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# Sense And Sensibility

By Emma Thompson

Your son is arrived from London.

- Father ...

- John ...

You will see in my will the estate of Norland was left to me in a way - that prevents me from dividing it between my two families.

Norland, in its entirety, is therefore yours by law.

And I am happy for you and Fanny.

But your stepmother, my wife and daughters are left only 500 a year.

Barely enough to live on.

Nothing for the girls' dowries.

- You must help them.

- Of course.

You must promise to do this.

I promise, Father.

I promise.

Help them? What do you mean?

I mean to give them 3,000. The interest will be an extra income.

- The gift will fulfil my promise.

- Without question. More than amply.

One had rather. on such occasions.

do too much than too little.

Of course, he did not stipulate a particular sum.

What do you say to 1,500, then?

What brother would be so kind to his real sisters. Let alone half-blood?

- They can hardly expect more.

- What can you afford?

better than losing 1,500 at once.

Should she live longer than 15 years we'd be completely taken in.

People live forever

when an annuity is to be paid them.

discharge my promise, you're right.

I'm convinced that your father

had no idea of giving them money.

- They will have 500 a year.

- What more could they want for?

No housekeeping, carriage, horses,

few servants, keeping no company ...

How comfortable!

They will be much more able  
to give you something.

Marianne.

can you play something else?

Mamma has been weeping  
since breakfast.

I meant something less mournful.

A visitor in my own home!

It is not to be borne. Elinor.

- Mamma, we have nowhere to go.

- John and Fanny will be here soon.

Do you expect me to be here  
to welcome them? Vultures!

I will start making inquiries  
for a new house at once.

Until then, we must try  
to bear their coming.

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

Why are they to live at Norland?

They have a house in London.

Houses go from father to son, not  
father to daughter. It is the law.

- Come, we'll play with your atlas.

- It's not mine. it's their atlas.

Do sit down.

We are looking for a new home, and  
can only retain Thomas and Betsy.

We're sorry

to have to leave you all.

But we are certain you will find the  
new Mrs. Dashwood a fair mistress.

My only real concern is how long  
it will take them to move out.

- How is Mrs. Ferrars?

- She is always in good health.

My brother is with her this season.

Quite the most popular bachelor.

He has his own barouche.

- You have two brothers?

- Yes. Edward is the elder.

He's travelling up from Plymouth

and will break his journey here.

- If that is agreeable to you.

- Dear John ...

This is your home now.

- Fanny wants the key to the silver.

- What does Fanny want with it?

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

Gifts for the servants. Where is  
Margaret? She's taken to hiding.

- At least she can escape Fanny.

- You've not said a word to her.

I have.

I've said yes and no.

Good morning, Fanny.

Good morning, Miss Marianne.

How did you find the silver?

Was it all genuine?

- When may we expect your brother?

- Edward is due tomorrow.

He will not stay long. Will Margaret  
give up her room for him?

The view is incomparable, and I  
want him to see Norland at its best.

Mrs. Dashwood.

Miss Dashwood. Miss Marianne.

My brother, Edward Ferrars.

Do sit down.

Where is Miss Margaret? I'm  
beginning to doubt of her existence.

Forgive us, Mr. Ferrars. My youngest  
is shy of strangers at present.

I am shy of strangers myself,  
and I have nothing like her excuse.

How do you like your view,

Mr. Ferrars?

Very much. Your stables are handsome  
and beautifully kept.

Stables?

Your windows overlook the lake.

An error led me to a family room,  
but I've rectified the situation.

I am happily installed  
in the guest quarters.

Tea!

They're all spoilt. Miss Margaret is  
always up trees and under furniture.  
I've barely had a civil word  
from Marianne.

They've just lost their father.  
Their lives will never be the same.  
That is no excuse.

Library.

- These are mostly foreign.

- Indeed. Magnificent.

I've never liked the smell of books.  
The dust, perhaps. I hear you have  
great plans for the walnut grove.

I shall have it knocked down  
to make place for a Grecian temple.

That does sound interesting.

Would you show me the site?

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

This one. then.

We have only 500 a year.

I'll send out more inquiries today.  
Pardon my intrusion, but I think I  
have found what you're looking for.

Won't you come out?

We haven't seen you all day.

We'll have to enlarge it. Mattocks  
will help you adjust to your hours.

Forgive me, do you by any chance  
have a reliable atlas?

- I believe so.

- I must check the Nile's position.

My sister tells me  
it is in South America.

No!

No, she's quite wrong.

I believe it is in Belgium.

Surely not.

You must be thinking of the Volga.

- The Volga, which starts in ...

- In Vladivostok. and ends in ...

- Wimbledon.

- Yes. where coffee beans come from.

The source of the Nile  
is in Abyssinia.

Is it? Interesting.

- How do you do? Edward Ferrars.

- Margaret Dashwood.

It adjoins this property,  
and would be a desirable addition.

- I'll ride there and speak to ...

- Gibson.

- He'll be pleased enough to sell.

- He'll want more than it is worth.

Have I hurt you?

Thank you.

Forgive me.

That was my father's favourite.

Thank you for helping Margaret.

She's changed since you came.

I enjoy her company.

- Has she shown you the tree house?

- Not yet.

Would you do me the honour,

Miss Dashwood?

- It is very fine out.

- With pleasure.

- Margaret always wanted to travel.

- I know. She's off to China soon.

I'm to go as her servant, on the  
understanding I'll be badly treated.

- What will your duties be?

- Sword fighting and swabbing.

Which will take precedence?

All I have ever wanted  
is the quiet of a private life.

But my mother is determined  
to see me distinguished.

Orator. Politician. Even a barrister  
would do. if I drove a barouche.

What do you wish for?

I prefer the church, but that is not  
smart enough for my mother.

She prefers the army,  
but that is too smart for me.

- Would you stay in London?

- I hate London.

Country living is my ideal. A small parish where I might do some good. Keep chickens ...

Give very short sermons. You feel idle and useless. Imagine how that is compounded -

- when one has no choice of any occupation whatsoever.

Our circumstances are therefore precisely the same. Except that you will inherit your fortune.

