

## AUDITION PIECE 6

### Scene 4: Strawberry-picking at Donwell

*Donwell. Midsummer.*

*Enter Jane Fairfax, in some distress.*

Jane Fairfax: Will you be so kind, when I am missed, as to say that I am gone home? I am going this moment. I have said nothing about it to anybody. It would only be giving trouble and distress.

Emma: Certainly, if you wish it; but you are not going to walk to Highbury alone?

Jane Fairfax: Yes; what should hurt me? I walk fast. I shall be at home in twenty minutes.

Emma: But it is too far, indeed it is, to be walking quite alone. Let my father's servant go with you. Let me order the carriage. It can be round in five minutes. You are fatigued already.

Jane Fairfax: I am fatigued; but it is not the sort of fatigue – quick walking will refresh me. Miss Woodhouse, we all know at times what it is to be wearied in spirits. Mine, I confess, are exhausted. The greatest kindness you can show me, will be to let me have my own way, and only say that I am gone when it is necessary.

*Emma nods, concerned and sympathetic.*

Jane Fairfax: Oh! Miss Woodhouse, the comfort of being sometimes alone!

*Exit Jane Fairfax.*

Emma: I do pity you. But the more sensibility you betray, the more I shall like you.

*Frank Churchill storms in. He is unable to remain in one place.*

Frank Churchill: I was detained by an illness of my aunt's – lasted some hours. I'd quite given up all thought of coming, and had I known how hot a ride I should have, I believe I should not have come at all. The heat is excessive; I've never suffered anything like it – I can bear any degree of cold, but heat is intolerable.

Emma: You will soon be cooler, if you sit still.

Frank Churchill: As soon as I am cooler, I shall go back again. I could very ill be spared; but such a point had been made of my coming! You will all be going soon, I suppose; the whole party breaking up. I met one as I came – madness in such weather! Absolute madness!

Emma: *(to herself, downstage)* I am glad I have done being in love with him. I should not like a man who is so soon discomposed by a hot morning. Harriet's sweet easy temper will not mind it.

Frank Churchill: *(joining Emma)* I ought to travel. I am tired of doing nothing. I want a change. I am serious, Miss Woodhouse, whatever your penetrating eyes may fancy – I am sick of England, and would leave it tomorrow, if I could.

## AUDITION PIECE 6

Emma: You are sick of prosperity and indulgence. Cannot you invent a few hardships for yourself, and be contented to stay?

Frank Churchill: You are quite mistaken. I do not look upon myself as either prosperous or indulged. I am thwarted in everything material. I do not consider myself at all a fortunate person.

Emma: Go and eat and drink – a slice of cold meat and a draught of Madeira and water will make you nearly on a par with the rest of us.

Frank Churchill: No – I shall not stir. I shall sit by you. You are my best cure.

Emma: We are going to Box Hill tomorrow; you will join us. It will be something for a young man so much in want of a change.