

"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY"

Screenplay by

Emma Thompson

Based on the novel by

Jane Austen

**EXT. OPEN ROADS - NIGHT - TITLE SEQUENCE**

looking  
journey

A series of traveling shots. A well-dressed, pompous-  
individual (JOHN DASHWOOD, 35) is making an urgent  
on horseback. He looks anxious.

**EXT. NORLAND PARK - ENGLAND - MARCH 1800 - NIGHT**

the  
moonlit

Silence. Norland Park, a large country house built in  
early part of the eighteenth century, lies in the  
parkland.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - MR DASHWOOD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

a MAN  
laboured.  
clothing  
eyes

In the dim light shed by candles we see a bed in which  
(MR DASHWOOD, 52) lies his skin waxy, his breathing  
Around him two silhouettes move and murmur, their  
susurrating in the deathly hush. DOCTORS. A WOMAN (MRS  
DASHWOOD, 50) sits by his side, holding his hand, her  
never leaving his face.

**MR DASHWOOD**

(urgent)

Is John not yet arrived?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

We expect him at any moment, dearest.

MR DASHWOOD looks anguished.

**MR DASHWOOD**

The girls--I have left so little.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Shh, hush, Henry.

**MR DASHWOOD**

Elinor will try to look after you all, but make sure she finds a good husband. The men are such noodles hereabouts, little wonder none has pleased her.

to They smile at each other. MRS DASHWOOD is just managing  
conceal her fear and grief

**MRS DASHWOOD**

But Marianne is sure to find her storybook hero.

**MR DASHWOOD**

A romantic poet with flashing eyes and empty pockets?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

As long as she loves him, whoever he is.

**MR DASHWOOD**

Margaret will go to sea and become a pirate so we need not concern ourselves with her.

older MRS DASHWOOD tries to laugh but it emerges as a sob. An  
every MANSERVANT (THOMAS) now enters, anxiety written on  
feature.

**THOMAS**

Your son is arrived from London, sir.

MR DASHWOOD squeezes his wife's hand.

**MR DASHWOOD**

Let me speak to John alone.

She nods quickly and he smiles at her with infinite tenderness.

**MR DASHWOOD**

Ah, my dear. How happy you have made

me.

She  
as  
takes

MRS DASHWOOD makes a superhuman effort and smiles back.  
allows THOMAS to help her out. She passes JOHN DASHWOOD  
he enters, presses his hand, but cannot speak. JOHN  
her place by the bed.

**JOHN**

Father...

starts to

MR DASHWOOD summons his last ounces of energy and  
whisper with desperate intensity.

**MR DASHWOOD**

John you will find out soon enough  
from my will that the estate of  
Norland was left to me in such a way  
as prevents me from dividing it  
between my families.

JOHN blinks. He cannot quite take it in.

**JOHN**

Calm yourself, Father. This is not  
good for you.

determination.

But MR DASHWOOD continues with even greater

**MR DASHWOOD**

Norland in its entirety is therefore  
yours by law and I am happy for you  
and Fanny.

JOHN looks torn between genuine distress and unexpected  
delight.

**MR DASHWOOD**

But your stepmother my wife and  
daughters are left with only five  
hundred pounds a year, barely enough  
to live on and nothing for the girls'  
dowries. You must help them.

Behind

JOHN's face is a picture of conflicting emotions.  
them is the ominous rustling of parchments.

**JOHN**

Of course

**MR DASHWOOD**

You must promise to do this.

A brief moment of sincerity overcomes JOHN's natural hypocrisy.

**JOHN**

I promise, Father, I promise.

MR DASHWOOD seems relieved. Suddenly his breathing changes.  
JOHN looks alarmed. He rises and we hear him going to find the DOCTOR.

**JOHN**

Come! Come quickly!

But it is we who share the dying man's last words.

**MR DASHWOOD**

Help them.

**EXT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - LONDON - DAY**

Behind it Outside the house sits a very well-to-do carriage.  
laying waits another open carriage upon which servants are trunks and boxes.

**FANNY (V.O.)**

'Help them?'

**INT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

JOHN is standing in mourning clothes and a traveling cape.  
He is watching, and obviously waiting for, a pert WOMAN (FANNY DASHWOOD) who is standing by a mirror looking at him keenly.

**FANNY**

What do you mean, 'help them'?

**JOHN**

Dearest, I mean to give them three thousand pounds.

FANNY goes very still. JOHN gets nervous.

**JOHN**

The interest will provide them with a little extra income. Such a gift will certainly discharge my promise to my father.

FANNY slowly turns back to the mirror.

**FANNY**

Oh, without question! More than amply...

**JOHN**

One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too little.

A pause as FANNY turns and looks at him again.

**JOHN**

Of course, he did not stipulate a particular sum.

**INT. LAUNDRY - NORLAND PARK - DAY**

A red-eyed MAID (BETSY) plunges a beautiful muslin frock into a vat of black dye.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - MRS DASHWOOD'S BEDROOM - DAY**

MRS DASHWOOD is rushing about, mourning ribbons flapping, putting her knick-knacks into a small valise. The room is in chaos. A young WOMAN (ELINOR DASHWOOD) looks on helplessly.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

To be reduced to the condition of visitor in my own home! It is not to be borne, Elinor!

**ELINOR**

Consider, Mamma! We have nowhere to go.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

John and Fanny will descend from London at any moment, followed no

doubt by cartloads of relatives ready to turn us out of our rooms one by one do you expect me to be here to welcome them? Vultures!

She suddenly collapses into a chair and bursts into tears.

**ELINOR**

I shall start making inquiries for a new house at once. Until then we must try to bear their coming.

**INT. JOHN AND FANNY'S CARRIAGE - DAY**

JOHN and FANNY are on their way out of London.

**JOHN**

Fifteen hundred then. What say you to fifteen hundred?

**FANNY**

What brother on earth would do half so much for his real sisters--let alone half-blood?

**JOHN**

They can hardly expect more.

**FANNY**

There is no knowing what they expect. The question is, what can you afford?

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

A beautiful young WOMAN (MARIANNE DASHWOOD) is sitting at the piano playing a particularly sad piece. ELINOR enters.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, cannot you play something else? Mamma has been weeping since breakfast.

MARIANNE stops, turns the pages of her music book and starts playing something equally lugubrious.

**ELINOR**

I meant something less mournful, dearest.

**EXT. ROADSIDE INN - DAY**

final  
waiting

JOHN and FANNY are waiting as the OSTLERS make the adjustments to their carriage. The LANDLORD hovers, for a tip.

**JOHN**

A hundred pounds a year to their mother while she lives. Would that be more advisable? It is better than parting with the fifteen hundred all at once.

and

He displays some coins in his hand. FANNY removes one nod.

**FANNY**

But if she should live longer than fifteen years we would be completely taken in. People always live forever when there is an annuity to be paid them.

JOHN gives the coins to the LANDLORD.

**EXT. NORLAND PARK - MARGARET'S TREE-HOUSE - DAY**

small

ELINOR comes to the foot of a large tree from which a staircase issues.

**ELINOR**

Margaret, are you there? Please come down. John and Fanny will be here soon.

and

A pause. ELINOR is about to leave when a disembodied truculent young voice stops her.

**MARGARET (V.O.)**

Why are they coming to live at Norland? They already have a house in London.

**ELINOR**

Because houses go from father to son, dearest not from father to

daughter. It is the law.

Silence. ELINOR tries another tack.

**ELINOR**

If you come inside, we could play with your atlas.

**MARGARET (V.O.)**

It's not my atlas any more. It's their atlas.

CLOSE on ELINOR as she ponders the truth of this statement.

**INT. JOHN AND FANNY'S CARRIAGE - DAY**

JOHN and FANNY joggle on.

**JOHN**

Twenty pounds now and then will amply discharge my promise, you are quite right.

**FANNY**

Indeed. Although to say the truth, I am convinced within myself that your father had no idea of your giving them money.

**JOHN**

They will have five hundred a year amongst them as it is--

**FANNY**

--and what on earth can four women want for more than that? Their housekeeping will be nothing at all they will have no carriage, no horses, hardly any servants and will keep no company. Only conceive how comfortable they will be!

**INT. NORLAND PARK - SERVANTS' HALL - DAY**

are  
The large contingent of SERVANTS who staff Norland Park gathered in gloomy silence as ELINOR addresses them.

**ELINOR**

As you know, we are looking for a new home. When we leave we shall be

able to retain only Thomas and Betsy.  
CAM holds on THOMAS and BETSY, a capable woman.

**ELINOR**

We are very sorry to have to leave you all. But we are certain you will find the new Mrs Dashwood a fair and generous mistress.

**EXT. NORLAND PARK. DRIVE - DAY**

JOHN and FANNY's carriage approaches Norland.

**FANNY (V.O.)**

They will be much more able to give you something.

**INT. JOHN AND FANNY'S CARRIAGE - DAY**

JOHN and FANNY are about to get out.

**JOHN**

So we are agreed. No money but the occasional gift of game and fish in season will be very welcome.

**FANNY**

Your father would be proud of you.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DINING ROOM - EARLY EVE**

present.  
silence.  
with  
dignity.

The entire family, with the exception of MARGARET, is  
BETSY is serving food in an atmosphere of stiff  
Cutlery clinks. JOHN chews loudly. MARIANNE is rigid  
resentment. MRS DASHWOOD maintains a cool, removed  
ELINOR tries to play hostess.

**ELINOR**

How is Mrs Ferrars?

**FANNY**

My mother is always in excellent health, thank you. My brother Robert is in town with her this season and quite the most popular bachelor in London! He has his own barouche.

In the brief silence which follows this, FANNY surreptitiously checks the hallmark on her butterknife.

**ELINOR**

You have two brothers, have you not?

**FANNY**

Indeed, yes. Edward is the eldest Mamma quite depends upon him. He is traveling up from Plymouth shortly and will break his journey here.

MRS DASHWOOD looks at ELINOR pointedly. JOHN notices.

**JOHN**

(to MRS DASHWOOD)

If that is agreeable to you, of course.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

My dear John this is your home now.

FANNY looks about, barely able to conceal her satisfaction.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - ELINOR'S BEDROOM - DAY**

ELINOR is sitting with a little pile of parcels. She puts a shawl into some paper and ties it with ribbon as MARIANNE thunders in, looking mutinous.

**MARIANNE**

Fanny wishes to know where the key for the silver cabinet is kept.

**ELINOR**

Betsy has it, I think. What does Fanny want with the silver?

**MARIANNE**

I can only presume she wants to count it. What are you doing?

**ELINOR**

Presents for the servants. Have you seen Margaret? I am worried about her. She has taken to hiding in the oddest places.

**MARIANNE**

Fortunate girl. At least she can escape Fanny, which is more than any of us is able.

**ELINOR**

You do your best. You have not said a word to her for a week.

**MARIANNE**

(truculently)

I have! I have said 'yes' and 'no'.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY**

FANNY, MRS DASHWOOD, ELINOR and JOHN are at breakfast. MARIANNE enters. ELINOR catches her eye and indicates

FANNY

with a slight motion of her head. MARIANNE makes a

face.

**MARIANNE**

(very polite)

Good morning, Fanny.

FANNY is rather startled.

**FANNY**

Good morning, Marianne.

ELINOR is relieved.

**MARIANNE**

(to Fanny)

How did you find the silver? Is it all genuine?

ELINOR rushes in before MARIANNE gets any further.

**ELINOR**

Pray, when may we expect the pleasure of your brother's company?

**FANNY**

Edward is due tomorrow. And my dear Mrs Dashwood, in view of the fact that he will not be with us for long, I wondered if Miss Margaret would mind giving up her room to him the view is quite incomparable from her windows and I should so much like Edward to see Norland at its best.

at MARIANNE slams her cup down and throws a furious look

**ELINOR.**

**INT. NORLAND PARK - MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY**

ELINOR and MARIANNE are removing MARGARET's toys.

**MARIANNE**

Intolerable woman!

**ELINOR**

There is but one consolation if Edward is anything like Fanny, we shall be only too happy to leave.

**EXT. NORLAND PARK - DRIVE - DAY**

gravel A very capable HORSEMAN (EDWARD FERRARS) canters up the drive.

CLOSE on his face as he gazes up at the elegant façade.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

shaken Everyone except MARGARET is present. EDWARD has just

prietorial bands with ELINOR. He behaves with great respect to the DASHWOODS and seems embarrassed by FANNY's pro

air.

**FANNY**

But where is Miss Margaret? I declare, Mrs Dashwood, I am beginning to doubt of her existence! She must run positively wild!

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Forgive us, Mr Ferrars. My youngest is not to be found this morning. She is a little shy of strangers at present.

**EDWARD**

Naturally. I am also shy of strangers and I have nothing like her excuse.

**MARIANNE**

(dangerous)

How do you like your view, Mr Ferrars?

ELINOR glances at her warningly but EDWARD replies with careful consideration.

**EDWARD**

Very much. Your stables are very handsome and beautifully kept, Mrs Dashwood.

**FANNY**

Stables! Edward--your windows overlook the lake.

**EDWARD**

An oversight, Fanny, led me to the wrong room. I have rectified the situation and am happily settled in the guest quarters.

MARIANNE and ELINOR look at each other in surprise.

FANNY

looks furious.

MRS DASHWOOD smiles warmly at EDWARD.

CLOSE on ELINOR. She is impressed.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - STAIRCASE - DAY**

with

FANNY is walking with EDWARD, who looks at the pictures interest.

**FANNY**

They are all exceedingly spoilt, I find. Miss Margaret spends all her time up trees and under furniture and I have barely had a civil word from Marianne.

**EDWARD**

My dear Fanny, they have just lost their father their lives will never be the same again.

**FANNY**

That is no excuse.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - LIBRARY - DAY**

FANNY leads EDWARD in. She sniffs with distaste.

**FANNY**

I have never liked the smell of books.

**EDWARD**

Oh? No. The dust, perhaps.

As they speak, EDWARD notices a large atlas retreating apparently all by itself across the floor. Someone is obviously under the table, pulling it out of sight. He registers it and immediately moves in such a way as to

shield

it from FANNY. He turns back, searching for something

to

divert her.

**EDWARD**

I hear you have great plans for the walnut grove.

**FANNY**

Oh yes! I shall have it pulled down to make room for a Grecian temple.

There is a stifled wail from under the table, which

EDWARD

covers with a cough.

**EDWARD**

How picturesque. Will you show me the site?

And he ushers FANNY out, flicking a quick glance over his shoulder at the fugitive's foot.

his

**INT. NORLAND PARK - VELVET ROOM - DAY**

ELINOR, MRS DASHWOOD and MARIANNE are sitting round a table with a pile of letters. ELINOR is handing one back to her mother.

table

her

**ELINOR**

Too expensive. We do not need four bedrooms, we can share.

**MARIANNE**

This one, then?

ELINOR reads the letter quickly.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, we have only five hundred pounds a year. I will send out more inquiries today.

There is a knock on the door. Hesitantly, EDWARD appears.

**EDWARD**

Pardon my intrusion, but I believe I have found what you are looking for.

MARIANNE and MRS DASHWOOD are puzzled by his elliptical manner but ELINOR immediately understands and rises, in smiling relief.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - ENTRANCE HALL OUTSIDE LIBRARY - DAY**

EDWARD is standing outside keeping a discreet lookout. The door is half open and he can hear ELINOR trying to coax MARGARET out. FANNY walks by with a BUTLER to whom she is giving instructions. EDWARD pretends to examine the mouldings and she passes on unsuspecting.

**ELINOR (V.O.)**

Won't you come out, dearest? We haven't seen you all day. Mamma is very concerned.

More silence. EDWARD thinks hard. He makes a decision.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - LIBRARY - DAY**

EDWARD walks in loudly.

**EDWARD**

Oh, Miss Dashwood! Excuse me I was wondering do you by any chance have such a thing as a reliable atlas?

ELINOR looks up at him in astonishment.

**ELINOR**

I believe so.

**EDWARD**

Excellent. I wish to check the position of the Nile.

EDWARD appears to be utterly sincere.

**EDWARD**

My sister says it is in South America.

him in

From under the table we hear a snort. ELINOR looks at realisation.

**ELINOR**

Oh! No, no indeed. She is quite wrong. For I believe it is in--in Belgium.

**EDWARD**

Belgium? Surely not. You must be thinking of the Volga.

**MARGARET**

(from under the table)  
The Volga?

**ELINOR**

Of course. The Volga, which, as you know, starts in...

**EDWARD**

Vladivostok, and ends in...

**ELINOR**

St Albans.

**EDWARD**

Indeed. Where the coffee beans come from.

pity  
table  
of  
of

They are having such a good time that it is rather a the game is stopped by the appearance from under the of MARGARET who reveals herself to be a disheveled girl eleven. She hauls the atlas up and plonks it in front

**EDWARD.**

**MARGARET**

The source of the Nile is in Abyssinia.

**EDWARD**

Is it? Good heavens. How do you do.  
Edward Ferrars.

**MARGARET**

Margaret Dashwood.

her  
made.  
EDWARD shakes MARGARET's hand solemnly and looks over  
head at ELINOR. They smile at each other, a connection

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DRAWING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

from  
ELINOR  
words  
possible'.  
past  
proceeds  
They  
smiles  
JOHN is reading a newspaper. MRS DASHWOOD sits across  
FANNY, who thumbs through a fashion-plate magazine.  
is at a desk by the window writing a letter we see the  
'of course we should like to leave as soon as  
Suddenly she hears a commotion outside. MARGARET runs  
the window brandishing a stick. EDWARD follows, and  
to teach her the first principles of sword-fighting.  
feint and parry, EDWARD serious and without a hint of  
condescension, MARGARET concentrating furiously. EDWARD  
suddenly turns, as though feeling ELINOR's gaze. She  
but looks away quickly.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - VELVET ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

listening  
graceful,  
senses  
sees  
eyes. He  
takes  
corner:  
EDWARD comes into the doorway and sees ELINOR who is  
to MARIANNE playing a concerto. ELINOR stands in a  
rather sad attitude, her back to us. Suddenly she  
EDWARD behind her and turns. He is about to turn away,  
embarrassed to have been caught admiring her, when he  
she has been weeping. Hastily she tries to dry her  
comes forward and offers her a handkerchief, which she  
with a grateful smile. We notice his monogram in the

**ECF.**

**ELINOR**

(apologetic)

That was my father's favourite.

EDWARD nods kindly.

**ELINOR**

Thank you so much for your help with Margaret, Mr Ferrars. She is a changed girl since your arrival.

**EDWARD**

Not at all. I enjoy her company.

**ELINOR**

Has she shown you her tree-house?

**EDWARD**

Not yet. Would you do me the honour, Miss Dashwood? It is very fine out.

**ELINOR**

With pleasure.

They start to walk out of shot, still talking.

**ELINOR**

Margaret has always wanted to travel.

**EDWARD**

I know. She is heading an expedition to China shortly. I am to go as her servant but only on the understanding that I will be very badly treated.

**ELINOR**

What will your duties be?

**EDWARD**

Sword-fighting, administering rum and swabbing.

**ELINOR**

Ah.

of  
further  
ELINOR

CAM tilts up to find MRS DASHWOOD on the middle landing  
the staircase, smiling down at them. CAM tilts up yet  
to find FANNY on the landing above, watching EDWARD and

with a face like a prune.

**EXT. NORLAND PARK - GARDENS - DAY**

arm  
EDWARD and ELINOR are still talking as they walk arm in  
in the late afternoon sun.

**EDWARD**

All I want--all I have ever wanted  
is the quiet of a private life but  
my mother is determined to see me  
distinguished.

**ELINOR**

As?

**EDWARD**

She hardly knows. Any fine figure  
will suit a great orator, a leading  
politician, even a barrister would  
serve, but only on the condition  
that I drive my own barouche and  
dine in the first circles.

to  
His tone is light but there is an underlying bitterness  
it.

**ELINOR**

And what do you wish for?

**EDWARD**

I always preferred the church, but  
that is not smart enough for my mother  
she prefers the army, but that is a  
great deal too smart for me.

**ELINOR**

Would you stay in London?

**EDWARD**

I hate London. No peace. A country  
living is my ideal a small parish  
where I might do some good, keep  
chickens and give very short sermons.

**EXT. FIELDS NEAR NORLAND - DAY**

their  
EDWARD and ELINOR are on horseback. The atmosphere is  
intimate, the quality of the conversation rooted now in

affections.

**ELINOR**

You talk of feeling idle and useless  
imagine how that is compounded when  
one has no choice and no hope  
whatsoever of any occupation.

