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# Pride and Prejudice

By Aldous Huxley

Either the shell-pink gauze  
of muslin  
or the thick gaberdine  
would be most becoming  
to your daughter, Mrs. Bennet.  
Now, let me see.  
Yes. Yes.  
The pink suits you, Jane.  
And, now, we'll see whether  
the blue is becoming to you,  
Lizzie.  
Stand up dear.  
Several young ladies have bought  
new gowns for the Assembly Ball.  
But, none will be more modish  
than this muslin, Madame.  
Isn't it soften when it's worn?  
Mine is, Mama.  
It's been worn for three years.  
Ah, our fashion decrees muslin  
this season, Madame.  
That should be good enough  
for us, shouldn't it, Jane?  
Yes.  
Then, the pink for Miss Jane  
and blue for Miss Elizabeth.  
I know exactly  
how I want mine cut.  
I shall look very worldly.  
How shall I look?  
Adorable, my love. As always!  
Oh, Lizzie!  
Uh-hmm.  
Oh, Mr. Beck! Mr. Beck! Look!  
Lacks-a-daisy!  
What's the commotion?  
Just look at that carriage,  
my darling!  
And those exquisite young men!  
They must have  
come straight from Court!  
Oh, look! They're getting out.  
Have you heard  
any of neighbours say

if they're expecting visitors?  
No, Mama. Who do you suppose  
would be entertaining people  
of fashion like these?  
Mr. Beck, ah, send old Flynn  
and find out if they're stopping  
in the vicinity.  
Ah, ah, slyly, of course.  
The hustler will tell us.  
Lah, here comes Aunt Philips  
as if something were after her!  
Lacks-a-daisy! My sister  
has lost all sense of decorum!  
Aunt Philips!  
Oh! Why such haste?  
Oh! You're out of breath.  
I saw your carriage outside.  
My dear, such news!  
Did you see them?  
Of course, we saw them.  
Who are they, Sister?  
They're the new tenants  
of Netherfield Park.  
Netherfield Park is let,  
at last!  
And to a young man of importance!  
His name is Bingley.  
Is the young woman Mrs. Bingley?  
No, dear. That's the  
pleasantest part of it.  
She's his sister!  
She's his sister, Lizzie.  
Who's the other gentleman,  
Aunt Philips?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Some friend, I suppose.  
Oh! But, let me tell you  
about Mr. Bingley.  
He's very rich!  
He has  
five thousand pounds a year.  
Five thousand pounds  
and unmarried!  
That's the most heartening

piece of news  
since the Battle of Waterloo!  
You couldn't see how handsome  
and elegant he is!  
Excuse me, Madame.  
The second gentleman's name  
is Darcy.  
The two carriages  
and the dogs are his.  
The chaise belongs to Mr. Bingley.  
Two carriages and  
- one, two, three,  
four, five,  
- six liveried servants!  
My word! This Mr. Darcy  
must also be rich!  
I wonder if - he's married?  
Oh! Mrs. Bennet!  
I thought we'd find you here.  
Good morning, Mrs. Philips.  
Elizabeth. Jane.  
I just had to come in  
and tell you the news!  
Dear Lady Lucas, you don't mean  
about the new tenants  
of Netherfield?  
Ye-! Oh!  
You've heard it already.  
Yes, dear.  
Mr. Bingley has  
five thousand pounds a year.  
Who is this Mr. Darcy?  
He's Mr. Bingley's guest.  
They're inseparable friends.  
He's one of the  
Darcys of Pembley.  
Oh! Mr. Darcy of Pembley!  
Is that all you know about him?  
Wha-! Oh!  
You mean, is he married?  
No, dear, no. He isn't married.  
And, he's even richer  
than Mr. Bingley.  
The Pembley estates and all

