice)
She was your governess, I think?

Emma is too shocked to answer.

MRS ELTON (CONT'D)
I was rather astonished to find her so very ladylike! But she is really quite the gentlewoman.

93 **INT. HARTFIELD MINT DRAWING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 93

Mr and Mrs Elton are seated on the sofa. They both look triumphant, but in different ways: Mr Elton is vengeful, Mrs Elton lofty. Emma, Harriet, and Mr Woodhouse sit opposite. Harriet looks so miserable she might be sick. Tea has been served, and the servants have withdrawn.

MRS ELTON
This house is very like my brother Mr Suckling's seat at Maple Grove. Very like. I am quite struck by the likeness. Is it not astonishingly like, dear husband?

MR ELTON
Very like.

MRS ELTON
I really could almost fancy myself at Maple Grove. The staircase- as I came in, I observed how very like the staircase is; placed exactly in the same part of the house.

MR ELTON
Very true, my dear.

MRS ELTON
I really could not help exclaiming! I assure you, Miss Woodhouse, it is very delightful to me, to be reminded of a place I am so extremely partial to as Maple Grove.

MR ELTON
A most impressive residence.

MRS ELTON
Whenever you are transplanted, like me, Miss Woodhouse, you will understand how very delightful it is to meet with anything at all that reminds one of what one has left behind.

Emma opens her mouth to reply, but Mrs Elton goes on, now addressing Mr Woodhouse-

MRS ELTON (CONT'D)
We have been calling at Randalls. What pleasant people the Westons seem to be. And who do you think came in while we were there? Knightley! Knightley himself!

Emma is appalled at her presumption. Even Mr Elton looks a bit embarrassed. But Mrs Elton goes on gaily:

MRS ELTON (CONT'D)
Of course, as so particular a friend of Mr E's, I had a great curiosity to meet him. 'My friend Knightley' had been so often mentioned, that I was really impatient to see him; and I must do my cara sposo the justice to say that he need not be at all ashamed of his friend. Knightley is quite the gentleman. I like him very much.

94 **EXT. HARTFIELD GROUNDS - DAY** 94

Emma and Harriet are walking together, Emma very fast, Harriet struggling a little to keep up.

EMMA
Knightley! I could not have believed it. Knightley! Never seen him in her life before, and call him *Knightley*!

She beheads a flower at the roadside, savagely.

EMMA (CONT'D)
And to discover that he is a gentleman! Upstart, vulgar being, with her Mr E, and her cara sposo-

Mr Weston appears, beaming, waving a letter.

MR WESTON
Emma! The Churchills have settled at Richmond. We shall have our ball!

95 **INT. HARTFIELD, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT** 95

Harriet and Emma, in their nightgowns with their hair down, are practicing their steps. They are taking turns to lead each other around the room.

HARRIET
You dance so beautifully.

She mucks up a step and they bump in to one another.

EMMA
No. You are Frank Churchill. Let's do it again.

96 **INT. CROWN BALLROOM - NIGHT** 96

The space has been sweetly decorated, and really does look much better by candle-light. Musicians are already playing, and a small crowd is milling about.

Emma and Harriet come in, marvelling at the transformation. But before Emma can enjoy the scene, Miss Bates comes in too-

MISS BATES
Well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable!
(MORE)

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
Excellently contrived, upon my word- nothing wanting- could not have imagined- Miss Woodhouse, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp! This is meeting quite in fairyland- such a transformation! Where shall we sit, where shall we sit? Anywhere where Jane is not in a draught. Where I sit is of no consequence...

Mrs Elton has buttonholed Jane Fairfax and is talking with equal rapidity, over the top of Miss Bates:

MRS ELTON
How do you like my gown? I do not know whether it is not over-trimmed; I have the greatest dislike to the idea of being over-trimmed- quite a horror of finery. I must put on a few ornaments now, because it is expected. A bride, you know, must appear like a bride, but my natural taste is all for simplicity.

Emma spots Frank Churchill nearby, talking to his father.

EMMA
Mr Churchill!

He turns, and she goes to drop into a pretty curtsey, plainly rehearsed. But by the time she rises, Frank has already bowed curtly, and is making to move away.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Good evening, Miss Woodhouse. You will excuse me: I must inquire after good Miss Bates.

He goes to speak to Miss Bates, leaving Emma confounded.

MRS WESTON
Emma!

Emma turns. Mrs Weston is coming towards her, distressed. She is now six months pregnant. Mr Weston is by her side. His expression is also concerned.

MRS WESTON (CONT'D)
It has just occurred to us that Mrs Elton will expect to be asked to begin the ball- and she will surely think Frank ought to ask her.

Emma glances at Mrs Elton, who is still talking to Jane-

MRS ELTON
And I see very few pearls in the room except mine.

MR WESTON
(to Emma)
Frank cannot break his promise to you. He has promised you the first two dances! Here is the plan. I will ask Mrs Elton. The ball is in Frank's honour, but it was my design. I will ask her.

He hurries off to tell his plan first to Frank, who is still with Miss Bates, and then to Mrs Elton.

Miss Bates is thrilled to be waited on by Frank.

MISS BATES
Such a noble fire, I am quite roasted!

Mrs Weston turns to Emma, apologetic:

MRS WESTON
You must submit to stand second.

EMMA
A bride must be first in company.
(beat- then, sardonic)
It is almost enough to make me think of marrying.

Mrs Elton comes over, having left Jane with Miss Bates.

MRS ELTON
Jane Fairfax is absolutely charming. I quite rave about Jane Fairfax. A sweet, interesting creature. So mild and ladylike- and with such talents! We must exert ourselves, Miss Woodhouse, and endeavour to do something for her. Such talents as hers must not be suffered to remain unknown.

Miss Bates, meanwhile, is showing Jane off to any and all who will listen:

MISS BATES
How do you like Jane's hair? She did it all herself. Quite wonderful. No hairdresser from London I think could...

Just then Mr Knightley enters. He catches Emma's eye, and smiles at her, kindly, naturally. She returns the smile, a little sadly. Already the evening feels a little spoiled.

Mr. Weston is trying to get a word in with Mrs. Elton. At last he manages- *

MR WESTON *
Mrs. Elton! Such an honourable addition to our humble festivities- *

MR ELTON *
(interposing) *
And so fashionable. *

MR WESTON *
Quite. Would you grant me the infinite pleasure of leading us all in the first dance? *

She accepts, and is led to the top of the dance by Mr Weston. *

MRS ELTON
Oh, must I go first? I really am ashamed to be always leading the way!