EDWARD nods and smiles at the irony of it.

**EDWARD**

Our circumstances are therefore  
precisely the same.

**ELINOR**

Except that you will inherit your  
fortune.

He looks at her slightly shocked but enjoying her  
boldness.

**ELINOR**

We cannot even earn ours.

**EDWARD**

Perhaps Margaret is right.

**ELINOR**

Right?

**EDWARD**

Piracy is our only option.

They ride on in silence for a moment.

**EDWARD**

What is swabbing exactly?

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DRAWING ROOM - EVE**

Dinner is over. JOHN and FANNY are examining plans of  
the  
Norland estate, looking for somewhere to build a  
hermitage.  
EDWARD is reading out loud. ELINOR embroiders and  
listens.  
MRS DASHWOOD and MARIANNE make up the rest of the  
audience,  
the latter in a state of high impatience.

**EDWARD**

No voice divine the storm allayed No

light propitious shone, When snatched  
from all effectual aid, We perished  
each alone: But I beneath a rougher  
sea, And whelmed in deeper gulfs  
than he.

MARIANNE jumps up and goes to him.

**MARIANNE**

No, Edward! Listen.

She takes the book from him and reads the stanza with  
passionate brio.

**MARIANNE**

Can you not feel his despair? Try  
again.

Rather mortified, EDWARD starts again, but not before  
receiving a sympathetic look from ELINOR which seems to  
comfort him a little.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - MORNING ROOM - DAY**

holding  
MRS DASHWOOD is ruminating sadly. MARIANNE rushes in  
a letter.

**MARIANNE**

Mamma, look. This has just arrived.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(reading from the  
letter)

'I should be pleased to offer you a  
home at Barton Cottage as soon as  
ever you have need of it' why, it is  
from my cousin, Sir John Middleton!

**MARIANNE**

Even Elinor must approve the rent.

MRS DASHWOOD looks at the letter again and thinks.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Has Elinor not yet seen this?

**MARIANNE**

No I will fetch her.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Wait. No. Let us delay.

**MARIANNE**

Why?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I think--I believe that Edward and Elinor have formed an attachment.

Marianne nods, a little reluctantly.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

It would be cruel to take her away so soon and Devonshire is so far.

MRS DASHWOOD makes her decision. She takes the letter and hides it in the pocket of her gown. MARIANNE looks on frowningly.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Why so grave? Do you disapprove her choice?

**MARIANNE**

By no means. Edward is very amiable.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Amiable but?

**MARIANNE**

But there is something wanting. He is too sedate his reading last night.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Elinor has not your feelings, his reserve suits her.

MARIANNE thinks for a little.

**MARIANNE**

Can he love her? Can the ardour of the soul really be satisfied with such polite, concealed affections? To love is to burn to be on fire, all made of passion, of adoration, of sacrifice! Like Juliet, or Guinevere or Heloise.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

They made rather pathetic ends, dear.

**MARIANNE**

Pathetic! To die for love? How can you say so? What could be more glorious?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I think that may be taking your romantic sensibilities a little far.

**MARIANNE**

The more I know of the world, the more I am convinced that I shall never see a man whom I can truly love.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

You require so much!

**MARIANNE**

I do not! I require only what any young woman of taste should a man who sings well, dances admirably, rides bravely, reads with passion and whose tastes agree in every point with my own.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - ELINOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ELINOR is in bed, deep in thought. MARIANNE enters in her nightclothes, carrying a book of poetry. She reads, teasingly.

**MARIANNE**

Is love a fancy, or a feeling? No It is immortal as immaculate truth 'Tis not a blossom shed as soon as Youth Drops from the stem of life for it will grow In barren regions, where no waters flow Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom--

She jumps onto the bed. ELINOR smiles somewhat suspiciously.

**MARIANNE**

What a pity it is that Edward has no passion for reading.

**ELINOR**

It was you who asked him to read and then you made him nervous.

**MARIANNE**

Me?

**ELINOR**

But your behaviour to him in all other respects is perfectly cordial so I must assume that you like him in spite of his deficiencies.

**MARIANNE**

(trying hard)

I think him everything that is amiable and worthy.

**ELINOR**

Praise indeed!

**MARIANNE**

But he shall have my unanswering devotion when you tell me he is to be my brother.

ELINOR is greatly taken aback and does not know how to reply.

Suddenly MARIANNE hugs her passionately.

**MARIANNE**

How shall I do without you?

**ELINOR**

Do without me?

MARIANNE pulls away, her eyes full of tears.

**MARIANNE**

I am sure you will be very happy. But you must promise not to live too far away.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, there is no question of that is, there is no under standing between...

ELINOR trails off. MARIANNE looks at her keenly.

**MARIANNE**

Do you love him?

The bold clarity of this question discomforts ELINOR.

**ELINOR**

I do not attempt to deny that I think very highly of him that I greatly esteem that I like him.

**MARIANNE**

Esteem him! Like him! Use those insipid words again and I shall leave the room this instant!

This makes ELINOR laugh in spite of her discomfort.

**ELINOR**

Very well. Forgive me. Believe my feelings to be stronger than I have declared but further than that you must not believe.

up  
MARIANNE is flummoxed but she rallies swiftly and picks her book again.

**MARIANNE**

'Is love a fancy or a feeling?' Or a Ferrars?

**ELINOR**

Go to bed!

door.  
ELINOR blushes in good earnest. MARIANNE goes to the

**MARIANNE**

(imitating Elinor)

'I do not attempt to deny that I think highly of him greatly esteem him! Like him!'

amused.  
And she is gone, leaving ELINOR both agitated and

**INT. NORLAND PARK - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY**

POV  
FANNY is standing by the window looking out. We see her of ELINOR and EDWARD walking in the garden.

FANNY  
but  
sweetly  
MRS DASHWOOD enters, pauses for a moment and then joins at the window. FANNY pretends not to have been watching MRS DASHWOOD looks down at the lovers and then smiles

at her.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

We are all so happy that you chose to invite Edward to Norland. He is a dear boy and we are all very fond of him.

FANNY does a bit of quick thinking.

**FANNY**

We have great hopes for him. Much is expected of him by our mother with regard to his profession

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Naturally.

**FANNY**

And in marriage. She is determined that both he and Robert will marry well.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Of course. But I hope she desires them to marry for love, first and foremost? I have always felt that, contrary to common wisdom, true affection is by far the most valuable dowry.

**FANNY**

Love is all very well, but unfortunately we cannot always rely on the heart to lead us in the most suitable directions.

FANNY lowers her voice confidingly.

**FANNY**

You see, my dear Mrs Dashwood, Edward is entirely the kind of compassionate person upon whom penniless women can prey--and having entered into any kind of understanding, he would never go back on his word. He is quite simply incapable of doing so. But it would lead to his ruin. I worry for him so, Mrs Dashwood. My mother has always made it perfectly plain that she will withdraw all financial support from Edward, should he choose

to plant his affections in less...  
exalted ground than he deserves.

She  
It is impossible for MRS DASHWOOD not to get the point.  
is appalled and furious.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I understand you perfectly.

She sweeps off.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - MRS DASHWOOD'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

through her  
Frocks  
her  
She  
MRS DASHWOOD, breathless with rage, is searching  
wardrobe for the gown which contains SIR JOHN's letter.  
fly hither and thither. Finally MRS DASHWOOD plunges  
hand into the right pocket and withdraws the letter.  
looks at it, suddenly concerned and anxious.

**INT. NORLAND PARK - DINING ROOM - EVE**

The entire family is present. Everyone is watching MRS  
DASHWOOD, who has just made her announcement.

**EDWARD**

Devonshire!

at  
to  
He is devastated. FANNY is thrilled. MRS DASHWOOD looks  
him with compassion and then at ELINOR, who is trying  
keep calm.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

My cousin Sir John Middleton has  
offered us a small house on his  
estate.

**JOHN**

Sir John Middleton? What is his  
situation? He must be a man of  
property.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

He is a widower. He lives with his  
mother-in-law at Barton Park and it  
is Barton Cottage that he offers us.

**FANNY**

Oh, a cottage! How charming. A little cottage is always very snug.

**EDWARD**

But you will not leave before the summer?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Oh, my dear Edward, we can no longer trespass upon your sister's good will. We must leave as soon as possible.

**MARGARET**

You will come and stay with us, Edward!

**EDWARD**

I should like that very much.

**FANNY**

Edward has long been expected in town by our mother.

MRS DASHWOOD ignores FANNY.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Come as soon as you can, Edward. Remember that you are always welcome.

**INT/EXT. NORLAND PARK - STABLES - DAY**

ELINOR has come to say goodbye to her HORSE. She strokes the soft face sadly. Then she senses someone and turns to find EDWARD standing nearby.

**EDWARD**

Cannot you take him with you?

**ELINOR**

We cannot possibly afford him.

**EDWARD**

Perhaps he could make himself useful in the kitchen?

ELINOR tries to smile. EDWARD looks at her for a long moment

and then comes closer.

**EDWARD**

Miss Dashwood--Elinor. I must talk  
to you.

tone--

The use of her Christian name--and in such a loving  
stops ELINOR's breath altogether.

**EDWARD**

There is something of great importance  
I need... to tell you--

ELINOR

and

He comes closer still. The HORSE breathes between them.  
is on fire with anticipation but EDWARD looks troubled  
has less the air of a suitor than he might.

**EDWARD**

--about--about my education.

**ELINOR**

(after a beat)  
Your education?

**EDWARD**

Yes. It was less... successful than  
it might have been.

bewildered.

EDWARD laughs nervously. ELINOR is completely

**EDWARD**

It was conducted in Plymouth--oddly  
enough.

**ELINOR**

Indeed?

**EDWARD**

Yes. Do you know it?

**ELINOR**

Plymouth?

**EDWARD**

Yes.

**ELINOR**

No.

**EDWARD**

Oh--well--I spent four years there--  
at a school run by a--a Mr Pratt--

**ELINOR**

Pratt?

ELINOR is beginning to feel like a parrot.

**EDWARD**

Precisely--Mr Pratt--and there, I--  
that is to say, he has a--

As EDWARD flounders, a familiar voice cuts through this  
unexpected foray into his academic past.

**FANNY**

Edward! Edward!

a  
ELINOR,  
They turn to find FANNY powering down upon them, waving  
letter. EDWARD steps back, glancing almost guiltily at  
who is as confused as we are.

**FANNY**

I have been all over for you! You  
are needed in London this instant!

**EDWARD**

Fanny, I am leaving this afternoon  
as it is--

**FANNY**

No, no, that will not do. Family  
affairs are in chaos owing to your  
absence. Mother is quite adamant  
that you should leave at once.

leaving  
frustration  
FANNY is determined. She obviously has no intention of  
him alone with ELINOR. EDWARD turns to ELINOR,  
in every muscle, his jaw set tight.

**EDWARD**

Excuse me, Miss Dashwood.

after  
them.  
FANNY drags EDWARD off, leaving ELINOR to gaze sadly

**INT. THE LADIES' CARRIAGE - OPEN ROAD - RAIN - EVE**

The DASHWOODS are on their way. The mood is very  
sombre.

**MARGARET**

Edward promised he would bring the  
atlas to Barton for me.

MARIANNE looks at ELINOR, pleased.

**MARIANNE**

Did he? Well, I will wager he will  
do so in less than a fortnight!

MRS DASHWOOD looks at ELINOR with satisfaction.

**EXT. THE LADIES' CARRIAGE - OPEN ROAD - EVE**

The carriage rolls on.

**MARGARET (V.O.)**

Are we there yet?

**EXT. ROAD TO AND FROM BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

In comparison to Norland, Barton Cottage has the air of  
a  
damp shoebox. it sits low and bleak in the grey lonely  
countryside.

From one side we can see the DASHWOODS' carriage  
drawing up  
at the gate. From the other, a much grander vehicle,  
from  
which loud whooping can be heard, is approaching.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN PATH - DAY**

As the exhausted DASHWOODS alight, they converge with a  
ruddy-  
complexioned MAN in a redingote (SIR JOHN MIDDLETON)  
and a  
rotund, equally roseate LADY (MRS JENNINGS) who have  
fallen  
over each other in their haste to get out of their  
carriage.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Sir John!

path,  
clearly

SIR JOHN clasps her hands and starts to help her up the  
followed by ELINOR, MARIANNE and MARGARET, who is  
fascinated by his bouncy companion.

**SIR JOHN**

Dear ladies, dear ladies, upon my  
word, here you are, here you are,  
here you are!

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Sir John, your extraordinary kindness--

**SIR JOHN**

Oh, none of that, hush, please, none  
of that, but here is my dear mamma-  
in-law Mrs Jennings.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Was the journey tolerable, you poor  
souls?

**SIR JOHN**

Why did you not come up to the Park  
first and take your ease? We saw you  
pass--Like many people who live rather  
lonely lives together.

each

SIR JOHN and MRS JENNINGS talk incessantly, interrupt  
other all the time and never listen.

**MRS JENNINGS**

--but I would not wait for you to  
come to us, I made John call for the  
carriage--

**SIR JOHN**

She would not wait, you know.

**MRS JENNINGS**

--as we get so little company.

In

house

continuing in

They reach the front door and BETSY's smiling welcome.  
the confusion of milling people and THOMAS carrying the  
lighter luggage, MARIANNE contrives to slip into the  
alone. We follow her but hear the conversation

fire

V.O. MARIANNE looks about the parlour, where a dismal  
is smoking. She starts up the stairs, expressionless.

**MRS JENNINGS (V.O.)**

But I feel as if I know you already--  
delightful creatures!

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

Delightful! And you know you are to  
dine at Barton Park every day.

**MRS DASHWOOD (V.O.)**

Oh, but dear Sir John, we cannot--

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

Oh, no no no no no no no, I shall  
not brook refusals. I am quite deaf  
to 'em, you know--

**MRS JENNINGS (V.O.)**

--deaf--

Then

MARIANNE enters a small bedroom. She sits on the bed.  
she goes to the window and opens it. Voices float up.

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

But I insist!

**ELINOR (V.O.)**

Let us only settle in for a few days,  
Sir John, and thank you--

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

Oh, no thankings, no, please, can't  
bear 'em, embarrassing, you know--

another  
down the

MARIANNE closes the window and crosses the corridor to  
bed room--similarly stark. She sighs and turns back  
stairs.

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

We will send game and fruit as a  
matter of course--

**MRS JENNINGS (V.O.)**

--fruit and game--

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

--and the carriage is at your beck  
and call--

MARIANNE joins the group, who are now in the parlour.

**MRS JENNINGS**

--call--and here is Miss Marianne!

**SIR JOHN**

Where did you disappear to?

**MRS JENNINGS**

I declare you are the loveliest girl  
I ever set eyes on! Cannot you get  
them married, Mrs Dashwood? You must  
not leave it too long!

**SIR JOHN**

But, alas, there are no smart young  
men hereabouts to woo them--

**MRS JENNINGS**

--not a beau for miles!

The strain of exhibiting joy and gratitude is beginning  
to tell on MRS DASHWOOD who is sagging visibly.

**SIR JOHN**

Come, Mother, let us leave them in  
peace.

**MRS JENNINGS**

But there is Colonel Brandon!

SIR JOHN is dragging her down the path.

**SIR JOHN**

Excellent fellow! We served in the  
East India Regiment together.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Just wait till he sees you! If we  
can persuade him out to meet you!

**SIR JOHN**

Reclusive individual. But you are  
fatigued. I can see that you are  
fatigued.

Now he is pushing her into the carriage.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Of course she is fatigued!

**SIR JOHN**

Come along, Mother, we really must leave them to themselves.

**MRS JENNINGS**

You must get your maidservant to make you up some camphor--it is the best tonic for the staggers!

**SIR JOHN**

Send Thomas to us for the carriage when you are ready!

They take off, waving wildly. MARGARET goes down the path to watch them and turns back to her slightly stunned family.

**MARGARET**

I like them.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(weakly)  
What generosity.

**ELINOR**

Indeed. I am surprised they did not offer us their clothing.

**NIGHT**                    **INT. BARTON COTTAGE - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

MARIANNE and ELINOR are getting undressed for bed. it's very cold. They keep their underclothing on and get in, shivering at the bony chill of the linen.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY**

BETSY is pinning out laundry.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY**

MARGARET tries to climb an impossible tree. Her petticoats snag and tear.

**DAY**

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

countryside.

MARIANNE looks out of the window at the wild

as

Unconsciously, one hand plays up and down on the sill  
though it were a keyboard.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

ELINOR sits at a little desk counting money and making  
notes.

money.

BETSY enters to clean out the fire. She notices the

**BETSY**

Sugar is five shilling a pound these  
parts, Miss Dashwood.

**ELINOR**

(lightly)

No more sugar then.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - EVE**

thinking.

CLOSE on MRS DASHWOOD looking out of the window,

She remembers MRS JENNINGS's words:

**MRS JENNINGS (V.O.)**

Not a beau for miles.

ELINOR

MRS DASHWOOD turns into the room to look at her brood.

on the

and MARIANNE are mending MARGARET's petticoats. CLOSE

mother's anxious expression--what is to become of them?

**EXT. BARTON PARK - EVE**

comfortable-

Establishing shot of SIR JOHN's house--a very

looking country seat with fine grounds.

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

Where can Brandon be, poor fellow? I  
hope he has not lamed his horse.

**INT. BARTON PARK - DINING ROOM - EVE**

reveal  
MRS

CLOSE on an empty chair and place setting. Pull out to  
the DASHWOODS at their first dinner with SIR JOHN and  
**JENNINGS.**

**MRS JENNINGS**

Colonel Brandon is the most eligible  
bachelor in the county--he is bound  
to do for one of you. Mind, he is a  
better age for Miss Dashwood--but I  
dare say she left her heart behind  
in Sussex, eh?

concern

MARIANNE flashes an unmistakable glance of alarmed  
at her sister, which MRS JENNINGS notices.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Aha! I see you, Miss Marianne! I  
think I have unearthed a secret!

**SIR JOHN**

Oho! Have you sniffed one out already,  
Mother? You are worse than my best  
pointer, Flossie!

calm.

They both laugh immoderately. ELINOR tries to stay

**MRS JENNINGS**

What sort of man is he, Miss Dashwood?  
Is he butcher, baker, candlestick-  
maker? I shall winkle it out of you  
somehow, you know!

**SIR JOHN**

She's horribly good at winking.

**MRS JENNINGS**

You are in lonely country now, Miss  
Dashwood, none of us has any secrets  
here--

**SIR JOHN**

--or if we do, we do not keep them  
for long!

is  
particularly

ELINOR tries to smile. MARIANNE looks furious. MARGARET  
staring at MRS JENNINGS as if she were some

thrilling form of wildlife.

**MRS JENNINGS**

He is curate of the parish, I dare say!

**SIR JOHN**

Or a handsome lieutenant!

**MRS JENNINGS**

Give us a clue, Miss Dashwood--is he in uniform?

ELINOR starts to change the subject, but MARGARET interrupts her.

**MARGARET**

He has no profession!

SIR JOHN and MRS JENNINGS turn on her with screams of delight.

ELINOR, MARIANNE and MRS DASHWOOD look at each other helplessly.

**SIR JOHN**

No profession! A gentleman, then!

**MARIANNE**

(with daggers)

Margaret, you know perfectly well there is no such person.

**MARGARET**

There is! There is! And his name begins with an F!

ELINOR looks hard at her plate.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Margaret!

MRS DASHWOOD is appalled at her youngest's relish for such a vulgar game. SIR JOHN and MRS JENNINGS are cock-a-hoop.

**SIR JOHN**

F indeed! A very promising letter. Let me--F, F, Fo, Fa... Upon my word, but I cannot think of a single name beginning with F--

**MRS JENNINGS**

Forrest? Foster? Frost? Foggarty?

MARIANNE suddenly stands up. SIR JOHN and MRS JENNINGS are so surprised they stop talking. Everyone stares at MARIANNE.

**MARIANNE**

(controlled fury)

Sir John, might I play your pianoforte?

**SIR JOHN**

Of course, yes--my goodness. We do not stand on ceremony here, my dear.

For once, ELINOR is grateful for her sister's rudeness as everyone rises and follows MARIANNE out.

**EXT. BARTON PARK - FRONT STEPS - EVE**

A soldierly MAN of about forty (COLONEL BRANDON) is dismounting from his horse. From within we hear MARIANNE's expression eyes. song begin. His head snaps up to the windows. An of pained surprise comes into his melancholy, brooding eyes.