are worth a clear  
ten thousand a year.  
Ten thou-! Isn't it fortunate  
to have two eligible young men  
coming to the neighborhood?  
Perhaps one of them will  
fall in love with your Charlotte.  
Oh! Not if he sees Jane  
or Lizzie first!  
You may not have beauty, my lamb,  
but, you have character.  
And, some men prefer it.  
How true, Lady Lucas.  
That's why girls who have both  
are doubly fortunate.  
Come, my dears.  
The dressmaker will call  
for the muslin, Mr. Beck.  
Come for chaise, Mama?  
Ssshhh.  
Good morning, Lady Lucas.  
Oh! Good morning, Mrs. Bennet.  
We shall meet  
at the Assembly Ball, of course.  
Yes, indeed.  
Goodbye, Sister. Oh!  
You mustn't leave Lady Lucas.  
Tell Mr. Beck to show you that  
exquisite piece of flower damask.  
Goodbye!  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye, Lady Lucas.  
Goodbye, Lizzie.  
Come over to Longbourn,  
Charlotte.  
Mama!  
Heaven only knows  
where your sisters are!  
We must get home at once!  
But, Mama, why?  
Your father must call on  
Mr. Bingley and Mr. Darcy  
this very afternoon.

If he doesn't, the Lucases will.  
That's what it looks like.  
But the damask, milady.  
Oh, we'll choose the material  
some other time, Mr. Beck.  
Come, Charlotte.  
Hurry, my dear!  
Where are those girls?  
Whenever I want them,  
I never can find them.  
There's Mary, Mama.  
Oh! Mary! Mary!  
Isn't that just like the girl!  
Ah, ah, Mary!  
Mary!  
Oh!  
Look, Mama!  
I have just purchased  
Burke's essay  
on the sublime and beautiful!  
You and your books!  
No wonder you're compelled  
to wear disfiguring glasses!  
Oh! Where are Kitty and Lydia?  
Look for an Officer in a red coat  
and you'll find them.  
Ah, yes, the Officers!  
Come girls!  
Is that the way  
you'll treat a wife, Mr. Wickham?  
More likely to be the way  
she will treat me, Miss Lydia.  
Mama, there they are.  
Where?  
There. Look.  
Kitty, there's Mama.  
Kitty! Lydia! Come here!  
Those two are getting sillier  
and sillier over Officers.  
I don't know  
why you permit it, Mama.  
I had a weakness for the  
military myself when I was young.  
Oh, Mama!

Do we have to go home so soon?  
We just met  
the most fascinating new Officer!  
A Mr. Wickham.  
He's just joined the Black Shoes.  
He's charming!  
Yes, I suppose  
he's very delightful!  
Oh, dear!  
Where is that coachman?  
Where is Jennings?  
Oh, there he is!  
Now, come along, girls!  
Don't dawdle!  
Stay where you are, Jennings!  
Stay where you are!  
We don't have time to lose!  
Look, Mama!  
Lady Lucas's carriage!  
Pass them, Batings! Pass them!  
Overtake them, Jennings!  
Overtake them!  
That's it, Jennings! That's it!  
That will teach her a lesson!  
Keep on going, Jennings!  
I must tell your Papa  
about the visit!  
There's no time to lose!  
Ah, go to the drawing room,  
girls.  
Matthews, could you help  
polish the chaise.  
Mr. Bennet! Mr. Bennet!  
Mr. Bennet!  
Yes, my dear?  
Mr. Bennet! Netherfield Park  
has been let at last!  
Uh-hmm.  
Did you hear me?  
Netherfield Park  
has been let at last!  
Indeed, Mrs. Bennet?  
Well, don't you want to hear  
who's taken it?