We cannot even earn yours. Perhaps Margaret is right. Piracy is your only option. What is swabbing exactly?

"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 ..."

No. Edward.

'"No voice divine the storm allayed. No light propitious shone."

'When snatched from all effectual aid, we perished, each alone.'

Can you not feel his despair? Try again.

"No voice divine the storm allayed. No light propitious shone."

'When snatched from all effectual aid, we perished, each alone.'

Mamma ...

Look.

This has just arrived.

"I should be pleased to offer you a home at Barton Cottage, as soon ..."

- It's from Sir John Middleton.
- Even Elinor must approve the rent.
- Has she not yet seen this?
- No. I will fetch her.

Wait, let us delay.

I believe that Edward and Elinor

have formed an attachment.

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

- Do you disapprove her choice?

- By no means.

- Edward is very amiable.

- Amiable? But ..?

There is something wanting.

He is too sedate. His reading ...

Elinor has not your feelings.

Can he love her? Can the soul  
be satisfied with polite affections?

To love is to be on fire.

Like Juliet. Guinevere. Heloise.

- They made rather pathetic ends.

- Pathetic? To die for love?

- What could be more glorious?

- Your romantic sensibilities ...

"Is love a fancy or a feeling? No,  
it is immortal as immaculate truth."

"It is not a blossom shed  
when outh drops from life's stem."

"It grows without water, nor ray of  
promise cheats the pensive gloom."

A pity

Edward has no passion for reading.

You asked him to read.

then you made him nervous.

Your behaviour is cordial. You

like him in spite of his reading.

I think him everything

that is amiable and worthy.

Praise. indeed.

He shall have my devotion when

you tell me he is to be my brother.

- What shall I do without you?

- Without me?

I'm sure you will be very happy,  
but promise you won't live far away.

- There is no question of ...

- Do you love him?

I do not deny that I think

very highly of him. That I ...

... greatly esteem him.



I like him.

Esteem? Like? Use these words again  
and I shall leave the room!

Believe my feelings to be stronger.

Further than that. do not believe.

Is love a fancy or a feeling?

- Or a Ferrars?

- Go to bed.

"I do not deny

that I think very highly of him."

"That I ... greatly esteem him."

"That I like him."

We are so happy

that you invited Edward to Norland.

We're all very fond of him.

We have great hopes for him.

Mother expects much of him.

And in marriage. She's determined

both he and Robert will marry well.

But I hope she desires them

to marry for love.

The heart doesn't always lead us

in the most suitable direction.

Edward is a passionate person.

Penniless women prey on that type.

Having entered into an understanding

he would never go back on his word.

But it would lead to his ruin.

I'm worried. Mother will withdraw

all financial support from him -

- should he plant affection in less

exalted ground than he deserves.

I understand you perfectly.

Devonshire?

My cousin, Sir John Middleton,

has offered us a small house.

He must be a man of property.

He's a widower from Barton Park.

It is Barton Cottage he has offered.

A cottage? Charming.

A cottage is always very snug.

You will not leave

before the summer?

We can no longer trespass

upon your sister's goodwill.

- You will come and stay with us.

- I should like that.

Edward has long been expected  
by your mother.

Come as soon as you can, Edward.

Remember, you're always welcome.

- Can't you take him with you?

- We can't afford him.

Perhaps he could make himself useful  
in the kitchen ... Forgive me.

Miss Dashwood ...

Elinor ... I must speak to you.

There is something of  
great importance that I need to ...

... tell you ...

about my education.

- Your education?

- Yes.

It was conducted.

oddly enough, in Plymouth.

- Do you know it?

- Plymouth? No.

I was four years there.

In a school run by Mr. Pratt.

- Pratt?

- Precisely. Pratt.

While I was there ...

That is to say, he had a ...

has a ...

You're needed in London

this instant.

- I'm leaving this afternoon.

- Mamma wishes you to leave at once.

Excuse me.

Edward promised

he would bring the atlas to Barton.

I'll wager he will do so

in less than a fortnight.

Dear Edward ...

Hello there!

Sir John ...

Dear ladies!

Upon my word! Here you are!

- Sir John, your kindness ...

- None of that! Hush, please!

Here is my dear mamma-in-law,  
Mrs. Jennings.

You must be Mrs. Dashwood. Was  
Your journey tolerable? Poor souls!  
Why did you not  
come up to the park first?

- We saw you pass.

- I made John call the carriage.

- She would not wait.

- We have so little company.

I feel as though I know you already.  
Delightful creatures!

- You'll dine at Barton Park daily.

- Dear Sir John. we cannot ...

No refusals! I'm quite deaf to them.  
But I insist!

Let us settle in.

But thank you very much.

Send your man up for the carriage  
as soon as you're ready. Goodbye.

Don't thank us.

Your feet are cold.

What have you been doing?

You can grow potatoes in this dirt.  
It's cold. I'm cold.

Where can Brandon be?

I hope he's not lamed his horse.

Col. Brandon is the most  
eligible bachelor in the county.

He is bound to go for one of you.

He's a better age for Miss Dashwood.

But I dare say she's left her heart  
behind in Sussex.

I see you, Miss Marianne! I think  
I've unearthed a secret.

You are worse than my best pointer.

Is he a butcher. baker. candlestick  
maker? I'll winkle it out of you.

- She's good at winking.

- We've none of us any secrets here.

Or if we do.

we do not keep them long.

- He's curate of the parish.
- Or perhaps a handsome lieutenant.
- Give us a clue. Is he in uniform?
- He has no profession.

He's a gentleman?

- You know there is no such person.
  - There is. His name begins with F.
- F? A promising letter.

Foster?

Forrest? Fotheringay? Featherty?

- Fortescue?
- Fondant?

Might I play your pianoforte?

Yes. of course.

- We don't stand on ceremony here.
- Please forgive ...

I cannot remember when we last had a song in the house.

Brandon! Come and meet our beautiful new neighbours.

What a pity you're late.

You have not heard your songbird.

A great pity.

This is my good friend Col. Brandon.

We served in the East Indies.

- Not a better fellow in the world.
- You've been to the East Indies?
- What's it like?
- Hot.

The air is full of spices.

Now. Miss Dashwood.

it's your turn to entertain us.