**INT. BARTON PARK - MUSIC ROOM - EVE**

Everyone watches MARIANNE as she plays and sings. Behind them we see BRANDON entering. But he stays in the shadow of the door and no one notices him. CLOSE on his face. He gazes at MARIANNE with an unfathomable look of grief and longing. He breathes in deeply. Suddenly, ELINOR feels his presence and looks around at him. After a few moments, she turns back, slightly puzzled. The song finishes. Everyone claps. The MAN ventures out into the light and SIR JOHN springs from his seat.

**SIR JOHN**

Brandon! Where have you been? Come, come and meet our beautiful new neighbours!

**MRS JENNINGS**

What a pity you are late, Colonel! You have missed the most delightful singing!

BRANDON bows to the company and smiles slightly.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

A great pity, indeed.

ELINOR looks at him, even more puzzled.

**SIR JOHN**

Mrs Dashwood, may I present my dear friend Colonel Brandon? We served together in the East Indies and I assure you there is no better fellow on earth--

**MARGARET**

Have you really been to the East Indies, Colonel?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I have.

**MARGARET**

What is it like?

MARGARET is quivering with fascination.

**SIR JOHN**

Like? Hot.

But COLONEL BRANDON knows what MARGARET wants to hear.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(mysteriously)

The air is full of spices.

MARGARET smiles with satisfaction.

**SIR JOHN**

Come, Miss Dashwood--it is your turn to entertain us!

**ELINOR**

Oh no, Sir John, I do not--

**SIR JOHN**

--and I think we can all guess what  
key you will sing in!

SIR JOHN and MRS JENNINGS are bursting with their new  
joke.

**SIR JOHN/MRS JENNINGS**

F major!

They fall about.

**INT. SIR JOHN'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT**

The DASHWOODS are returning home. A row is in progress.

**MARIANNE**

(to Margaret)

As for you, you have no right, no  
right at all, to parade your ignorant  
assumptions--

**MARGARET**

They are not assumptions. You told  
me.

ELINOR stares at MARIANNE. MARIANNE colours and attacks  
MARGARET again.

**MARIANNE**

I told you nothing--

**MARGARET**

They'll meet him when he comes,  
anyway.

**MARIANNE**

That is not the point. You do not  
speak of such things before strangers--

**MARGARET**

But everyone else was--

**MARIANNE**

Mrs Jennings is not everyone.

**MARGARET**

I like her! She talks about things.  
We never talk about things.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Hush, please, now that is enough, Margaret. If you cannot think of anything appropriate to say, you will please restrict your remarks to the weather.

A heated pause.

**MARGARET**

I like Colonel Brandon too. He's been to places.

**EXT. POND NEAR BARTON PARK - DAY**

In the background, SIR JOHN, ELINOR and MRS JENNINGS pack the remains of a picnic into a basket. MRS DASHWOOD and MARGARET examine a foxhole. In the foreground, MARIANNE is cutting bulrushes for basketwork. Her knife is blunt and she saws impatiently. COLONEL BRANDON materialises at her side and wordlessly offers her his hunting knife. Oddly nervous, MARIANNE takes it. She turns back to the rushes and cuts them with ease. The magnet. COLONEL's gaze follows her movements as if held by a

**INT. KEEPER'S LODGE - BARTON PARK - DAY**

SIR JOHN and BRANDON are cleaning their guns in companionable eyes silence--a habit left over from army days. SIR JOHN BRANDON roguishly.

**SIR JOHN**

You know what they're saying, of course...

No answer.

**SIR JOHN**

The word is that you have developed a taste for--certain company.

BRANDON stays resolutely silent. SIR JOHN is emboldened.

**SIR JOHN**

And why not, say I. A man like you--  
in his prime--she'd be a most  
fortunate young lady--

BRANDON cuts across him.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Marianne Dashwood would no more think  
of me than she would of you, John.

**SIR JOHN**

Brandon, my boy, do not think of  
yourself so meanly--

**COLONEL BRANDON**

And all the better for her.

himself  
SIR JOHN subsides. BRANDON is clearly as angry with  
as he is with SIR JOHN.

**EXT. POND NEAR BARTON PARK - ANOTHER DAY**

under one  
between  
then  
takes  
contemplatively.  
BRANDON strides along in hunting gear, a gun slung  
arm, his dog trotting behind him with a duck clamped  
its jaws. The bulrushes catch his eye and he slows,  
stops. He stands for a moment deep in thought. Then he  
his hunting knife, cuts one and walks off

**EXT. BARTON PARK - GARDENS - DAY**

talking  
MARIANNE,  
MRS  
An outdoor luncheon is in progress. COLONEL BRANDON is  
to MRS DASHWOOD. Occasionally he looks over towards  
who is playing bilboquet with SIR JOHN and MARGARET.  
JENNINGS nudges ELINOR hard and gestures to BRANDON.

**MRS JENNINGS**

(stage whisper)

Besotted! Excellent match, for he is  
rich and she is handsome.

**ELINOR**

How long have you known the Colonel?

**MRS JENNINGS**

Oh, Lord bless you, as long as ever I have been here, and I came fifteen years back. His estate at Delaford is but four miles hence and he and John are very thick. He has no wife or children of his own, for--

MRS JENNINGS lowers her voice to a stentorian whisper.

**MRS JENNINGS**

--he has a tragic history. He loved a girl once--twenty years ago now--a ward to his family, but they were not permitted to marry...

ELINOR is intrigued.

**ELINOR**

On what grounds?

**MRS JENNINGS**

Money. Eliza was poor. When the father discovered their amour, she was flung out of the house and he packed off into the army. I believe he would have done himself a harm if not for John...

**ELINOR**

What became of the lady?

**MRS JENNINGS**

Oh, she was passed from man to man--disappeared from all good society. When Brandon got back from India he searched for heaven knows how long, only to find her dying in a poor house. You have seen how it has affected him. Once I thought my daughter Charlotte might have cheered him up, but she is much better off where she is.

ELINOR is silent with amazement at this unexpected history.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Look at him now, though. So attentive. I shall try an experiment on him.

**ELINOR**

Oh no, please, dear Mrs Jennings,  
leave the poor Colonel alone.

**MRS JENNINGS**

No, no, it is just the thing--all  
suitors need a little help, my dear

though  
MRS JENNINGS winks at ELINOR and rubs her hands as  
about to perform a magic trick.

**MRS JENNINGS**

(trillingly)  
Colonel Brandon!

BRANDON looks up.

**MRS JENNINGS**

We have not heard you play for us of  
late!

**COLONEL BRANDON**

For the simple reason that you have  
a far superior musician here.

He indicates MARIANNE, who smiles absently.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Perhaps you did not know, Miss  
Marianne, that our dear Brandon shares  
your passion for music and plays the  
piano forte very well.

MARIANNE looks at BRANDON in some surprise.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Play us a duet!

BRANDON looks at MRS JENNINGS warningly but she ignores  
him.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I'll trow you know quite as many  
melancholy tunes as Miss Marianne!

Her tone is so knowing that MARIANNE frowns  
uncomfortably.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Come! Let us see you both side by  
side!

MARIANNE rises impatiently.

**MARIANNE**

I do not know any duets. Forgive me,  
Colonel.

She moves away. MRS JENNINGS chuckles.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - LATE AFTERNOON**

off  
The DASHWOODS returning. MARIANNE is taking her bonnet  
so furiously that she simply gets the knot tighter and  
tighter. Despite them selves, ELINOR and MRS DASHWOOD  
are  
amused.

**MARIANNE**

Oh! Are we never to have a moment's  
peace? The rent here may be low but  
I think we have it on very hard terms.

**ELINOR**

Mrs Jennings is a wealthy woman with  
a married daughter--she has nothing  
to do but marry off everyone else's.

BETSY pokes her head out from the dining room.

**BETSY**

There's a parcel arrived for you,  
Miss Dashwood!

**MARGARET**

A parcel!

package  
the  
They all crowd into the dining room to find a large  
on the table, which MARGARET is permitted to open. In  
meantime ELINOR comes to the rescue with the bonnet and  
MARIANNE stands shifting like a spirited mare as ELINOR  
patiently unravels the knot.

**MARIANNE**

It is too ridiculous! When is a man  
to be safe from such wit if age and  
infirmity do not protect him?

**ELINOR**

Infirmity!

**MRS DASHWOOD**

If Colonel Brandon is infirm, then I am at death's door.

**ELINOR**

It is a miracle your life has extended this far...

**MARIANNE**

Did you not hear him complain of a rheumatism in his shoulder?

**ELINOR**

A slight ache' I believe was his phrase...

opens  
in  
MARIANNE smiles and ELINOR laughs at her. Then MARGARET the parcel to reveal--her atlas. The atmosphere alters immediately as MRS DASHWOOD and MARIANNE look at ELINOR consternation.

**MARGARET**

But Edward said he would bring it himself.

address  
ELINOR,  
and opens  
There is a letter on top of the atlas. CLOSE on the 'To the Dashwoods'. MRS DASHWOOD picks it up, looks at

**MRS DASHWOOD**

'Dear Mrs Dashwood, Miss Dashwood, Miss Marianne and Captain Margaret-- it gives me great pleasure to restore this atlas to its rightful owner. Alas, business in London does not permit me to accompany it, although this is likely to hurt me far more than it hurts you. For the present my memories of your kindness must be enough to sustain me, and I remain your devoted servant always. E. C. Ferrars.'

to  
A silence greets this brief epistle. ELINOR struggles contain her bitter disappointment.

**MARGARET**

But why hasn't he come?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

He says he is busy, dear.

**MARGARET**

He said he'd come.

MARGARET is genuinely upset. ELINOR quietly hangs up MARIANNE's bonnet.

**MARGARET**

Why hasn't he come?

and MRS DASHWOOD looks beseechingly at MARIANNE, who nods  
grasps MARGARET's hand.

**MARIANNE**

I am taking you for a walk.

**MARGARET**

No! I've been a walk.

**MARIANNE**

You need another.

**MARGARET**

It is going to rain.

out. MARIANNE shoves her bonnet back on and drags MARGARET

**MARIANNE**

It is not going to rain.

**MARGARET**

You always say that and then it always  
does.

short We hear the front door slam behind them. There is a  
silence.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I fear Mrs Jennings is a bad  
influence.

She approaches ELINOR.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

You must miss him, Elinor.

ELINOR looks very directly at her mother.

**ELINOR**

We are not engaged, Mamma.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

But he loves you, dearest, of that I am certain.

words  
ELINOR looks down. She speaks slowly, choosing her  
with care.

**ELINOR**

I am by no means assured of his regard for me.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Oh, Elinor!

**ELINOR**

But even were he to feel such a... preference, I think we should be foolish to assume that there would not be many obstacles to his choosing a woman of no rank who cannot afford to buy sugar...

**MRS DASHWOOD**

But Elinor--your heart must tell you--

**ELINOR**

In such a situation, Mamma, it is perhaps better to use one's head.

She clears her throat, rises determinedly, picks up the accounts book and opens it. MRS DASHWOOD is silenced.

**EXT. FIELDS NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

MARGARET  
MARIANNE walks very briskly, dragging an unwilling  
behind her.

**EXT. DOWNS NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

two  
It has started to rain. Mists are gathering around the  
figures walking against the wind.

**MARIANNE**

Is there any felicity in the world superior to this?

**MARGARET**

I told you it would rain.

**MARIANNE**

Look! There is some blue sky! Let us chase it!

**MARGARET**

I'm not supposed to run.

mist.  
MARIANNE  
trips  
pain.

MARIANNE runs off down the hill into the heart of the  
MARGARET stumbles after her, grumbling. We follow  
in her headlong descent and suddenly, dramatically, she  
and sprawls to the ground, letting out a sharp cry of

**MARGARET**

Marianne!

**MARIANNE**

Help me!

great.

She tries to get up, but the pain in her ankle is too  
She sinks back to the ground. MARGARET is very alarmed.

**MARIANNE**

Margaret, run home and fetch help.

they  
shoulders

The mists have thickened. They can no longer see where  
are. Despite her rising fear, MARGARET squares her  
bravely and tries to sense the direction.

**MARGARET**

I think it is this way. I will run  
as fast as I can, Marianne.

thunder

She dashes off. As she goes into the mist we hear the  
of hooves.

coming

CU Margaret's terrified expression. They seem to be

Through  
Adonis  
rider  
side.

from all around. She wheels and turns and then--Crash!  
the mist breaks a huge white horse. Astride sits an  
in hunting gear. MARGARET squeals. The horse rears. Its  
controls it and slides off. He rushes to MARIANNE's

**THE STRANGER**

Are you hurt?

**MARIANNE**

(transfixed)

Only my ankle.

**THE STRANGER**

May I have your permission to--

He indicates her leg. Decorous, perhaps faintly impish.

**THE STRANGER**

--ascertain if there are any breaks?

feels  
MARIANNE

MARIANNE nods speechlessly. With great delicacy, he  
her ankle. MARGARET's eyes are out on chapel-hooks.  
almost swoons with embarrassment and excitement mixed.

**THE STRANGER**

It is not broken. Now, can you put  
your arm about my neck?

trots  
MARIANNE.

MARIANNE does not need any encouragement. He lifts her  
effortlessly and calls to his horse: 'Bedivere!' It  
obediently forward. The STRANGER smiles down at

**THE STRANGER**

Allow me to escort you home.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

DASHWOOD

Rain is thudding against the window from which MRS  
turns, looking very worried.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Marianne was sure it would not rain.

**ELINOR**

Which invariably means it will.

from her  
But we can see she is trying to conceal her anxiety  
mother. There are noises in the hall.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

At last!

MARGARET runs into the room dripping wet.

**MARGARET**

She fell over! She fell down--and  
he's carrying her!

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

see the  
scarlet  
MRS DASHWOOD and ELINOR rush to the front door. They  
STRANGER carrying MARIANNE up the garden path, his  
coat staining the monochrome rain.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Marianne!

The STRANGER reaches the door. This is no time for  
introductions.

**ELINOR**

In here, sir--this way. Margaret,  
open the door wider. Please, sir,  
lay her here. Marianne, are you in  
pain?

They move into the parlour.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

DASHWOOD  
MARIANNE is carried in, surrounded by ELINOR, MRS  
and MARGARET.

**THE STRANGER**

It is a twisted ankle.

**MARIANNE**

Do not be alarmed, Mamma.

straight  
The STRANGER deposits MARIANNE on the sofa. They look

into each other's eyes. Electric.

**THE STRANGER**

I can assure you it is not serious.  
I took the liberty of feeling the  
bone and it is perfectly sound.

her  
ELINOR raises her eyebrows at MARIANNE, who blushes to  
roots.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Sir, I cannot even begin to thank  
you.

**THE STRANGER**

Please do not think of it. I'm  
honoured of be of service.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Will you not be seated?

**THE STRANGER**

Pray excuse me--I have no desire to  
leave a water mark! But permit me to  
call tomorrow afternoon and inquire  
after the patient?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

We shall look forward to it!

gloriously.  
He turns to MARIANNE and smiles. She smiles back  
He bows, and sweeps out of the room.

**MARIANNE**

(hissing)

His name! His name!

him out  
MARGARET  
removing  
MRS DASHWOOD silences her with a gesture and follows  
with all the solicitous charm she can command while  
pokes her head around the door to watch. ELINOR is  
MARIANNE's boot and trying not to laugh at her.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

MRS DASHWOOD calls out after him.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Please tell us to whom we are so much obliged?

The STRANGER mounts Bedivere and turns to her.

**THE STRANGER**

John Willoughby of Allenham--your servant, ma'am!

Bedivere  
And he gallops off into the mist--we almost expect  
expression.  
to sprout wings. CLOSE on MRS DASHWOOD's excited

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

MRS DASHWOOD runs back into the parlour, jittering with excitement and anxiety.

**MARIANNE**

Mr John Willoughby of Allenham!

**MRS DASHWOOD**

What an impressive gentleman!

**MARIANNE**

He lifted me as if I weighed no more than a dried leaf!

**ELINOR**

Is he human?

MARIANNE hits ELINOR. MRS DASHWOOD tends to her ankle.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Tell me if I hurt you.

**ELINOR**

(regarding Marianne's ecstatic expression)  
She feels no pain, Mamma. Margaret, ask Betsy to make up a cold compress, please.

**MARGARET**

(leaving reluctantly)  
Did you see him? He expressed himself well, did he not?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

With great decorum and honour.

**MARIANNE**

And spirit and wit and feeling.

**ELINOR**

And economy--ten words at most.

me! From below stairs we can hear MARGARET wailing Wait for

**MARIANNE**

And he is to come tomorrow!

**ELINOR**

You must change, Marianne--you will catch a cold.

**MARIANNE**

What care I for colds when there is such a man?

**ELINOR**

You will care very much when your nose swells up.

**MARIANNE**

You are right. Help me, Elinor.

MARGARET comes back with the bandages.

**MARGARET**

What has happened?

**ELINOR**

We have decided to give you to the Gypsies.

MRS ELINOR and MARIANNE go upstairs. MARGARET whispers to

**DASHWOOD.**

**MARGARET**

Will they be married before Edward and Elinor, do you think, Mamma?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Margaret, you are worse than Mrs Jennings.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - MORNING**

The rain has cleared. SIR JOHN's horse munches grass contentedly by the side of the road.

**SIR JOHN (V.O.)**

Mr Willoughby is well worth catching,  
Miss Dashwood--Miss Marianne must  
not expect to have all the men to  
herself!

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - MORNING**

turn  
has her  
patience.

The DASHWOODS are having a frustrating time winking  
information about WILLOUGHBY out of SIR JOHN, who is in  
only anxious to protect BRANDON's interest. MARIANNE  
bandaged foot up on the sofa and is fast losing

**MARIANNE**

But what do you know of Mr Willoughby,  
Sir John?

**SIR JOHN**

Decent shot--and there is not a bolder  
rider in all England.

**MARIANNE**

But what is he like?

**SIR JOHN**

Like?

**MARIANNE**

What are his tastes? His passions?  
His pursuits?

**SIR JOHN**

(mystified)

Well, he has the nicest little bitch  
of a pointer--was she out with him  
yesterday?

MARIANNE gives up. MRS DASHWOOD takes over.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Where is Allenham, Sir John?

**SIR JOHN**

Nice little estate three miles east.  
He is to inherit it from an elderly  
relative--Lady Allen is her name.

ask  
Everyone  
back

Now they are getting somewhere. MARIANNE is about to  
another question when they hear a horse galloping up.  
is electrified. MARGARET runs to the window and turns  
in disappointment.

**MARGARET**

It is Colonel Brandon. I shall go  
outside and keep watch.

MARGARET runs out of the room.

**SIR JOHN**

You are all on the lookout for  
Willoughby, eh? Dear me, poor Brandon.  
You will none of you think of him  
now.

bunch

BRANDON is admitted by BETSY. He is carrying a large  
of hothouse flowers.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

How is the invalid?

He hands MARIANNE the flowers with a smile.

**MARIANNE**

Thank you so much, Colonel.

goes

She rather absently hands the flowers to ELINOR, who  
for a vase. SIR JOHN gestures at BRANDON with bluff  
insensitivity.

**SIR JOHN**

Miss Marianne, I cannot see why you  
should set your cap at Mr Willoughby  
when you have already made such a  
splendid conquest!

**MARIANNE**

I have no intention of 'setting my  
cap' at anyone, Sir John!

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Mr Willoughby--Lady Allen's nephew?

back

BRANDON's light tone betrays no emotion. ELINOR comes

in with the flowers and puts them on the table next to  
**MARIANNE.**

**SIR JOHN**

Aye, he visits every year for he is to inherit Allenham--and he has a very pretty estate of his own, Miss Dashwood, Combe Magna in Somerset. If I were you, I would not give him up to my younger sister in spite of all this tumbling down hills.

Suddenly MARGARET runs in screaming 'Marianne's preserver!'  
once.  
clear.  
at the top of her voice. Everyone starts to move at  
MARGARET is silenced. BRANDON looks at MARIANNE, whose incandescent expression makes her feelings all too

**SIR JOHN**

Here is the man himself. Come, Brandon--we know when we are not wanted. Let us leave him to the ladies!

**ELINOR**

Marianne! Sir John and the Colonel are leaving.

MARIANNE looks up, suddenly self-conscious.

**MARIANNE**

Goodbye, Colonel. Thank you for the flowers.

ELINOR sees them out. We hear WILLOUGHBY's voice  
outside.  
CLOSE on MARIANNE's radiant anticipation.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

WILLOUGHBY is shaking hands with COLONEL BRANDON and  
SIR  
**JOHN.**

**WILLOUGHBY**

How do you do, Colonel?

