

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

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

CAM tilts up to find MRS DASHWOOD on the middle landing of the staircase, smiling down at them. CAM tilts up yet further to find FANNY on the landing above, watching EDWARD and ELINOR with a face like a prune.

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

EDWARD and ELINOR are still talking as they walk arm in arm 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.

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