And I believe I know

what key you will sing in.

F-major ...

You have no right to parade your ignorant assumptions ...

- You told me.
  - I told you nothing.
  - They'll meet him when he comes.
  - You don't speak of such things.
  - Everyone else was.
  - Mrs. Jennings is not "everyone".
- I like her. She talks about things.

We never talk about things.  
If you can say nothing appropriate,  
limit your remarks to the weather.  
Surely they have enough reeds  
for a Moses basket.  
You know what they're saying?  
Word is, you've developed a taste  
for certain company. And why not?  
A man like you in his prime ...  
She'd be a fortunate young lady.  
Marianne Dashwood would  
no more think of me than of you.  
- Don't think of yourself so meanly.  
- And all the better for her.  
Besotted ... An excellent match.  
- He's rich and she's handsome.  
- How long have you known him?  
As long as I've been here,  
and I came 15 years back.  
His estate is but four miles hence.  
He and John are very thick.  
He has no wife and children.  
He had a tragic history.  
He loved a ward to the family.  
They were not permitted to marry.  
- On what grounds?  
- Eliza was poor.  
She was flung out of the house,  
and he was packed off to the army.  
I think he'd have done himself harm  
if not for John.  
- What became of the lady?  
- She was passed from man to man.  
She disappeared from good society.  
When Brandon returned from India  
he searched and searched. -  
- only to find her dying  
in a poorhouse.  
I thought my daughter Charlotte  
might have cheered him up.  
Look at him now!  
So attentive!  
- I should try a little experiment.  
- Please. Let the colonel alone.

All suitors need a little help.

- We haven't heard you play of late.

- You have a superior musician here.

Brandon shares your passion for music. He plays the pianoforte well.

You know as many melancholy tunes as Miss Marianne.

You must play us a duet.

Let us see you both side by side.

I do not know any duets.

Forgive me, Colonel.

Will we never have peace? The rent is low. but it comes on hard terms.

Mrs. Jennings has nothing to do but marry off everyone else's daughters.

There's a parcel arrived.

Look!

When is a man safe from such wit.

if infirmity does not protect him?

If he is infirm.

then I am at death's door.

- He complained of rheumatism.

- "A slight ache" was his phrase.

Edward said

he would bring it himself.

"It gives me great pleasure to restore this atlas to its owner."

"Business prevents my delivering it, which will hurt me more than you."

"Memories of your kindness must sustain me. and I remain -

- your devoted servant,

E.C. Ferrars."

- Why hasn't he come?

- He says he's busy, dear.

- He said he'd come. Why hasn't he?

- I'm taking you for a walk.

- It is going to rain.

- It is not going to rain.

I fear

Mrs. Jennings is a bad influence.

- You must miss him. Elinor.

- We are not engaged, Mamma.

- But he loves you, dearest.

- I am by no means assured of that.  
And had he such a preference,  
there would certainly be obstacles -  
- to his marrying a woman of no rank  
who cannot afford to buy sugar.  
- But your heart must tell you ...  
- It is better to use one's head.  
- It can't be good for me.  
- It is. Stop complaining.  
- It's giving me a cough.  
- It is not giving you a cough.  
It's lovely. Come on, catch up!  
- Over there is a field of rabbits.  
- I don't want to see rabbits.  
- Is anything superior to this?  
- I told you it would rain.  
- Blue sky! Let us chase it!  
- I'm not supposed to run.  
Are you hurt?  
- I cannot walk. Run and fetch help.  
- I will run as fast as I can.  
Margaret!  
Don't be afraid. He's quite safe.  
- Are you hurt?  
- Only my ankle.  
May I have your permission to  
ascertain if there are any breaks?  
It is not broken.  
Can you put your arm about my neck?  
Allow me to escort you home.  
At last!  
She fell down and he's carrying her!  
Marianne, are you hurt?  
It's a twisted ankle.  
It's not serious.  
I felt the bone. and it's sound.  
- I cannot begin to thank you.  
- Do not think of it.  
- Will you not be seated?  
- I'd leave a water mark.  
- But permit me to call tomorrow.  
- We shall look forward to it.  
I'll show you out.  
Margaret, get the gentleman's hat.

- His name!

- To whom are we so much obliged?

John Willoughby of Allenham

at your service.

John Willoughby of Allenham ...

What an impressive gentleman!

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

- Tell me if I hurt you.

- She feels no pain, Mamma.

Margaret, ask Betsy to make up a cold compress.

Please don't say anything important.

- He expressed himself well.

- With decorum and honour.

- And spirit and wit and feeling.

- And economy. Ten words at most.

- Change, or you'll catch a cold.

- What care I for colds?

- You'll care when your nose swells.

- You're right. Help me.

He's worth catching. Marianne must not have all the men to herself.

- But what do you know of him?

- There's not a bolder rider.

But what are his tastes.

his passions, his pursuits?

- He has a smart little pointer ...

- Where is Allenham?

Nice little estate three miles east.

He is to inherit it from a relative.

Lady Allen is the name.

It's Col. Brandon.

I should go out and keep watch.

You're looking out for Willoughby.

You'll not think of Brandon now.

Come in.

Good morning, Brandon.

- How is the invalid?

- Thank you so much, Colonel.

Why set your cap at Willoughby when you've already made such a conquest?

I'll not set my cap at anyone.

- Lady Allen's nephew?



- He visits. for he's to inherit.  
He has a pretty estate of his own.  
Combe Magna in Somerset.  
I'd not give him up to a younger  
sister for tumbling down hills.  
The man himself. Come. Brandon.  
We know when we are not wanted.  
Thank you so much for calling.  
Marianne. the colonel and Sir John  
are leaving.

Goodbye.

Thank you for the flowers.

- How do you do, Colonel?
- How do you do, more like.
- Mr. Willoughby, what a pleasure!
- The pleasure is all mine.
- Miss Marianne has not caught cold?
- You've found out my name.

The area is crawling with my spies.  
You cannot venture out to nature ...

- So nature must be brought to you.
- How beautiful.
- These are not from the hothouse.
- Mine is not the first offering.
- They come from an obliging field.
- I always prefer wild flowers.
- Would you ..?

