AN EDUCATION : THE SCREENPLAY PDF, EPUB, EBOOK



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Nick Hornby | 224 pages | 01 May 2010 | Penguin Books Ltd | 9780141044743 | English | London, United Kingdom

An Education: The Screenplay by Nick Hornby: GOOD Paperback () | Bayside Books

Part of the genius of "An Education" is that it unfolds this relationship at a deliberate pace. Sarsgaard plays an attractive, intelligent companion. He is careful to keep a distance. Must be a good trout fisherman. To some degree, he's truthful: He enormously enjoys this smart, pretty girl. He loves walking along the Seine with her. He knows things about the world that she eagerly welcomes. Yes, he's also a rotter, a bounder, a cad, a dirty rotten scoundrel. But you can't get far in any of those trades if you're not also a charmer. To some degree, Jenny welcomes being deceived. It became well-known in the U. There are many scene-by-scene parallels between book and movie, and much closely adapted dialogue. We know that Lynn Barber is smart and that she was pretty when she was But her affair wasn't such a great experience, at least not in its second year.

What transforms it in "An Education" is Mulligan, who has that rare gift of enlisting us on her side and making us like her. She's so lovable that whatever happens must be somehow for Jenny's benefit. She glows. So young women, let this movie offer useful advice. When a man seems too good to be true, he probably isn't -- good, or true. We all make mistakes when we're growing up. Sometimes we learn from them. If we're lucky, we can even learn during them. And you must certainly see Paris. Do not count on meeting the aunt. Barber writes: "What did I get from Simon? An education -- the thing my parents always wanted me to have I learned about expensive restaurants and luxury hotels and foreign travel, I learned about antiques and Bergman films and classical music. But actually there was a much bigger bonus than that. My experience with Simon entirely cured my craving for sophistication. By the time I got to Oxford, I wanted nothing more than to meet kind, decent, straightforward boys my own age, no matter if they were gauche or virgins.

With the extra material on board, it provides a useful introduction to growing a film project. As always, Nick Hornby writes entertainingly, such as his discussion of editorial decisions on the ending, which I think would be accessible enough to engage a young audience. There's also much to mull over in terms of comparing early-Sixties teenage life with today's sophisticated expectations and values. Two other recent publications which capture the same pre-Swinging Sixties period are Jacqueline Walker's beautiful memoir of her childhood in Jamaica and London, Pilgrim State and William Bedford's None of the Cadillacs was Pink , both worth a look.

After enjoying this book so much, I'm keen to compare it with Lynn Barber's [[An Education … and since I'm planning on seeing the film next Wednesday, I guess the marketing worked just fine. Please share on: Facebook , Twitter and Instagram. Just send us an email and we'll put the best up on the site. Page actions Review Discussion More Tools.

Personal tools Log in. Categories Fiction Non-fiction Children's books Authors. We Buy Books. Category: Entertainment. Reviewer: Trish Simpson-Davis. Summary: Book to accompany the film. It is a fast read. The girl is like any school girls who are into book, speaking French and having an education. From very tradition family who want her to go to Oxford. She met a

an-education-the-screenplay | RCW Literary Agency

One rainy day her suburban existence is upended by the arrival of David, a much older suitor who introduces her to a glittering new world of concerts, art, smoky bars, urban nightlife, and his glamorous friends, replacing her traditional education with his own version. It could be her awakening - or her undoing. This edition of Hornby's adapted screenplay, which includes stills from the film, is a perfect accompaniment to the highly anticipated movie, which stars Carey Mulligan as Jenny, Peter Sarsgaard, Emma Thompson, Dominic Cooper, and Alfred Molina. It is a must-have for fans of Hornby's novels, featuring his signature pitch-perfect dialogue, mordant wit, and the resonant humanity of his writing. Genre: Romance. It is a fast read. The girl is like any school girls who are into book, speaking French and having an education. From very tradition family who want her to go to Oxford.

She met a An Education : The Screenplay. Nick Hornby.

