**1:40:56**

**Mr. Knightley:** Emma! Forgive me, I was, uh…I was lost in my thoughts.

**Emma:** And how are you? Happy?

**Mr. Knightley:** Well, I’m…happy to see you, as always.

**Emma:** Ah….I didn't, uh… know that you were back.

**Mr. Knightley:** Just.

**Emma:** Ah…

**Mr. Knightley:** Yes, just.

**Emma:** Oh, yes. ……… I’m on my way home.

**Mr. Knightley:** I was just there. …….. May I join you? ………..

**Emma:** Of course. ……… Oh, dear...

**Mr. Knightley:** What?

**Emma:** What? Oh! Oh! … Something about the deer that we need for the … venison stew.

**Mr. Knightley:** Uh-huh. …… Emma, there's something I have to ask.

**Emma:** Oh, wait, now that you are back, there is some news that will surprise you.

**Mr. Knightley:** Of what nature is this news?

**Emma:** The very best. It is a wedding between two-

**Mr. Knightley:** Oh, yes! Between Jane and Mr. Churchill. Mr. Weston wrote to me.

**Emma:** Undoubtedly you are not surprised.

**Mr. Knightley:** Well…

**Emma:** But … I seem doomed to blindness.

**Mr. Knightley:** Time will heal your wound.

**Emma:** My wound?

**Mr. Knightley:** I know you must have been cruelly disappointed by his secret. He's a scoundrel.

**Emma:** You are kind, but I must tell you that I quickly saw that Frank lacked qualities, honesty being one, which are essential to me in any kind of friend.

**Mr. Knightley:** Emma, is that true?

**Emma:** He imposed on me, but he has not injured me.

**Mr. Knightley:** Yes, he got everything he wanted at great expense to others, and at no cost to himself. He offends me deeply. Yet, there is… there’s something in his situation that I envy.

**Emma:** Did I mention we are having a new drain installed?

**Mr. Knightley:** You will not ask me the point of my envy? Well, perhaps you are wise. But, I cannot be wise. Emma, I must tell you what you will not ask, though I may wish it unsaid the next moment.

**Emma:** Then do not speak it. Do not commit yourself to something that will injure us both to have said.

**Mr. Knightley:** Very well. ……. Very well. …….. Good day.

……………………………………………………………………………………………..

**Emma:** Mr. Knightley! Mr. Knightley. I stopped you ungraciously just now and gave you pain. If you have any wish to speak to me openly about anything you might have in contemplation, as your friend I cannot refuse you. Indeed, as your old friend, I will hear whatever it is you wish to tell me.

**Mr. Knightley:** Emma! You want our friendship to remain the same as it has always been, but I cannot desire that.

**Emma:** But why? I know I make mistakes, but had you been here the last few days you would have seen how I have tried to change! Please tell me I am your

friend.

**Mr. Knightley:** I do not wish to call you my friend, because I hoped to call you something infinitely more dear. Have you not wondered why I never befriended Frank Churchill? It was because I knew he was intended for you. Indeed, when you insulted Miss Bates at the picnic, I thought that evidence of his influence

over you. And I could not bear to see it, so I… I went away, but I went to the

wrong place. My brother's house is usually a place of comfort to me, but

seeing your sister there kept you fresh in my mind. And the torture, I

assure you, was acute. I only felt hope again when I heard of Mr. Churchill's engagement. And I rushed back, anxious for your feelings. Came to be near you. I rode through the rain. I'd… I’d ride through worse than that if I could just hear your voice telling me… that I might at least have… some chance to win you.

**Emma:** Mr. Knightley, if I have not spoken, it is because I am afraid I will awaken myself from this dream! It cannot be true! But I feel so full of error, so

mistaken in my make-up to deserve you!

**Mr. Knightley:** What of my flaws? I've humbled you, and I've lectured you and you have borne it as no one could have borne it. Maybe it is our imperfections which make us so perfect for one another. … Marry me? Marry me, my wonderful, darling friend! …… Let's go to your father.

**Emma:** Oh, dear!

**Mr. Knightley:** What?

**Emma:** I cannot marry you!

**Mr. Knightley:** Whyever not?

**Emma:** My father! First my sister, then Mrs. Weston, I don't think he could bear my leaving even for a man he regards as highly as you, I cannot marry you! I

cannot abandon him, I cannot!

**Mr. Knightley:** I could not secure your happiness while attacking your father's. As long as his joy requires your being at Hartfield, let it be my home, too.

**Emma:** Thank you! Thank you! Now, I need not call you Mr. Knightley! I may call you my Mr. Knightley.