-your gratitude is beyond words.

I've grieved for this lonely house.

Then I heard it was taken.

I felt an interest which nothing can  
account for but my present delight.

Pray sit, Mr. Willoughby.

Who is reading

Shakespeare's sonnets?

- Marianne is reading them out.
- And which are your favourites?

Mine is 1 16.

"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 ..."

- How does it continue?
- "No. it is an ever fixed mark ..."
- "That looks on tempests..."
- Is it "tempests"?

It's strange you are reading these.

I carry them with me always.

Until tomorrow then ...

My pocket sonnets are yours.

A talisman against further injury.

Goodbye. Thank you.

Good work. Marianne. You covered Shakespeare, Scott, poetry.

When you know his views on romance, you'll have nothing left to talk of.

I suppose I erred against decorum.

I should have talked of the weather.

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

Should I hide my regard?

- No. but we know so little of him.

- Time does not determine intimacy.

Seven years is too little for some, seven days is enough for others.

- Or seven hours. in this case.

- I feel I know him already.

Had I more shallow feelings, I could perhaps conceal them as you do.

- I'm sorry ...

- Don't trouble yourself, Marianne.

I do not understand her.

Marianne ...

- Haven't you finished yet?

- No. Patience.

You're not going to deny us beef as well as sugar?

- There is nothing under ten pence.

- Do you want us to starve?

No.

Just not to eat beef.

If my behaviour was improper,

I should be sensible of it.

It has caused impertinent remarks.

Do you not doubt your discretion?

If Mrs. Jennings' remarks prove

impropriety, we are all offending.

Good morning, Colonel.

Miss Dashwood. Miss Marianne.

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 husband  
are travelling up especially.

We should be delighted, Colonel.

I will, of course, be including

Mr. Willoughby in the party.

I should be delighted to join you.

Good morning, Miss Dashwood.

Good morning, Colonel.

The colonel has invited us

to Delaford.

- I hear you have a fine pianoforte.

- A Broadwood Grand.

- Then I shall play for you all.

- We shall look forward to it.

- Your sister seems very happy.

- She does not hide her emotions.

Her romantic prejudices

tend to set propriety at naught.

- She is wholly unspoilt.

- Rather too unspoilt.

The sooner she is acquainted with  
the ways of the world, the better.

I knew a lady with the same

sweetness of temper -

- who was forced into a

better acquaintance with the world.

The result was only

ruination and despair.

Do not desire it. Miss Dashwood.

Col. Brandon's lawn

is perfect for kite launching.

Mind the pretty ribbons.

Imagine my surprise when Charlotte

and her master appeared with Lucy.

The last person I expected to see.

She came to join in the fun.

There is no such luxury at home.

I'd not seen you for so long.

You sly thing! It was the Dashwoods she wanted to see.

I've heard nothing but "Dashwood" for I don't know how long.

What do you think of them? My mother wrote of little else in her letters.

- Are they not as she described?

- Nothing like.

You are quite rude today.

He's to be an MP. and he is forced to make everybody like him.

- I said nothing so irrational.

- Mr. Palmer's so droll.

Here he comes!

Now you shall see, Charlotte.

Hello, Mr. Willoughby!

You must meet my daughter Charlotte, and Mr. Palmer.

- And your cousin, Miss Lucy Steele.

- Welcome to your party.

May I sit beside you?

I've longed to meet you. I've heard nothing but praise for you.

Sir John and Mrs. Jennings are too excessive in their compliments.

The praise came from another source.

One not inclined to exaggeration.

What can this be?

Is Col. Brandon here?

- My horse!

- What's the matter?

- I must away to London.

- Impossible!

We can't picnic without your host.

Come up to town tomorrow.

- Or wait until we return.

- I can't afford to lose one minute.

- Forgive me.

- I hope it's nothing serious.

Upon my soul,

this is all very unusual.

- Frailty, thy name is Brandon.

- Some cannot bear pleasure.

You are a wicked pair.

Col. Brandon will be missed.

Why? Everyone speaks well of him,  
but no one remembers to talk to him.

Nonsense. He is highly respected  
at Barton Park.

- Which is enough censure in itself.

- Really, Willoughby.

Come, come, Mr. Impudence.

I know your wicked ways.

Reveal your beau. No secrets between  
friends. I'll winkle it out of you.

I'll have you married to the colonel  
by tea, or I'll swallow my bonnet.

- As if you could marry him.

- Why should you dislike him?

Because he threatened me with rain  
when I wanted it fine.

He found fault with my high flyer  
and will not buy my brown mare.

If it will be

of satisfaction to you, -

- I believe his character to be. in  
all other respects, irreproachable.

In return for this acknowledgement,  
don't deny me the privilege -

- of disliking him

as much as I adore ...

... this cottage.

- I have plans for improvements.

- That. I will never consent to.

Not a stone must be added  
to its walls.

Were I rich enough, I'd rebuild  
Combe Magna to this exact image.

- With a fire that smokes?

- Especially the fire that smokes.

Then I'd be as happy at Combe  
as I've been at Barton.

But this place has one claim on  
my affections none other can share.

Promise never to change it.

I'm honoured you risk your honour by

seeing me to the gate unaccompanied.

- That is what Elinor would say.

- And she would be right.

Miss Marianne, will you grant me  
an interview tomorrow ... alone?

- Willoughby, we are always alone.

- But there is ...

There is something very particular  
I should like to ask you.

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

Thank you.

Until tomorrow. then.

Oh. Virtue ...

Silently and with fear, enter the  
hearts of all that hear me this day.

Will he kneel down when he asks her?

They always kneel down.

What is wrong, dearest?

Willoughby?

What is the matter?

Forgive me ...

I am sent ...

Lady Allen exercised the privilege  
of riches upon a dependent cousin.

- She is sending me to London.

- This morning?

What a disappointment. Your business  
won't detain you for long, I hope?

You are kind. but I have no idea of  
returning immediately to Devonshire.

- I am invited only once a year.

- Can you wait for your invitation?

My engagements are of such a  
nature ... I dare not flatter my ...

It's folly to linger in this manner.

I will not torment myself further.