**SIR JOHN**

How does he do? How do you do, more like. Go on in, they're waiting for you!

WILLOUGHBY BRANDON looks at WILLOUGHBY for a moment. He bows.  
bows. Then BRANDON and SIR JOHN exit.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

with ELINOR leads in WILLOUGHBY. MRS DASHWOOD greets him  
outstretched arms.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Mr Willoughby! What a pleasure to  
see you again!

**WILLOUGHBY**

The pleasure is all mine, I can  
assure you. I trust Miss Marianne  
has not caught cold?

**MARIANNE**

You have found out my name!

**WILLOUGHBY**

Of course. The neighbourhood is  
crawling with my spies.

behind his He suddenly produces a bunch of wild flowers from  
humorous back and offers them to MARIANNE with a courtly,  
bow.

**WILLOUGHBY**

And since you cannot venture out to  
nature, nature must be brought to  
you!

**MARIANNE**

How beautiful. These are not from  
the hothouse.

WILLOUGHBY sees BRANDON's flowers.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Ah! I see mine is not the first  
offering, nor the most elegant. I am  
afraid I obtained these from an  
obliging field.

**MARIANNE**

But I have always preferred wild

flowers!

**WILLOUGHBY**

I suspected as much.

ELINOR takes the delicate flowers from WILLOUGHBY.

**ELINOR**

I will put these in water.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Our gratitude, Mr Willoughby, is beyond expression--

**WILLOUGHBY**

But it is I who am grateful. I have often passed this cottage and grieved for its lonely state--and then the first news I had from Lady Allen when I arrived was that it was taken. I felt a peculiar interest in the event which nothing can account for but my present delight in meeting you.

ELINOR He is merry, spirited, voluble--a breath of fresh air.  
brings back WILLOUGHBY's flowers and places them next  
to BRANDON's on the side table.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Pray sit down, Mr Willoughby.

on She indicates a chair but WILLOUGHBY sees a book lying  
delight-- MARIANNE's footstool, picks it up and--to her great  
sits down on the stool at her feet.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Who is reading Shakespeare's sonnets?

Everyone answers at once.

**MARIANNE/ELINOR/MRS DASHWOOD**

I am. / We all are. / Marianne.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Marianne has been reading them out to us.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Which are your favourites?

It is a general question but MARIANNE gaily commandeers it.

**MARIANNE**

Without a doubt, mine is 116.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove--then how does it go?

**MARIANNE**

'O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark.'

WILLOUGHBY joins in the line halfway through and continues. ELINOR and MRS DASHWOOD exchange glances. Clearly, their contribution to this conversation will be minimal.

**WILLOUGHBY**

'That looks on storms'--or is it tempests? Let me find it.

WILLOUGHBY gets out a tiny leatherbound book.

**WILLOUGHBY**

It is strange you should be reading them--for, look, I carry this with me always.

It is a miniature copy of the sonnets. MARIANNE is delighted, and, mutually astonished at this piece of synchronicity, they proceed to look up other favourites, chatting as though they were already intimates.

MRS DASHWOOD smiles at ELINOR with satisfaction. ELINOR, amused, picks up her sewing. MARGARET stares. WILLOUGHBY and MARIANNE are oblivious to everything but each other.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN PATH - DAY**

bunch  
virile  
MARIANNE

WILLOUGHBY is leaving. He has a flower from MARIANNE's  
in his buttonhole and is on his horse, looking about as  
as his horse. Everyone has come out to say goodbye,  
supported by ELINOR and MRS DASHWOOD.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Till tomorrow! And my pocket sonnets  
are yours, Miss Marianne! A talisman  
against further injury!

**MARIANNE**

Goodbye! Thank you!

down the

He gallops off. They all wave. MARGARET follows him  
road for a while.

**ELINOR**

Good work, Marianne! You have covered  
all forms of poetry; another meeting  
will ascertain his views on nature  
and romantic attachments and then  
you will have nothing left to talk  
about and the acquaintanceship will  
be over.

**MARIANNE**

I suppose I have erred against  
decorum. I should have been dull and  
spiritless and talked only of the  
weather, or the state of the roads.

**ELINOR**

No, but Mr Willoughby can be in no  
doubt of your enthusiasm for him.

**MARIANNE**

Why should he doubt it? Why should I  
hide my regard?

**ELINOR**

No particular reason, Marianne, only  
that we know so little of him--

**MARIANNE**

But time alone does not determine  
intimacy. Seven years would be  
insufficient to make some people  
acquainted with each other and seven

days are more than enough for others.

**ELINOR**

Or seven hours in this case.

**MARIANNE**

I feel I know Mr Willoughby well already. If I had weaker, more shallow feelings perhaps I could conceal them, as you do--

Then she realises what she's said.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Marianne, that is not fair--

**MARIANNE**

I am sorry, Elinor, I did not mean

**ELINOR**

I know. Do not trouble yourself, Marianne.

ELINOR turns back into the house.

**MARIANNE**

I do not understand her, Mamma. Why does she never mention Edward? I have never even seen her cry about him, or about Norland.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Nor I. But Elinor is not like you or I, dear. She does not like to be swayed by her emotions.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

**DAY**

**ECF**

**in**

**before**

CLOSE on Edward's handkerchief. We can see the monogram clearly.

CLOSE on ELINOR staring out of the window. Tears stand in her eyes but she presses the handkerchief to them before they fall.

**INT. BARTON PARK - DRAWING ROOM - EVE**

BRANDON,  
corner

After dinner. Tea has been served. ELINOR, COLONEL  
MRS DASHWOOD and MRS JENNINGS play at cards. In a far  
of the room, MARIANNE is concentrating as she draws a  
silhouette.

of  
beauty.  
Haven't  
full

WILLOUGHBY's profile glows behind the screen in front  
her, She looks up and stops, gazing, bewitched, at his  
The lips move--a whisper: Marianne. Then, louder:  
you finished? He moves out from behind the screen, eyes  
of laughter. They look at each other.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

and  
window  
of

ELINOR and MRS DASHWOOD are at the accounts. WILLOUGHBY  
MARIANNE are on the other side of the room in the  
seat, whispering together. Clearly, he is already part  
the family.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Surely you are not going to deny us  
beef as well as sugar?

**ELINOR**

There is nothing under tenpence a  
pound. We have to economise.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Do you want us to starve?

**ELINOR**

No. Just not to eat beef.

looks  
cutting  
places in  
erotic  
snaps

MRS DASHWOOD is silenced but sighs crossly. ELINOR  
over to the lovers and sees WILLOUGHBY in the act of  
off a lock of MARIANNE's hair, which he kisses and  
his pocket-book. ELINOR is transfixed by this strangely  
moment. WILLOUGHBY senses her gaze and looks over. She

that she her head back to her sums and is astonished to find  
she has written 'Edward' at the top of the sheet. Hastily  
rubs it out and writes 'Expenses'.

**EXT. BARTON CHURCH. DAY.**

(the MRS JENNINGS is talking to the elderly CURATE. Other  
PARISHIONERS exit the church as WILLOUGHBY's curricle  
flying eighteenth-century equivalent of a sports car) goes  
by. MARIANNE sits by his side, the picture of  
happiness. MRS JENNINGS nudges the CURATE and whispers. The  
PARISHIONERS stare after them and comment to each other.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN PATH - DAY**

evidently MARIANNE and ELINOR are coming down the path together.  
MARIANNE is dressed to go out. The argument has  
started indoors and is being continued here.

**MARIANNE**

If there was any true impropriety in  
my behaviour, I should be sensible  
of it, Elinor--

**ELINOR**

But as it has already exposed you to  
some very impertinent remarks, do  
you not begin to doubt your own  
discretion?

**MARIANNE**

If the impertinent remarks of such  
as Mrs Jennings are proof of  
impropriety, then we are all offending  
every moment of our lives--

BRANDON The conversation is halted by the arrival of COLONEL  
on horseback.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(dismounting)  
Miss Dashwood! Miss Marianne!

**ELINOR**

Good morning, Colonel!

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I come to issue an invitation. A picnic on my estate at Delaford--if you would care to join us on Thursday next. Mrs Jennings's daughter and her husband are traveling up especially.

**ELINOR**

Thank you, Colonel, we shall be delighted.

and At that moment, WILLOUGHBY's curricle hoves into view  
MARIANNE's face lights up.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(to Marianne)

I will of course be including Mr Willoughby in the party.

her Even MARIANNE is a little embarrassed and recollects  
manners. She smiles kindly at BRANDON.

**MARIANNE**

I should be delighted to join you, Colonel!

nods The COLONEL helps her into the curricle, exchanging  
suspicion. with WILLOUGHBY, who is regarding him with some

**WILLOUGHBY**

Good morning, Miss Dashwood; good morning, Colonel.

**MARIANNE**

The Colonel has invited us to Delaford, Willoughby!

**WILLOUGHBY**

Excellent. I understand you have a particularly fine pianoforte, Colonel.

tense. The undercurrents of this conversation are decidedly

**COLONEL BRANDON**

A Broadwood Grand.

**MARIANNE**

A Broadwood Grand! Then I shall really be able to play for you!

**WILLOUGHBY**

We shall look forward to it!

whips up

MARIANNE smiles her perfect happiness at him and he the horses. They drive off, waving their farewells.

BRANDON looks after them for a silent moment, and then collects himself and turns to ELINOR, who is less than satisfied with their behaviour.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Your sister seems very happy.

**ELINOR**

Yes. Marianne does not approve of hiding her emotions. In fact, her romantic prejudices have the unfortunate tendency to set propriety at naught.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

She is wholly unspoil.

**ELINOR**

Rather too unspoil, in my view. The sooner she becomes acquainted with the ways of the world, the better.

very

COLONEL BRANDON looks at her sharply and then speaks deliberately, as though controlling some powerful

emotion.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I knew a lady like your sister--the same impulsive sweetness of temper--who was forced into, as you put it, a better acquaintance with the world. The result was only ruination and despair.

He stops, and briskly remounts his horse.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Do not desire it, Miss Dashwood.

**EXT. BARTON PARK - DRIVE - DAY**

the  
organising  
BRANDON  
are  
PALMER), a  
looking  
MARIANNE,  
the

People and carriages fill the drive, the sun shines and atmosphere is pleasantly expectant. SIR JOHN is the provision of blankets and parasols and COLONEL is busy furnishing the DRIVERS with their routes. There are three new faces a pretty, blowsy WOMAN (CHARLOTTE stony-faced MAN (MR PALMER) and an exceedingly good-looking GIRL (LUCY STEELE), who are standing with ELINOR, MARGARET, MRS JENNINGS and MRS DASHWOOD. MARIANNE is standing slightly apart, looking out along the road, impatient for WILLOUGHBY.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Imagine my surprise, Mrs Dashwood, when Charlotte and her lord and master appeared with our cousin Lucy! The last person I expected to see! 'Where did you pop out from, Miss?' says I. I was never so surprised to see anyone in all my life!

JENNINGS

LUCY STEELE smiles shyly and looks at the ground. MRS continues sotto voce to MRS DASHWOOD.

**MRS JENNINGS**

She probably came on purpose to share the fun, for there are no funds for such luxuries at home, poor thing.

**LUCY**

I had not seen you for so long, dear Mrs Jennings, I could not resist the opportunity.

**CHARLOTTE**

Oh, you sly thing! It was the Misses Dashwood she wanted to see, not Delaford, Mamma! I have heard nothing but 'Miss Dashwood this, Miss Dashwood that' for I don't know how long! And

what do you think of them now you do see them, Lucy? My mother has talked of nothing else in her letters since you came to Barton, Mrs Dashwood. Mr Palmer--are they not the very creatures she describes?

MR PALMER regards his wife with a less than enchanted expression.

**MR PALMER**

Nothing like.

**CHARLOTTE**

(laughing gaily)

Why, Mr Palmer! Do you know you are quite rude today? He is to be an MP, you know, Mrs Dashwood, and it is very fatiguing for him for he is forced to make everybody like him-- he says it is quite shocking--

**MRS PALMER**

I never said anything so irrational. Don't palm all your abuses of the language upon me.

**MRS JENNINGS**

(to Mrs Dashwood)

Mr Palmer is so droll--he is always out of humour.

siege.  
waves  
CHARLOTTE

MR PALMER does indeed have the air of a man under  
WILLOUGH BY suddenly appears in his curricle. MARIANNE  
to him with a radiant smile. MRS JENNINGS nudges  
and points to MARIANNE.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Here he is! Now you shall see,  
Charlotte.

making

WILLOUGHBY drives up as close to MARIANNE as possible,  
her laugh.

**MRS JENNINGS**

How now, Mr Willoughby! You must greet my daughter Charlotte, and Mr Palmer--

**WILLOUGHBY**

How do you do?

**MRS JENNINGS**

And my little cousin, Miss Lucy Steele.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Welcome to our party, Miss Steele!

politely,  
JENNINGS

LUCY bobs demurely. WILLOUGHBY inclines his head  
leaps from the curricle and hands MARIANNE in. MRS  
coos and chuckles at them. CHARLOTTE nudges ELINOR.

**CHARLOTTE**

I know Mr Willoughby extremely well--  
not that I ever spoke to him but I  
have seen him forever in town. Your  
sister is monstrous lucky to get  
him. Mamma says Colonel Brandon is  
in love with her as well, which is a  
very great compliment for he hardly  
ever falls in love with anyone.

out to  
laughs

ELINOR smiles politely. WILLOUGHBY moves the curricle  
the front of the drive. CHARLOTTE points after them and  
with MRS JENNINGS. LUCY edges up beside ELINOR.

**LUCY**

May I beg a seat beside you, Miss  
Dashwood? I have so longed to make  
your better acquaintance! I have  
heard nothing but the highest praise  
for you.

ELINOR is relieved to change the subject.

**ELINOR**

I would be delighted. But Sir John  
and Mrs Jennings are too excessive  
in their compliments. I am sure to  
disappoint.

**LUCY**

No, for it was from quite another  
source that I heard you praised and  
one not at all inclined to

exaggeration.

though  
HORSEMAN  
face

LUCY speaks in a knowing, confidential undertone, as not wanting anyone else to hear. At that moment a thunders up the drive towards them. Everyone turns to the new arrival.

**SIR JOHN**

What can this be?

ride.  
which  
suppressed

It is a MESSENGER who has obviously had a long, hard He asks for COLONEL BRANDON and hands him a letter, BRANDON tears open. MRS JENNINGS is puce with curiosity.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

My horse! Quickly!

**SIR JOHN**

What is the matter, Brandon?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I must away to London.

**SIR JOHN**

No! Impossible!

mortified.

Everyone gathers round BRANDON, who is, naturally, A SERVANT brings up the COLONEL's horse.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Imperative.

JOHN

There is a murmur of disappointment from the party. SIR is embarrassed and protests again.

**SIR JOHN**

But Brandon, we are all assembled. We cannot picnic at Delaford without our host! Go up to town tomorrow.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Or wait till we return and start then--you would not be six hours

later.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I cannot afford to lose one minute.

urgency  
everyone  
start

As he speaks, he is mounting his horse. His grave silences all protest and he gallops off, leaving stunned and, of course, deeply curious. Then they all start to talk at once. LUCY is still next to ELINOR.

**LUCY**

Oh, Miss Dashwood, I cannot bear it!  
Just when I was to have the  
opportunity of speaking with you.

**EXT. MEADOW NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

WILLOUGHBY  
wandering

Having been denied their trip, the DASHWOODS and have set out an impromptu picnic. WILLOUGHBY is restlessly about.

The weather is sublime.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Frailty, thy name is Brandon!

**MARIANNE**

There are some people who cannot bear a party of pleasure. I think he wrote the letter himself as a trick for getting out of it.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(indulgently)

You are a very wicked pair, Colonel Brandon will be sadly missed.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Why? When he is the kind of man that everyone speaks well of and no one wants to talk to.

**MARIANNE**

Exactly!

**ELINOR**

Nonsense.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Colonel Brandon is very highly  
esteemed at the Park.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Which is enough censure in itself.

**ELINOR**

(half laughing)  
Really, Willoughby!

**WILLOUGHBY**

(imitating Mrs Jennings  
perfectly)  
Come, come, Mr Impudence--I know you  
and your wicked ways--oh!

doing  
her  
shoulder.

He gives a little shriek and waddles about the garden  
her walk. He comes up to ELINOR and puts his head on  
her  
shoulder.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Come, Miss Dashwood, reveal your  
beau, reveal him, I say! Let's have  
no secrets between friends! Let me  
winkle them out of you!

waddles

ELINOR hits him on the nose with her teaspoon and he  
waddles  
off to MARIANNE.

**WILLOUGHBY**

(as Mrs Jennings)  
I declare, Miss Marianne, if I do  
not have you married to the Colonel  
by teatime, I shall swallow my own  
bonnet.

MARIANNE laughs. WILLOUGHBY drops the parody suddenly.

**WILLOUGHBY**

As if you could marry such a  
character.

**ELINOR**

Why should you dislike him?

flicks

There is indeed an edge to WILLOUGHBY's raillery. He  
flicks

MARIANNE to  
her.

ELINOR an almost alarmed glance and then sweeps  
her feet and starts to dance around the garden with

**WILLOUGHBY**

Because he has threatened me with  
rain when I wanted it fine, he has  
found fault with the balance of my  
curricle and I cannot persuade him  
to buy my brown mare. If it will be  
of any satisfaction to you, however,  
to be told I believe his character  
to be in all other respects  
irreproachable, I am ready to confess  
it. And in return for an  
acknowledgement that must give me  
some pain.

(he is slowing down)

You cannot deny me the privilege...

(slower still)

of disliking him...

(and stopping)

as much as I adore...

MARGARET

He and MARIANNE are standing looking at each other. The  
expression on WILLOUGHBY's face is heart-stopping.

has stopped eating and is staring with her mouth open.

them

ELINOR glances at MRS DASHWOOD but she is gazing up at  
with almost as many stars in her eyes as MARIANNE.

from

Suddenly WILLOUGHBY breaks the mood by swinging away  
MARIANNE and gesturing to the house.

**WILLOUGHBY**

--this cottage!

The tension is broken. MARGARET starts to chew again.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I have great plans for improvements  
to it, you know, Mr Willoughby.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Now that I will never consent to.  
Not a stone must be added to its  
walls. Were I rich enough, I would  
instantly pull down Combe Magna and

build it up again in the exact image  
of that cottage!

**ELINOR**

With dark, narrow stairs, a poky  
hall and a fire that smokes?

**WILLOUGHBY**

Especially the fire that smokes!  
Then I might be as happy at Combe  
Magna as I have been at Barton.

mother's  
He looks at MARIANNE, who has gone to sit at her  
feet.

**WILLOUGHBY**

But this place has one claim on my  
affection which no other can possibly  
share.

like  
MARIANNE is so irradiated with happiness that she looks  
an angel.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Promise me you will never change it.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I do not have the heart.

**ELINOR**

Or the money.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN PATH AND GATE - DUSK**

MARIANNE is seeing WILLOUGHBY off.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Miss Marianne, will you--will you do  
me the honour of granting me an  
interview tomorrow--alone?

**MARIANNE**

Willoughby, we are always alone!

**WILLOUGHBY**

But there is something very particular  
I should like to ask you.

feel  
There is something about his formal tone that makes her

shy.

**MARIANNE**

Of course. I shall ask Mamma if I may stay behind from church.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Thank you. Until tomorrow then--Miss Marianne.

him, her  
He mounts Bedivere and leaves. MARIANNE looks after eyes shining. He is coming to propose.

**EXT. LONDON TENEMENTS - NIGHT**

of  
kinds. In  
who  
A district of extreme poverty, populated by the LOWLIFE LONDON: FOOTPADS, dogs, rats and SCAVENGERS of all the distance a tavern belches forth drunken REVELLERS sway and reel into the night.

entrance  
windows.  
for  
A hooded HORSEMAN pulls up his exhausted steed at the to a slum. He dismounts and looks up at one of the The rags hanging there twitch as if someone is watching him. He strides inside.

**INT. TENEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT**

stairs, the  
eyed  
stairs to  
Stepping over a supine BEGGAR at the foot of the HORSEMAN flings back his hood--it is BRANDON, hollow- and dropping with weariness. We follow him up the a door which is opened by an OLDER WOMAN.

**INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT**

from  
window  
turns.  
an  
He enters a bare room partitioned with filthy rags hung the ceiling and lit with stinking tallow lamps. At the stands the slight figure of a VERY YOUNG WOMAN. She BRANDON reacts with a tender smile which stiffens into

his

expression of deep shock. We see her silhouette. She is heavily pregnant. She bursts into tears and runs into arms.