An Education () - IMDb

She has such lightness and grace, you're pretty sure this is the birth of a star. All very well and good, you're thinking, but how is this film a romance? Oh, it's not so much a romance between the teenager and the middle-aged man. That only advances to the level of an infatuation. It's a romance between the girl, named Jenny, and the possibilities within her, the future before her, and the joy of being alive. Yes, she sheds a few tears. But she gets better than she gives, and in hindsight, this has been a valuable experience for her. But wait? Doesn't this girl have parents? She certainly does. Jack and Marjorie Alfred Molina and Cara Seymour are proper, traditional middle-class parents in the London suburb of Twickenham, and there's nothing but love in the home.

They aren't wealthy or worldly, but they wish the best for their girl and are bursting with pride that she's won a scholarship to Oxford. Then she springs David Peter Sarsgaard on them. This is a smooth operator. He sees her standing at a bus stop in the rain, holding her cello case. He offers her a lift in his sports car. He engages her in conversation about classical music. He "happens" to run into her again, and they have a nice chat. He wonders if she might enjoy You see how it goes. He opens a door she eagerly wants to enter, to concerts, plays, restaurants, double dates with his fascinating friends, talk about the great world when the boys at school have nothing to say.

At some point, it must become clear to her that he intends to sleep with her if he can, but by now she's thinking that he very possibly can. I forgot to tell you about her parents. They dote and protect, but are very naive. David is good-looking, well-dressed, well-spoken and very, very polite. He has "taken an interest" in Jenny because, why? He is impressed by this young woman's mind and enjoys sharing his advantages.

He offers implicit guarantees of her safety, and they're so proud of her, they believe a wealthy older man would be interested for purely platonic motives. They're innocents. Jenny will be safe with him for a weekend in Paris -- because he has an aunt who lives there and will be her chaperone? Watch a Video. His screenplay for the film An Education was nominated for an Academy Award. He lives in Highbury, north London. Visit Seller's Storefront. We guarantee the condition of every book as it's described on the AbeBooks web sites.

If you've changed your mind about a book that you've ordered, please use the Ask bookseller a question link to contact us and we'll respond within 2 business days. This does not affect your statutory consumer rights includ Shipping costs are based on books weighing 2. If your book order is heavy or oversized, we may contact you to let you know extra shipping is required. Jenny studies him carefully. And if you're going out to the West End I appreciate it. See you again. They exchange warm handshakes. He turns to Marjorie. Marjorie extends her hand. David takes it, but kisses it suavely,leaving her a little flustered. Jenny and David leave. JACK sniffing the air What's that smell? Has he got perfume on? And it makes a change from carbolic soap. JACK At least there's no confusion, if you smell of carbolic soap.

Marjorie rolls her eyes. Jenny suddenly looks young in the dress that looks too old for her - other adults are milling around outside, and the women

don't look like girls dressed up. Helen is as far from anyone's idea of an aunt as one can get. She's no more beautiful than Jenny, but she's dressed both appropriately and spectacularly, in earlys, pre-hippy Bohemian gear. She turns heads in a way that Jenny is not yet able to. Danny too is attractive, but soberly so. David and Jenny are, in a way, paler, less striking versions of these two. Are we late? HELEN I was hoping we'd miss the beginning, and then it wouldn't be worth going in, and we could go off dancing or something.

Jenny and David laugh politely. Jenny shakes hands with the two of them. They both give her fascinated and clearly appraising looks. They have heard about her. They walk into the hall. She's particularly bowled over by Helen. We can leave our coats over there. I want to get rid of this. She nods at the coat she's carrying. Jenny looks thrilled at the prospect of spending a couple of minutes with Helen. Danny hands Helen his coat, without saying anything. The girls walk over to another reception table a few yards away, behind which is a cloakroom. A lady is exchanging overcoats for tickets. Almost involuntarily, Jenny touches the sleeve of Helen's velvety jacket. She stops herself. Helen notices. It's nice, isn't it? Where did it come from? Well, it's good for this sort of concert, isn't it? Helen is now at the front of the queue, and hands her coat over imperiously. She takes a ticket from the cloakroom lady. But South Ken C'est beaucoup trop cher pour moi.