Well, if you want to tell me,  
I have no objection  
to hearing it.  
Mr. Bingley is his name.  
And it seems he's a young man  
of large fortune!  
And he's single, my dear!  
Think of it!  
What a fine thing for our girls!  
Is it?  
Mr. Bennet, you know  
perfectly well what I mean.  
I am thinking of his  
marrying one of our daughters.  
Oh! Is that his design  
in settling here?  
How can you talk so, Mr. Bennet?  
This is a serious matter!  
You must go  
and visit him at once!  
You and the girls go.  
Or, better still,  
send the girls by themselves.  
But you're as handsome  
as any of them.  
And Mr. Bingley  
may like you best of all!  
Well, my dear, you flatter me.  
When a woman  
has five grown-up daughters,  
she ought to give over  
thinking of her own beauty.  
Well, in most such cases,  
a woman hasn't much beauty  
to think of, my dear.  
Now, seriously, Mr. Bennet,  
you must go and see Mr. Bingley!  
If you don't,  
Sir William and Lady Lucas  
will get there before us!  
You should have seen her  
galloping her horses  
to beat me from the village  
just now.



Did she win?  
Hah! Indeed, she did not!  
But, she'd stop at nothing  
to get Mr. Bingley  
interested in her Charlotte.  
Well, I'll tell you  
what I'll do, my dear.  
I'll write to assure him  
of my hearty consent  
to his marrying whichever  
he chooses of the girls.  
Though I must saw in a good word  
for my Lizzie.  
Elizabeth is not one wit  
better than the others.  
But you always  
give her the preference!  
Oh! They're all silly  
and ignorant like most girls.  
Ahh!  
But Lizzie has some  
glimmering of success.  
Mr. Bennet! How could you  
abuse your own children  
in such a way?  
You think of ways of vexing me!  
You've no compassion!  
And, my poor nerves!  
Oh! You mistake me, my dear.  
I have the highest respect  
for your nerves.  
I have heard you  
mention them with consideration  
for the last twenty years.  
How can you be so resigned  
to your daughters  
growing up to be  
penniless old maids?  
Leaving everything  
to that cousin of yours!  
That - that odious Mr. Collins!  
Mrs. Bennet,  
for the thousandth time!  
This estate was entailed

when I inherited it.  
It must, by law,  
go to a male heir.  
A male heir, Mrs. Bennet!  
And, it's possible you remember,  
we have no son!  
All the more reason why you  
should take some responsibility  
by getting husbands for them!  
No! You escape  
into your intelligible books!  
And leave everything to me!  
Look at them!  
Five of them without dowries!  
What's to become of them?  
Yes, what is to become  
of the wretched creatures?  
Perhaps we should have drowned  
some of them at birth.  
Mr. Bennet!  
I'm glad  
you didn't drown me, Papa!  
It's much too nice  
just being alive!  
Even if I never have a husband.  
Well, I hope Mr. Bingley  
likes the hat.  
We are not in the way of knowing  
what Mr. Bingley likes  
since we're not to meet him!  
Mary, stop playing!  
Don't keep on coughing, Kitty!  
Good heavens!  
Have a little compassion  
on my poor nerves!  
Well, Kitty  
has no discretion in her cough.  
She times them ill.  
I don't cough  
for my own amusement, Mama.  
Mama, why aren't we  
to meet Mr. Bingley?  
Don't speak about Mr. Bingley!  
I'm sick of him!

Eh? Oh, I'm sorry  
to hear that, my dear.  
If I'd known  
that you'll feel like this,  
I shouldn't have  
gone out of my way  
to make  
his acquaintance last week.  
Oh! Oh! It's very unlucky!  
I even gave him tickets  
to the Assembly Ball.  
And I believe, he intends to  
make himself known to you there.  
Mr. Bennet, you could be wicked  
and bold at times!  
Since he signed his lease  
at Netherfield, my dear.  
Ohh!  
Did you tell him that  
you had five daughters, Papa?  
Well, I told him  
if he ran into five of the  
silliest girls in England,  
they would be my daughters.  
Do you suppose the tenants  
at Netherfield are not coming?  
Very discourteous if they don't  
considering Mr. Bennet  
gave them tickets.  
Don't you think we dance  
beautifully together, Mr. Wickham?  
I suspect you dance beautifully  
with anyone, Miss Lydia.  
And I know I do.  
Tell me, who is the lovely  
creature in the blue dress?  
That lovely creature  
is my sister, Elizabeth.  
Ahh! Then, I'm in luck!  
Please present me  
when the dance is over.  
Lizzie! This is Mr. Wickham.  
He wants to meet you.  
He thinks