Willoughby, come back!

Ask Betsy to make a cup of tea  
for Marianne.

- What is wrong, my love?

- Do not ask me questions.

- They must have quarrelled.

- That is unlikely.

Perhaps Lady Allen disapproves  
of his regard for Marianne.

- An excuse to send him away.
- Then why did he not say so?
- It's not like him to be secretive.
- What do you suspect?
- Why was his manner so guilty?
- You think he's been acting a part?
- No. He loves her. I am sure.
- Of course!

Has he left her any assurance  
of his return?

Ask if he proposed.

No! I cannot force a confidence  
from Marianne. Neither should you.  
We must trust her to confide in us  
in her own time.

There was something underhand  
in his manner.

You will think the worst of him.

I give him the benefit of my  
good opinion. He deserves no less.  
I am very fond of Willoughby.

Mamma ... Mamma!

She would not let me in.

- If only this rain would stop.
- If only you would stop.

'Twas you took her off my hands,  
Mr. Palmer. A good bargain, too.

Now I have the whip hand over you,  
for you cannot give her back.

Marianne, play with us. Looking at  
the weather will not bring him back.

- She ate nothing at dinner.
- We're all forlorn these days.

Dear Miss Dashwood, perhaps now  
we might have your ... discussion.

-your discussion?

- I've longed to ask you something.

You might think me impertinent.

It is an odd question.

If only he'd gone to Combe Magna.

We live but half a mile away.

- Five and a half.

- I cannot believe it is that far.

- I can't believe it.

- Try.

You may ask any manner of question  
if that is of any help.

Are you acquainted with your  
sister-in-law's mother Mrs. Ferrars?  
Fanny's mother?

No. I have never met her.

You must think me strange to ask.

If only I dared tell ...

If she tells you of the famous  
Mr. F, you must pass it on.

Will you take a turn with me,  
Miss Dashwood?

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

I am nothing to Mrs. Ferrars  
at present.

But the time may come when we  
may be very intimately connected.

What do you mean?

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

The youngest? No.

I have never met him in my life.

- With Edward.

- Edward Ferrars?

Edward and I have been  
secretly engaged these five years.

You may well be surprised.

I only mention it because I entirely  
trust you to keep your secret.

Edward looks on you  
quite as his own sister.

I am sorry.

Surely we ...

We surely do not mean  
the same Mr. Ferrars.

Yes. He was under the tutelage  
of my uncle, Mr. Pratt, in Plymouth.

- Has he never spoken of it?

- Yes ... Yes. I believe he has.

I wanted his mother's approval,



but we loved each other so much.  
You must have seen how capable he is  
of making a woman attached to him.  
I cannot pretend it has not  
been hard on both of us.  
We can scarcely meet  
above twice a year.  
You seem out of sorts.  
Are you quite well?  
- I have not offended you?  
- I must know what you are saying.  
- Promise me you'll not tell a soul.  
- Miss Dashwood is quite engrossed.  
I give you my word.  
- What has so fascinated you?  
- Tell us all!  
- We were talking of London.  
- Do you hear that, Charlotte?  
- Charlotte and I concocted a plan.  
- The best plan in the world!  
I make for London shortly,  
and I invite you, Lucy, -  
- and both the Misses Dashwood  
to join me.  
Can I go?  
You will all come to my Chelsea home  
and taste of the season's delights.  
Please, can I go?  
- Do you not long for it to be so?  
- I came here with no other view.  
- We can't leave our mother.  
- She can spare you very well.  
- Of course she can!  
- I could not be more delighted.  
I will brook no refusal.  
Let us strike hands on the bargain.  
If I don't have you married by  
Michaelmas, it will not be my fault.  
I've never been so grateful.  
I shall see Willoughby,  
and you will see Edward.  
- Are you asleep?  
- With you in the room?  
You can't feel as calm as you look.

Oh, I will never sleep tonight.  
What were you and Miss Steele  
talking about so long?  
Nothing of significance.  
How do you think I like poking about  
in that big house without Charlotte?  
I wrote to Edward, yet I do not know  
how much I may see of him.  
Secrecy is vital.  
He'll never be able to call.  
My only comfort has been  
the constancy of his affection.  
You're fortunate never to have had  
any doubts on that score.  
I am of a jealous nature. Had he  
talked more of one young woman ...  
But he's not given a moment's alarm  
on that count.  
Imagine how glad he'll be  
to learn that we are friends.  
- Have you missed me, Pigeon?  
- Very much, ma'am.  
- Is everything in order?  
- I suggest the ordering of coal.  
There you are, Pooter.  
Still alive, I see ... Tea, Pigeon.  
You do not waste any time.  
Give it to Pigeon.  
Mrs. Jennings says your sister will  
buy her wedding clothes in town.  
John and Fanny are in town.  
We should be forced to see them.  
I think it was for next door.  
Sit down for two seconds.  
You're making me nervous.  
Oh, Elinor, it is Willoughby.  
Indeed it is.  
Excuse me. Colonel.  
Colonel ...  
What a pleasure to see you. Have you  
been in London all this while?  
What a pleasure to see you. Have you  
been in London all this while?  
I have heard

reports through town ...  
Tell me once and for all:  
Is everything resolved between  
your sister and Mr. Willoughby?  
Though neither one has informed me  
of their understanding, -  
- I have no doubt  
of their mutual affection.  
Thank you, Miss Dashwood.  
To your sister  
I wish all imaginable happiness.  
To Mr. Willoughby, that  
he may endeavour to deserve her.  
What do you mean?  
Forgive me ...  
Forgive me.  
- Where is dear Edward. John?  
- And who is Edward?  
My brother.  
Mr. Edward Ferrars.  
Ferrars with an F?  
Are there any messages?  
No message at all? No cards?  
- You do not ask for your messages.  
- No, for I do not expect any.  
I have  
very little acquaintance in town.  
Not another word about the ham bone.  
You and Cartwright sort it out.  
- No messages.  
- Do not fret, my dear.  
This good weather is keeping  
many a sportsman in the country.  
But the frost will soon  
drive them to town. Depend on it.  
I had not thought of that.  
And Miss Dashwood  
may set her heart at rest, -  
- for your sister-in-law is inviting  
Mr. F to the ball tonight.  
Do be careful.  
the horses have been here.  
Do be careful.  
the horses have been here.