They stare at each other. Helen is bewildered, Jenny embarrassed. It was too expensive for me. You said something completely different. Well, I said it in French. Jenny feels humiliated; she is yet to realise what we can see - that Helen is simply very dim. Jenny looks away. Helen stares at her. The performance bell rings, and they make their way back to the men. To Jenny's surprise and pleasure, Helen links arms with her as they walk. It's too expensive for me, too. We don't have to worry about that. If you want something in South Ken, get David to take you shopping. Helen makes a knowing face. Jenny can't concentrate - she's too excited by the occasion and the company. Jenny sneaks a glance at Helen, who stares straight ahead, unblinking and enigmatic.

David is smiling, as if he's trying to communicate enjoyment; Danny's eyes flicker across the stage - he understands the music, its component parts, which musicians are contributing what. Jenny takes it all in. Will that kill the mood, do you think? The others laugh. Tentatively That was classical, wasn't it? Very classical. As classical as you can get. Helen looks pleased. Heaven forbid that we should end the evening reflecting on our own mortality. Jenny smiles in delight. She's never met people like this. Jenny is sitting with the others at a table in the club, eating and talking. She looks about twelve, but she's thrilled to be there.

We know now that her life can never be the same again, and there will be no going back to fish- paste sandwiches with spotty Graham. Jenny shakes her head. Her eyes are wide - she's clearly awe-struck. David offers her a cigarette - a Gitane - which she takes. He lights it for her while she's listening. The one with the eyes on the sleeve.

I saved up and got my French conversation teacher to bring it back after Christmas. Jenny shakes her head again and smiles. Where would she have seen Juliette Greco? Danny, meanwhile, is baffled. Who hasn't seen Juliette Greco? David will take you. You'd fit right in. There's so much I want you to see. They sip their drinks pensively, possibly to allow time for the double-entendre to disappear into the smoke. Can't do it. There's a Burne-Jones coming up at Christie's on Friday. And I want it. A real one? Rossetti and Burne-Jones, anyway. Not Holman Hunt, so much. He's so garish. Danny looks at her. There's clearly more to this schoolgirl than he thought. Why don't we all go to the auction? Wouldn't that be fun? How exciting. David will pick you up. She doesn't want to explain why. Helen looks at him aghast. Why has he started speaking French? Jenny hesitates. I'm sure I could That would be lovely.

The hallway is dark, but she can hear noises from the kitchen. She pokes her head round the corner, and sees her mother doing the washing-up. Did you have a nice time? We had hot-pot tonight, and it's all burnt round We finish tea at seven. How was your evening? It was the best night of my life. Right to the door? Jenny looks at her. She doesn't seem to have heard what Jenny has just said. Nine or ten classmates are scattered around the room, talking distractedly, but Jenny's group is much more animated: Tina and Hattie are leaning forward, listening to Jenny, their eyes bright. They are clearly awestruck by Jenny's tales of the outside world. I want to know what else was on the programme. He was the perfect gentleman. He just said he wanted to take me places and show me things.

TINA Things plural? Oh my Gawd! More laughter. I'm presuming that's what you're so animated about. The students start to sit down at desks in a more conventional arrangement. TINA It's true. He's more a man- friend, isn't he? He's got a sports-car, Miss Stubbs. A Mr Rochester figure. Jenny pulls a face at her. As you may have noticed, I'm attempting to turn the subject away from Jenny's lurid love-life and towards the matter in hand. She starts to hand out essays. Reluctantly I must concede that Jenny is evidently an expert on both matters. Excellent as always, Jenny. Miss Stubbs slaps an essay down on Jenny's desk. She puts down her pen, distracted. DAY 23 David sitting in his Bristol, waiting. DAY 24 We see the Bristol parked outside, and Jenny walking towards it, a small figure in a large playground.

She's clearly just changed out of her school uniform, and she's making last-minute adjustments to her civvies. A teacher walks towards her, and Jenny almost freezes - but the teacher merely smiles pleasantly and walks past. Jenny keeps walking at a measured pace for a moment and then breaks into a run. David is distracted. He's driving slowly, apparently looking for an address. We kept bumping into each other, and we became pals, and we've ended up doing a bit of work together, when it suits us. A bit of art dealing. Some buying and selling. This and that He stops the car. He gets out of the car, and Jenny watches him as he crosses the road. Outside a dilapidated house covered in scaffolding stands a large West Indian family, mother, father, three or four small children and a dog. They are surrounded by what appears to be all their worldly goods. David squats down on his haunches, talks to the kids, tousles the hair of the smallest.

