

Emma Audition Sides

Side 1: Emma p.109

Side 2: Emma & Harriet p.13-16

Side 3: Emma & Knightley p.42-44

Side 4: Emma & Mr. Elton p.39-40

Side 5: Emma & Mr. Woodhouse p.7-8

Side 6: Emma & Frank Churchill p.57-58

Side 7: Emma & Mrs. Weston p.110-111

Side 8: Emma & Jane p.90-91

Side 9: Emma & Miss Bates p.94-95

Side 10: Knightley p.96-97

Slide 11: Mrs. Weston p.97-98

Slide 12: Mr. Elton & Mrs. Elton p.60

Side 1: Emma p.109

EMMA: Harriet and Knightley!

Knightley and Harriet!

(scoffing) MRS. HARRIET KNIGHTLEY!

It is unimaginable—unthinkable—an INCONCEIVABLE MATCH—*worse* than JANE FAIRFAX, or the *same*—the same nightmare—because

BECAUSE HE CANNOT MARRY ANY OF THEM!

BECAUSE HE CANNOT MARRY ANYBODY AT ALL!

NO, NO, THAT ISN'T RIGHT, EITHER—wait a minute, hang on, hang on, I am GETTING there—

MR. KNIGHTLEY MUST NOT MARRY HARRIET OR JANE OR ANY OTHER WOMAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE....BECAUSE HE CAN ONLY MARRY....

.....*me.*

Oh.....—are you *serious?!!*

Of all the convenient plot twists—

I am MADLY in love with George Knightley!

I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH HIM SINCE THE BEGINNING!!

THAT'S WHY HE WAS THE ONLY CHARACTER ALLOWED IN MY STUPID DIRECT STUPID ADDRESS STUPID MONOLOGUES!!!

To the audience:

...You, yes—you—DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?!!!

WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME!!!

HOW VERY VERY DARE YOU?!!!

Side 2: Emma & Harriet p.13-16

EMMA: Who was that young man I saw you talking to at the wedding, Harriet?

HARRIET: Oh! Do you mean—do you mean, ah—Mr. Robert Martin? (*suddenly getting interested in her tea*) He is—he is an acquaintance.

EMMA: And do you two have—an understanding?

HARRIET: No. That is, not—not formally. (*Harriet shrugs, blushing and smiling*)

EMMA: Well, you must tell me all about him! Mr. Martin is a very accomplished young man, I am sure?

HARRIET: (*proudly*) He is a groundskeeper, Miss—Emma. And the best in his trade in England!

EMMA: A *groundskeeper*?

How “accomplished” could a groundskeeper be? Is he the swiftest shoveler in the county? The fastest turf-layer in the land?

HARRIET: Well, um—I don’t think—

EMMA: (*brightly*) Harriet! I am only teasing!

HARRIET: Oh. Ha ha ha. (*beat*)

EMMA: How long have you and he had—this acquaintance?

HARRIET: Well—we have been (*significantly*) conversing for seven whole weeks.

EMMA: Seven weeks!

HARRIET: Yes?

EMMA: *Seven weeks?*

HARRIET: What?

EMMA: Oh, Harriet. My poor benighted lamb.

HARRIET: What is it?

EMMA: Nothing.

HARRIET: Why am I a lamb?!!!

EMMA: (*she takes a breath—then turns away in a false start*) No, no I should not interfere!

HARRIET: Please, please please just tell me!!!

Beat.

EMMA: Harriet, if a man’s intentions are serious, he makes a serious offer. And it does not take him almost TWO WHOLE MONTHS to do so.

HARRIET: That seems... hasty.

EMMA: Think of all the great romances! Romeo and Juliet! Antony and Cleopatra! Tristan and Isolde! Did they flit around, making eyes and doing nothing, for weeks and weeks? OR DID THEY LOCK IT DOWN—WITH HASTE?!

HARRIET: But aren’t there—many couples, who, who have known each for years, before/

EMMA: (*gesturing into the audience demonstratively*) Do you want to be part of one of those commonplace couples? Or do you want to be Romeo and Juliet?

HARRIET: —didn’t they die?

EMMA: Without a commitment, Harriet, his attention to you is only flirtation. And flirtation is a meaningless game that men and women play.

Who knows—just how many girls—this Mr. Martin is *playing with*?