**INT. BARTON CHURCH - DAY**

drone

Amongst the small CONGREGATION listening to the sermon on, we see the excited faces of ELINOR, MARGARET and

MRS

**DASHWOOD.**

**MARGARET**

Do you think he will kneel down when he asks her?

**ELINOR**

Shhh!

**MARGARET**

(with satisfaction)  
They always kneel down.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN PATH - DAY**

grooming

The DASHWOODS return from church to find THOMAS Bedivere at the garden gate. Their excitement mounts.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

order

MARIANNE

the

utter

They all enter the cottage, talking nonsense loudly in to signal their presence. MARGARET giggles. Suddenly, bursts out of the parlour sobbing, and disappears into room opposite. ELINOR and MARGARET stand by the door in consternation, while MRS DASHWOOD goes to MARIANNE.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

What is wrong, my dearest?

MARIANNE shakes her head and waves them away.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

WILLOUGHBY

ELINOR, MARGARET and MRS DASHWOOD enter to find standing in a frozen attitude by the fireplace.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Willoughby! What is the matter?

**WILLOUGHBY**

I--forgive me, Mrs Dashwood. I am sent--that is to say, Lady Allen has exercised the privilege of riches upon a dependent cousin and is sending me to London.

He cannot look any of them in the eye.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

When--this morning?

**WILLOUGHBY**

Almost this moment.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

How very disappointing! But your business will not detain you from us for long, I hope?

**WILLOUGHBY**

You are very kind--but I have no idea of returning immediately to Devonshire. I am seldom invited to Allenham more than once a year.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

For shame, Willoughby! Can you wait for an invitation from Barton Cottage?

**WILLOUGHBY**

My engagements at present are of such a nature--that is--I dare not flatter myself--

The atmosphere is thick with tension. WILLOUGHBY flicks  
a  
glance at the three WOMEN staring at him in mute  
astonishment.

**WILLOUGHBY**

It is folly to linger in this manner. I will not torment myself further.

He rushes past them and out of the cottage. They follow  
him  
to the door.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - FRONT DOOR - DAY**

The DASHWOODS cluster round the door.

**MARGARET**

Willoughby, come back!

Bedivere's  
pace.

She is silenced by ELINOR as WILLOUGHBY seizes  
reins from THOMAS, mounts up and rides off at a furious

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

They all rush back into the parlour.

**ELINOR**

Meg, dearest, please ask Betsy to  
make a cup of hot tea for Marianne.

arms

MARGARET nods dumbly and goes. MRS DASHWOOD has her  
around MARIANNE.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

What is wrong, my love?

**MARIANNE**

Nothing! Please do not ask me  
questions!

MARIANNE struggles free.

**MARIANNE**

Please let me be!

slamming.

She runs off upstairs and we hear her bedroom door

There is a moment of stunned silence.

**ELINOR**

They must have quarreled.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

That is unlikely. Perhaps this--Lady  
Allen--disapproves of his regard for  
Marianne and has invented an excuse  
to send him away?

**ELINOR**

Then why did he not say as much? It  
is not like Willoughby to be

secretive. Did he think Marianne was richer than she is?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

How could he?

a She gestures to the room and then looks at ELINOR with frown.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

What is it you suspect him of?

**ELINOR**

I can hardly tell you. But why was his manner so guilty?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

What are you saying, Elinor? That he has been acting a part to your sister for all this time?

think. MRS DASHWOOD is getting defensive. ELINOR pauses to

**ELINOR**

No, he loves her, I am sure.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Of course he loves her!

**ELINOR**

But has he left her with any assurance of his return? Cannot you ask her if he has proposed?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Certainly not. I cannot force a confidence from Marianne and nor must you. We must trust her to confide in us in her own time.

**ELINOR**

(shaking her head)

There was something so underhand in the manner of his leaving.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

You are resolved, then, to think the worst of him.

**ELINOR**

Not resolved--

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(cold)

I prefer to give him the benefit of my good opinion. He deserves no less. From all of us.

ELINOR She stalks out of the room and starts up the stairs.  
follows her.

**ELINOR**

Mamma, I am very fond of Willoughby--

ELINOR MRS DASHWOOD goes into her bedroom and shuts the door.  
coming is halfway up the stairs. She meets a wet-eyed MARGARET  
down with a cup of tea.

**MARGARET**

She would not let me in.

ELINOR takes the cup and MARGARET runs out into the  
garden in tears.

The sound of sobbing also comes from MARIANNE's room,  
and now from MRS DASHWOOD's as well. ELINOR sits down  
helplessly on the stairs and drinks the tea.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - RAIN - DAY**

The rain has settled in. The cottage looks cold and  
bleak.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY**

BETSY carries another uneaten meal from MARIANNE's  
room. She looks at the food and tuts in anxiety.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

**DAY**

MARIANNE is sitting by the window looking out at the  
rain through tear-swollen eyes. WILLOUGHBY's sonnets are on  
her

lap.

**MARIANNE**

How like a winter hath my absence  
been from thee, the pleasure of the  
fleeting year! What freezings have I  
felt, what dark days seen! What old  
December's bareness everywhere!

**EXT. BARTON PARK - RAIN - EVE**

Smoke issues from every chimney in the place.

**INT. BARTON PARK - DRAWING ROOM - EVE**

MR

MARGARET

China.

cards.

Dinner is over. MARIANNE sits listlessly by the window.

PALMER is hiding behind a newspaper. SIR JOHN and  
are looking at a map and discussing routes through  
LUCY, CHARLOTTE, MRS DASHWOOD and MRS JENNINGS are at  
ELINOR is reading.

**CHARLOTTE**

Oh! If only this rain would stop!

**MR PALMER**

(from behind the paper)  
If only you would stop.

MRS JENNINGS and CHARLOTTE laugh at him.

**MRS JENNINGS**

'Twas you took her off my hands, Mr  
Palmer, and a very good bargain you  
made of it too, but now I have the  
whip hand over you for you cannot  
give her back!

unhappy

The heavy silence behind the paper attests to the  
truth of this statement.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Miss Marianne, come and play a round  
with us! Looking out at the weather  
will not bring him back.

**CHARLOTTE**

(sotto voce)

She ate nothing at dinner.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Mind, we are all a little forlorn these days. London has swallowed all our company.

over CHARLOTTE and MRS JENNINGS start to gossip about the disappearances of BRANDON and WILLOUGHBY. LUCY walks and sits by ELINOR, who politely puts aside the book.

**LUCY**

(low)

Dear Miss Dashwood, perhaps now we might have our--discussion.

**ELINOR**

Our discussion?

still nearer. LUCY looks around at MRS JENNINGS and lowers her voice further, so that ELINOR is obliged to move her chair nearer.

**LUCY**

There is a particular question I have long wanted to ask you, but perhaps you will think me impertinent?

**ELINOR**

I cannot imagine so.

**LUCY**

But it is an odd question. Forgive me, I have no wish to trouble you--

She looks away coyly as if deciding whether to speak.

**ELINOR**

My dear Miss Steele--

**CHARLOTTE**

(interrupting)

Miss Dashwood, if only Mr Willoughby had gone home to Combe Magna, we could have taken Miss Marianne to see him! For we live but half a mile away.

**MR PALMER**

Five and a half.

**CHARLOTTE**

No, I cannot believe it is that far, for you can see the place from the top of our hill. Is it really five and a half miles? No! I cannot believe it.

**MR PALMER**

Try.

**ELINOR**

You have my permission to ask any manner of question, if that is of any help.

**LUCY**

Thank you. I wonder, are you at all acquainted with your sister-in-law's mother? Mrs Ferrars?

ELINOR sits back in deep surprise.

**ELINOR**

With Fanny's mother? No, I have never met her.

**LUCY**

I am sure you think me strange for inquiring--if I dared tell--

**MRS JENNINGS**

(shouting over)

If she tells you aught of the famous 'Mr F', Lucy, you are to pass it on.

curious ELINOR tries to ignore MRS JENNINGS, who is keeping a  
eye on them.

**LUCY**

Will you take a turn with me, Miss Dashwood?

far LUCY rises and takes ELINOR's arm. She guides her as  
away as possible from MRS JENNINGS and CHARLOTTE.

**ELINOR**

I had no idea at all that you were connected with that family.

**LUCY**

Oh! I am certainly nothing to Mrs Ferrars at present--but the time may come when we may be very intimately connected.

**ELINOR**

(low)

What do you mean? Do you have an understanding with Fanny's brother Robert?

**LUCY**

The youngest? No, I never saw him in my life. No, with Edward.

**ELINOR**

Edward?

ELINOR stops walking.

**ELINOR**

Edward Ferrars?

LUCY nods.

**LUCY**

Edward and I have been secretly engaged these five years.

ELINOR is frozen to the spot.

**LUCY**

You may well be surprised. I should never have mentioned it, had I not known I could entirely trust you to keep our secret. Edward cannot mind me telling you for he looks on you quite as his own sister.

ELINOR walks on mechanically. Disbelief has set in.

**ELINOR**

I am sorry, but we surely--we cannot mean the same Mr Ferrars?

**LUCY**

The very same--he was four years under the tutelage of my uncle Mr Pratt, down in Plymouth. Has he never spoken of it?

**ELINOR**

(awareness dawning)

Mr Pratt! Yes, I believe he has.

**LUCY**

I was very unwilling to enter into it without his mother's approval but we loved each other with too great a passion for prudence. Though you do not know him so well as I, Miss Dashwood, you must have seen how capable he is of making a woman sincerely attached to him. I cannot pretend it has not been very hard on us both. We can hardly meet above twice a year.

holds  
ECF.

She sniffs and produces a large handkerchief which she holds to her eyes so that the monogram is clearly visible.

held so

ELINOR, seeing the copy of the handkerchief she has held so dear, moves quickly to a chair and sits down.

**LUCY**

You seem out of sorts, Miss Dashwood-- are you quite well?

**ELINOR**

Perfectly well, thank you.

**LUCY**

I have not offended you?

**ELINOR**

On the contrary.

to

MRS JENNINGS has been watching. Now she rises, unable to contain herself.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I can stand it no longer, I must know what you are saying, Lucy! Miss Dashwood is quite engrossed!

with

MRS JENNINGS starts to bear down on them. LUCY whispers real urgency.

**LUCY**

Oh, Miss Dashwood, if anyone finds out, it will ruin him--you must not tell a soul! Edward says you would not break your word to save your life! Promise me!

ECU on ELINOR's face.

**ELINOR**

I give you my word.

MRS JENNINGS looms over them.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Well, what can have fascinated you to such an extent, Miss Dashwood?

**CHARLOTTE**

Tell us all!

ELINOR cannot speak but LUCY glides smoothly in.

**LUCY**

We were talking of London, ma'am, and all its--diversions.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Do you hear, Charlotte?

MRS JENNINGS claps her hands delightedly.

**MRS JENNINGS**

While you were so busy whispering, Charlotte and I have concocted a plan!

**CHARLOTTE**

It is the best plan in the world.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I make for London shortly and I invite you, Lucy, and both the Misses Dashwood to join me!

her

ELINOR cannot hide her dismay. MARIANNE springs from seat.

**MARIANNE**

London!

**MARGARET**

Oh, can I go! Can I go?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

You know perfectly well you are too young, dearest.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I shall convey you all to my house in Berkeley Street and we shall taste all the delights of the season--what say you?

**MARGARET**

Oh, please can I go? I'm twelve soon.

**CHARLOTTE**

Mr Palmer, do you not long to have the Misses Dashwood come to London?

**MR PALMER**

I came into Devonshire with no other view.

ELINOR exerts herself.

**ELINOR**

Mrs Jennings, you are very kind, but we cannot possibly leave our mother...

LUCY's calculating eyes turn to MRS DASHWOOD with alacrity.

**LUCY**

Indeed, the loss would be too great.

MARIANNE  
A chorus of objections goes up, particularly from MRS DASHWOOD, who is both delighted and relieved to see with a smile on her face.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Your mother can spare you very well.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Of course I can!

**CHARLOTTE**

Of course she can!

**SIR JOHN**

And look at Miss Marianne--it would

break her heart to deny her!

**MRS JENNINGS**

I will brook no refusal, Miss Dashwood!

MARIANNE claps her hands, her eyes ablaze with joy. MRS JENNINGS takes ELINOR's hand.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Let you and me strike hands upon the bargain--and if I do not have the three of you married by Christmas, it will not be my fault!

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - ELINOR/MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We are in ELINOR and MARIANNE's bedroom. ELINOR is in bed. She is lying on her side with her back to MARIANNE. We are CLOSE on her face. MARIANNE is running around excitedly, pulling out ribbons, looking at dresses, etc.

**MARIANNE**

I was never so grateful in all my life as I am to Mrs Jennings. What a kind woman she is! I like her more than I can say. Oh, Elinor! I shall see Willoughby. Think how surprised he will be! And you will see Edward!

ELINOR cannot reply.

**MARIANNE**

Are you asleep?

**ELINOR**

With you in the room?

MARIANNE laughs.

**MARIANNE**

I do not believe you feel as calm as you look, not even you, Elinor. I will never sleep tonight! Oh, what were you and Miss Steele whispering about so long?

CLOSE on ELINOR's expression as she struggles with the

without impossibility of unburdening herself to her sister  
breaking her promise to LUCY. After a pause--

**ELINOR**

Nothing of significance.

MARIANNE looks at ELINOR curiously, then returns to her packing.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN GATE - DAY**

carriage MRS DASHWOOD and MARGARET are waving MRS JENNINGS's  
off. MARIANNE waves back with such exuberance that she  
practically falls out.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S CARRIAGE - ROAD TO LONDON - DAY**

who MRS JENNINGS is chattering about London to MARIANNE,  
into listens with new-found tolerance. LUCY is whispering  
ELINOR's ear.

**LUCY**

I have written to Edward, Miss  
Dashwood, and yet I do not know how  
much I may see of him. Secrecy is  
vital--he will never be able to call.

**ELINOR**

I should imagine not.

**LUCY**

It is so hard. I believe my only  
comfort has been the constancy of  
his affection.

**ELINOR**

You are fortunate, over such a lengthy  
engagement, never to have had any  
doubts on that score.

LUCY looks at ELINOR sharply, but ELINOR is impassive.

**LUCY**

Oh! I am of rather a jealous nature  
and if he had talked more of one  
young lady than any other... but he  
has never given a moment's alarm on  
that count.

understands  
pronounced.

We can see from ELINOR's expression that she  
LUCY perfectly. The strain around her eyes is

**LUCY**

Imagine how glad he will be to learn  
that we are friends!

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY**

MRS JENNINGS's carriage trundles along.

**EXT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - LONDON - DAY**

JENNINGS's  
Establishing shot of a handsome town house. MRS  
carriage comes into shot and stops in front of it.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY**

gaze of  
two  
anticipation.  
They enter the grand hallway under the supercilious  
a powdered FOOTMAN (MR PIGEON). ELINOR is haggard after  
days of close proximity with LUCY. MRS JENNINGS is all  
officious bustle and MARIANNE is feverish with  
She whispers to MRS JENNINGS, who laughs heartily.

**MRS JENNINGS**

To be sure, my dear, you must just  
hand it to Pigeon there. He will  
take care of it.

can  
MARIANNE hands a letter to the sphinx-like FOOTMAN. We  
see a large W in the address. ELINOR looks at MARIANNE  
inquiringly but MARIANNE moves away from her.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Lord above, you do not waste any  
time, Miss Marianne!

MRS  
MARIANNE glances self-consciously at ELINOR and follows  
JENNINGS upstairs. LUCY goes up to ELINOR and whispers.

**LUCY**

A letter! So they are definitely  
engaged! Mrs Jennings says your sister

will buy her wedding clothes here in town.

**ELINOR**

Indeed Miss Steele, I know of no such plan.

firmly But ELINOR does not know what else to say. She marches upstairs.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

clothes MARIANNE and ELINOR have changed from their traveling clothes and are having a cup of tea. At least, ELINOR is. MARIANNE is pacing up and down in front of the window.

**ELINOR**

John and Fanny are in town. I think we shall be forced to see them.

jumps. There is a faint knocking from somewhere. MARIANNE

**ELINOR**

I think it was for next door.

MARIANNE looks out of the window.

**MARIANNE**

Yes, you are right.

louder She sits down with a rueful smile. Suddenly a much louder rap is heard and they both jump. We hear a bustling downstairs. MARIANNE can hardly breathe. She goes to the drawing-room door, opens it, goes out, comes back in. We hear a MAN's voice.

**MARIANNE**

Oh, Elinor! It is Willoughby, indeed it is!

COLONEL She turns and almost throws herself into the arms of

**BRANDON.**

**MARIANNE**

Oh! Excuse me, Colonel--

She leaves the room hastily. ELINOR is so ashamed of MARIANNE's rudeness that she does not at first notice BRANDON's mood of tense distress.

**ELINOR**

Colonel Brandon, what a pleasure to see you! Have you been in London all this while?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I have. How is your dear mother?

**ELINOR**

Very well, thank you.

Silence.

**ELINOR**

Colonel, is there anything--

But BRANDON interrupts her.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Forgive me, Miss Dashwood, but I have heard reports through town... is it impossible to--but I could have no chance of succeeding--indeed I hardly know what to do. Tell me once and for all, is everything finally resolved between your sister and Mr Willoughby?

ELINOR is torn between discomfiture and compassion.

**ELINOR**

Colonel, though neither one has informed me of their understanding, I have no doubt of their mutual affection.

BRANDON stands very still.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Thank you, Miss Dashwood. To your sister I wish all imaginable happiness. To Mr Willoughby, that he... may endeavour to deserve her.

His tone is heavy with some bitter meaning.

**ELINOR**

What do you mean?

But he recollects himself.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Forgive me, I--forgive me.

He bows and leaves abruptly. ELINOR is deeply troubled.

**EXT. GREENWICH ARCADE - LONDON - DAY**

and  
wealth  
sprouts  
holding  
gossiping

The PALMERS, MRS JENNINGS, JOHN, FANNY, LUCY, ELINOR  
MARIANNE are walking through the arcade. Additional  
has evidently encouraged FANNY sartorially and she  
as much fruit and feathers as a market stall. LUCY is  
ELINOR's arm in a pinionlike grip. MRS JENNINGS is  
with CHARLOTTE.

many  
passes.

MARIANNE's good looks are heightened by her feverish  
expectation of seeing WILLOUGHBY at every step, and  
young men raise their hats to her and turn as she

**MARIANNE**

Where is dear Edward, John? We expect  
to see him daily.

thither.

FANNY stiffens. LUCY's sharp eyes dart hither and  
MRS JENNINGS senses gossip. ELINOR steels herself.

**MRS JENNINGS**

And who is 'dear Edward'?

**CHARLOTTE**

Who indeed?

FANNY smiles glacially.

**FANNY**

My brother, Mrs Jennings--Edward  
Ferrars.

MRS JENNINGS looks at ELINOR in sly triumph.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Indeed! Is that Ferrars with an F?

ELINOR. She and CHARLOTTE chuckle to each other. LUCY looks at

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - HALL - EVE**

their MRS JENNINGS, LUCY, ELINOR and MARIANNE return from outing. MARIANNE immediately assails PIGEON.

**MARIANNE**

Are there any messages, Pigeon?

**PIGEON**

No, ma'am.

**MARIANNE**

No message at all? No cards?

**PIGEON**

(affronted)

None, ma'am.

stairs. MARIANNE sighs with disappointment and starts up the

MRS JENNINGS looks archly at ELINOR.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I note you do not inquire for your messages, Miss Dashwood!

**ELINOR**

No, for I do not expect any, Mrs Jennings. I have very little acquaintance in town.

her And she follows MARIANNE firmly upstairs. LUCY watches go, and MRS JENNINGS chuckles and turns to her.

**MRS JENNINGS**

She is as sly as you, Lucy!

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

disturbed the ELINOR wakes up. The flickering of a candle has her. She sits up in bed and sees MARIANNE sitting at desk in her nightgown, writing another letter.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, is anything wrong?

**MARIANNE**

Nothing at all. Go back to sleep.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - MORNING ROOM - NIGHT**

MARIANNE, in her nightclothes and dressing gown, paces restlessly, her letter in her hands. A slight knock at the door heralds a much-ruffled PIGEON, wig askew. MARIANNE hands him the letter. He bows and goes, highly disgruntled.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - HALL - MORNING**

MRS JENNINGS is giving PIGEON his instructions for the day. MARIANNE comes running downstairs. PIGEON regards her drily.