It is beginning to rain also.

Follow me.

Mamma!

This is very merry!

- Do you spy anyone we know?

- No. Mr. Palmer has a better view.

- Do you see anyone we know?

- Unfortunately not.

How can you be such a tease?

There is Mrs. John Dashwood.

Come along, my dears.

There you are!

How hot it is ...

You are not alone. I trust?

John is just gone

to fetch my brother.

Your brother! I declare.

this is good news, indeed.

I shall faint clean away.

Mrs. Jennings, I am pleased

to meet you. My brother-in-law ...

Mr. Robert Ferrars.

Miss Dashwood.

Miss Steele. Miss Marianne.

My dear ladies, we meet at last.

You must be the younger brother.

Is Mr. Edward not here?

- Miss Dashwood was counting on him.

- He is far too busy.

There's no special acquaintance here

to make his attendance worthwhile.

What are the men about these days?

Are they in hiding?

In the absence of your brother

you must dance with Miss Dashwood.

It would be my honour.

Perhaps Miss Steele might consider

reserving the allemande?

You reside in Devonshire.

Miss Dashwood!

- In a cottage!

- Yes.

I am excessively fond of a cottage.

If I had any money to spare,

I should build one myself.

Mr. Willoughby ...

- How do you do, Miss Dashwood?

- Very well.

- How is your family?

- We are all extremely well.

Thank You for your kind inquiry.

Willoughby!

Good God, Willoughby ...

Will you not shake hands with me?

How do you do, Miss Marianne?

What is the matter?

Why have you not come to see me?

Were you not in London?

Have you not received my letters?

I had the pleasure of receiving  
the information you sent to me.

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

Thank you. I am most obliged.

Excuse me, I must rejoin my party.

Go to him.

Force him to come to me instantly.

You must come away.

- Do you know them?

- Acquaintances from the country.

Come away, dearest.

I do not understand.

I must speak to him ...

My goodness. Come, dear.

You need some air.

Lucy!

We must go.

It would be your pleasure  
to escort your young charge home.

How kind.

She actually sent him messages  
during the night

- Marianne, please tell me.

- Do not ask me questions.

- You have no confidence in me.

- You confide in no one.

- I have nothing to tell.

- We neither of us do.

I, because I conceal nothing. You,  
because you communicate nothing.

Lady Charter is ought to limit her  
invitation list. It was very warm.  
I am glad we left early.

There now ...

Lovers' quarrels are swift to heal.

That letter will do the trick.

I must be off. I do hope he doesn't  
keep her waiting much longer.

It hurts to see her this way.

What a welcome I had  
from Edward's family.

You never said how agreeable  
your sister-in-law is. Robert, also.

It is fortunate that none of them  
knows of your engagement.

"Dear Madam. I am at a loss to see  
how I might have offended you."

"If I have given rise to a belief of  
more than I meant to express, -

- I regret

not having been more guarded."

"My affections  
are engaged elsewhere."

"It is with regret that I return  
your letters and the lock of hair."

"I am, et cetera, John Willoughby."

Dearest ...

It is better than if your engagement  
had carried on before he ended it.

We're not engaged.

I thought he left you  
with some kind of understanding.

- He's not so unworthy as you think.

- Did he tell you that he loved you?

Yes. No ... Never absolutely.

It was implied but never declared.

Sometimes I thought it had been,  
but it never was. He broke no vow.

He made us all believe he loved you.

He did! He loved me as I loved him.

I had to come straight up.

How are you, Miss Marianne?

Poor thing, she looks very bad.

No wonder. for it is but too true.

I was told by Miss Morton, -

- that he is soon to marry

a Miss Grey with 50,000!

If true, he is a good-for-nothing

who used my young friend ill.

And I wish with all my soul that his

wife might plague all his heart out.

He's not the only young man

worth having.

With your pretty face

You'll never want for admirers.

Better let her have her cry out

and have done with it.

I will go look out something

to tempt her.

- Does she care for olives?

- I cannot tell you.

Apparently, they never were engaged.

Miss Grey has 50,000.

Marianne is virtually penniless.

She couldn't expect him to go

through with it. But I feel for her.

She will lose her bloom

and end a spinster like Elinor.

We might have them to stay for a

few days. We are, after all, family.

- And my father ...

- My love ...

I would ask them with all my heart,

but I've already asked Miss Steele.

And we cannot deprive Mrs. Jennings

of all her company.

We can invite your sisters

some other year.

Miss Steele will profit more

from your generosity, poor girl.

Excellent notion.

Colonel Brandon to see you.

- Thank you so much for coming.

- How is your sister?

I must get her home. Palmer can take

us to Cleveland, a day from Barton.

- I'll take you to Barton myself.  
- I confess, that is what I hoped.  
Marianne suffers cruelly.  
What pains me most is how hard  
she tries to justify Mr. Willoughby.  
Perhaps ...  
Ma I relate some circumstances  
which only a desire to be useful ...  
You have something to tell me  
of Mr. Willoughby?  
When I quitted Barton last ...  
No, I must go further back.  
No doubt ...  
No doubt ...  
... Mrs. Jennings has appraised you  
of certain events in my past.  
The sad outcome of my connection  
with a young woman named Eliza.  
What is not commonly known -  
- is that 20 years ago,  
before she died. Eliza bore a child.  
The father. whoever he was.  
abandoned them.  
As Eliza lay dying, she begged me  
to look after the child.  
I had failed her in ever other way,  
I could not refuse her now.  
I placed the child, Beth,  
with a family in the country -  
- where I knew she would be looked  
after. I saw her whenever I could.  
She grew up so headstrong, -  
- and, God forgive me,  
I allowed her too much freedom.  
Almost a year ago she disappeared.  
I instigated a search, but for  
eight months I imagined the worst.  
On the day of the Delaford picnic,  
I received the first news of her.  
She was ... with child.  
And the blackguard who had left her  
with no hint of his whereabouts ...  
Do you mean Willoughby?  
Before I could confront him.