HARRIET: Oh.

EMMA: “Mr. Martin.” If that is even his real name.

HARRIET: —I—I never considered it like that before.

When I think of it—

Why—why HASN'T he proposed?

What—what is WRONG with me?

EMMA: Nothing is wrong with *you!!!* YOU are a perfect angel flown down from heaven!

The question IS: what is wrong with HIM?

HARRIET: Yes—that's—that's right! What is WRONG with him?!!

EMMA: What does he think, that you'll just—sit around, waiting for him to make up his mind? Because you won't!

HARRIET: I won't!

EMMA: Does he think you can't find someone else?! Because you can!

HARRIET: I can!

EMMA: (*prompting her*) And then—

HARRIET: And then—he'll LEARN HIS LESSON!

EMMA: Good, Miss Smith, good!

And now you get the biscuit!

She gives her a gingerbread man.

Side 3: Emma & Knightley p.42-44

EMMA: Blecccch. Of all the loathsome turns for this story to take!!!! Frankly, I am realllllly—out of patience with (*training her finger on the audience*) you—all of you, for—sitting there silently, in the dark, and not warning me of Mr. Elton's intentions—I can see, Madame, by the, the expression on your face that you may have pre-read the plot synopsis!

But I will not be thrown by—a minor setback!

Mr. Knightley steps into her spotlight.

KNIGHTLEY: Emma—

EMMA: I shall move forward—onward—upward—with even more determination than ever before, and—

KNIGHTLEY: Emma—

EMMA: Offstage, sir—it is not your cue yet! Shoo!

He does not move.

KNIGHTLEY: Emma—I hope that you have learned your lesson.

EMMA: What "*lesson*"?

KNIGHTLEY: One—that you should not meddle in match-making—

EMMA: Oh, good, a list. How thrilling.

KNIGHTLEY: Two—that indulging in the same will only cause chaos—

EMMA: "Chaos" slightly stretches the semantics of one spoiled waistcoat, sir—

KNIGHTLEY:

And three—that you are better served putting your energies elsewhere!

EMMA: (*sharply*) Where, exactly?

He stumbles, stares at her: he has no answer.

KNIGHTLEY: Well.—there must be someplace. (*beat, then:*) Emma, if we can only—get past this, I /would like to

EMMA: (*with a shake of her head*)—I will concede, sir, that I underestimated Mr. Elton's foolishness. I will admit that—with a bit of UNDERSTANDABLE CONFUSION due to, to verbal trickery, and given circumstance, and—and rather convenient staging (*targeting an unseen director*) thank you SO much, Ms. Stype—I may have mistook his intentions. But—

KNIGHTLEY: Always a but—

EMMA: BUT now Mr. Elton has left the county to terrorize some other lady with rampant iambic pentameter. And Harriet shall soon forget all about him!

KNIGHTLEY: You may have talked her into affection, but she is not so easily to be talked out of it. She is one of those, who once begun, shall evermore be in love, always looking for the charm of an object to occupy the many vacancies of her mind!

EMMA: Then I will give her a newer object! A shinier one! I can find Harriet a much better match than stupid Mr. Elton—that pretentious, puffed-up, pontificating priest! Just—just—wait and see!

KNIGHTLEY: You cannot control everything, Emma.

EMMA: (*grimly*) But isn't it. Fun. To Watch me try??

Side 4: Emma & Mr. Elton p.39-40

MR. ELTON: *My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;*

EMMA: No sonnet no sonnet /nosonnet no

MR. ELTON: */Coral is far more red, than her lips red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts—*

EMMA: STOP! stop this immediately—shut it down—

MR. ELTON: *Her breasts are dun—*

EMMA: YOU are done, sir, YOU are. Howdareyou?!!!

MR. ELTON: You can't expect me not to speak in fiery tones, Miss Woodhouse, when my heart—is ALL aFLAME!

EMMA: HOW OFTEN IS IT IN HEAT!! WHAT ABOUT HARRIET?!!

MR. ELTON: Harriet who?

EMMA: I—I am shocked to my core, sir, by the inconstancy of men! To think that you should—should importune me—*versify* at me—in this—this shameless fashion, after such marked attentions as I have witnessed you pay to Miss Smith!

MR. ELTON:W—wh—Miss Smith?!! Miss SMITH?