you're a lovely creature.  
Someday, I'll tell you  
what sort of a creature you are.  
After that introduction,  
I hardly know how to begin,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Shall I offer a remark  
on the weather?  
If you can make it fit  
for a young lady's ears.  
You are right. The weather  
is too dangerous a subject.  
To be quite safe,  
I shall ask you  
how you like it here in Meryton.  
Ahh! That's anything but safe!  
I'm just discovering  
that I like it prodigiously!  
I hope you'll ask me  
when I began to like it  
so prodigiously, Miss Elizabeth.  
I will.  
When did you?  
Ahh...  
The moment I saw you.  
Very pretty, sir.  
Shall I tell you what I thought  
the moment I saw you?  
Only if it's pleasant!  
Oh, it is! I thought...  
You were  
going to say, Miss Elizabeth?  
Oh, yes! I'm sorry, I forget!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
Miss Bingley, Mr. Bingley  
and Mr. Darcy!  
This is indeed an honor!  
Very distinguished!  
Ah, Kitty, Kitty!  
Your dress is too de... (French).  
Put it up a little.  
Lydia! Lydia, there's  
perspiration on your nose.  
Don't look so hot.

It's very unladylike.  
Oh, Jane. Jane, dear.  
Yes, Mama?  
Of course, you are  
quite perfect, my dear!  
Lizzie, Lizzie! Do try  
to make a good impression.  
You can be so appealing  
when you want to be!  
Oh, ah, Mary.  
Try to sparkle a little.  
Just a little!  
A waltz, Mr. Darcy.  
Yes.  
How modern.  
Yes indeed.  
Shall we have our dance now?  
It's a pleasure.  
Oh! What a handsome young man  
Mr. Darcy is!  
And so rich, too!  
His mother was a daughter of the  
Marquis of Scarlingford.  
Did you hear that, Jane?  
The Marquis of Scarlingford?  
And doesn't he know it!  
I like Mr. Bingley better.  
Mr. Darcy is so so supercilious.  
My goodness!  
He does have an air about him.  
Pray, Sir William! Who is that  
uncommonly handsome girl?  
Who?  
Over there, next to the pillar.  
Oh, ah, that's Miss Bennet.  
This is our dance,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Mrs. Bennet,  
may I present Mr. Bingley?  
Mrs. Bennet. Mrs. Philips.  
Miss Jane Bennet.  
Miss Mary Bennet.  
Mr. Bingley,  
we're all so delighted

that you've taken Netherfield.  
Having it standing empty was  
a lost to the whole neighborhood.  
Like an oyster shell  
without an oyster in it.  
Well, here is the oyster, Madame.  
But, if I may be permitted  
to say so,  
it is you who have the pearl!  
Charming! Charming!  
Oh, ah, Jane dear, why don't you  
say something to Mr. Bingley?  
Good evening, sir.  
May I have the honor  
of this dance, Miss Bennet?  
A pleasure.  
Think of having a daughter  
happily settled at Netherfield.  
She'll be pricing  
wedding garments tomorrow.  
Mind your manners!  
Stop scratching yourself!  
Yes, Mama.  
Well! Is Miss Bingley  
engaged to Mr. Darcy?  
If she is,  
she ought to break it.  
Why?  
No man can be in love  
and look so bored!  
Did you ever see such people,  
Mr. Darcy?  
Really! I think my brother  
ought to apologize  
for bringing us  
to a place like this!  
He is so dreadful  
and indiscriminating.  
He seems to be able  
to enjoy himself in any society.  
I'm not surprised that he is  
able to enjoy himself  
in that society.  
You know, Miss Bennet, you've

done a very extraordinary thing.

What?

You have talked to me  
about all your friends in Meryton  
without saying  
one malicious word.

Oh, but, they are all  
such agreeable people.

They're kind and pleasant.  
That never prevented anyone  
from talking maliciously.