**PIGEON**

No messages, ma'am.

MARIANNE looks so dejected that MRS JENNINGS takes her hand.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Do not fret, my dear. I am told that this good weather is keeping many sportsmen in the country at present, but the frost will drive them back to town very soon, depend upon it.

MARIANNE brightens.

**MARIANNE**

Of course! I had not thought of-- thank you, Mrs Jennings!

She runs back upstairs. MRS JENNINGS calls after her.

**MRS JENNINGS**

And Miss Dashwood may set her heart at rest, for I overheard your sister-in-law say that she was to bring the elusive Mr F to the ball tonight!

**EXT. GRAND CRESCENT LEADING TO BALLROOM ENTRANCE -**

**NIGHT**

the  
to  
ELINOR  
their way  
ankles.  
order

So many carriages have entered the crescent to deliver GUESTS that gridlock has occurred and people are forced to walk to the entrance. We see MRS JENNINGS, MARIANNE, and LUCY alighting from their carriage and picking through the mud, their skirts raised above their ankles. ELINOR nearly trips and is obliged to grab onto LUCY in order not to slip into the dirt.

**INT. GRAND BALLROOM - EVE**

determined to  
inconveniences  
sweating  
pitch  
DANCERS  
mincing  
PALMERS.

The great ballroom is crammed with GUESTS all enjoy themselves despite the considerable inconveniences caused by noise, heat and overcrowding. MEN are sweating profusely, WOMEN dab their brows, rack punch is being swallowed by the gallon, flirting is conducted at fever pitch and all conversation is inordinately loud. Only the DANCERS have a modicum of space in which to perform their mincing steps. MRS JENNINGS and her brood bump into the PALMERS.

**CHARLOTTE**

(screeching)

This is very merry!

desultory  
drags

MRS JENNINGS then spots FANNY, who is conducting a desultory conversation with an overpowdered ACQUAINTANCE. She drags ELINOR, MARIANNE and LUCY over to her.

**MRS JENNINGS**

There you are! Goodness, how hot it is, Mrs Dashwood. You are not alone, I trust?

**FANNY**

Indeed not. John is just gone to fetch my brother--he has been eating ices.

LUCY clutches at ELINOR's sleeve.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Your brother! I declare, that is good news indeed. At long last!

And she beams her approval upon ELINOR.

**LUCY**

(whispering)

Miss Dashwood, I declare I shall faint clean away.

waves  
bows  
FANNY has seen JOHN threading his way towards them and at him. There is someone behind him. LUCY preens. JOHN to them.

**JOHN**

Mrs Jennings, may I present my brother-in-law?

vacuous  
He turns to reveal a good-looking young MAN with a smile.

**JOHN**

Mr Robert Ferrars!

**ROBERT**

My dear ladies--we meet at last!

is  
There is a general bowing and shaking of hands. ELINOR relieved. LUCY drops a low curtsy.

**MRS JENNINGS**

So you must be the younger brother?  
Is Mr Edward not here? Miss Dashwood here was counting on him!

with  
ROBERT looks ELINOR up and down. He exchanges glances FANNY before he speaks.

**ROBERT**

Oh! He is far too busy for such gatherings--and has no special acquaintance here to make his attendance worthwhile.

MRS JENNINGS looks at ELINOR in puzzlement.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Well, I declare, I do not know what the young men are about these days-- are they all in hiding?

ELINOR looks down, agonised with embarrassment.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Come, Mr Robert, in the absence of your brother, you must dance with our lovely Miss Dashwood!

**ROBERT**

(not best pleased)  
It would be my honour.

He turns to LUCY and bows.

**ROBERT**

And perhaps Miss Steele might consider reserving the allemande?

ELINOR LUCY curtsies again. ROBERT escorts a most unwilling onto the dance floor.

**ROBERT**

You reside in Devonshire, I b'lieve, Miss Dashwood?

**ELINOR**

We do.

**ROBERT**

In a cottage?

**ELINOR**

Yes.

**ROBERT**

I am excessively fond of a cottage. If I had any money to spare, I should build one myself.

to  
stare  
Luckily for ELINOR the set changes and she is obliged to turn away from ROBERT. She wheels round to face her new partner. It is WILLOUGHBY! They both stop dancing and stare

forced

at each other aghast. A traffic jam starts and they are to take hands and resume the steps.

**WILLOUGHBY**

(stiff)

How do you do, Miss Dashwood?

ELINOR does not know quite how to respond.

**ELINOR**

I am well, thank you, Mr Willoughby.

keep

She looks about for MARIANNE, instinctively wanting to her away from WILLOUGHBY.

**WILLOUGHBY**

How is your--family?

**ELINOR**

(cold)

We are all extremely well, Mr Willoughby--thank you for your kind inquiry.

MARIANNE. At the across

WILLOUGHBY is shamed into silence. Then he sees the same moment the music pauses. MARIANNE looks up. In brief moment of relative quiet, her great cry rings the room.

**MARIANNE**

Willoughby!

with the watching. arms laugh.

Everyone turns to look as MARIANNE rushes towards him both arms outstretched, her face luminous with joy. As noise of the room builds again and PEOPLE change their partners, we are aware that many are surreptitiously MARIANNE reaches him but WILLOUGHBY stands with his frozen at his side. MARIANNE gives a little confused

**MARIANNE**

Good God, Willoughby! Will you nor shake hands with me?

towards  
closely.  
frowns at

WILLOUGHBY looks extremely uncomfortable and glances  
a group of very smart PEOPLE who are watching him  
Central to this group is a SOPHISTICATED WOMAN who  
him proprietorially.

MRS  
JOHN,  
join

WILLOUGHBY shakes MARIANNE's hand briefly. Behind her,  
JENNINGS is giving an animated commentary to FANNY and  
while LUCY whispers in ROBERT's ear as they go past to  
the set.

**WILLOUGHBY**

(strangled)

How do you do, Miss Marianne?

**MARIANNE**

Willoughby, what is the matter? Why  
have you not come to see me? Were  
you not in London? Have you nor  
received my letters?

WILLOUGHBY is sweating with tension.

**WILLOUGHBY**

Yes, I had the pleasure of receiving  
the information which you were so  
good as to send me.

**MARIANNE**

(piteously)

For heaven's sake, Willoughby, tell  
me what is wrong!

**WILLOUGHBY**

Thank you--I am most obliged. If you  
will excuse me, I must return to my  
party.

He bows, white to the teeth, and walks away to join the  
**SOPHISTICATED WOMAN.**

**MARIANNE**

Willoughby!

He is drawn away by his PARTY, some of whom look back  
at

MARIANNE with a mixture of curiosity and condescension.  
MARIANNE almost sinks to her knees. ELINOR supports  
her.

**ELINOR**

Marianne! Come away!

**MARIANNE**

Go to him, Elinor--force him to come  
to me.

MRS JENNINGS has come up, full of concern.

**ELINOR**

Dearest, do not betray what you feel  
to everyone present! This is not the  
place for explanations--

**MRS JENNINGS**

Come along, dear.

turns  
practically  
themselves as  
dancing

They almost have to drag MARIANNE away. MRS JENNINGS  
back to the DASHWOOD party. FANNY and JOHN have  
imploded with embarrassment and are distancing  
much as possible from the source. LUCY and ROBERT are  
nearby.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Will you come, Lucy?

**LUCY**

Oh, are we leaving so soon?

**ROBERT**

If I might be so bold, Mrs Jennings,  
it would be our pleasure to escort  
your young charge home.

**LUCY**

How very kind!

**MRS JENNINGS**

That is very handsome--

for a

She rushes off to follow MARIANNE and ELINOR. We stay  
moment with LUCY and ROBERT who have left the set.

**ROBERT**

She actually sent him messages during the night?

whispering, CAM rises to show the DASHWOODS exiting past the sneering faces of the CROWD.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

MARIANNE sits scribbling a letter at the desk.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, please tell me--

**MARIANNE**

Do not ask me questions!

**ELINOR**

You have no confidence in me.

**MARIANNE**

This reproach from you! You, who confide in no one.

**ELINOR**

I have nothing to tell.

**MARIANNE**

Nor I. We have neither of us anything to tell. I because I conceal nothing and you because you communicate nothing.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY**

and  
out,  
enters  
She  
chuckles.  
A silent breakfast. MARIANNE is red-eyed from crying limp from lack of sleep. MRS JENNINGS is dressed to go pulling on her gloves and bustling as usual. PIGEON with a letter on a salver. He offers it to MARIANNE. She seizes it and runs out of the room. MRS JENNINGS

**MRS JENNINGS**

There now! Lovers' quarrels are swift to heal! That letter will do the trick, mark my word.

She goes to the door.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I must be off. I hope he won't keep her waiting much longer, Miss Dashwood. It hurts to see her looking so forlorn.

who She leaves and ELINOR finds herself alone with LUCY, loses no time in sharing her new-found happiness.

**LUCY**

What a welcome I had from Edward's family, Miss Dashwood--I am surprised you never told me what an agreeable woman your sister-in-law is! And Mr Robert--all so affable!

**ELINOR**

It is perhaps fortunate that none of them knows of your engagement. Excuse me.

ELINOR rises and leaves.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

She ELINOR finds MARIANNE sitting on the edge of the bed. and does not acknowledge ELINOR but merely lifts the letter reads out, with deadly calm:

**MARIANNE**

'My dear Madam--I am quite at a loss to discover in what point I could be so unfortunate as to offend you. My esteem for your family is very sincere but if I have given rise to a belief of more than I felt or meant to express, I shall reproach myself for not having been more guarded. My affections have long been engaged elsewhere and it is with great regret that I return your letters and the lock of hair which you so obligingly bestowed upon me. I am etc. John Willoughby.'

**ELINOR**

Oh, Marianne.

across  
MARIANNE gives a great howl of pain and flings herself  
the bed as though in physical agony.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, oh, Marianne--it is better to know at once what his intentions are. Dearest, think of what you would have felt if your engagement had carried on for months and months before he chose to put an end to it.

**MARIANNE**

We are not engaged.

**ELINOR**

But you wrote to him! I thought then that he must have left you with some kind of understanding?

**MARIANNE**

No--he is not so unworthy as you think him.

**ELINOR**

Not so unworthy! Did he tell you that he loved you?

**MARIANNE**

Yes. No--never absolutely. It was every day implied, but never declared. Sometimes I thought it had been, but it never was. He has broken no vow.

**ELINOR**

He has broken faith with all of us, he made us all believe he loved you.

**MARIANNE**

He did! He did--he loved me as I loved him.

coat,  
MRS JENNINGS bursts through the door in her hat and  
panting.

**MRS JENNINGS**

I had to come straight up--how are you, Miss Marianne?

MARIANNE begins to sob uncontrollably.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Poor thing! She looks very bad. No wonder, Miss Dashwood, for it is but too true. I was told here in the street by Miss Morton, who is a great friend: he is to be married at the end of the month--to a Miss Grey with fifty thousand pounds. Well, said I, if 'tis true, then he is a good-for-nothing who has used my young friend abominably ill, and I wish with all my soul that his wife may plague his heart out!

She goes round the bed to comfort MARIANNE.

**MRS JENNINGS**

But he is not the only young man worth having, my dear, and with your pretty face you will never want for admirers.

MARIANNE sobs even harder.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Ah, me! She had better have her cry out and have done with it. I will go and look out something to tempt her--does she care for olives?

**ELINOR**

I cannot tell you.

MRS JENNINGS leaves. MARIANNE seizes the letter again.

**MARIANNE**

I cannot believe his nature capable of such cruelty!

**ELINOR**

Marianne, there is no excuse for him--this is his hand--

**MARIANNE**

But it cannot be his heart! Oh, Mamma! I want Mamma! Elinor, please take me home! Cannot we go tomorrow?

**ELINOR**

There is no one to take us.

**MARIANNE**

Cannot we hire a carriage?

**ELINOR**

We have no money--and indeed we owe Mrs Jennings more courtesy.

**MARIANNE**

All she wants is gossip and she only likes me because I supply it! Oh, God! I cannot endure to stay.

**ELINOR**

I will find a way. I promise.

**INT. COFFEE-HOUSE - COVENT GARDEN - DAY**

FANNY, JOHN and ROBERT are drinking chocolate together.

**ROBERT**

Apparently they never were engaged.

**FANNY**

Miss Grey has fifty thousand pounds. Marianne is virtually penniless.

**JOHN**

She cannot have expected him to go through with it. But I feel for Marianne--she will lose her bloom and end a spinster like Elinor. I think, my dear, we might consider having them to stay with us for a few days--we are, after all, family, and my father.

He trails off. FANNY exchanges an alarmed glance with ROBERT.

She thinks fast.

**FANNY**

My love, I would ask them with all my heart, but I have already asked Miss Steele for a visit and we cannot deprive Mrs Jennings of all her company at once. We can invite your sisters some other year, you know, and Miss Steele will profit far more from your generosity--poor girl!

**JOHN**

That is very thoughtful, Fanny. We

shall ask Elinor and Marianne next year, then... Certainly!

**EXT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - LONDON STREET - DAY**

FOOTMAN  
muff.

MRS JENNINGS's carriage stands outside. A livened  
opens the door and LUCY steps out brandishing a new

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

notes to  
her  
Willoughby

MARIANNE sits alone on the bed. Around her lie her  
Willoughby, her lock of hair and the pocket sonnets. In  
hands is the creased and tear-stained letter from  
which she is examining over and over.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

sudden  
turns,  
greet

ELINOR is seated at a desk writing a letter. There is a  
rap at the front door. Footsteps are heard and as she  
the maid enters with COLONEL BRANDON. ELINOR rises to  
him.

**ELINOR**

Thank you for coming, Colonel.

He bows. ELINOR is on edge. BRANDON looks haggard with concern.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

How does your sister?

**ELINOR**

I must get her home as quickly as possible. The Palmers can take us as far as Cleveland, which is but a day from Barton--

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Then permit me to accompany you and take you straight on from Cleveland to Barton myself.

ELINOR takes his hands gratefully.

**ELINOR**

I confess that is precisely what I had hoped for. Marianne suffers cruelly, and what pains me most is how hard she tries to justify Mr Willoughby. But you know her disposition.

still  
After a moment BRANDON nods. He seems unable to remain or calm and finds it difficult to begin speaking.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Perhaps I--my regard for you all-- Miss Dashwood, will you allow me to prove it by relating some circumstances which nothing but an earnest desire of being useful--

**ELINOR**

You have something to tell me of Mr Willoughby.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(nods)

When I quitted Barton last--but I must go further back. A short account of myself will be necessary. No doubt... no doubt Mrs Jennings has apprised you of certain events in my past--the sad outcome of my connection with a young woman named Eliza.

ELINOR nods.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

What is not commonly known is that twenty years ago, Eliza bore an illegitimate child. The father, whoever he was, abandoned them.

This is strong stuff. ELINOR's concern deepens.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

As she lay dying, she begged me to look after the child. Eliza died in my arms, broken, wasted away--ah! Miss Dashwood, such a subject--untouched for so many years--it is dangerous...

He paces about, barely able to conceal his distress.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I had failed Eliza in every other way--I could not refuse her now. I took the child--Beth is her name--and placed her with a family where I could be sure she would be well looked after. I saw her whenever I could. I saw that she was headstrong like her mother--and, God forgive me, I indulged her, I allowed her too much freedom. Almost a year ago, she disappeared.

**ELINOR**

Disappeared!

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I instigated a search but for eight months I was left to imagine the worst. At last, on the day of the Delaford picnic, I received the first news her. She was with child... and the blackguard who had--

BRANDON stops and looks straight at ELINOR.

**ELINOR**

Good God. Do you mean--Willoughby?

BRANDON nods. ELINOR drops into a chair, utterly shocked.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Before I could return to confront him, Lady Allen learned of his behaviour and turned him from the house. He beat a hasty retreat to London--

**ELINOR**

Yes! He left us that morning, without any explanation!

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Lady Allen had annulled his legacy. He was left with next to nothing, and in danger of losing all that remained to his debtors--

**ELINOR**

--and so abandoned Marianne for Miss

Grey and her fifty thousand pounds.

BRANDON is silent. ELINOR is breathless.

**ELINOR**

Have you seen Mr Willoughby since you learned...?

**BRANDON**

(nodding)

We met by appointment, he to defend, I to punish his conduct.

ELINOR stares at him, aghast.

**BRANDON**

We returned unwounded, so the meeting never got abroad.

ELINOR nods and is silent for a moment.

**ELINOR**

Is Beth still in town?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

She has chosen to go into the country for her confinement. Such has been the unhappy resemblance between the fate of mother and daughter, and so imperfectly have I discharged my trust.

A pause.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I would not have burdened you, Miss Dashwood, had I not from my heart believed it might, in time, lessen your sister's regrets.

BRANDON moves to the door and then stops. He turns to her and speaks with effort.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I have described Mr Willoughby as the worst of libertines--but I have since learned from Lady Allen that he did mean to propose that day. Therefore I cannot deny that his intentions towards Marianne were honourable, and I feel certain he

would have married her, had it not been for--for the money.

She looks up at BRANDON. Silence.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ELINOR is

MARIANNE is sitting on the bed staring into space.  
kneeling by her, holding her hands.

**ELINOR**

Dearest, was I right to tell you?

**MARIANNE**

Of course.

**ELINOR**

Whatever his past actions, whatever his present course, at least you may be certain that he loved you.

**MARIANNE**

But not enough. Not enough.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY**

MRS

ELINOR sits alone with her head in her hands. Suddenly  
JENNINGS hustles in looking pleased.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Here is someone to cheer you up,  
Miss Dashwood!

as  
her

She is followed in by LUCY. MRS JENNINGS leaves, busy  
ever. LUCY plants an expression of ghastly concern on  
face.

**LUCY**

How is your dear sister, Miss Dashwood? Poor thing! I must say, I do not know what I should do if a man treated me with so little respect.

**ELINOR**

I hope you are enjoying your stay with John and Fanny, Miss Steele?

**LUCY**

I was never so happy in my entire life, Miss Dashwood! I do believe your sister-in-law has taken quite a fancy to me. I had to come and tell you--for you cannot imagine what has happened!

**ELINOR**

No, I cannot.

**LUCY**

Yesterday I was introduced to Edward's mother!

**ELINOR**

Indeed?

**LUCY**

And she was a vast deal more than civil. I have not yet seen Edward but now I feel sure to very soon--

The MAID comes back.

**MAID**

There's a Mr Edward Ferrars to see you, Miss Dashwood.

There is a tiny frozen silence.

**ELINOR**

Do ask him to come up.

ELINOR quite involuntarily sits down and then stands up again.

LUCY EDWARD is admitted, looking both anxious and eager. As

ELINOR. is sitting in the window seat, at first he sees only

**EDWARD**

Miss Dashwood, how can I--

But ELINOR cuts him off.

**ELINOR**

Mr Ferrars, what a pleasure to see you. You... know Miss Steele, of course.

EDWARD turns slowly and encounters LUCY's glassy smile.

He

all but blanches. Then bows, and clears his throat.

**EDWARD**

How do you do, Miss Steele.

**LUCY**

I am well, thank you, Mr Ferrars.

EDWARD has no notion of what to do or say. He swallows.

**ELINOR**

Do sit down, Mr Ferrars.

on his  
LUCY's eyes are sharp as broken glass. EDWARD remains  
feet, looking helplessly from one woman to the other.

**LUCY**

You must be surprised to find me  
here, Mr Ferrars! I expect you thought  
I was at your sister's house.

smile  
fetch  
This is precisely what EDWARD had thought. He tries to  
but his facial muscles won't work. ELINOR decides to  
help.

**ELINOR**

Let me call Marianne, Mr Ferrars.  
She would be most disappointed to  
miss you.

MARIANNE  
him  
ELINOR goes to the door, thankful to escape, but  
prevents her by walking in at that moment. Despite her  
anguish, she is very pleased to see EDWARD and embraces  
warmly.

**MARIANNE**

Edward! I heard your voice! At last  
you have found us!

forgets  
EDWARD is shocked by her appearance and momentarily  
his own confusion.

**EDWARD**

Forgive me, Marianne, my visit is  
shamefully overdue. You are pale. I  
hope you have not been unwell?

**MARIANNE**

Oh, don't think of me--Elinor is well, you see, that must be enough for both of us!

seems MARIANNE gestures to ELINOR encouragingly but EDWARD unable to look at her.

**EDWARD**

How do you like London, Marianne?