Lady Allen had turned him out.

- He fled to London.

- He left without any explanation.

He risked losing the estate, and the money that remained to his debtors.

So he abandoned Marianne -

- for Miss Grey

and her 50.000.

Is Beth still in town?

She has chosen to go to the country for her confinement.

I would not burden you,

had I not, from my heart, -

- believed it might, in time,

lessen our sister's regrets.

I have described Mr. Willoughby as the worst of libertines.

But I learned from Lady Allen that he did mean to propose that day.

I cannot deny that his intentions towards Marianne were honourable.

I feel certain

that he would have married her.

- Had it not been ...

- For the money.

- Was I right to tell you?

- Of course.

Whatever his past actions,

whatever his present course, -

- you may be certain

that he loved you.

But not enough.

Not enough ...

Here is someone to cheer you up.

How is your dear sister?

Poor thing.

I do not know what I'd do if a man treated me with so little respect.

Are you enjoying your stay with John and Fanny?

I was never so happy in my life.

Your sister-in-law has taken to me.

- You cannot imagine what happened.

- No. I cannot.

Yesterday I was introduced to his mother. She was more than civil.

I have not yet seen Edward, but I feel sure to, very soon.

There is a Mr. Edward Ferrars to see you.

Do ask him to come in.

What a pleasure to see you.

You know Miss Steele. of course.

- How do you do, Miss Steele?

- I am well, thank you.

Do sit down.

Are you surprised to find me here and not at your sister's house?

Let me fetch Marianne. She would be disappointed to miss you.

Edward! I heard your voice.

- At last you found us.

- My visit is shamefully overdue.

- You're pale. Are you not well?

- Don't think of me. Elinor is well.

- That is enough for both of us.

- How do you enjoy London?

The sight of you is all the pleasure it has afforded. Is that not so?

- Why have you not visited before?

- I have been engaged elsewhere.

But what was that when there were such friends to be met?

Perhaps you think young men never honour their engagements

Edward is the most incapable of being selfish of anyone I ever saw.

Edward, will you not sit?

Help me to persuade him.

- Forgive me. I must take m leave.

- You are only just arrived.

I've an urgent commission for Fanny.

Perhaps you might escort me back to your sister's house.

It would be an honour.

- Why did you not urge him to stay?

- He must have had his reasons.

Yes, your coldness. Were I Edward,

I'd assume you didn't care for me.  
Marianne looked badly. It makes me  
fear that I shall never marry.  
Nonsense. You will marry far better  
than the Dashwood girls.  
But I have no dowry.  
There are other important qualities  
that you have in abundance.  
It would not surprise me if you  
married beyond your expectations.  
Oh, I wish that might be so.  
There is a young man ...  
Is he of good fortune and breeding?  
Of both. But his family  
would certainly oppose the match.  
They will allow it  
as soon as they see you.  
It is a very great secret.  
I've told nobody in the world  
for fear of discovery.  
- I am the soul of discretion.  
- If I dared tell ...  
I can assure you,  
I am as silent as the grave.  
Viper in my bosom!  
Stop this!  
What a commotion! Edward Ferrars.  
the one I used to joke you about, -  
- is engaged these five years  
to Lucy Steele.  
His mother has demanded he break the  
engagement or suffer disinheritance.  
But he refuses to break his promise.  
He has stood by her, -  
- and is cut off without a penny.  
She settled it all on Mr. Robert.  
I must find Lucy. Your sister-in-law  
drove her to hysteria.  
How long have you known?  
- Since Mrs. Jennings invited us.  
- Why did you not tell me?  
Lucy told me in confidence.  
- I could not break my word.  
- He loves you!

- He tried to tell me about Lucy.

- He cannot marry her.

Should he treat her worse  
than Willoughby treated you?

- He can't marry without love.

- He promised a long time ago.

He may harbour some regret, but he  
he will be happy he kept his word.

It is bewitching to think one's  
happiness depends on one person, -

- but it is not always possible.

We must accept.

Edward will marry Lucy,  
and you and I will go home.

Always resignation and acceptance.

Always prudence and honour and duty.

Elinor, where is your heart?

What do you know of my heart,  
or anything but your own suffering?

For weeks this has been pressed  
on me, when I could not speak of it.

Forced on me by the person whose  
prior claims ruined all my hopes.

I endured her exaltation, knowing  
I was divided from Edward forever.

If not bound to silence. I'd have  
produced proof of a broken heart.

I have heard your Mr. Ferrars  
has lost his fortune to his brother.

- Have I been rightly informed?

- It is indeed so.

- Are you acquainted with him?

- No. we have never met.

But I know only too well  
the cruelty ...

... of dividing two young people  
long attached to one another.

I have a proposal that may allow him  
to marry Miss Steele immediately.

As he is a friend to your family,  
perhaps you'd mention it to him.

I'm sure he'd be delighted  
to hear it from your own lips.

I think not.

His behaviour has proved him proud.  
In the best sense.  
I feel certain  
this is the right course.  
Mr. Edward Ferrars.  
Thank you for responding so quickly.  
I was grateful  
to receive your message.  
God knows what you must think of me.  
- I have no right to speak...  
- I have good news.  
Do please sit down.  
- You know of Col. Brandon.  
- I've heard his name.  
Col. Brandon desires me to say,  
as you wish to join the clergy, -  
- that he has pleasure in offering  
you the parish at Delaford, -  
- in the hope it may enable  
you and Miss Steele to marry.  
- Col. Brandon!  
- Yes.  
He means it as testimony of his  
concern for this cruel situation.  
Col. Brandon give me a parish!  
Can it be possible?  
You shouldn't be astonished to find  
friendship outside your family.  
No.  
Not to find it in you.  
I cannot be ignorant that it is  
certainly to you that I owe this.  
I'd express it if I could,  
but I am no orator ...  
You are mistaken.  
You owe it to your own merit.  
Col. Brandon must be a man  
of great worth.  
He is the kindest and best of men.  
May I ask why the colonel  
did not tell me himself?  
I think he felt it would be better  
coming from a friend.  
Your friendship has been

the most important in my life.

You will always have it.

Forgive me.

You honour your promises. That is more important than anything else.