Ohh!

To your health!

Your health!

Now here you  
and Kitty down in one gulp!

Don't giggle!

Now raise your hands!

Oh, look at that. Let's go!

Yes!

My goodness! What a hullabaloo!

Well, they're only young ones!

That odious Mr. Darcy!

Looking down his nose  
at everybody!

Does he think

he is too good for us?

Come, Sister darling!

Isn't that delightful?

Your liking riding

as much as I do!

Yes.

I hope we may be able  
to ride together sometimes.

That will be nice.

Oh, Caroline!

Miss Jane, will you take  
a little stroll  
about the room with me?

With pleasure!

Oh, no, Charles!

You were not invited.

I have a thousand things  
I want to ask Miss Jane.

You know, I've a feeling  
about Mr. Bingley and Jane.  
I really have.  
Look! Look, Sister!  
Miss Bingley is being  
excessively gracious to Jane.  
What did I tell you?  
It's a sure sign!  
You must come over  
to Netherfield one day.  
I should be so bored.  
What?  
Oh, you know! We're new out here  
in the wilderness.  
We will arrange it, shall we?  
Very soon?  
That will be delightful!  
Oh! This is better than  
brazening it out in the open.  
Don't tell me  
we haven't any partners here.  
Oh, why is England cursed with  
so many more women than men?  
Darcy!  
Come! I hate to see you stalking  
about by yourself  
in a stupid manner.  
Why don't you dance?  
With whom?  
Your sister is engaged  
and there isn't another woman  
in the room  
that it wouldn't be a punishment  
for me to stand up with.  
But the place  
is full of pretty girls!  
I have noticed only one and you  
seemed to have monopolised her.  
Yes, isn't she lovely?  
But, there's that  
sister of hers, Miss Elizabeth.  
They say  
she has quite a lively wit.  
Ugh! A provincial young lady



with a lively wit.  
Heaven preserve us!  
And, there's that  
mother of hers.  
It's not the mother  
you have to dance with, Darcy.  
It's the daughter.  
She's charming.  
Yes. She looks tolerable enough.  
But I'm in no humor tonight  
to be of consequence  
to the middle classes at play.  
What a charming man!  
Of all the arrogant,  
detestable snobs!  
Oh, but, Lizzie, he didn't know  
you were listening.  
What difference does that make?  
He would have said just the same  
as he had.  
Oh, she looks tolerable enough!  
But I'm in no humor tonight  
to be of consequence  
to the middle classes at play.  
To think how we badgered  
poor Papa to get him here!  
Oh, I could!  
Oh! Praise heavens!  
I have this dance  
engaged with Col. Stubbs.  
He's never learned the steps  
but he likes the exercise.  
And, it gets me away  
from the wall.  
But, as I was saying,  
I was about to ask you,  
Sir William,  
if you would do me the kindness  
to introduce me to Miss Bennet.  
Oh, certainly.  
Dancing is a charming amusement  
for young people.  
In my opinion, it's one of the  
first refinements

of a polite society.  
It has the added advantage, sir,  
of being one of the  
first refinements of savages.  
Every huttentot can dance.  
Oh, yes. Quite true.  
So, Miss Elizabeth, may I have  
the honor to present Mr. Darcy?  
He's eager to invite you  
to dance.  
Now that you had been forewarned  
of my eagerness  
to dance with you,  
may I hope  
that you will do me the honor?  
I'm afraid that the honor of  
standing up with you, Mr. Darcy,  
is more than I can bear.  
Pray, excuse me.  
Am I to understand that you  
do not wish to dance with me,  
Miss Bennet?  
Sir, I'm begging to be excused.  
The loss is mine, I'm sure.  
Well, you, perhaps,  
know best about that, sir.  
Miss Elizabeth,  
if you're not engaged,  
will you honor me  
with the next dance?  
I shall be very happy  
to dance with you!  
Oh! This is Mr. Wickham,  
Mr. Darcy.  
Mr. Darcy and I have met before.  
We have, indeed.  
The man must be mad.  
Mad? You're too charitable,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
If you're better acquainted,  
you would see in him another man.  
Have you known him a long time?  
Yes, since childhood.  
But, as you saw,