Frank comes over, bows to Emma, and holds out his hand. She takes it, and he leads her into the dance.

Mr Weston leads with Mrs Elton; Frank Churchill and Emma follow second. Three other couples make up the set. The music starts up, the couples bow and curtsey, and the dance begins.

Frank Churchill is a good dancer, but somehow the dance isn't any fun for Emma. He doesn't smile or talk, and seems to be concentrating on the steps rather than on Emma: he's counting the beat under his breath.

EMMA
(as they dance)
You have been much missed in Highbury.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Have I?

He doesn't offer more. They keep dancing. Emma tries again.

EMMA
How is your aunt?

FRANK CHURCHILL
(with repressed anger)
Most reluctant to release me.

Emma, as they turn about, notices that Harriet is alone at the edge of the room. She has been forgotten. Mr Elton is sauntering about. Harriet keeps glancing at him, miserably.

Mrs Weston, who is not dancing owing to her pregnancy, steps up to Mr Elton–

MRS WESTON
Do you not dance, Mr Elton?

MR ELTON
Most readily, Mrs Weston, if you will dance with me.
(seeing her belly)
Ah– well. Perhaps–

MRS WESTON
There is a young lady disengaged whom I should be very glad to see dancing. Miss Smith.

Harriet can hear them perfectly, but is trying to pretend that she can't. She looks wretched.

MR ELTON
Miss Smith!

Mr Knightley looks up at this, and frowns.

MR ELTON (CONT'D)
If I were not an old married man– but my dancing days are over, Mrs Weston. You will excuse me.

And he leaves Mrs Weston, steps around Harriet, and goes to the far side of the room.

Harriet is devastated. But Mr Knightley, who has observed Mr Elton's rudeness with disgust, puts down his glass of wine, goes to her, and quietly extends his hand.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Will you dance, Miss Smith?

Blushing with pleasure, Harriet accepts.

Emma, still dancing, is weak with relief and gratitude. Harriet is beaming. Mr Knightley leads Harriet to the top of the floor to wait for the dance to end so they can join the second.

Mr Elton, now left alone, looks very foolish. He tries to saunter to another part of the room, but trips on the rug, and then nimbly rights himself. To cover his embarrassment:

MR ELTON
My dancing days are behind me.

The first dance comes to an end and Mr Knightley and Harriet take their places to begin the second. Emma and Harriet beam at each other. The men bow and the women curtsey, and the second dance begins.

97 OMITTED 97

98 **INT. CROWN BALLROOM - LATER - NIGHT** 98

The second dance comes to an end. Mr Weston escorts Mrs Elton back to Mr Elton, and Frank immediately asks Harriet if she would like to dance the third dance with him, leaving Emma and Mr Knightley both without partners. They both step aside. Emma comes to speak to him at the side of the room.

EMMA
Thank you. For your kindness to Harriet.

MR KNIGHTLEY
He was unpardonably rude- and he aimed at wounding more than Harriet.

EMMA
I was completely mistaken in Mr Elton. There is a littleness about him which you discovered, and which I did not. I was fully convinced of his being in love with Harriet.

Mr Knightley glances at her. Then, kindly:

MR KNIGHTLEY
You would have chosen for him better than he has chosen for himself. Harriet Smith has some first-rate qualities, which Mrs Elton is totally without. She does you credit, Emma, as you do her.

This warms Emma's heart more than she can say.

Mr Weston is trying to rouse everybody to dance again.

MR WESTON
Come, Miss Woodhouse, Miss Gilbert, Miss Fairfax, what are you all doing? We must dance another set. Come Emma, set your companions an example. They are lazy! They are all asleep!

EMMA
(laughing)
I am ready, whenever I am wanted.

Mrs Elton has been trying to coax her husband on to the dance floor. He has to explain in a whisper that he can't dance. Mrs Elton responds furiously, and in the skirmish, we hear-

MR ELTON
(in a furious whisper)
I am *not* embarrassing myself!

MR KNIGHTLEY
Whom are you going to dance with?

EMMA
With you, if you will ask me.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Will you?

EMMA
Indeed I will. You have shown that you can dance, and we are not really so much brother and sister as to make it improper.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(laughing)
Brother and sister! No indeed.

He holds out his hand, smiling, and she takes it.

99 **INT. CROWN BALLROOM - LATER - NIGHT** 99

They go hand in hand to the top of the floor. The music strikes up; they bow and curtsey, then begin to dance. Mr Knightley never breaks eye contact. At first he's smiling, and Emma is too. But as the dance goes on, their smiles fade, and their breath shortens. They are looking openly at one another for the first time in their lives.

100 **EXT. CROWN INN - DAWN** 100

The ball has lasted until dawn, and the guests are only just leaving. Emma exits to where the coachmen, now very tired, are waiting by the carriages to take people home.

She looks around for Mr Knightley before she gets in, but can't see him. James helps her into the carriage and shuts the door, and the carriage drives off-

-just as Mr Knightley comes to the door. He looks after the departing carriage, tortured. Has he missed his moment to tell Emma how he feels?

Suddenly decisive, he sets off after the carriage.

101 OMITTED 101

102 OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

104 **INT. HARTFIELD GREAT HALL - DAWN** 104

The hall is deserted: the servants are still in bed. Emma steps in taking off her gloves. She is confused.

105 **INT. HARTFIELD, UPPER CORRIDOR - DAWN** 105

Emma is going upstairs, but she's too restless to sleep. She flops down on a window-seat, still thinking about the ball... and then she turns to the window, and sits up: Mr Knightley is approaching outside. He sees her through the glass and falters. They hold each other's gaze for a beat. Her breath catches- why has he come? Then she leaves the window seat and runs downstairs.

106 **EXT. HARTFIELD COURTYARD - DAWN** 106

She exits to meet him. But when he sees her, all his confidence fails. He can't think of what to say, and she can't either. A beat- and then Emma sees, over his shoulder, Frank Churchill, who is hurrying towards her, carrying Harriet. Mr Knightley turns too.

EMMA
Mr Churchill! What has happened?

FRANK CHURCHILL
(out of breath)
She was set upon by gypsies as she was coming home- when she attempted escape, she fell. She had a cramp-

HARRIET
(weakly heroic)
From too much dancing.

EMMA
Is she hurt?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Her ankle.

FRANK CHURCHILL
I did not see it; I arrived moments after, and brought her here- I could think of no other place.