Then he takes out a bunch of keys and ushers the family down the path. He unlocks the door and leads them inside. In an upper window of the house, we see an old lady peering down anxiously. DAY 26 David emerges from the house, jangling his keys. DAY 27 Jenny opens the glove compartment where David keeps his cigarettes, takes out the packet, removes one for herself, offers the packet to David as he gets into the car. He lights them both. Negro people? And it's not as if they can rent off their own kind, is it? He starts the car and drives off. It's too boring. All you need to know is that I work in property so that I can take you to nice places. Jenny's POV of the black family in one window, and the little old lady disappearing from another.

DAY 28 Danny intent on a catalogue, Helen gazing dreamily into space, as David and Jenny push their way through the crowded auction room. The auctioneer burbles on in the background. Jenny is in awe of rich London in all its finery. The auctioneer clears his throat. This is a rare opportunity to purchase a key work of the Pre- Raphaelite movement. Who will start me off at five hundred guineas?

Jenny glances at Danny. He makes no move at this price. Neither does anyone else. He's poised and listening hard. A middle-aged lady, the epitome of the middle-aged contemporary Sloane, twin-set, pearls and a lot of face powder, raises her hand. Three hundred? A man raises his hand. The middle -aged Sloane nods. Four hundred guineas? Four hundred and fifty Danny continues to sit there. Jenny is confused. The middle-aged lady bids four-fifty. David, sitting next to Danny, whispers something to him. Danny nods. Jenny looks at him. Jenny raises her hand high, just as she'd do at school. People look round and smile when they see who has come in.

Jenny blushes, but stares fixedly ahead. Jenny looks at David, who nods. Jenny gestures more economically. Thank you, madam. Seven hundred Jenny is almost insouciant this time. The middle-aged lady shakes her head and purses her lips. He brings down the gavel, and a murmur goes around the room. Jenny is excited and giggly. David pats her on the back. Jenny looks at Danny. Tell him. Couldn't have bought it without you. A nerveless performance. Jenny beams. She's thrilled. The flat is unusually and tastefully decorated, opulent and indicative of Bohemian good taste. Jenny is sipping a glass of white wine and walking around the room enthralled, looking at Danny's existing Pre-Raphaelite art collection; he has three or four big paintings proudly displayed on his walls.

Danny is talking her through them while Helen and David, sitting on the sofa, watch - David proudly, Helen impassively. Nobody was interested. Fifty pounds? I don't believe you. Suddenly Jenny sees a cello in the corner of the room - a good one. Do you play? I vowed to myself that one day I'd own one of these. And now I own one and never touch it. It's vulgar to put it on show, really. One day. When I'm good enough for it. You've never heard me. Danny stands up and stretches. Or in Oxford, when you get there. Straw boaters, punting, cream teas, antiquarian bookshops. Bit of business, if we can find it. What about next weekend? I wouldn't be allowed to do that. They all look at her. I'll talk to them. Jenny hoots with derision. He'd have you arrested. You don't know who you're dealing with. They shake hands. Jenny suddenly notice the clock on Danny's mantelpiece. You must take me back to school.

And I've got to change back into my uniform. There is a silence. Danny and David make momentary eye contact - they are clearly contemplating the erotic possibilities of Jenny's last sentence. Jenny looks at them all, mystified. Tina and Hattie aren't with her, and she sits on her own -the atmosphere of the class is very different from Miss Stubbs' English lessons. The girls are different, more serious, less fun, and the atmosphere is more sombre. She pulls some papers out of her bag. We will start from the bottom Jenny puffs out her cheeks.