we're not on friendly terms.  
Without knowing  
anything about it,  
I'm on your side.  
Thank you, Miss Elizabeth!  
You see, my father was the  
steward at the Darcy estates.  
Young Darcy and I grew up  
together almost like brothers.  
I mustn't trust myself  
on that subject.  
After what Darcy has done to me,  
I - I wouldn't be a fair judge.  
Ahh! Polka mazoorka!  
I didn't expect to find Meryton  
abreast with the new fashion!  
You underrate us, Mr. Wickham.  
Meryton  
is abreast with everything.  
Everything except insolence  
and bad manners.  
Those London fashions  
we do not admire.  
Things are working out exactly  
as I hoped the first minute  
I set eyes on Mr. Bingley.  
What's this about Mr. Bingley?  
I'm dining with him  
and his sister, Papa.  
This is the day!  
A great and fateful day.  
Mama, do you suppose they'll have  
turtle soup for dinner?  
They're so frightfully rich!  
No, dear.  
You can't expect turtle soup  
until your engagement  
is actually announced!  
Now, Jane, don't forget  
what I told you.  
Don't be too distant with him,  
and, be sure to laugh  
when he makes a joke.  
Yes, even if it's a bad one.

Especially if it's a bad one.  
And, dear, try to sit  
where he can see you in profile.  
You know, dear, although I say  
I shouldn't,  
you have the loveliest profile  
in all Hampshire.

Mama.

Oh! And, Jane, if Mr. Bingley  
should suggest a stroll  
before dinner, don't refuse.  
For instance, they just  
delightfully secluded walks  
in those shrubberies  
around that field.

Yes, Mama.

There won't be  
much strolling today, Mama.

Oh, dear me!

I'm afraid you're right!

Oh! And I had such hopes  
for those shrubberies!

Get out, Jane!

Get out, dear! Come on!

I'm seated, Mama! I want to go!

Who said you weren't going?

Get out there and  
change your clothes immediately!

Ah, take the carriage back  
to the stables, Jennings!

And, tell the boy  
to saddle Miss Jane's horse.

Oh! But, Mama, you can't send  
Jane out on horseback.

It's going to rain  
and she'll catch cold.

Oh, fiddlesticks!

People don't catch cold  
from a few drops of water!

Besides, if it rains,  
she won't be able  
to ride home after dinner.

They'll have to keep her  
all night!

You know dinners and a thing  
like that weather  
lead to engagements.  
Your dear father and I became  
engaged in a thunderstorm.  
You'll be confined here  
for at least a week, Miss Bennet.  
A week!  
A week!  
I hope your mother  
won't be too much upset!  
Oh! No! Mother will be deli-!  
I mean, she'll be grateful  
having such good friends.  
Oh!  
Now, Jane, turn this way.  
This way.  
Now, open your mouth.  
Say, "Aahh".  
Aahh.  
Once more.  
Aahh.  
The epidermis seems to have lost  
its siderotic activity.  
I detect distinct symptoms  
of pyrexia.  
Oh! Is that bad, Dr. Mackintosh?  
He just means you're rather  
feverish, Miss Jane.  
Oh!  
There is also acute coryza  
of the nasal cavities  
accompanied by local  
inflammation of the larynx.  
Not to mention  
some pulmonary congestion,  
and, neuralgic pains  
in the temporal region.  
In other words, Miss Jane,  
you have a bad cold  
and a headache.  
What do you want us to do,  
Doctor?  
I would advise the immediate