EMMA: Yuh-HUH!

MR. ELTON: Who could ever think of Miss Smith, when Miss Woodhouse is near!

O my jealous spitting kitten!

My crackling green-eyed vixen!

Did you fear that my gaze might have strayed to lesser heights, my feisty little minx?

EMMA: —howdareyou/

MR. ELTON: /I swear I never paid Harriet Smith any attentions, but as your friend, and if she has fancied otherwise, her own wishes have misled her! I mean—(*laughing*) Every body has their level, and I'm sure she shall find an—appropriate match—but I am not, I think,

at quite so much of a loss! (*really laughing*) Hoohoo hoo hoo, hoo hoo.. (*wiping tears of mirth from his eyes*) Miss Smith!

He advances on her, very happily; it's all Romeo; Emma evades him.

EMMA: But what about the—portrait?!!

MR. ELTON: —done by your spotless hand? Oh, many a time I have sat and kissed it, my love—

EMMA: But what about the poetry?!!

MR. ELTON: —inspired by your beauty? I have memorized tomes—TOMES—that cannot yet do you justice—

EMMA: (*wailing to the universe*) But what about my PLANS?

MR. ELTON: I have PLANS enough for the both of us, my fluttering fretting cherub!

(He kneels and scoots inexorably closer—)

Now—*Let you not to the marriage of true minds—Admit impediments!*

EMMA: Really—

MR. ELTON: *Love is not LOVE / Which alters when it alteration FINDS,*

EMMA: MR. ELTON—

MR. ELTON: *O NO! it is an ever-fixed MARK—*

EMMA: LEARN TO TAKE A HINT!

Side 5: Emma & Mr. Woodhouse p.7-8

Emma is dancing around her father.

MR. WOODHOUSE: (*anxiously*) Emma, Emma—Emma—do sit down.

EMMA: (*still dancing*) Why, Papa?

MR. WOODHOUSE: You shall take a chill, dancing about in this dreadful draft. (*he shivers, evocatively*)

EMMA: (*spinning close to him, and taking his hands as if to tempt him to dance*) I'm running hot, actually.

MR. WOODHOUSE: (*he absolutely will not dance*) Getting overheated is EVEN WORSE! Sit and have some gruel.

(speaking lovingly to the goo) It is nice and smooth today—thin, but not too thin—do have a little basin of gruel with me, Emma—

EMMA: Oh / thank you, but—

MR. WOODHOUSE: (*picking up his little bell*) I'll ring for it now—

EMMA: (*lunging for the bell*) NO! No, no, Papa—as appetizing as that looks—I'm too excited to eat.

MR. WOODHOUSE: (*darkly*) Gruel is excellent for overexcitement. (*he eyes her as she continues to dance*)

Why are you so restless today, my dear?

EMMA: I am plotting a PROSPECTIVE PROJECT!

MR. WOODHOUSE: What does that mean?

EMMA: Oh, you shall see, Papa. (*darkly*) Soon—soon they *all* shall see. (*swooping in to kiss him*)

(she dances away) MWAhahaha!

MR. WOODHOUSE:

—sometimes, Emma, you do make me anxious.

Side 6: Emma & Frank Churchill p.57-58

EMMA: So, Mr. Churchill—what do you think of Highbury thus far?

FRANK: As a stranger in a strange land, Miss Woodhouse, I am confined only to compliments. Shall I pay you a few more, now?

EMMA: No, sir—slow, sir. You shall frighten me away!

FRANK: I don't think so.

EMMA: Let us be good children, and speak in a civilized fashion.

FRANK: I shall try, for your sake, Miss Woodhouse. But I am told—that I am very very naughty.

He smiles and looks across the room at where Jane plays.

EMMA: What do you think of Miss Fairfax's playing? Are you—as Miss Bates prophesied—in raptures?

Frank looks at Jane; she does not look at him.

FRANK: Oh, it is accomplished, to be sure. Beautiful, even.

And yet—there is a certain—coldness, in her melody, Miss Woodhouse. D'you know what I mean? Brrrrr.

EMMA: *(overjoyed; meaning precisely what she means to mean)* How can you say so, sir? I find Miss Fairfax's music—every bit as full of feeling as herself! BrrrrrRRrr.

FRANK: If you say it, Miss Woodhouse, it must be so.

