

While she waits for her friends to return from the market, Anne chats with Captain Harville, a good friend of Captain Wentworth's.

ANNE

Hello, Captain.

HARVILLE

Miss Anne. I'm sure you've heard Miss Louisa has healed from her fall.

ANNE

Indeed, what a blessing.

HARVILLE

And now she is to marry my friend, Captain Benwick (**BEN-ick*). He was meant to marry my sister, but she passed away last year.

ANNE

I'm so sorry.

HARVILLE

She wouldn't have married someone else so soon. It wasn't in her nature to forget so easily.

ANNE

It wouldn't be the nature of any woman who truly loved.

HARVILLE

Do you claim that for your sex?

ANNE

We certainly don't forget you as soon as you forget us. You have other things to occupy your time, and unfortunately many women don't have that luxury.

HARVILLE

(Jovially)

We shall never agree upon this point. But let me observe, all histories are against you. I never opened a book that didn't have something to say on woman's fickleness.

ANNE

Yes, Captain Harville, but they were all written by men. Men have every advantage of women in telling their own story. Education has been yours in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in your hands. I won't allow books to prove anything.

HARVILLE

Then how shall we prove anything?

ANNE

We never shall. It's a difference of opinion and can't be proven.
But all the privilege I claim for my own sex - and it isn't an enviable
one; you need not covet it - is that of loving longest, when all hope
is gone.

HARVILLE

You are a good soul. And when I think of Benwick, my tongue is tied.