application of a sinepism.  
A sidepicip?  
A massive plaster.  
There seems to be someone  
coming up the drive.  
It would appear to be one  
of your sisters. Miss Elizabeth.  
Well, then,  
I'll go down and meet her.  
Come in, Miss Elizabeth.  
Oh! How do you do, Mr. Bingley?  
We got Jane's note this morning.  
She'll be so happy to see you.  
Thank you.  
Ah, this way, Miss Elizabeth.  
Please forgive me, Miss Bingley.  
I'm afraid  
it's a great intrusion.  
My uneasiness about my sister  
must be my excuse.  
It's just a little cold,  
that's all.  
Ah, but, Dr. Mackintosh says  
there's some fever.  
It doesn't amount to anything.  
Nothing to get agitated about.  
I thought I heard your voice,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Have you come  
to visit your sister?  
And, she seems actually  
to have walked.  
The horses  
were needed at the farm.  
I had no alternative.  
Oh, you didn't come alone,  
I hope.  
All alone.  
But how shocking!  
Don't you think so, Mr. Darcy?  
Is it shocking for a young lady  
to be concerned about her sister?  
But to have come  
all this way unaccompanied!

And, on foot!  
Mr. Bingley, would it be possible  
for me to see Jane?  
At once! I'll take you up myself!  
Papa, listen to Mary!  
I can't help listening, my dear.  
Will you be quiet?!  
Mama, the sun is shining!  
May I go to the village?  
Uhm!  
May I go, too, Mama?  
Well, I suppose so.  
Oh! Stop that caterwauling!  
Has anybody heard how Jane is  
this morning?  
Eh, Mr. Bingley sent a note  
over by his groom.  
She's much better.  
Such a happy idea of mine,  
sending her off in the rain!  
Yes, but, then, Jane must have  
all the credit  
for having caught the cold,  
my dear.  
How much longer  
are Elizabeth and Jane  
going to stay at Netherfield?  
Well! We're hoping  
Elizabeth can manage  
to catch a cold of her own,  
and, stay long enough  
to get engaged to Mr. Darcy!  
Then, if a good snowstorm  
could be arranged,  
we'd send Kitty over.  
And, if a young man  
should happen to be in the house,  
a young man who likes singing,  
of course,  
who can discuss philosophy,  
Mary could go.  
Then, if a dashing young soldier  
in a handsome uniform  
should appear for Lydia,

everything would be perfect,  
my dear!  
Just a little marmalade, please,  
Kitty, girl.  
That's twenty-and-ten  
for the game.  
I have two-and-twenty on me.  
Oh! Miss Eliza,  
is your patient asleep?  
Is she better, Miss Elizabeth?  
Yes, her fever is quite gone.  
I'm so glad! Ah, will you  
join us in a game of cards?  
No, thank you. Please continue  
with whatever you were playing.  
I'd enjoy looking  
at some of your books, if I may.  
Miss Eliza is a great reader,  
I'm sure.  
And has no pleasure in anything  
so frivolous as cards.  
Is that true, Miss Elizabeth?  
Not at all.  
I'm not a great reader  
and I have pleasure  
in many frivolous things.  
Thank you.  
I'm sure you have pleasure  
in nursing your sister.  
And, I hope  
it will soon be increased  
by seeing her quite well.  
Thank you. I think  
she may be taken home tomorrow.  
Oh! Not so soon!  
I'm afraid so.  
You see, my mother is expecting  
a visit from our Cousin Collins  
whom none of us has ever seen.  
Well, naturally,  
you're curious to see her.  
My Cousin Collins is a man.  
But, we are curious to see him.  
Naturally.



Miss Jane mustn't go out  
until the doctor advises it.  
Cousin or no cousin.  
There are others in the library  
if you care for none of these.  
This will suit me perfectly.  
Thank you.  
What a delightful library  
you have at Pemberley, Mr. Darcy!  
It ought to be good.  
It's the work  
of many generations.  
Shall we continue, Darcy?  
You and Miss Bingley play.  
I really must finish my letter  
to my sister.  
How I long to see  
your sister again, Mr. Darcy!  
I've never met anyone  
who delighted me so much.  
Such a countenance!  
Such manners!  
And so extremely accomplished  
for one of her age!  
It's amazing to me  
how young ladies  
can have the patience  
to be so accomplished  
as they all are.  
All young ladies  
are not accomplished, Charles.  
All I know are.  
Aren't all  
you know accomplished, Darcy?  
I can't boast of knowing  
more than half a dozen  
who are really so.  
Nor I!  
What do you think, Miss Eliza?  
I think that you and Mr. Darcy  
must comprehend a great deal  
in your idea  
of the accomplished woman.  
I do.