HARRIET
It was on account of the scissors.

EMMA
The scissors?

FRANK CHURCHILL
(a little embarrassed)
I had borrowed a pair of scissors from Miss Bates. I was halfway home to Richmond when I made the recollection, and so doubled back.
(defensive, to Mr Knightley)
What's your purpose here?

MR KNIGHTLEY
(lying)
My carriage- my horse threw a shoe.

EMMA
(surprised)
You took your carriage to the ball?

MR KNIGHTLEY
I-

HARRIET
What might have become of me, Miss Woodhouse, if not for the scissors!

Something about this story seems strange to Mr Knightley. He looks sharply at Frank, and then at Emma. But there's no time to ask for more information: they have reached the house. Mr Knightley holds the door open for them, and Frank and Emma help Harriet into the house.

107 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - DAWN** 107

Frank Churchill lays Harriet down on a sofa and she cries out in pain.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Her ankle is turned.

EMMA
We must send for Perry.

FRANK CHURCHILL
And I will rouse my father. We ought to give notice that there are gypsies in the neighbourhood.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Mrs Goddard should have assurance of her safety.

As they have been talking, Harriet has whispered to Emma:

HARRIET
Miss Woodhouse- I believe I am in love again!

MR KNIGHTLEY
Let us go at once.

Frank is already on his way out the door. Impulsively-

EMMA
Mr Churchill. Do not go. Please.

Mr Knightley is hurt by this. Emma doesn't notice his hurt, because just then Mr Woodhouse appears. He's appalled.

MR WOODHOUSE
What is the matter? What has happened? Is she alive?

Harriet is patently alive.

EMMA
Harriet is unharmed, papa. We owe our thanks to Mr Churchill.
(to Frank)
Please stay. Mr Knightley can sound the alarm.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(angry suddenly)
We will both go.

He takes Frank's arm and bundles him out. But Mr Woodhouse has caught the word-

MR WOODHOUSE
Why are we alarmed?

Bartholomew has appeared. He fumbles for the vinaigrette.

HARRIET
Oh, Miss Woodhouse-

EMMA
Say nothing more. I am determined against all interference.

She looks around for the men. But Mr Knightley and Frank Churchill have gone. She's a little disappointed, but too excited by Harriet's new prospects to sulk.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I was very wrong before; I will be cautious now. Let no name ever pass our lips.

Mr Woodhouse is electrified. But his vinaigrette isn't working.

MR WOODHOUSE
Freshen the sponge, Bartholomew. And we must have a bowl of gruel, very thin.
(remembering Emma)
Two bowls.
(feeling hungry)
In fact, three.

Emma, meanwhile, can't resist going on:

EMMA
He is your superior, no doubt, but more wonderful things have taken place; there have been matches of greater disparity.

HARRIET
Oh! Miss Woodhouse, believe me I have not the presumption to suppose- indeed, I am not so mad.

EMMA
The service he rendered you-

HARRIET
Service! Oh! The very recollection of it, and all that I felt- when I saw him coming- his noble look- such a change, in one moment, from misery to perfect happiness.

108 **INT. DONWELL ABBEY, MR KNIGHTLEY'S ROOM / DOUBLE CUBE - LATER - DAY** 108

Mr Knightley returns to his room, furious with himself for not having said what he wanted to say.

Suddenly he can't bear the stricture of his cravat, his jacket, his waistcoat. He begins tearing at his clothes.

108A **INT. HARTFIELD, EMMA'S ROOM - MORNING** 108A

Emma is being dressed by her maidservant. She's lost in thought, examining her feelings, wondering if she can dare admit them even to herself.

109 **INT. RANDALLS DINING ROOM - DAY** 109

Mrs Elton, Mr Knightley, Emma and Jane Fairfax are playing cards while the others take tea and converse.

MRS ELTON
What is this I hear, dear Jane, about your going to the post office in the rain last week! You sad girl, how could you do such a thing? We will not allow you to do such a thing again. I shall speak to Mr E. The man who fetches our letters (one of our men, I forget his name) shall inquire for yours too. I shall arrange it.

JANE FAIRFAX
(glancing at Mr Knightley)
You are extremely kind, but I cannot give up my daily walk. I am advised to be out of doors as much as I can. I must walk somewhere, and the post-office is an object.

Emma has caught the glance between Jane and Mr Knightley. She feels hurt.

MRS ELTON
Oh! But in the rain! And it is a kindness to employ our men.
(impishly, to Emma)
Do you suppose Mr Knightley might extend us all an invitation to the Abbey, Miss Woodhouse? I love to explore great houses, and I fear I have long exhausted Highbury.

EMMA
I'm afraid Mr Knightley's concerns are all for his tenants, and none for his house, Mrs Elton.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
His ballrooms and picture galleries are quite shut up.

She means this teasingly. But Mr Knightley surprises her. Flatly, without meeting Emma's eye:

MR KNIGHTLEY
I should be very glad to open Donwell for your exploration, Mrs Elton. The welcome is long overdue.

Emma is a little put out. He's still avoiding her eye.

MRS ELTON
I should like that of all things. Name your day, and I will come.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(with tart politeness)
I cannot name a day till I have spoken to some others whom I would wish to form the party.

Emma glances jealously at Jane Fairfax.

MRS ELTON
Oh! Leave all that to me. It is my party. I will invite your guests.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I hope you will bring Elton, but I will not trouble you to give any other invitations.

MRS ELTON
Oh! Now you are looking very sly. But consider; you need not be afraid of delegating power to me. I am no young lady on her preferment. Married women, you know, may be safely authorised.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(getting cross)
There is but one married woman in the world whom I can ever allow to invite what guests she pleases to Donwell.

MRS ELTON
(deflated)
Mrs Weston, I suppose.

MR KNIGHTLEY
No: Mrs Knightley, and till she is in being, I will manage such matters myself.

110 **EXT. DONWELL ABBEY - DAY (SUMMER)** 110

It's a brilliant day. Donwell Abbey is gorgeously grand.

The party- Mr Knightley, Harriet, Emma, Jane Fairfax, Mr and Mrs Elton, Mr and Mrs Weston (now seven months pregnant), Mrs Bates, Miss Bates, and Mr Woodhouse, are roaming the grounds in front of the house.