I wish you both happiness.

What luck for them

to find a parish so close to Barton.

You'll all be able to meet

very often.

I've never disliked a person so much as I do Mr. Willoughby.

We can see his house from the hill!

I'll ask Jackson to plant trees.

You won't.

I hear Miss Grey's bridal gown was everything of the finest ...

Mrs. Bunting!

We're in desperate need of tea.

She's not drawn breath since London.

Had I only found another way home.

There was no other way. I'll just take a stroll. A moment's peace.

- I think it is going to rain.

- No. it will not rain.

- When you say so, it always does.

- I shall keep to the garden.

We are very proud of your Thomas.

His papa has such a way with him.

Oh, there you are.

Come and meet little Thomas.

I cannot see Marianne.

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds. -

- or bends with the remover to remove.

Oh. no. It is an ever fixed mark -

- that looks on tempests

and is never shaken.

Willoughby ...

Willoughby ...

Willoughby ...

Marianne!

- She'll be wet through.

- Thank you for pointing that out.  
Do not worry, Miss Dashwood.  
Brandon will find her.  
We can all guess where she went.  
She's not hurt.  
but we must get her warm.  
There is a fire lit in my room.  
Do hurry!  
I think Marianne may need  
a doctor.  
You'll wear yourself out. A day or  
two in bed will set her to rights.  
You can rely upon Harris, Colonel.  
I've never found a better physician.

- What is the diagnosis?  
- It is an infectious fever.  
- I recommend removing your child.  
- Mrs. Bunting!

Miss Dashwood ...  
I am more sorry than I can say.  
- If you prefer me to stay I shall.  
- That is very kind.  
But Col. Brandon and Dr. Harris  
will look after us.  
Thank you for all you have done.  
She's not doing as well  
as I would like.  
What can I do?  
- You've done so much already.  
- Anything, or I shall run mad.  
She would be easier  
if her mother were here.  
I must fetch more laudanum.  
I cannot pretend that your sister's  
condition is not very serious.  
You must prepare yourself.  
I will return shortly.  
Marianne ...  
Marianne, please try ...  
Marianne ...  
Please try ...  
I cannot ...  
I cannot do without you.  
I've tried to bear everything else.

I will try ...  
But please, dearest ...  
... beloved Marianne ...  
... do not leave me alone.  
Elinor ...  
My mother ...  
She is out of danger.  
She is out of danger.  
- Where is Elinor?  
- I'm here.  
Dearest. I am here.  
Col. Brandon ...  
Thank you.  
He's not so dashing as Willoughby,  
but he has a pleasing countenance.  
There was something in Willoughby's  
eyes at times that I did not like.  
"Nor is the earth the lesse.  
or loseth aught."  
"What from one place doth fall is  
with the tide to another brought."  
"For there is nothing lost  
but may be found ...  
... if sought."  
- Shall we continue tomorrow?  
- No, for I must away.  
- Away! Where?  
- That I cannot tell you.  
It is a secret.  
You will not stay away long  
There.  
There I fell.  
and there I first saw Willoughby.  
Poor Willoughby.  
He will always regret you.  
Does it follow that. had he chosen  
me he would have been content  
He would have had a wife he loved.  
but no money, -  
- and might have learned to rank  
his Pocketbook above his heart.  
If his regrets are half as painful  
as mine, he will suffer enough.  
Do you compare



your conduct with his?  
I compare it to what it  
ought to have been. With yours.  
I fetched those beef fillets. Ma'am.  
Beef is less expensive in Exeter.  
Anyway, it's for Marianne.  
- Was Exeter crowded?  
- It was. Ma'am.  
Miss Pothington  
has had another stroke.  
And Miss Murden has turned away  
Coles for his drunkenness.  
And Mr. Ferrars is married.  
but of course you know that.  
Who told you he was married?  
I saw Mrs. Ferrars myself. She and  
Mr. Ferrars stopped at the inn.  
I saw it was Miss Steele.  
so I took off my hat.  
She inquired after all of you,  
especially Miss Dashwood.  
She bade me give their compliments.  
They're sending a piece of the cake.  
- Did Mrs. Ferrars seem well?  
- She said she was vastly contented.  
As she was always an affable lady,  
I made free to wish her joy.  
Thank you, Thomas.  
- What is it. Thomas!  
- I'm not sure, but it's heavy.  
"It is small enough for the parlour.  
When I follow shortly, I expect -  
- that you've learnt the enclosed.  
Your friend, Christopher Brandon."  
It fits perfectly.  
Here you are, Miss Marianne.  
Fetch some tea.  
- He must like you very much.  
- It's for all of us.  
Here is Col. Brandon.  
- I do not think it is the colonel.  
- He said he would arrive today.  
Edward!  
It is Edward!

Calm.

We must be calm.

Mr. Ferrars for you, ma'am.

Edward ...

What a pleasure to see you.

- I trust I find you all well

- Thank you. We are all very well.

We've been enjoying fine weather ...

Well. we have .

I'm glad to hear it.

The roads were very dry.

I wish you great joy, Edward.

I hope

you have left Mrs. Ferrars well.

Tolerably ... Thank you.

Is Mrs. Ferrars at the new Parish?

No ... my mother is in town.

I meant Mrs. Edward Ferrars.

You've not heard?

I think you mean my brother.

Mrs. Robert Ferrars.

- Mrs. Robert Ferrars?

- Yes.

I received a letter

from Miss Steele. -

- or Mrs. Ferrars, I should say,  
communicating to me -

- the transfer of her affections  
to my brother Robert.

It seems they were much  
thrown together in London.

In view of my new circumstances

I felt it only right -

- that she be released  
from our engagement.

At any rate, they were married  
last week in Plymouth.

Then you ...

... are not married?

No.

Elinor ...

I met Lucy when I was very young.

Had I had a profession, I would not  
have felt such an idle inclination.

At Norland, I convinced myself that  
you felt only friendship for me, -  
- and that it was my heart alone  
that I was risking.

I have come with no expectations,  
only to express, now I am able, -  
- that my heart is,  
and always will be ...

... yours.

- He's sitting next to her.

- What else?

Tell us!

He's kneeling down!