She giggles.

EMMA: May I ask, Mr. Churchill—how well DID you know Miss Fairfax, in Weymouth?

FRANK: She and I were often in the same set.

EMMA: Then why would she pretend otherwise?

FRANK: I dare not guess!

EMMA: Jane Fairfax left the Dixon's service abruptly, did she not?

FRANK: —I think the family was surprized.

EMMA: Do you know the reason?

FRANK: —I dare not speculate.

EMMA: She won't speak about why she left Weymouth, and she denies knowing you—the only person who saw her there. Why?

FRANK: You are a clever creature, Miss Woodhouse. And I agree—there must be something there. Perhaps it is a mystery—we can unravel together.

Side 7: Emma & Mrs. Weston p.110-111

EMMA: Oh Anne, I have—mixed things up, so terribly. I have gotten tangled in my own machinations—and behaved foolishly, and overestimated my powers—

MRS. WESTON: —I know—

EMMA: And now I am—confused, about if I ever—did any good in matchmaking, at all—I think I encouraged the wrong people and put my energies into truly vain endeavors—

MRS. WESTON: I know.

EMMA: —and everything is all turned around and beyond my control, and I don't know what to do!

MRS. WESTON: I know.

EMMA: —How do you know?

MRS. WESTON: Motherhood makes one omniscient.

EMMA: Really?

MRS. WESTON: No!

EMMA: Anne—why did you choose to educate me—so—extensively?

MRS. WESTON: Because you had the opportunity to be taught.

EMMA: It is not because I am uniquely clever?

MRS. WESTON: You are clever, Emma, if sometimes—overconfident.

EMMA: I do not feel it, NOW. I feel—rather stupid, and useless, and silly.

MRS. WESTON: And yet—you are becoming wiser by the moment.

EMMA: (*yeah, right*) Pffaw.

MRS. WESTON: I taught you all I knew, Emma, because I thought you were capable of—more. That you might find a way to use that great brain—to do better than the world expected you to. So—become capable of more.

Side 8: Emma & Jane p.90-91

EMMA: So, Miss Fairfax. (*grasping for conversation*)—how are you enjoying the ba/

JANE: How am I enjoying myself? How am I ENJOYING myself?

EMMA: Um, yes?

JANE: (*she scoffs*) You—you—really, Miss Woodhouse, I know that you have never liked me! But to be cruel in this fashion—

EMMA: Pardon!

JANE: You know exactly what you are doing!

EMMA: I do not know what you are—wait—Jane—are—are you crying?

JANE: NO! It is just—the light in here is weak! I must go—

EMMA: Don't run off again, please! I am relieved to see you have—any emotions at all!

JANE: You know that I do! You see what a heart I have! You must know of our circumstances, and yet you are always intruding and interrupting and coming in between us!

EMMA: "Us?" So you—do have feelings towards a certain—gentleman, and you believe that I am attempting to thwart them?!

JANE: Don't pretend otherwise. Even you are not that simple!

Side 9: Emma & Miss Bates p.94-95

MISS BATES: Oh, Miss Woodhouse—I thought you should be dancing!

EMMA: (*dully*) There is no partner for me.

MISS BATES: (*teasing*) Three old maids it is, then!

—Mother loves to dance; don't you, Mother? MOTHER! LOVE TO JIG, DON'TCHA? CHA CHA CHA?

Miss Bates does an evocative little jiggle. Emma still watches Jane and Knightley. Miss Bates nudges Emma quite hard—in that unsubtle stage whisper:

They do make a handsome couple, don't they?

Emma does not respond.

Mother and I have been plotting, you know. Mr. Knightley admires Jane so openly—everybody remarks upon it—and you are not the only matchmaker in the county! What would you say to us conspiring—to play Cupid, Miss Woodhouse?

Emma does not respond.

Or perhaps you feel—that we should not meddle in others' affairs.

Emma does not respond.

Only Jane deserves, so much, to be happy, and Mr. Knightley too— but I resolve from now on—I should not interfere.

— I shall try to hold my tongue!

(*joking holding her tongue*) Your knowr rl ram an reternal talker!

Beat.

—I shall try to stay silent and discreet, Miss Woodhouse.

Beat beat.

—I shall try to stop chattering / only—

EMMA: (*through gritted teeth*) Try—harder.