She's not last. That would just about scrape a pass in the exam proper. Not good enough for Oxford candidates. DAY 31 Jenny and her mother are sitting on the sofa, staring into space, clearly upset. On the coffee table in front of them is the test, covered in red ink. They hear a key in the lock, and they look at each other. Jack enters, back from work. He's wearing a suit and carrying a battered briefcase. He looks at them, and then notices the essay on the table. Well, it didn't go as well as we'd hoped. He picks up the paper. The Latin teacher?

Because this is hopeless. What are you going to do? Shout at her until she decides I'm much cleverer than she thinks? JACK What if their best isn't good enough, though, eh? What do we do then? Any of us. Not even you, Dad. JACK Perhaps it's all a waste of time and money anyway. And if she's going to spend three years playing that bloody cello and talking in French to beatniks, then I'm throwing good money after bad.

I suppose she might meet a nice lawyer. But she could do that at a dinner dance tomorrow. That's the whole point of an Oxford education. It's the expensive alternative to a dinner dance. JACK Is anyone listening to me? How much is that going to cost me? Maybe a little more for A-level. JACK Five bob!

What else are we spending sixpence on? JACK Oh, nothing. He gestures round the room. It's all free. That vase was free. It was a present from Auntie Vi. JACK That chair was free. The sofa. We don't have to pay for anything. And even if we did, we don't have to work for it. That's the beauty of life, Jenny. Everything's free.

Grows on trees. Wonderful, isn't it? He warms to his theme, and grows progressively more berserk. We've got a lovely Oxford tree in the garden, lucky for you, so that's Oxford taken care of. And a whole orchard of school trees, so that's all free. I'm sure there are some private tuition trees out there. I'll go and have a look. He stands up. JACK No, no, won't take me a minute. I think I saw some at the back there, right next to the pocket money tree. I'll just nip out and check, see that they're doing all right. Don't want anyone climbing over the wall and scrumping, do we? And you never know. Maybe there'll be a man with deep pockets growing out there. Because God knows we need to find you one.

He leaves the room, apparently to look in the garden for the mythical trees. Hattie and Tina follow Jenny's eyes, and they see Graham coming towards them pushing his bike, red-faced, trousers tucked into socks. It all went wrong, didn't it? The tea-party, I mean. Was it because of the year off? It's just I've got so much to do if I'm going to get the grades I need. TINA Yes. She's got no time for boys. Hattie and Tina try to suppress giggles. Graham turns an even brighter shade of red. Hattie and Tina enter the coffee bar.

Jenny feels sorry for him, is on the verge of inviting him to join them And changes her mind. She follows the girls inside. She has a Latin vocabulary propped open on the window-ledge. She looks at it, walks away, mutters to herself, attempting to memorize. Her concentration is broken by a sudden gale of laughter from downstairs. She hears a man's voice that does not belong to her father, and then more laughter from her father and mother. Jack and Marjorie are laughing so hard that they can hardly see - they certainly miss Jenny's entrance. JACK Oh. David does the most brilliant Bluebottle, Jenny. Actually, he can do all the Goons. JACK Oh, no, you've got him I knew you'd have your nose to the grindstone. JACK Is that so hard to imagine?

Jenny spies an open bottle of wine on the coffee-table. But it's not Christmas! JACK Hark at her! Makes us sound as though we've signed the pledge. You don't know everything about us, you know. We had a life before you came along. I'm only going on what I've seen over the last

sixteen years.

An Education: The Screenplay by Nick Hornby - book review

When you see her, you can't think of anyone else to compare her with. She makes the role luminous when it could have been sad or awkward. She has such lightness and grace, you're pretty sure this is the birth of a star. All very well and good, you're thinking, but how is this film a romance? Oh, it's not so much a romance between the teenager and the middle-aged man. That only advances to the level of an infatuation. It's a romance between the girl, named Jenny, and the possibilities within her, the future before her, and the joy of being alive. Yes, she sheds a few tears. But she gets better than she gives, and in hindsight, this has been a valuable experience for her. But wait? Doesn't this girl have parents? She certainly does. Jack and Marjorie Alfred Molina and Cara Seymour are proper, traditional middle-class parents in the London suburb of Twickenham, and there's nothing but love in the home.