Mr Knightley is walking with Harriet, a little apart from the others. He is explaining a feature on the distant hillside while Harriet listens. Mr Weston and Mr Elton have paired off, Miss Bates and Mrs Weston are walking together, and Mr Woodhouse is strolling with Mrs Bates. This leaves Emma, Mrs Elton, and Jane Fairfax in an unlikely trio.

MRS ELTON
(taking Emma's arm)
Now, Miss Woodhouse, you must assist me. I have found a post for dear Jane as a governess. The family is delightfully superior- the first in their set- and I am wild to have the offer closed immediately.

JANE FAIRFAX
I thank you, Mrs Elton, for your-

MRS ELTON
(talking over her)
I refuse to take her negative, and insist on being authorised to write an acquiescence by tomorrow's post.

JANE FAIRFAX
(loudly, masking anger)
Will not Mr Knightley show us the house?

Mr Knightley stops talking to Harriet and looks at her, surprised. Everyone is surprised to see this flash of spirit from Jane, whose face is suddenly very flushed.

JANE FAIRFAX (CONT'D)
All of the house? I wish to see the whole extent.

111 OMITTED 111

112 **INT. DONWELL, DOUBLE CUBE - DAY** 112

The dust sheets have been taken away, and the chandeliers unbagged. The place looks splendid, though still very like a museum. The party- Jane Fairfax, Miss Bates, Emma, Harriet, Mr Woodhouse, Mr and Mrs Weston, Mr and Mrs Elton, and Mr Knightley- file through the entrance to the double cube and break off in to pairs to look around the Picture Gallery.

MISS BATES
(to Jane)
Do you not feel transported? I can hardly believe that we remain in England. I have never set my foot beyond the Abbey Mill. Once my dear father, your dear grandpapa, ventured to Bath on a clerical errand, and I was to accompany him, but the night before his going I was struck down by fever and so I did not go. He brought me back a jet brooch as a memento- I have it still. Bath I hear is a great metropolis. Every face a stranger! But you know a great deal more of the world than I. You have been to Ireland, and to Weymouth.
(gesturing at a picture)
Now Jane. This is just how I fancy Mr Dixon. Exactly with this look. Am I right?

JANE FAIRFAX
Quite wrong, my dear aunt. There is no likeness at all.

She disengages and moves away to join Mr Knightley.

MISS BATES
Very odd! But one never does form a just idea of any body beforehand. One takes up a notion, and runs away with it...

She realises that she's alone and bustles off to join the Westons.

Mrs Elton, standing with Mr Elton, sees Mr Woodhouse approaching on his own, and says to her husband-

MRS ELTON
Here comes this dear old beau of mine, I protest! I like him excessively.
(MORE)

MRS ELTON (CONT'D)
His quaint, old-fashioned politeness is much more to my taste than modern ease; modern ease often disgusts me.

Mr Weston, meanwhile, is enthusing to Mrs Weston and Miss Bates-

MR WESTON
Now Enscombe is fine- the rooms are large- but there is no collection such as this...

Emma and Harriet are looking at the pictures together. Emma glances at Mr Knightley and Jane, feeling jealous. Jane moves away, and Mr Knightley comes over to Emma and Harriet. Emma expects he's going to speak to her, but:

MR KNIGHTLEY
There is a fine prospect from the south window, Miss Smith. May I escort you?

Flushing with pleasure, Harriet follows him into the adjacent room. Emma stays where she is. She looks up at the vast panelled wall of pictures, all landscapes and seascapes, vistas of countries and places she has never seen. Lost in thought, she moves down the hall, looking at each picture. But then-

JANE FAIRFAX
Will you be so kind, when I am missed, to say that I am gone home?

Emma turns in surprise. Jane looks stressed. The room has emptied and they're now alone.

EMMA
Certainly, if you wish it; but you are not going to walk to Highbury alone?

A beat. Jane seems on the verge of disclosing something.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Are you unwell?

JANE FAIRFAX
(with rare directness)
Miss Woodhouse, we all know at times what it is to be wearied in spirits. Mine, I confess, are exhausted.

Again she seems on the verge of saying something more. But she just curtseys and departs, leaving Emma mystified.

113 **INT. DONWELL ABBEY, SINGLE CUBE / HALL OF STATUES - LATER - DAY** 113

Miss Bates is now walking with her mother.

MISS BATES
Such treasures- so unlike anything- behold, the continent has come to us! Mother, if each could speak, how silent we would be, how fervidly we would listen! Such wonders. One's very spirit soars. One feels a kind of- is not Mr. Knightley kind to open up his great house- and so very discerning, with such an eye- magnificent specimen! I am quite transported. I fancy myself in an altogether different- even to speak the names- France! Italy! Prussia! It is too thrilling. Such exotic delights.

Emma diverts her course to avoid Miss Bates, and comes face to face with Frank Churchill. He's looking very hot and bothered.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Have I missed the party?

EMMA
Not at all. We are exploring the house.

Frank Churchill mops his face and paces. He's very cross.

FRANK CHURCHILL
I was detained by my aunt. A nervous seizure, which lasted some hours. Had I known how hot a ride I should have, I believe I should not have come at all.

EMMA
You will soon be cooler, if you sit down.

FRANK CHURCHILL
As soon as I am cooler I shall go back again! You will all be going soon; the party is breaking up.

EMMA
You need refreshment. Some cold beer perhaps.

She addresses this to a servant, who bows and withdraws. Emma moves off. Frank, pacing, follows her.

FRANK CHURCHILL
As soon as my aunt gets well, I shall go abroad. I am tired of doing nothing. I want a change.
(she glances at him)
I am serious, Miss Woodhouse, whatever your penetrating eyes may fancy. I am sick of England. I would leave it tomorrow, if I could.

EMMA
You are sick of prosperity and indulgence.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Cannot you invent a few hardships for yourself, and be contented to stay?

FRANK CHURCHILL
You are quite mistaken. I do not look upon myself as either prosperous or indulged. I am thwarted in every thing material. I do not consider myself at all a fortunate person.

The servant reappears with a tankard of beer on a tray. Frank downs it and then the servant discreetly withdraws.

EMMA
We are going to Box Hill tomorrow. It is not the Grand Tour, but it will be something for a young man so much in want of change.

The others are now returning, having completed their tour.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Well- if *you* wish me to stay, and join the party, I will.

This is alarming. But Emma doesn't have time to reply: Mr Weston has spied his son, and already exclaiming-

MR WESTON
Frank! We had quite given you up!

Frank turns away, switching on a smile for his father.