MISS BATES: What?

(*Emma is trying, trying to keep a lid on it—but it is building, building, boiling over:*)

What was that, Miss Woodhouse?

What did you say?

EMMA: I am so weary of—Jane Fairfax this, Jane Fairfax that—every waking moment—having her held in front of me, as some kind of—taunt, for everything I don't have, everything I am not—don't you ever get tired, Miss Bates?

MISS BATES: I—I beg your pardon?

EMMA: Of being so tiresome?

How can you stand there—silly, and smiling, and content with your lot, like some virtuous village idiot?! How can you accept working so hard, with nothing ever changing—being headmistress of a ladies' school that doesn't teach much of anything, except how to be tertiary to one's own life—!

MISS BATES: Miss Woodhouse—!

Unbeknownst to Emma, the music has stopped:

EMMA:

Why do you—any of you—teach young women, when—when there is no use to be made of us! Why have I been given a mind, only to waste it, wiling away my time in—little unhappy nothings? What is the point of educating a lady—if the most we can aspire to is—is— making

marrriages for all our days?! How do you stomach it, Miss Bates? Tell me, because I am heartily sick of creating misery for myself, just because I cannot help it, just—because I must, I must have something to do, or I shall run mad!!!!

She stops—and suddenly realizes the whole room has gone silent, and is staring at her.

Side 10: Knightley p.96-97

KNIGHTLEY: Emma, how could you speak to Miss Bates so?!!

Were Miss Bates prosperous, I could accept this acknowledgement. But she was not born into privilege, as you were! She is poor; she has sunk from the comforts she was born to; and, if nothing changes, she will sink more. Her situation should secure your compassion, not your contempt!

She has known you since you were a child; she has given you a thousand attentions; she has flattered you far beyond your merits—and what is her thanks?

To have you grow up to humble her before all the company!! What right do YOU have to judge Miss Bates, for taking in boarding students, running a—a struggling little school? How can you mock her, for—for trying to do something with her life!

What do YOU ever do with your time but—but waste it—on vain nonsense, on flirting with Frank Churchill, on tearing down Miss Fairfax—a superior woman, whom you mostly resent for being more of USE than you are!

Miss Fairfax gets praise for her accomplishments! For her works, not her social standing! And if you do not receive the same approbation—perhaps it is worth considering that you do not DESERVE it. That you are not happy because you do not do anything worth being happy about!

Slide 11: Mrs. Weston p.97-98

MRS. WESTON: Are you happy, sir?

You seemed to have finally won. Aren't you pleased?

Emma was very wrong to take her anger out upon Miss Bates. I was coming to tell her so. But that does not mean you are in the right.

Consider, George Knightley—the advantages that YOU were born into.

You and my Emma have grown up together—squabbling and competing and attempting to impress each other all that time—and she has always been your equal. She is capable of all that you are capable of, but she cannot have an occupation, like Mr. Knightley of Donwell Abbey; she cannot own property, nor operate in the courts! She is not to have much utility at all! Indeed, she is scarcely to have any rights at all!

A lady who is not *allowed* real employment, will grasp like a drowning woman for the lifeline of any minor stimulation whatsoever! She eats too much, she over-primps, she engages in silly

dramas, she meddles in her friends' lives! And yes, she takes out her frustrations on others—because she is so desperately bored! Because within that young woman is potential going to waste!

Easy for you to judge her, as she judged Miss Bates! Shame on Emma, yes! But shame on both of you.

Slide 12: Mr. Elton & Mrs. Elton p.60

THE HYENA HAS ARRIVED. MR. ELTON appears, escorting Mrs. Elton. She is...not bright. What's more, she has a laugh that's the auditory equivalent of nails being torn out of fingers. She thinks Mr. Elton is the most desirable thrilling brilliant human being alive. They are extremely well-matched.

MR. ELTON: *My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;*

MRS. ELTON: (titillated beyond measure) Eyes! (Mrs. Elton cackles)

MR. ELTON: *Coral is far more red, than her lips red:*

MRS. ELTON: Lips! (Mrs. Elton cackles)

MR. ELTON: *If snow be white, why then her breasts—her breasts are dun;*

MRS. ELTON: Breasts! (Mrs. Elton cackles, then—overcome with lust) Oh, oh, oh Mr. E!
How very clever you are!