

Visit with the Steeles

LUCY. What a lovely room this is! So very well-appointed. (*Marianne is silent.*)

ELINOR. Indeed! (*Pause.*)

ANNE. (*To Elinor.*) How do you like Devonshire, Miss Dashwood? I suppose you were very sorry to leave Sussex, and that big fine house — When your father died, and you lost all your money.

ELINOR. (*Taken aback.*) We were very sad to leave Norland.

MARIANNE. (*Mortally offended.*) Excuse me. (*She goes to the piano and begins playing an angry march that continues, under.*)

ANNE. (*Leaving no room for response.*) And had you a great many smart beaux there? There may be a vast many smart beaux in Exeter, I'm sure; but Lord knows if I can tell what beaux there might be about Norland! And perhaps the Miss Dashwoods might find it dull here if they do not have so many as they used to have. But perhaps you two do not care about the beaux, and had as lief be without! For my part, I think they are vastly agreeable provided they dress smart and behave civil. I can't bear to see them dirty and nasty. Now there's Mr. Rose at Exeter, clerk to Mr. Simpson, if you do but meet him of a morning he is not fit to be seen! I suppose your brother was quite a beau, Miss Dashwood, before he married, as he was so rich, and —

LUCY. — ANNE!

ANNE. (*Unchastened.*) Well. Sir John tells us Miss Marianne has a special admirer who is VERY handsome. And I hope you will have as good luck yourself soon — but perhaps you have a gentleman friend, already?

~~ELINOR. (*Blushing from offence.*) His name is Ferrars, but pray do not tell it, for it's a great secret.~~

SKIP
LINE

ANNE. Ferrars! Mr. Ferrars is the happy man? Your sister-in-law's brother, Miss Dashwood? Why, we know him very, very well.

LUCY. Anne! We have met Mr. Ferrars once or twice at our uncle's, but we hardly know him well.

ANNE. Well! I shall say no more, not for all the money in the world. I do believe I shall see if Miss Marianne knows any arias. I am passionately fond of an aria. (*Anne sits and happily jabbers away*)