

From the full length play:
Emma
Adapted from Jane Austen by Tracy Wells

EMMA, *Imaginative and funny young lady who intends to find love for her friend Harriet, but unintentionally finds love for herself; female*

HARRIET, *Young girl of unknown birth whom Emma befriends and hopes to find a husband for, female*

AT RISE: The walking path through Highbury. There are sticks in piles. EMMA and HARRIET enter. HARRIET carries a small box.

EMMA

All in all, I think the ball was a success.

HARRIET

I agree. Although I am now quite convinced that neither Mr. Elton nor Mrs. Elton are particularly fond of me.

EMMA

And the worse they are for it! I thought both of them behaved despicably that night. First, Mrs. Elton assumes that the ball is in her honor and proceeds to order us around as if we were her servants. And then Mr. Elton coldly snubs you for the first dance.

HARRIET

Well I have finally seen Mr. Elton for what he is—a rude and arrogant man who wants nothing more than a woman of means.

EMMA

Well done, Harriet.

HARRIET

Now I can say my heart is free and open to finding love. In fact, I may have found love already. And I think I'm finally ready to be rid of these once and for all.

(Hands EMMA box)

EMMA

(Reads top of box)

It says "Most Precious Treasures".

HARRIET

It's a box that contains some things I have valued but should have destroyed long ago—or maybe never have kept.

EMMA
(Pulling out a bandage, confused)

A bandage?

HARRIET
I saved that bandage as a reminder of the day Mr. Elton cut himself and I helped bandage his wound. Do you remember?

EMMA
No indeed, I do not.

HARRIET
Then maybe you'll remember this.
(Reaches into box and pulls out a small pencil)

EMMA
That looks like an ordinary pencil.

HARRIET
Yes, I suppose it is. But I have saved it all this time, because it once belonged to Mr. Elton. Do you remember the day when he and Mr. Knightley were talking about brewing spruce beer and he wanted to record it in his pocketbook?

EMMA
I suppose I remember that conversation. I don't remember there being anything striking about it.

HARRIET
Oh, there wasn't. It was a particularly boring conversation between two men—so many of their conversations are—but the fact remains that this was Mr. Elton's pencil. He discarded it after he was done, so I picked it up and kept it for a treasure.

EMMA
Oh my, Harriet! I didn't realize your feelings ran so deep for Mr. Elton.

HARRIET
Yes, well, that is all behind me now.
(Puts pencil in box and takes bandage, puts it in box and slams lid)
I brought you out here so that we can destroy this box once and for all.

EMMA
What do you mean to do?

HARRIET
I mean to burn it, of course, so that you might see how rational and clear headed I have become. Now, let's find some twigs and sticks to make our fire.
(Puts down box and starts to look for sticks)

EMMA

I think I like the new rational, clear headed woman you have become, and so will your future husband. And I think I can guess who the object of your heart's desire is.

(Starts to look for sticks with HARRIET)

HARRIET

Oh, Emma, he is the most wonderful man I have ever met, although I doubt he'd ever consider me. Here are some sticks!

(Picks up sticks and looks around as GYSPIES enter, unseen)

EMMA

You underestimate yourself, Harriet. Any man would be lucky to have you for his bride.

(Picks up sticks)

I found some too!

To read the rest of this play, please visit

<https://www.bigdogplays.com/playdisplay.asp?playid=504>