

Side: MARY (with Anne)

MARY: My dear sister! I'm very ill used. I don't suppose I'll have a day's health all the autumn, and I began to think I'd never see you.

ANNE: I came as soon as I could, Mary.

MARY: I can hardly speak, and I've not seen a creature the whole morning.

ANNE: The Admiral and Mrs Croft were expected as I left –

MARY: Dear me, is this the day the Crofts are come to Kellynch? I'm glad I didn't think of it before. How low it makes me.

ANNE: Perhaps they'll inspect the neighbourhood and pay their respects. **MARY:** They ought to call upon us immediately – ought to feel what's due to

us as our father's daughters. But I'm not well enough to receive anyone today.

ANNE: I'm so sorry, Mary, and you sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday.

MARY: I made the best of it – I always do but I was very far from well at the time.

ANNE: You wrote in the cheerfulest manner, and said you were perfectly well and in no hurry for me.

MARY: I was nearly dead!

ANNE: Well, you can imagine how much was left for me to do before the new people arrived.

MARY: And now you're stuck down here with me.

ANNE: Oh, no, I'm glad to be where I'm wanted at least.

MARY: Indeed, I couldn't possibly do without you. If I get off this sofa before Christmas it'll be a miracle.

She gets up and crosses to a plate of cakes.

Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell? Charles is out shooting of course. If he saw me dying, he wouldn't think there was anything the matter with me. You might persuade him that I really am a great deal worse than I ever own.