**MARIANNE**

Not at all. The sight of you is all the pleasure it has afforded, is that not so, Elinor?

tries MARIANNE endeavours to ignite the lovers. ELINOR to silence MARIANNE with her eyes but to no avail. MARIANNE puts their coolness down to the presence of LUCY, at whom she glances with a none too friendly air.

**MARIANNE**

Why have you taken so long to come and see us?

**EDWARD**

I have been much engaged elsewhere.

**MARIANNE**

Engaged elsewhere! But what was that when there were such friends to be met?

**LUCY**

Perhaps, Miss Marianne, you think young men never honour their engagements, little or great.

notice ELINOR is appalled by this remark but MARIANNE does not it and turns back to LUCY earnestly.

**MARIANNE**

No, indeed--for Edward is the most fearful of giving pain and the most incapable of being selfish of anyone I ever saw.

EDWARD makes an uncomfortable noise.

**MARIANNE**

Edward, will you not sit? Elinor,  
help me to persuade him.

Now EDWARD can stand it no longer.

**EDWARD**

Forgive me but I must take my leave--

**MARIANNE**

But you are only just arrived!

ELINOR rises, desperate for them both to go.

**EDWARD**

You must excuse me, I have a  
commission to attend to for Fanny--

LUCY jumps in like a shot.

**LUCY**

In that case perhaps you might escort  
me back to your sister's house, Mr  
Ferrars?

There is an extremely awkward pause.

**EDWARD**

I would be honoured. Goodbye, Miss  
Dashwood, Miss Marianne.

He shakes hands with ELINOR and with MARIANNE, who is  
silent  
him  
with dismay. LUCY takes EDWARD's arm and looks up at  
him  
propriatorially.

After a stiff bow and a muttered farewell from EDWARD,  
they  
leave. MARIANNE looks at her sister in astonishment.

**MARIANNE**

Why did you not urge him to stay?

**ELINOR**

He must have had his reasons for  
going.

**MARIANNE**

His reason was no doubt your coldness.  
If I were Edward I would assume you  
did not care for me at all.

**EXT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY**

A tranquil afternoon...

**INT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

LUCY is sitting with FANNY, who is doing some pointless  
basketwork. LUCY hands FANNY rushes.

**LUCY**

Poor Miss Marianne looked very badly  
t'other day. When I think of her,  
deserted and abandoned, it frightens  
me to think I shall never marry.

**FANNY**

Nonsense. You will marry far better  
than either of the Dashwood girls.

**LUCY**

How can that possibly be?

**FANNY**

You have ten times their sense and  
looks.

**LUCY**

But I have no dowry.

**FANNY**

There are qualities which will always  
make up for that, and you have them  
in abundance. It would not surprise  
me if you were to marry far and away  
beyond your expectations.

**LUCY**

I wish it might be so. There is a  
young man--

**FANNY**

Ah ha! I am glad to hear of it. Is  
he of good breeding and fortune?

**LUCY**

Oh both--but his family would  
certainly oppose the match.

**FANNY**

Tush! They will allow it as soon as they see you, my dear.

**LUCY**

It is a very great secret. I have told no one in the world for fear of discovery.

FANNY looks up, curious to know more.

**FANNY**

My dear, I am the soul of discretion.

**LUCY**

If I dared tell...

**FANNY**

I can assure you I am as silent as the grave.

LUCY leans forward to whisper in FANNY's ear.

**EXT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - DAY**

We hold a long shot of the house for a moment of silence. Then from inside comes an almost inhumanly loud shriek.

**FANNY (V.O.)**

Viper in my bosom!

**EXT. JOHN AND FANNY'S TOWN HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY**

FANNY is trying to drag LUCY out of the house. ROBERT and JOHN are trying to reason with her. FANNY loses her grip and falls backwards. LUCY flings herself into ROBERT's arms. ROBERT falls over.

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY**

MRS JENNINGS is running as fast as her fat little legs will carry her.

**EXT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BERKELEY STREET - DAY**

MRS JENNINGS pants up the front steps.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

and  
fighting

ELINOR and MARIANNE are packing. Their mood is gloomy uncommunicative. MRS JENNINGS explodes into the room for breath.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Oh, my dears! What a commotion! Mr Edward Ferrars--the very one I used to joke you about, Miss Dashwood--has been engaged these five years to Lucy Steele!

at

MARIANNE lets out a gasp. She looks at ELINOR, who nods her in swift confirmation.

**MRS JENNINGS**

Poor Mr Ferrars! His mother, who by all accounts is very proud, demanded that he break the engagement on pain of disinheritance. But he has refused to break his promise to Lucy. He has stood by her, good man, and is cut off without a penny! She has settled it all irrevocably upon Mr Robert. But I cannot stop, I must go to Lucy. Your sister-in-law scolded her like any fury--drove her to hysterics.

silence.

She leaves the room, still rabbiting on. There is a

**MARIANNE**

How long have you known?

**ELINOR**

Since the evening Mrs Jennings offered to take us to London.

**MARIANNE**

Why did you not tell me?

**ELINOR**

Lucy told me in the strictest confidence.

MARIANNE looks at her in complete incredulity.

**ELINOR**

I could not break my word.

Clearly, there is no arguing this point.

**MARIANNE**

But Edward loves you.

**ELINOR**

He made me no promises. He tried to tell me about Lucy.

**MARIANNE**

He cannot marry her.

**ELINOR**

Would you have him treat her even worse than Willoughby has treated you?

**MARIANNE**

No--but nor would I have him marry where he does not love.

ELINOR tries hard to be controlled.

**ELINOR**

Edward made his promise a long time ago, long before he met me. Though he may... harbour some regret, I believe he will be happy--in the knowledge that he did his duty and kept his word. After all--after all that is bewitching in the idea of one's happiness depending entirely on one person, it is not always possible. We must accept. Edward will marry Lucy--and you and I will go home.

**MARIANNE**

Always resignation and acceptance!  
Always prudence and honour and duty!  
Elinor, where is your heart?

ELINOR finally explodes. She turns upon MARIANNE almost savagely.

**ELINOR**

What do you know of my heart? What do you know of anything but your own suffering? For weeks, Marianne, I have had this pressing on me without

being at liberty to speak of it to a single creature. It was forced upon me by the very person whose prior claims ruined all my hopes. I have had to endure her exultation again and again while knowing myself to be divided from Edward forever. Believe me, Marianne, had I not been bound to silence I could have produced proof enough of a broken heart even for you.

Complete silence. Then MARIANNE speaks in a whisper.

**MARIANNE**

Oh, Elinor!

ELINOR,  
MARIANNE bursts into sobs and flings her arms around who, almost impatiently, tries to comfort her.

**EXT. PALMER RESIDENCE - LONDON STREET - DAY**

rather  
packed.  
ushering  
LUCY and MRS JENNINGS are on the doorstep. LUCY looks lost and pathetic, with her little bundles, hastily. The door opens and CHARLOTTE precedes the SERVANT, them in with shrill cries of sympathy.

**COLONEL BRANDON (V.O.)**

I have heard that your friend Mr Ferrars has been entirely cast off by his family for persevering in his engagement to Miss Steele.

**EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - LONDON - DAY**

ELINOR and BRANDON walk round the quiet square.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Have I been rightly informed? Is it so?

ELINOR is greatly taken aback by this unexpected query.

**ELINOR**

It is indeed so. Are you acquainted with Mr Ferrars?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

No, we have never met. But I know only too well the cruelty--the impolitic cruelty of dividing two young people long attached to one another. Mrs Ferrars does not know what she may drive her son to--

suspense. He pauses, frowning in remembrance. ELINOR waits in

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I have a proposal to make that should enable him to marry Miss Steele immediately. Since the gentleman is so close a friend to your family, perhaps you will be good enough to mention it to him?

reply. ELINOR is completely taken aback. She takes a moment to

**ELINOR**

Colonel, I am sure he would be only too delighted to hear it from your own lips.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

I think not. His behaviour has proved him proud--in the best sense. I feel certain this is the right course.

**INT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY**

walks in months and ELINOR is waiting. The MAID announces EDWARD and he momentarily. They are alone for the first time in for a moment, neither speaks.

**ELINOR**

Mr Ferrars.

**EDWARD**

Miss Dashwood.

ELINOR indicates a seat for him but neither sits.

**ELINOR**

Thank you for responding so promptly to my message.

**EDWARD**

I was most grateful to receive it. I--  
Miss Dashwood, God knows what you  
must think of me...

**ELINOR**

Mr Ferrars--

He interrupts her, desperate to explain.

**EDWARD**

I have no right to speak, I know--

ELINOR has to stop him.

**ELINOR**

Mr Ferrars, I have good news. I think  
you know of our friend Colonel  
Brandon?

EDWARD looks completely bewildered.

**EDWARD**

Yes, I have heard his name.

ELINOR starts to speak rather faster than usual.

**ELINOR**

Colonel Brandon desires me to say  
that, understanding you wish to join  
the clergy, he has great pleasure in  
offering you the parish on his estate  
at Delaford, now just vacant, in the  
hope that it may enable you--and  
Miss Steele--to marry.

EDWARD cannot at first take it in. ELINOR sits down.

**EDWARD**

Colonel Brandon?

**ELINOR**

Yes. He means it as testimony of his  
concern for--for the cruel situation  
in which you find yourselves.

Now EDWARD sits--in shock.

**EDWARD**

Colonel Brandon give me a parish?  
Can it be possible?

**ELINOR**

The unkindness of your family has made you astonished to find friendship elsewhere.

EDWARD looks at ELINOR, his eyes full of growing comprehension.

**EDWARD**

No. Not to find it in you. I cannot be ignorant that to you--to your goodness--I owe it all. I feel it. I would express it if I could, but, as you know, I am no orator.

**ELINOR**

You are very much mistaken. I assure you that you owe it almost entirely to your own merit--I have had no hand in it.

in the  
an  
But EDWARD clearly believes she has been instrumental offer. He frowns slightly before speaking with rather effort.

**EDWARD**

Colonel Brandon must be a man of great worth and respect ability.

that  
ELINOR finds some relief in saying at least one thing she truly means.

**ELINOR**

He is the kindest and best of men.

silent  
This makes EDWARD seem even more depressed. He sits for a moment but then rouses himself to action.

**EDWARD**

May I enquire why the Colonel did not tell me himself?

**ELINOR**

I think he felt it would be better coming from... a friend.

EDWARD looks at ELINOR, his eyes full of sadness.

**EDWARD**

Your friendship has been the most important of my life.

**ELINOR**

You will always have it.

**EDWARD**

Forgive me.

**ELINOR**

Mr Ferrars, you honour your promises-- that is more important than anything else. I wish you--both--very happy.

They rise. She curtsies. He bows.

**EDWARD**

Goodbye, Miss Dashwood.

EDWARD leaves silently. ELINOR stands stock-still in the middle of the room.

**EXT. MRS JENNINGS'S HOUSE - DAY**

The PALMERS' carriage stands outside the house. COLONEL BRANDON helps MARIANNE in beside ELINOR before mounting his horse to ride alongside. MRS JENNINGS waves goodbye from the steps. The carriage moves off. MRS JENNINGS blows her nose, looks up and down the street in search of gossip and goes back indoors with a sigh.

**INT. THE PALMERS' CARRIAGE - ON THE ROAD - DAY**

MARIANNE is sitting back in her seat with her eyes closed. She does not look well. MR PALMER is behind his newspaper.

**CHARLOTTE**

What a stroke of luck for Lucy and Edward to find a parish so close to Barton! You will all be able to meet very often. That will cheer you up, Miss Marianne. I do declare I have never disliked a person so much as I do Mr Willoughby, for your sake.

Insufferable man! To think we can see his insufferable house from the top of our hill!

CLOSE on MARIANNE's eyes slowly opening.

**CHARLOTTE**

I shall ask Jackson to plant some very tall trees.

**MR PALMER**

(from behind the paper)  
You will do nothing of the sort.

**EXT. THE PALMERS' CARRIAGE - OPEN ROAD - DAY**

it. The carriage bowls along, with BRANDON riding next to

**CHARLOTTE (V.O.)**

I hear Miss Grey's bridal gown was everything of the finest--made in Paris, no less. I should have liked to see it, although I dare say it was a sorry affair, scalloped with ruffles--but what do the French know about fashion?

**EXT. CLEVELAND - DRIVE - AFTERNOON**

is The carriage stands outside the PALMER residence, a resplendent affair with a great deal of land. BRANDON helping MARIANNE and ELINOR out of the carriage.

**CHARLOTTE (V.O.)**

I am resolved never to mention Mr Willoughby's name again, and furthermore I shall tell everyone I meet what a good-for nothing he is.

**MR PALMER (V.O.)**

Be quiet.

debauch ELINOR and MARIANNE stand on the steps as the PALMERS from the carriage amid a welter of SERVANTS.

**ELINOR**

(sotto voce)  
I do not think she drew breath from the moment we left London. It is my

fault--I should have found some other way of getting home.

**MARIANNE**

There was no other way you said so yourself.

**ELINOR**

We shall be home soon enough. Mamma will comfort you, dearest.

**MARIANNE**

I am stiff from sitting so long. Will you tell Charlotte that I am going for a stroll? ELINOR glances at the sky in concern.

**ELINOR**

I think it is going to rain.

**MARIANNE**

No, no, it will not rain.

ELINOR cannot help but smile at this return of the old **MARIANNE**.

**ELINOR**

You always say that and then it always does.

**MARIANNE**

I will keep to the garden, near the house.

MARIANNE walks off. ELINOR watches her go anxiously.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

PALMER  
everyone's  
inspection.

MRS BUNTING, a rather baleful NANNY, looks on as MR holds up a screaming BABY in a frilly bonnet for inspection.

**CHARLOTTE**

We are very proud of our little Thomas, Colonel--and his papa has such a way with him...

BRANDON flicks a glance at MR PALMER for whom holding a baby comes as naturally as breathing underwater.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GARDEN - DAY**

beyond  
MARIANNE walks purposefully towards the garden wall,  
which lies a hill.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

hysterical  
ELINOR enters to find CHARLOTTE alone with the now

**BABY THOMAS.**

**CHARLOTTE**

There you are, Miss Dashwood! Mr Palmer and the Colonel have locked themselves up in the billiard room. Come and meet little Thomas. Where is Miss Marianne?

**ELINOR**

She is taking a little air in the garden.

**CHARLOTTE**

Oh, very good. That is the great advantage of the countryside--all the fresh air and... and all the fresh air...

by  
CHARLOTTE's conversational difficulties are drowned out  
her offspring.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GARDEN - DAY**

handle.  
passes  
MARIANNE comes to a gate in the wall and turns the  
It opens. She throws a glance back to the house and  
through. There is a low rumble of thunder.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

BABY THOMAS is purple in the face but shows no signs of quietening.

CHARLOTTE juggles him about inefficiently.

**CHARLOTTE**

(yelling)  
He is the best child in the world--

he never cries unless he wants to  
and then, Lord, there is no stopping  
him.

**EXT. THE HILL - DAY**

the  
MARIANNE, calm and determined, walks towards the top of  
hill. The wind whips and plucks at her hair and skirts.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

shrieking  
frowns.  
ELINOR, traumatised by her new acquaintance with the  
BABY THOMAS, goes to look out of the window. She

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GARDEN - DAY**

clouds  
ELINOR's POV. MARIANNE is nowhere in sight. Storm  
have gathered on the hill.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

for  
two seconds.  
ELINOR turns from the window. BABY THOMAS stops crying

**ELINOR**

I cannot see Marianne.

There is a crack of thunder. BABY THOMAS starts again.

**EXT. THE HILL - DAY**

regardless.  
Rain has started to pour down. MARIANNE walks on

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

CHARLOTTE shouts over BABY THOMAS to ELINOR.

**CHARLOTTE**

She has probably taken shelter in  
one of the greenhouses!

**EXT. THE HILL - DAY**

stands  
MARIANNE has reached the top. Soaked to the skin, she

of  
Rain  
with the storm raging around her, staring at the spires  
Combe Magna, the place that would have been her home.  
streaks her face and the wind whips her hair about her.  
Through frozen lips she whispers:

**MARIANNE**

Love is not love Which alters when  
it alteration finds Or bends with  
the remover to remove: O, no! it is  
an ever-fixed mark That looks on  
tempests and is never shaken...

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GREENHOUSES - DAY**

greenhouse.  
BRANDON is looking for MARIANNE. He enters a

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Marianne!

**EXT. THE HILL - DAY**

about  
were  
MARIANNE stares at Combe Magna, a strange smile playing  
her lips. Then she calls to WILLOUGHBY as though he  
near. The effect is eerie, unworldly.

**MARIANNE**

Willoughby... Willoughby...

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

BABY  
window.  
CHARLOTTE, MR PALMER and ELINOR are waiting anxiously.  
THOMAS has been removed. ELINOR is staring out of the

**CHARLOTTE**

One thing is certain--she will be  
wet through when she returns.

**MR PALMER**

Thank you for pointing that out, my  
dear. Do not worry, Miss Dashwood--  
Brandon will find her. I think we  
can all guess where she went.

**EXT. THE HILL - DAY**

at his  
BRANDON runs up the hillside as though the devil were  
heels.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

back  
CHARLOTTE is handing ELINOR a cup of tea. ELINOR turns  
to look out of the window. She freezes.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GARDEN - DAY**

MARIANNE  
ghost.  
ELINOR's POV of BRANDON walking up to the house with  
cradled in his arms. It is like seeing Willoughby's

**INT. CLEVELAND - HALL - DAY**

enters  
dumb  
Everyone rushes out of the drawing room as the COLONEL  
with MARIANNE. He is exhausted and soaked. MARIANNE is  
with cold and fatigue.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

She is not hurt--but we must get her  
warm!

ELINOR and MR PALMER take MARIANNE from BRANDON and go  
upstairs, with CHARLOTTE in pursuit.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - NIGHT - RAIN**

foreboding.  
The great house sits in darkness. A sense of

**INT. CLEVELAND - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

PALMER  
summoned  
ELINOR is in her nightgown, knocking at a door. MR  
answers in his nightshirt, astonished to have been  
out of bed.

**ELINOR**

I think Marianne may need a doctor.

**INT. CLEVELAND - BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY**

table.  
MR PALMER and CHARLOTTE are sitting at the breakfast

BRANDON is pacing. The rain has stopped.

**CHARLOTTE**

You'll wear yourself out, Colonel!  
Do not worry! A day or two in bed  
will soon set her to rights!

**MR PALMER**

You can rely upon Harris, Colonel. I  
have never found a better physician.

Enter ELINOR with DR HARRIS.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(urgent)

What is your diagnosis?

**DR HARRIS**

It is an infectious fever that has  
taken far more serious hold than I  
would have expected in one so young.  
I would recommend the hasty removal  
of your child, Mr Palmer--

CHARLOTTE runs out of the room screaming.

**CHARLOTTE**

Mrs Bunting! Mrs Bunting!

**EXT. CLEVELAND - FRONT STEPS - DAY**

BUNTING

CHARLOTTE is getting into their carriage with MRS  
and BABY THOMAS. MR PALMER is on the steps with ELINOR.  
He takes her hand and looks at her with real sympathy.

**MR PALMER**

My dear Miss Dashwood, I am more  
sorry than I can say. If you would  
prefer me to stay I am at your  
service.

frosty

ELINOR is touched to find this warm heart beneath his  
exterior.

**ELINOR**

Mr Palmer, that is very kind. But  
Colonel Brandon and Dr Harris will  
look after us. Thank you for  
everything you have done.

steps  
MR PALMER nods, presses her hand, and walks down the  
to the carriage.

**INT. CLEVELAND - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

haunt  
BRANDON sits head in hands. His ghosts have come to  
him.

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

is  
MARIANNE is tossing and turning in the bed. DR HARRIS  
trying to take her pulse. He looks up at ELINOR, who is  
watching anxiously.

**DR HARRIS**

She is not doing as well as I would  
like.

**INT. CLEVELAND - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY**

jumps.  
ELINOR exits the bedroom to find BRANDON outside. She

**COLONEL BRANDON**

What can I do?

**ELINOR**

Colonel, you have done so much  
already.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Give me an occupation, Miss Dashwood,  
or I shall run mad. He is dangerously  
quiet.

**ELINOR**

She would be easier if her mother  
were here.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Of course. Barton is but eight hours  
away. If I make no stop, you may see  
us early tomorrow morning.

He takes ELINOR's hand and kisses it.

**COLONEL BRANDON**

In your hands I know she will be

safe.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - DRIVE - EVE**

BRANDON mounts his horse, turns to look at the house  
for a moment, and then spurs it violently forward.