They aren't wealthy or worldly, but they wish the best for their girl and are bursting with pride that she's won a scholarship to Oxford. Then she springs David Peter Sarsgaard on them. This is a smooth operator. He sees her standing at a bus stop in the rain, holding her cello case. He offers her a lift in his sports car. He engages her in conversation about classical music. He "happens" to run into her again, and they have a nice chat. He wonders if she might enjoy You see how it goes. He opens a door she eagerly wants to enter, to concerts, plays, restaurants, double dates with his fascinating friends, talk about the great world when the boys at school have nothing to say. At some point, it must become clear to her that he intends to sleep with her if he can, but by now she's thinking that he very possibly can. I forgot to tell you about her parents. They dote and protect, but are very naive.

David is good-looking, well-dressed, well-spoken and very, very polite. He has "taken an interest" in Jenny because, why? He is impressed by this young woman's mind and enjoys sharing his advantages. He offers implicit guarantees of her safety, and they're so proud of her, they believe a wealthy older man would be interested for purely platonic motives. From the New York Times bestselling author - the shooting script to his award-winning film, with an original Introduction and vivid stills from the movie. Jenny is a year-old girl stifled by the tedium of adolescence; she can't wait for her sophisticated adult life to begin. One rainy day her suburban existence is upended by the arrival of David, a much older suitor who introduces her to a glittering new world of concerts, art, smoky bars, urban nightlife, and his glamorous friends, replacing her traditional education with his own version.

Jenny despairs, blaming Danny and Helen for not telling her the truth early on and blaming her parents for letting her throw her life away with an older man. Jenny confronts David's wife, and learns that David has a son and is a serial adulterer. Later that night, Jack apologizes to Jenny, admitting that he messed up and that he believed David could give her the life she wanted. Jack points out that although David wasn't who he said he was, Jenny had also deceived her parents about David's nature by playing along with some of David's lies to her parents. Jenny then goes back to her school, requesting to repeat her last year and take her exams, but is refused re-admission. She then goes to Miss Stubbs, asking for help. She resumes her studies and is accepted at Oxford the following year. In a closing voiceover, Jenny shares a story about dating boys her age and starting over with fresh eyes, despite her experiences with David.

Nick Hornby created the screenplay based on an autobiographical essay by the British journalist Lynn Barber about her schoolgirl affair with conman Simon Prewalski, referred to by her as Simon Goldman, which was published in the literary magazine Granta Life's Like That, Summer Both the memoir and the film also allude briefly to Peter Rachman , the notorious post- World War II London property speculator, who Goldman is working for. Barber's full memoir, An Education , was not published in book form until June , when filming had already been completed. Hornby said that what appealed to him in the memoir was that "She's a suburban girl who's frightened that she's going to get cut out of everything good that happens in the city. That, to me, is a big story in popular culture. It's the story of pretty much every rock 'n' roll band.

I was glad that everyone around me on this movie was a woman so that they could watch me carefully. But I don't remember anyone saying to me, 'That isn't how women think. Although Jenny's family home and her school are supposed to be in the suburb of Twickenham , Middlesex incorrectly referred to as 'Twickenham, London' — Twickenham did not become part of Greater London until , the residential scenes featured in the film were shot on Carbery Avenue [15] [16] in the Gunnersbury area of Ealing , west London as well as Mattock Lane in West Ealing and The Japanese School in Acton , which used to be the site of the girls' school called Haberdashers' Aske's School for Girls. It was subsequently restored and opened as a concert hall in October The site's consensus reads: "Though the latter part of the film may not appeal to all, An Education is a charming coming-of-age tale powered by the strength of former newcomer Carey Mulligan's standout performance.

The first adaptation of the screenplay to live theatre was staged at the University of St Andrews in at the annual On the Rocks Festival. From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia. Finola Dwyer Amanda Posey. Release date. Running time. United Kingdom [1] United States [1]. Main article: List of accolades received by An Education. British Film Institute. Archived from the original on 11 July Retrieved 26 May Box Office Mojo. Archived from the original on 5 February Retrieved 22 February Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Retrieved 31 March Archived from the original on 5 December Retrieved 8 February Retrieved 11 December Retrieved 23 May Archived from the original on 22 May Royal Birmingham Conservatoire.

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