114 **EXT. BOX HILL CARRIAGE TURNOFF - MORNING** 114

The carriages have arrived. The party is already fanning out over the field, exploring: Mr and Mrs Elton, Miss Bates, Jane Fairfax, Mr Knightley, Emma, Harriet, Mr Weston and Frank. The servants go on ahead with the picnic.

MISS BATES
How very lovely, indeed. Is it not very lovely, Jane?

But even as she says it, she's batting away bugs.

115 **EXT. BOX HILL - DAY** 115

They're all rather out of breath, walking up the hill. It is very hot and muggy. Everyone is sweating.

115A **EXT. BOX HILL - A LITTLE LATER - DAY** 115A

A little later. Everyone is seated. Frank Churchill is lying on his back with his ankles crossed and his hands behind his head. He turns to Emma, who is seated next to him.

FRANK CHURCHILL
How much I am obliged to you, for telling me to come today! I had quite determined to go away again.

EMMA
Yes, you were very cross. I was a kinder friend than you deserved.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Don't say I was cross. I was fatigued. The heat overcame me.

EMMA
It is hotter today.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Not to my feelings. I am perfectly comfortable today.

EMMA
You are comfortable because you are under command.

FRANK CHURCHILL
Your command? Yes.

Mr Knightley looks very sour at this comment.

Emma darts a pained look at Harriet, but Harriet doesn't look concerned. She's making a daisy chain and is preoccupied.

EMMA
(shortly)
I meant self-command.

She bats away a fly. His conversation is annoying her a bit: she senses that he's toying with her in some way, but she doesn't know why. Frank Churchill senses her annoyance, lowers his voice mischievously, and rolls over:

FRANK CHURCHILL
Our companions are excessively stupid. What shall we do to rouse them? Any nonsense will serve.
(loudly, to the group)
(MORE)

FRANK CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, I am ordered by Miss Woodhouse to say- that she desires to know what you are all thinking of.

The party looks at him. Miss Bates and Harriet smile nervously; Mr Weston, anxious as always to think the best of Frank, attempts a jolly laugh. But the others are po-faced.

MISS BATES
(anxiously)
Oh dear. What we're thinking of!

MR KNIGHTLEY
(icy)
Is Miss Woodhouse sure that she would like to hear what we are all thinking of?

EMMA
Oh- no, no, upon no account in the world. It is the very last thing I would stand the brunt of just now.

MRS ELTON
It is a sort of thing which I should not have thought myself privileged to enquire into. As the chaperon of the party.

MR ELTON
Very true, my love, very true- but some ladies say anything. Better pass it off as a joke. Everybody knows what is due to you.

FRANK CHURCHILL
(to Emma)
It will not do. They are most of them affronted. I will attack them with more address.
(getting up on his knees)
Ladies and gentlemen- I am ordered by Miss Woodhouse to say, that she waives her right of knowing what you may be thinking of, and only requires something entertaining from each of you. She demands either one thing very clever, or two things moderately clever, or three things very dull indeed, and she engages to laugh heartily at them all.

He is so preposterous that Emma can't help but laugh.

MISS BATES
Oh! Very well, then I need not be uneasy. 'Three things very dull indeed'. That will just do for me, you know. I shall be sure to say three dull things as soon as I open my mouth.

EMMA
Ah! Ma'am, but there may be a difficulty. You will be limited to number- only three at once!

She had meant it lightly, gaily, in continuation of Frank Churchill's outrageousness, but Miss Bates recoils as if she had been slapped. Her eyes fill with tears.

MISS BATES
Ah- well- to be sure- yes, I see what she means. I will try to hold my tongue.

Emma is appalled at herself. But how can she patch it up? She glances at Frank, but he has turned away, smothering a cruel smile in private satisfaction at Miss Bates' shame.

MR WESTON
(oblivious to the tension)
I like your plan. Agreed, agreed. I will do my best. I am making a conundrum. How will a conundrum reckon?

FRANK CHURCHILL
Low, I am afraid, sir, very low, but we shall be indulgent, especially to anyone who leads the way.

EMMA
(trying now to be kind)
No, no, it will not reckon low. Come, sir. Pray, let us hear it.

She glances at Harriet, seeking help, but Harriet is looking at Miss Bates, who is discreetly wiping away tears.

MR WESTON
I doubt it's being very clever myself. It is too much a matter of fact, but here it is.
(MORE)

MR WESTON (CONT'D)
What two letters of the alphabet are there, that express perfection?

EMMA
What two letters- express perfection! I am sure I do not know!

Her eagerness to know the answer is feigned. She darts another nervous glance at Miss Bates, feeling awful.

MISS BATES
(to Mr Knightley, quietly)
I must have made myself very disagreeable, or she would not have said such a thing to an old friend.

MR WESTON
Ah! You will never guess. You, I am certain, you will never guess. I will tell you. M and A. Em-ma. Do you understand?

Frank laughs. But nobody else does. Emma feels dreadful: to be praised right after having been so cruel! She manages only a pained smile for Mr Weston. Miss Bates sniffs audibly.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(acidly)
Mr Weston has shown us how to play this game, but also how to end it. Who can improve upon 'perfection'?

MRS ELTON
I protest I must be excused. I do not pretend to be a wit. I have a great deal of vivacity in my own way, but I really must be allowed to judge when to speak and when to hold my tongue.

MR ELTON
Shall we walk, Augusta?

MRS ELTON
(getting up)
Most willingly. I really am tired of exploring so long on one spot.

JANE FAIRFAX
(to Miss Bates)
Shall we join Mrs Elton, ma'am?

MISS BATES
(thickly, through tears)
If you please, my dear. With all my heart, I am quite ready.

They leave together. Mr Knightley gets up too. He looks disgusted. He stalks off. Now only Mr Weston, Frank, Emma, and Harriet remain. Mr Weston smiles at them all. But the mood is spoiled. Nobody returns his smile.

116 **INT. EMMA'S CARRIAGE - LATER - DAY** 116

Emma has just settled herself in her carriage, ready to depart, when the door is wrenched open by Mr Knightley.

MR KNIGHTLEY
How could you be so unfeeling to Miss Bates?

EMMA
It was not so very bad-

MR KNIGHTLEY
(without pausing)
How could you be so insolent to a woman of her character, age, and situation?

EMMA
I dare say she did not understand me.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I assure you she did. She felt your full meaning. She has talked of it since.

EMMA
Oh! I know there is not a better creature in the world-

MR KNIGHTLEY
(talking over her)
I wish you could have heard how she talked of it- with what candour and generosity.