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - EVE**

ELINOR is by the window, having watched BRANDON's  
departure.  
DR HARRIS is by MARIANNE's side. He turns to ELINOR.

**DR HARRIS**

Double the number of drops and I  
will return as soon as I can.

**EXT. CLEVELAND - NIGHT**

The house stands in virtual darkness with only a dim  
light issuing from one of the upper rooms.

**EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT**

BRANDON riding fast, his cape billowing out behind him.

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

MARIANNE's eyes glitter with the fever. ELINOR wipes  
her brow. Suddenly she speaks.

**MARIANNE**

Who is that?

She is looking at the end of the bed.

**MARIANNE**

Look, look, Elinor.

**ELINOR**

There is no one there, dearest.

**MARIANNE**

It is Papa. Papa has come.

ELINOR looks fearfully towards the end of the bed.  
MARIANNE  
tries to smile with her cracked lips.

**MARIANNE**

Dearest Papa!

The dead are coming for the dying.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

ELINOR, her eyes red from watching, wipes MARIANNE's temples.

DR HARRIS takes her pulse and looks at ELINOR anxiously. His silence is worse than any utterance.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

HARRIS The room is very still. MARIANNE is pale as wax. DR puts on his coat. ELINOR looks at him fearfully.

**DR HARRIS**

I must fetch more laudanum. I cannot pretend, Miss Dashwood, that your sister's condition is not very serious. You must prepare yourself. I will return very shortly.

He leaves the room.

**DISSOLVE:**

**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

MARIANNE lies in the grip of her fever. ELINOR sits watching her. Slowly she rises and walks to the bed. When she speaks, her tone is very practical.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, Marianne, please try-- Suddenly, almost unconsciously, she starts to heave with dry sobs, wrenched out of her, full of anguish and heartbreak

and all the more painful for being tearless.

**ELINOR**

Marianne, please try--I cannot--I cannot do without you. Oh, please, I have tried to bear everything else-- I will try--but please, dearest, beloved Marianne, do not leave me alone.

taking  
She falls to her knees by the bed, gulping for breath, MARIANNE's hand and kissing it again and again.

**DISSOLVE:**

**EXT. CLEVELAND - GARDENS - DAWN**

A shimmer of light appears on the rim of the horizon. Somewhere a lark breaks into clear untroubled song.

**MORNING**  
**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

motionless.  
to  
Then,  
DR HARRIS sits slumped in a chair. MARIANNE lies ELINOR rises with difficulty from the bedside and goes to the window. She is white as paper. The lark sings. from behind, comes the faintest of whispers.

**MARIANNE (V.O.)**

Elinor?

seat and  
of  
wheels  
ELINOR turns with a cry. DR HARRIS springs from his seat and examines MARIANNE. He then turns to ELINOR with a smile of relief and nods. At that moment the sound of carriage wheels is heard on the gravel.

**ELINOR**

My mother!

**EXT. CLEVELAND - FRONT STEPS - MORNING**

and  
BRANDON helps MRS DASHWOOD, who is weak with exhaustion and distress, out of the carriage.

**INT. CLEVELAND - STAIRCASE - MORNING**

door  
swoons

ELINOR hurls herself down the stairs. She reaches the  
just as BRANDON and MRS DASHWOOD enter and practically  
into her mother's arms.

**ELINOR**

Mamma! She is out of danger!

**MORNING**  
**INT. CLEVELAND - ELINOR AND MARIANNE'S BEDROOM -**

CLOSE on MARIANNE's face as MRS DASHWOOD kisses her.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

There, there, my love, my Marianne.

DASHWOOD  
with

MARIANNE opens her eyes and smiles at her mother. MRS  
takes her gently into her arms. MARIANNE suddenly looks  
anxious. She is too weak to move her head. She whispers  
urgent effort.

**MARIANNE**

Where is Elinor?

**ELINOR**

I am here, dearest, I am here.

DASHWOODS,  
this  
sees

MARIANNE looks at her with deep relief. Behind the  
BRANDON stands at the door, unwilling to intrude on  
intimacy. He wipes his eyes and turns away. MARIANNE  
and whispers to him.

**MARIANNE**

Colonel Brandon.

looks

BRANDON turns back, his eyes full of tears. MARIANNE  
at him for a moment. Then, very quietly:

**MARIANNE**

Thank you.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN AND SURROUNDINGS - DAY**

piece of  
garden.  
emerging  
house.

The cottage nestles in the first buds of spring. A rope hangs down from the branches of a tree in the It starts to wave about wildly and we see MARGARET and climbing down. She has built herself a new tree-

**COLONEL BRANDON (V.O.)**

What though the sea with waves  
continually doth eat the earth, it is  
no more at all.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

intently  
as BRANDON reads her the poem.

MARIANNE is on the sofa by the window. She is pale, convalescent and calm. Different somehow. She listens

**COLONEL BRANDON**

Nor is the earth the lesse, or loseth  
aught. For whatsoever from one place  
doth fall, Is with the tide unto  
another brought...

other  
end of the room, sewing peacefully.

We move back to find MRS DASHWOOD and ELINOR at the

**MRS. DASHWOOD**

He certainly is not so dashing as  
Willoughby but he has a far more  
pleasing countenance. There was always  
a something, if you remember, in  
Willoughby's eyes at times which I  
did not like.

history. We  
cut back to BRANDON as he finishes reading.

ELINOR listens patiently as her mother rewrites

**COLONEL BRANDON**

'For there is nothing lost, but may  
be found, if sought...

smiles  
as he closes the book.

He looks up at MARIANNE. A soul-breathing glance. She

**MARIANNE**

Shall we continue tomorrow?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

No--for I must away.

**MARIANNE**

Away? Where?

**COLONEL BRANDON**

(teasing)

That I cannot tell you. It is a secret.

He rises to leave.

**MARIANNE**

(impulsive)

But you will not stay away long?

CLOSE on BRANDON's reaction.

**EXT. FIELDS NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

slowly,  
ELINOR and MARIANNE are out on a walk. They go very  
MARIANNE leaning on ELINOR's arm. Their mood is loving,  
companion able.

**EXT. DOWNS NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

ELINOR and MARIANNE walk on. Suddenly, MARIANNE stops.

**MARIANNE**

There.

nothing  
ground and  
She indicates a spot on the ground but ELINOR can see  
and is momentarily alarmed. MARIANNE gazes at the  
breathes in deeply.

**MARIANNE**

There I fell, and there I first saw Willoughby.

**ELINOR**

Poor Willoughby. He will always regret you.

**MARIANNE**

But does it follow that, had he chosen

me, he would have been content?

ELINOR looks at MARIANNE, surprised.

**MARIANNE**

He would have had a wife he loved but no money--and might soon have learned to rank the demands of his pocket-book far above the demands of his heart.

ELINOR regards MARIANNE admiringly. MARIANNE smiles sadly.

**MARIANNE**

If his present regrets are half as painful as mine, he will suffer enough.

**ELINOR**

Do you compare your conduct with his?

**MARIANNE**

No. I compare it with what it ought to have been. I compare it with yours.

**ELINOR**

Our situations were very different.

**MARIANNE**

My illness has made me consider the past. I saw in my own behaviour nothing but imprudence--and worse. I was insolent and unjust to everyone--

ELINOR tries to stem the flow but MARIANNE continues.

**MARIANNE**

--but you--you I wronged above all. Only I knew your heart and its sorrows but even then I was never a grain more compassionate. I brought my illness upon myself--I wanted to destroy myself. And had I succeeded, what misery should I have caused you?

ELINOR embraces her. They stand with their arms round one another in silence for a moment. Then MARIANNE breaks away

and speaks with great good humour and energy.

**MARIANNE**

I shall mend my ways! I shall no longer worry others nor torture myself. I am determined to enter on a course of serious study---Colonel Brandon has promised me the run of his library and I shall read at least six hours a day. By the end of the year I expect to have improved my learning a very great deal.

**EXT. ROAD NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DAY**

THOMAS is sitting on the back of a local wagon, holding a basket of food.

He jumps off near the cottage and waves a cheery farewell to the DRIVER.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

CLOSE on the accounts book, covered in blots and crossed-out sums. Pull up to reveal MARIANNE labouring over it. Her sickness has left her slightly short-sighted and she uses a pince-nez that makes her look like an owl.

ELINOR is sewing and MRS DASHWOOD is snoozing. MARGARET goes up and looks over MARIANNE's shoulder. She frowns at the spider's web of ink.

**MARGARET**

You'll go blind if you're not careful.

BETSY brings in coals for the fire. MRS DASHWOOD rouses herself.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Is Thomas back from Exeter, Betsy?

**BETSY**

Yes, ma'am--he brung back two lovely fillets for you.

has

MRS DASHWOOD looks nervously at ELINOR like a child who  
been caught out.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Beef is far less expensive in Exeter,  
and anyway they are for Marianne.

on

ELINOR laughs and rolls her eyes to heaven. BETSY turns  
her way out to remark:

**BETSY**

Sixpence a piece, Miss Dashwood. Oh,  
and he says Mr Ferrars is married,  
but I suppose you know that, ma'am.

There is a stunned silence. Everyone looks at ELINOR.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Fetch Thomas to us, Betsy.

about to

BETSY leaves. They all sit very still. MARGARET is  
talk to ELINOR about it but MARIANNE stops her. THOMAS

enters.

**THOMAS**

Beg pardon, Miss Dashwood, but they  
was the cheapest in the market--

**MRS DASHWOOD**

It was a very good price, Thomas,  
well done. Would you be so kind as  
to build up the fire a little?

**THOMAS**

(relieved)  
Yes, ma'am.

There is a pause.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Who told you that Mr Ferrars was  
married, Thomas?

story

THOMAS builds up the fire as he answers. He tells the  
with pleasure.

**THOMAS**

I seen him myself, ma'am, and his

lady too, Miss Lucy Steele as was-- they were stopping in a chaise at the New London Inn. I happened to look up as I passed the chaise and I see it was Miss Steele. So I took off my hat and she inquired after you, ma'am, and all the young ladies, especially Miss Dashwood, and bid me I should give you her and Mr Ferrars's best compliments and service and how they'd be sure to send you a piece of the cake.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Was Mr Ferrars in the carriage with her?

**THOMAS**

Yes, ma'am--I just seen him leaning back in it, but he did not look up.

ELINOR screws up her courage.

**ELINOR**

Did--

But she cannot continue. MARIANNE glances at her compassionately and takes over.

**MARIANNE**

Did Mrs Ferrars seem well?

**THOMAS**

Yes, Miss Marianne--she said how she was vastly contented and, since she was always a very affable young lady, I made free to wish her joy.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Thank you, Thomas.

ELINOR He nods and leaves, confused by the silent atmosphere.  
sits for a moment, then gets up and walks out.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - EVE**

DASHWOOD ELINOR is standing by the gate, looking out. MRS  
comes down the path to join her. She links arms with  
ELINOR and they stand in silence for a beat.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Your father once told me not to allow you to neglect yourself. Now I find that it is I who have neglected you most.

**ELINOR**

No, Mamma.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Yes, I have. We all have. Marianne is right.

**ELINOR**

I am very good at hiding.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Then we must observe you more closely.

A pause.

**ELINOR**

Mamma?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Yes, my darling?

**ELINOR**

There is a painful difference between the expectation of an unpleasant event and its final certainty.

MRS DASHWOOD squeezes ELINOR's arm tightly.

**EXT. OPEN ROAD NEAR BARTON - DAY**

large  
whistles

A horse and cart are jogging along. The cart contains a object tied down and covered with canvas. The DRIVER tunelessly.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY**

and  
her

MARGARET is standing on the kitchen table while ELINOR MARIANNE pin a piece of material around the bottom of skirt to lengthen it.

Suddenly there is a commotion upstairs.

**MRS DASHWOOD (V.O.)**

Marianne! Marianne! Come and see  
what is coming!

Everyone runs out of the kitchen.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY**

THOMAS and the CARTER are carrying a small piano up the  
path.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

DASHWOODS '  
reads  
They carry the piano into the parlour and to the  
joyful astonishment it fits perfectly. MRS DASHWOOD  
out the letter that has accompanied it.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

'At last I have found a small enough  
instrument to fit the parlour. I  
expect to follow it in a day or two,  
by which time I expect you to have  
learned the enclosed. Your devoted  
friend, Christopher Brandon.'

MRS DASHWOOD hands MARIANNE the letter and a broadsheet  
song.

**MARGARET**

He must like you very much, Marianne.

**MARIANNE**

It is not just for me! It is for all  
of us.

All the same, she looks conscious of the truth.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY**

DASHWOOD  
is  
rises,  
gate,  
MARGARET is up her tree. ELINOR is pulling weeds. MRS  
is sitting on a stool working on MARGARET's dress and  
listening to the strains of the new song which MARIANNE  
singing in the cottage. All of a sudden, MRS DASHWOOD  
shielding her eyes with her hand. She walks down to the  
looking out.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Here is Colonel Brandon! Marianne!

at The piano stops. MARIANNE comes out and they all gather  
the gate to watch for the rider.

**EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY**

Their POV of a HORSEMAN in the distance.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN GATE - DAY**

**ELINOR**

I do not think it is the Colonel.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

It must be. He said he would arrive today. You must play him the new song, Marianne.

Suddenly there is a yell from MARGARET's tree.

**MARGARET**

Edward!

onto the MARGARET practically throws herself out of the tree  
grass.

**MARGARET**

It is Edward!

The women look at each other in complete consternation.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Calm. We must be calm.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

themselves. Tense silence reigns. Everyone tries to busy  
BETSY enters.

**BETSY**

Mr Ferrars for you, ma'am.

EDWARD follows her in, looking white and agitated.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(rising)

Edward! What a pleasure to see you.

**EDWARD**

Mrs Dashwood. Miss Marianne. Margaret.  
Miss Dashwood. I hope I find you all  
well.

who

He bows formally to each of them, lingering on ELINOR,  
is looking firmly at her lap. He looks anxious.

**MARIANNE**

Thank you, Edward, we are all very  
well.

appropriate

There is a pause while they all search for an  
remark. Finally MARGARET decides to have a go at polite  
conversation.

**MARGARET**

We have been enjoying very fine  
weather.

MARIANNE looks at her incredulously.

**MARGARET**

Well, we have.

**EDWARD**

I am glad of it. The... the roads  
were very dry.

MRS DASHWOOD decides to bite the bullet.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(giving him her hand)

May I wish you great joy, Edward.

offer

He takes her hand somewhat confusedly and accepts her  
of a seat. There is an awful silence. MARIANNE tries to

help.

**MARIANNE**

I hope you have left Mrs Ferrars  
well?

**EDWARD**

Tolerably, thank you.

There is another bone-crunching pause.

**EDWARD**

I--But EDWARD cannot seem to find any words.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Is Mrs Ferrars at the new parish?

EDWARD looks extremely confused.

**EDWARD**

No--my mother is in town.

He plucks up the courage to look at ELINOR again and is evidently not much comforted by what he sees.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

I meant to enquire after Mrs Edward Ferrars.

EDWARD colours. He hesitates.

**EDWARD**

Then you have not heard--the news--I think you mean my brother--you mean Mrs Robert Ferrars.

They all stare at him in shock.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Mrs Robert Ferrars?

ELINOR has frozen. EDWARD rises and goes to the window.

**EDWARD**

Yes. I received a letter from Miss Steele--or Mrs Ferrars, I should say--communicating the... the transfer of her affections to my brother Robert. They were much thrown together in London, I believe, and... and in view of the change in my circumstances, I felt it only fair that Miss Steele be released from our engagement. At any rate, they were married last week and are now in Plymouth.

looking  
ELINOR rises suddenly, EDWARD turns and they stand  
at one another.

**ELINOR**

Then you--are not married.

**EDWARD**

No.

ELINOR bursts into tears. The shock of this emotional explosion stuns everyone for a second and then MARIANNE makes an executive decision. Wordlessly, she takes MARGARET's hand and leads her and MRS DASHWOOD out of the room.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY**

The three DASHWOODS come into the garden, still holding hands.

**INT. BARTON COTTAGE - PARLOUR - DAY**

ELINOR cannot stop crying. EDWARD comes forward, very slowly.

**EDWARD**

Elinor! I met Lucy when I was very young. Had I had an active profession, I should never have felt such an idle, foolish inclination. At Norland my behaviour was very wrong. But I convinced myself you felt only friendship for me and it was my heart alone that I was risking. I have come with no expectations. Only to profess, now that I am at liberty to do so, that my heart is and always will be yours.

ELINOR looks at him, her face streaked with tears of released emotion, of pain and of happiness.

**EXT. BARTON COTTAGE - GARDEN**

MARIANNE and MRS DASHWOOD are stamping about in the garden trying to keep warm. MARGARET has climbed into her tree-house. The branches rustle.

**MARGARET**

He's sitting next to her!

**MRS DASHWOOD/MARIANNE**

Margaret, come down!/Is he?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

(scolding)

Margaret! Will you stop--

**MARIANNE**

What's happening now?

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Marianne!

**MARGARET (V.O.)**

He's kneeling down!

MRS DASHWOOD can't help herself.

**MRS DASHWOOD**

Oh! Is he? Oh!

She and MARIANNE look at each other joyfully.

**EXT. DOWNS NEAR BARTON - DAY**

The figures of EDWARD and ELINOR can be seen walking,  
in deep conversation.

**EXT. PATH NEAR BARTON COTTAGE - DUSK**

Later. The lovers walk slowly, their heads almost  
touching, their words low and intimate.

**ELINOR**

Your mother, I suppose, will hardly  
be less angry with Robert for marrying  
Lucy.

**EDWARD**

The more so since she settled the  
money upon him so irrevocably--

**ELINOR**

--no doubt because she had run out  
of sons to disinherit.

**EDWARD**

Her family fluctuates at an alarming  
rate. Then, in London, when you told  
me of the Colonel's offer, I became

convinced that you wanted me to marry  
Lucy and that--well, that you and  
Colonel Brandon...

**ELINOR**

Me and Colonel Brandon!

**EDWARD**

I shall not forget attempting to  
thank him for making it possible for  
me to marry the woman I did not love  
while convinced he had designs upon  
the woman I did--do--love.

he can  
EDWARD stops walking. He looks at ELINOR and realises  
stand it no longer.

**EDWARD**

Would you--can you--excuse me--

He takes her face in his hands and kisses her.

**EXT. PATH TO BARTON CHURCH - DAY**

towards  
best.  
A group of VILLAGE CHILDREN run down the hillside  
the church waving ribbons and dressed in their Sunday

**EXT. BARTON VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY**

The  
LABOURERS,  
JENNINGS in  
JOHN,  
dressed  
MEN in  
A large wedding party is gathered outside the church.  
entire village is present--CHILDREN, FARMERS,  
SHOPKEEPERS, and all our PRINCIPALS. We see MRS  
a gigantic mauve bonnet, CHARLOTTE and MR PALMER, SIR  
MRS DASHWOOD, MARGARET, THOMAS, JOHN and FANNY, who is  
in a fantastically inappropriate concoction, and some  
regimental uniform.

start  
and  
The path to the church is strewn with wild flowers and  
everyone holds a bunch of their own. The church bells  
to peal, and a great cheer goes up as the door opens  
BETSY comes out holding the bridal cake aloft.

and  
EDWARD in  
honour.

The bride and groom appear: MARIANNE, in white lawn,  
COLONEL BRANDON in full uniform. Behind them come  
his parson's garb and, on his arm, ELINOR as matron of

MARIANNE  
their  
carriage  
BRANDON  
and he  
extremely  
her

CLOSE on them as they watch the party moving away.  
and BRANDON make their way forwards, everyone throws  
flowers over them, whooping and singing. An open  
decked with bridal wreaths comes to meet them, and  
lifts MARIANNE in. His melancholy air is all but gone  
radiates joyful life and vigour. MARIANNE also looks  
happy - but there is a gravity to her joy that makes  
seem much older.

large  
CHILDREN

According to the custom of the time, BRANDON throws a  
handful of six pences into the crowd, and the VILLAGE  
jump and dive for them.

jewels. One  
backwards  
procession  
into

The coins spin and bounce, catching the sun like  
hits FANNY in the eye. She reels and falls over  
into a gorse bush. CAM pulls back as the wedding  
makes its glorious way from the church. We draw away  
the surrounding countryside.

MAN  
As we  
around

Then we see, on the far edge of frame, very small, a  
sitting on a white horse, watching. It is WILLOUGHBY.  
draw back further still, he slowly pulls the horse  
and moves off in the opposite direction.

**THE END**