

DASHWOOD women: MRS. DASHWOOD, ELINOR, MARIANNE & MARGARET
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MARGARET *[bringing in a vase of flowers]*

Is Marianne's *preserver* here?

ELINOR *[setting the table]*

You're overly dramatic.

[Enter MRS. DASHWOOD bowl of strawberries]

MRS. DASHWOOD

Don't you think he's handsome, Elinor?

MARGARET

So handsome, I can hardly breathe!

MARIANNE *[drinking a mimosa]*

EI doesn't trust beautiful men.

ELINOR

I never said that.

MARGARET

Did you see his arms, Mom? *[makes a yummy sound]*

ELINOR

[to MARGARET] Calm down, dear. *[To MARIANNE]* We know nothing about him.

MRS. DASHWOOD

That's why we are getting to know him. I bet he has nice -what do you call, them? Abs! *[MARGARET and MRS. DASHWOOD giggle]*

ELINOR

God help Mr. Willoughby.

MARIANNE

Elinor, he may not be plain enough or dull enough for *your* taste, but even *you* may find him handsome - if you get to know him.

MRS. DASHWOOD

Don't be hateful, Marianne.

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ELINOR

Careful, Mare: remember how puffy you get when you drink. *[She takes MARIANNE's drink]*

MARGARET

He's HERE!

MARIANNE

Mother-!

MRS. DASHWOOD

Take a breath, Margaret.

ELINOR *[to MARGARET]*

Mags, go get more stemware for the table.

MARGARET *[mimicking- biting tongue]*

'More stemware for the table.'

[Pantomime of WILL entrance: he brings in flowers and takes to Marianne, he kisses MRS. DASHWOOD's hand and commits on ELINOR's sketch displayed. MARGARET talks over it]

I have never seen anyone so handsome. In real life. Marianne is embarrassed at first, because of her klutzy introduction, but he makes her feel comfortable. They discover mutual love of *everything*. She questions him on the subject of her favorite films, poets, authors, playwrights; all are brought forward and *[impression of MARIANNE]* dwelt upon to rapturous delight.