EMMA
You must allow that what is good and what is ridiculous are most unfortunately blended in her.

MR KNIGHTLEY
They are blended, I acknowledge-

Emma knows what's coming, and knows that she deserves it, but she can't help trying to divert him from his speech.

EMMA
Oh, it's so hot, and I'm so tired-

MR KNIGHTLEY
(without having paused)
-and, were she a woman of fortune, I would not quarrel with you for any liberties of manner. But she is poor! She has sunk from the comforts she was born to; and, if she live to old age, she will probably sink more. She has seen you grow up from when her notice of you was an honour. To have you now, in thoughtless spirits, and the pride of the moment, laugh at her, humble her- and before her niece, too- and before others, many of whom are entirely guided by your treatment of her. It was badly done indeed!

Emma has welled up, but she is willing herself not to cry.

117 **INT. EMMA'S CARRIAGE - LATER - DAY** 117

Emma is freely sobbing now, as the carriage rattles back towards Hartfield.

118 OMITTED 118

119 **INT. HARTFIELD, UPPER CORRIDOR WINDOW SEAT - LATER - DAY** 119

Emma is sitting in her window-seat, desolate. Mr Woodhouse comes and sits down next to her. He offers her his vinaigrette. She smiles weakly through her tears, but doesn't take it. A beat.

EMMA
I have been unpardonably vain and insufferably arrogant. I have been inconsiderate, and indelicate, and irrational, and unfeeling-

MR WOODHOUSE
(gently)
Emma. You are young.

120 **EXT. MRS BATES' ROOMS - DAY** 120

Emma approaches Mrs Bates' front door. She is holding a gift basket full of produce.

120A **INT. MRS BATES' ROOMS - DAY** 120A

Jane is playing Beethoven Sonata No23 'Apassionata' on the pianoforte. Miss Bates is standing by the window.

120B **INT. MRS BATES' ROOMS, STAIRWELL - DAY** 120B

The sound of Jane Fairfax playing filters into the stairwell. Emma climbs the stairs, but when she reaches the door she doesn't knock right away. She feels unbearably sad. She starts to cry. Finally she works up her nerve to knock. The playing stops at once.

121 **INT. MRS BATES' ROOMS - DAY** 121

Emma waits in the doorway, still holding the basket.

Miss Bates shuts the interior door to the room where Jane is, and says to Emma, apologetically,

MISS BATES
I am afraid Jane is not very well. A dreadful headache, writing all morning, such long letters. I said my dear you will blind yourself!

EMMA
I am sorry to hear it, Miss Bates. Please give her my good wishes.

MISS BATES
How kind you are. You were kept waiting at the door- I was quite ashamed- but somewhere there was a little bustle- for it so happened that we had not heard the knock, and till you were on the stairs, we did not know anybody was coming.

Emma offers the basket. Miss Bates takes it.

MISS BATES (CONT'D)
So very kind! But you are always kind, Miss Woodhouse.

It's too awful. Emma is almost on the verge of tears again.

122 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - DAY** 122

Emma comes in and sees that Mr Knightley is with her father. She can hardly meet his gaze.

MR WOODHOUSE
How did you find them? Emma has been to call on Mrs and Miss Bates, Mr Knightley. She is always so attentive to them.

Emma can hardly look at Mr Knightley. He rescues her by changing the subject, a little abruptly.

MR KNIGHTLEY
I am going to Brunswick Square for the remainder of the season.

MR WOODHOUSE
I do wish you would reconsider.

EMMA
(hurt)
Is not this a sudden scheme?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Yes- rather- no. I have been thinking about it for some time.

MR WOODHOUSE
We will miss you in the evenings.

Mr Knightley comes to Emma, takes her hand, and seems about to press it to his lips- but then he drops it and bows.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Goodbye, Emma.

123 **EXT. HARTFIELD - DAY** 123

It's a blazing day in summer.

124 OMITTED 124

125 **INT. RANDALLS DRAWING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 125

Mrs. Weston, now nine months pregnant, is propped up on a day bed. The door opens and Mr Weston ushers Emma in. He looks worried. Mrs Weston reaches out to Emma.

EMMA
What has happened? What is the news?

She addresses the question to both of them. Mr Weston remains in the doorway, hovering anxiously. He's embarrassed and doesn't want to come in.

MRS WESTON
Oh, Emma.
(helplessly)
Mrs Churchill is dead.

EMMA
Dead!

She looks at Mr Weston, not understanding- why is the news being delivered in this way? Mr Weston looks embarrassed rather than mournful.

MR WESTON
We always thought her illness was invented.

Emma still doesn't understand. There has to be something else. She looks from Mr Weston to Mrs Weston, queryingly.

EMMA
(trying to laugh)
You frightened me! I thought you must have lost all your money.

MRS WESTON
Emma.
(looking very worried)
Frank has been here this very morning, on the most extraordinary errand. It is impossible to express our surprise. Frank and Jane Fairfax are engaged!

EMMA
What?

She turns to Mr Weston. But he has turned away. He can't look at her.

MRS WESTON
There has been a solemn engagement between them ever since October- formed at Weymouth, and kept a secret from everybody.

EMMA
What! Engaged to her all winter- before either of them came to Highbury?

MRS WESTON
Secretly engaged. Of course, had his aunt known of it, she would have cut him off. It has hurt me, Emma, very much. It has hurt his father equally.

EMMA
(suddenly)
He sent the pianoforte!

MR WESTON
He has confessed it.

MRS WESTON
(beat- awkwardly)
Emma. You must know it was our darling wish-

But Emma puts her hand on Mrs Weston's, silencing her.

EMMA
There was a period in the early part of our acquaintance, when I did like him, but I have really for some time cared nothing for him. You may believe me, Mrs Weston. He has done me no harm.

Mr Weston looks inexpressibly relieved. He manages a smile.

126 **INT. MRS GODDARD'S SCHOOL, HARRIET'S ROOM - LATER - DAY** 126

Emma has come to visit Harriet. They are sitting on her bed.

EMMA
I am so very sorry, Harriet.

HARRIET
But why should you condole me? You do not think I care about Mr Frank Churchill!

EMMA
(thrown)
There was a time- and not very distant either- when you gave me reason to understand that you did care about him.

HARRIET
Him! Never. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how could you so mistake me?

EMMA
(genuinely taken aback)
Harriet! What do you mean?

HARRIET
I should not have thought it possible that you could have misunderstood me! I know we agreed never to name him- but considering how infinitely superior he is to everybody else, I could not have been supposed to mean any other man. Mr Frank Churchill, indeed! That you should have been so mistaken is amazing! Had I not believed you entirely approved my attachment, I should have considered it too great a presumption even to dare to think of him. But you told me that more wonderful things had happened; that there had been matches of greater disparity- those were your very words, Miss Woodhouse-

EMMA
Harriet! Let us understand each other now, without the possibility of farther mistake. Are you speaking of- Mr Knightley?

HARRIET
Of course. I thought you knew.

EMMA
But the service Mr Churchill rendered you, in protecting you from the gypsies-

HARRIET
Oh dear, no, it was not the gypsies.
(MORE)

HARRIET (CONT'D)
No- I was thinking of a much more precious circumstance- of Mr Knightley's coming and asking me to dance, when Mr Elton would not stand up with me. That was the service.

EMMA
Good God.
(beat- then, with dread)
And... have you any idea of Mr Knightley's returning your affection?

HARRIET
Yes, I must say that I have.
(with gentle defiance)
He talks to me. Much more than he used to. He has shown sweetness, and kindness, and at Donwell he took great pains to describe to me some particulars of the management of his tenant farms. We were interrupted, but before we were, he seemed almost to be asking if my affections were engaged.

EMMA
But is it not possible that he might have been alluding to Mr Martin- that he might have had Mr Martin's interest in view?

And all at once, Harriet realises.

HARRIET
You think of Mr Knightley for yourself.

Emma is shocked to hear it put into words so simply.

EMMA
Harriet-

Harriet finds her unbearable suddenly. She stands up.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(more desperately)
I do not flatter myself with any idea of his attachment to me. I have received very recent proof of his impartiality-

HARRIET
I should never have presumed to think of him but for you.

EMMA
(even more desperately)
I know that he is the last man in the world who would intentionally give any woman the idea of his feeling more for her than he really does. If you believe he loves you-

HARRIET
I refused Mr Martin because of you. Because of you, Miss Woodhouse-

But she can't manage any more. She runs out. The door slams, leaving Emma alone in Harriet's room.

127 **EXT. HARTFIELD - NEARING SUNSET** 127

Emma is making her way back to Hartfield, slowly. She's morose. She looks up, and sees, to her shock, Mr Knightley.

EMMA
Mr Knightley!

He doesn't speak. He seems a little paralysed. She is too.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Have you heard the news?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Miss Fairfax and Frank Churchill.

EMMA
I did not see it. But I seem to have been doomed to blindness.

MR KNIGHTLEY
(bursting out)
Time, my dearest Emma, time will heal the wound. He will soon be gone. You will forget him.

EMMA
(starting to cry)
You are very kind- but you are mistaken. My blindness to what was going on led me to act in a way that I must always be ashamed of; but I have no other regret.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
(then, to qualify)
With respect to Mr Churchill.

MR KNIGHTLEY
He is a disgrace to the name of man. And is he to be rewarded with that sweet young woman? Jane, Jane, you will be a miserable creature!

Emma is silent. She can't bear to condole him about Jane. After a beat, Mr Knightley goes on, tightly-

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
Everything turns out for his good. His aunt is in the way. His aunt dies. He uses everybody ill- and they are delighted to forgive him. He is a fortunate man indeed.

EMMA
You speak as if you envied him.

MR KNIGHTLEY
And I do envy him, Emma. In one respect he is the object of my envy.

Silence again, then-

MR KNIGHTLEY (CONT'D)
You will not ask me why. You are determined, I see, to have no curiosity. You are wise- but I cannot be wise. Emma, I must tell you what you will not ask, though I may wish it unsaid the next moment.

EMMA
Oh! Then do not speak it. Do not speak it. Take a little time, consider, do not commit yourself.

He tears himself away, deeply agitated. A beat, then Emma takes a shaky breath and composes herself. Bravely:

EMMA (CONT'D)
I stopped you ungraciously just now, Mr Knightley. If you wish to speak to me as a friend, or to ask my opinion- as a friend, I will hear whatever you like.

MR KNIGHTLEY
As a friend! Emma, that I fear is a word-
(seizing her)
Tell me, Emma, have I no chance of ever succeeding? My dearest Emma, for dearest you will always be, my dearest, most beloved Emma, tell me at once. Say No, if it is to be said. I cannot make speeches, Emma. If I loved you less, I might be able to talk about it more. But you know what I am. I have blamed you, and lectured you, and you have borne it as no other woman in England could have borne it. God knows, I have been a very indifferent lover. But you understand me. You understand my feelings.

EMMA
(shocked)
Mr Knightley, I-

She finds she can't go on. She's in shock. He takes her in his arms, tremblingly, unable to believe he's touching her-

MR KNIGHTLEY
Will you marry me?

Suddenly, shockingly, she gets a nosebleed. Without thinking, he darts out a hand to staunch the blood- and she jerks her head back, smearing blood- and she's trying not to get blood on her dress- and he's fumbling for his handkerchief-

EMMA
I- I cannot.

The smeared blood has given her a vampiric look.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Why not?

EMMA
Harriet.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Harriet?

EMMA
She is in love with you.

A beat. Mr Knightley laughs- not unkindly, but in disbelief.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Emma-

EMMA
(starting to cry again)
And she believes that you may love her too. You danced with her- you have praised her- and shown her kindness- you took notice of her at Donwell, and spoke of farming- and seemed on the verge of asking if her affections were engaged-

MR KNIGHTLEY
To Robert Martin! To Robert Martin!
(beat)
She told you this?

EMMA
I cannot break her heart again.

Mr Knightley, highly distressed, paces a bit. Then-

MR KNIGHTLEY
I shall call on Robert Martin this very evening. I shall urge him to put his suit to Miss Smith a second time. He still loves her. I am certain that he does. He need only ask again- not by letter; in person-

She touches his arm, silencing him.

EMMA
No. I must do it. I must go.

128 OMITTED 128

129 **EXT. ABBEY MILL LANE - DAY** 129

Emma gets out of the carriage, lugging a gift basket, which contains a dressed goose, fruit, nuts, bunches of lavender and starts to make her way up the hill to the Martin's farm. But then she stops, realising her mistake: she looks down at the dressed goose in the basket, and then up at the flock of geese that are crowding the path ahead. But it's too late to change plans. She sighs and walks on, to the stables.

130 **EXT. ABBEY MILL STABLES - DAY** 130

Robert Martin watches Emma approach with astonishment. A beat, neither of them really sure who is going to speak first. Then:

EMMA
Mr Martin. I have a confession to make.
(beat- haltingly)
I have caused you great suffering, as I have also caused the suffering of my friend-
(correcting herself)
-my dearest friend.

A little later. Emma returns down the hill to the carriage. Robert watches her go, then turns and looks at Emma's gift basket. He notices a roll of canvas, tied with string, that has been inserted into the spray of lavender at one end. He crosses to it, pulls off the ribbon, and unrolls it.

It's Emma's painting of Harriet, cut from the frame.

131 **EXT. HIGHBURY LANE - DAY** 131

Emma is walking down the road on foot. She's alone. She comes around a bend and sees Frank and Jane, both dressed in mourning. They curtsey and bow automatically, but then they all hesitate. Nobody is sure who should speak first, or what they should say. Frank braves it:

FRANK CHURCHILL
Is it possible you had no suspicion?

EMMA
Never the smallest, I assure you.

FRANK CHURCHILL
I wish I had told you everything. I was once very near.

EMMA
It is not now worth the regret.

She goes to keep walking. But Frank is still trying to apologise.

FRANK CHURCHILL
What an impudent dog I have been. How could I dare.

EMMA
I do suspect you had very great amusement in tricking us all.

She steps around them and goes to continue walking.

Jane finds the courage to speak at last. She leaves Frank and hurries anxiously after Emma.

JANE FAIRFAX
Miss Woodhouse. I am so sorry. I have not time for half of what I wish to say.

EMMA
You owe me no apologies.

JANE FAIRFAX
You are very kind, but I know what my manners were to you. So cold and artificial! I had always a part to act. It was a life of deceit. I know that I must have disgusted you.

Frank is hovering, just out of earshot. Emma glances at him.

EMMA
(thoughtfully)
I think there is a little likeness between myself and Mr Churchill. If not in our dispositions, then perhaps, in our destiny. We shall both marry people far, far better than ourselves.

Jane is gratified by the compliment, but she doesn't quite understand Emma's meaning.

JANE FAIRFAX
You have a secretive engagement?

EMMA
If I had, Miss Fairfax, then be assured: Frank Churchill should be the very last to know.

Jane allows herself a little smile. Emma takes Jane's hand and presses it. For the first time in their acquaintance, they both feel as if they might become friends.

132 **INT. HARTFIELD, EMMA'S ROOM - DAY** 132

Emma comes in to find Harriet waiting for her. The dynamic of Harriet's first arrival at Hartfield is entirely reversed: this time Emma is apprehensive, Harriet cool and controlled.

EMMA
Harriet.

HARRIET
Mr. Robert Martin has offered me his hand.
(beat)
I have accepted him.

It's unbelievably tense. Harriet is testing her.

EMMA
Then he is the most fortunate man of my acquaintance.

But still Harriet doesn't smile. A beat, then:

EMMA (CONT'D)
Harriet.

But Harriet has something to say.

HARRIET
There is something else. I have had a letter from my father. Now that I have come of age, he has revealed himself. He is a tradesman. In Bristol. He makes galoshes. He comes to Highbury next week on purpose to meet with me.

It's the final test: will Emma baulk at her now? But Emma doesn't flinch.

EMMA
I hope that you will bring him to Hartfield.

Harriet's eyes flood with tears. Emma is overcome. She crosses the room to her, and hugs her tight.

133 **INT. HARTFIELD GOLD DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT** 133

Mr Woodhouse, Mr Knightley and Emma are all in their habitual places, reading- except that Mr Knightley and Emma can't concentrate, and keep stealing glances at one another.

MR WOODHOUSE
(suddenly)
Do you feel a draught, Mr Knightley? About your knees?

MR KNIGHTLEY
I cannot say that I do, sir.

MR WOODHOUSE
Ah. Pity.

But then Mr Knightley has an idea. Suddenly:

MR KNIGHTLEY
In fact- yes, sir. A chill draught.

MR WOODHOUSE
(instantly galvanised)
A chill- the screen, the screen! Bartholomew! Make haste!

Bartholomew rushes to unfold it. But Mr Knightley has been cunning: Mr Woodhouse is now blocked from view. Mr Knightley can reach over and take her hand.

EMMA
(in a whisper)
How can I ever leave him?

MR KNIGHTLEY
(also whispering)
He can remove with you to Donwell.

Mr Woodhouse is directing Bartholomew to the window to stuff handkerchiefs into the cracks, observing anxiously to make sure it's done correctly. Emma and Mr Knightley are still whispering.

EMMA
You know he never would. He could not stand it.

MR KNIGHTLEY
Then I shall come here.

EMMA
You would quit the Abbey?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Yes.

EMMA
Sacrifice your independence?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Yes.

EMMA
Live constantly with my father, in no house of your own?

MR KNIGHTLEY
Yes.

MR WOODHOUSE (O.S.)
How it is now, Mr Knightley?

MR KNIGHTLEY
(with his eyes on Emma)
It’s much better now.

And at last, they kiss.

134 OMITTED 134

135 OMITTED 135

135A **INT. HIGHBURY PARISH CHURCH - A DAY IN MIDSUMMER** 135A

There are considerably more people present than at the Westons' wedding nine months earlier. Harriet and Robert Martin are there; so is Mrs Goddard and her gaggle of schoolgirls. Isabella and John Knightley, overwhelmed by children as always, fill the Woodhouse pew. Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax are sitting with the Westons. Mrs Weston has a baby in her arms. Miss Bates sits with her mother. Mrs Elton is in the front row. Mr Elton is waiting uncomfortably to the side of the altar.

Mr Knightley is standing at the altar, nervous, facing front.

The bells start to peal, and the congregation rises.

Emma and Mr Woodhouse appear at the door of the church. Mr Woodhouse is a little tearful. He sniffs. Emma turns to him, anxious.

EMMA
Papa! Are you unwell?

MR WOODHOUSE
Unwell? What a ridiculous question.

They process down the aisle. Emma looks radiant, and even Mr Woodhouse looks happy. Mr Knightley can't help but turn to sneak a glance at her.

Mrs Elton wants the last word. As Emma and Mr Woodhouse pass, she turns around and says, to Miss Bates:

MRS ELTON
You know, I made that match myself.

Mr Knightley only has eyes for Emma. She joins him at the altar, and wordlessly he reaches out and takes her hand.

The End