Oh, certainly! No one can  
really be esteemed accomplished,  
unless, you have  
a thorough knowledge  
of music, singing, dancing,  
and, the modern languages.  
Besides, she must also possess  
a certain something  
in the tone of her voice,  
in her address,  
in her expressions,  
as well as,  
in her figure and carriage.  
To which you must add  
something more substantial  
in the improvement of her mind  
by extensive reading.  
I'm no longer surprised that you  
know only six accomplished women.  
I've wondered your knowing any!  
Caroline, are we to discuss  
this subject further?  
Or shall we play piquet?  
Oh, I don't wish to play cards,  
Charles.  
I think I'd prefer a book, too.  
After all, there's no enjoyment  
like reading.  
I'll play with you, Mr. Bingley.  
You cut.  
Do you like dancing,  
Miss Elizabeth?  
Love it!  
As soon as your sister  
has fully recovered,  
I shall give a ball.  
Oh! That's a delightful idea!  
Pray tell your sister  
that I'm delighted  
to hear of her progress in music.  
And let her know  
that I'm quite in raptures  
with her beautiful design  
for a table.

Will you allow me to defer  
your raptures to her again?  
I really haven't room  
to do them justice.  
It's of rare consequence.  
I shall see her soon.  
I'm hungry. May I get you  
some food, Miss Elizabeth?  
No, thank you.  
Miss Eliza, let me persuade you  
to join me in taking  
a turn about the room.  
You'll find it very refreshing  
after sitting for so long.  
With pleasure!  
Mr. Darcy, will you join us?  
Ah, no, thank you.  
I can imagine only two motives  
for your walking with,  
either of which my joining  
you would interfere.  
What does he mean by that,  
Miss Elizabeth?  
If I read  
his character correctly,  
he means to be severe upon us.  
And the best way of  
disappointing him is not to ask.  
I'm not sure  
that your character reading  
is too brilliant,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Anyway, I must know.  
Pray explain what the  
two motives might be, Mr. Darcy.  
I've not the smallest objection  
to explaining.  
Either you have  
secret affairs to discuss,  
or, you are conscious  
that your figures show  
to the greatest advantage  
while walking.  
In the first place, I should be

completely in your way.  
And, in the second,  
I can admire you much better  
from where I am.  
Perfectly abominable!  
What shall we do to punish him,  
Miss Eliza?  
As you know him so well,  
I shall leave  
his punishment to you.  
I must go up and see Jane.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Why disclaim punishment,  
Miss Elizabeth,  
when you deliberately inflict it  
by leaving us so soon?  
If my departure  
is any punishment, Mr. Darcy,  
you are quite right.  
My character reading  
is not too brilliant.  
Good night, sir.  
Charming, my dear! Charming!  
But, ah, that will do!  
Eh, Mary. Mary!  
That's quite enough, dear.  
I'm so glad  
I went to fetch Jane myself.  
If only to see the look  
in Mr. Bingley's eyes  
when he assisted her  
into the carriage.  
Oh, Jane dear! There you are!  
Oh, Jane!  
Are you feeling better, dearest?  
Oh! Much better!  
Jane dear, I was talking  
about dear Mr. Bingley.  
What a charming son-in-law  
he will be!  
But, he hasn't proposed yet,  
has he, Mama?  
He will! I told him some things

about Jane before I left.

Mama!

Only that you have the loveliest disposition in the world!

And, I let drop the fact that you had declined any number of marriage proposals.

Oh, Mama, you didn't!

Of course, I did!

Didn't I, Lizzie?

I'm afraid you did, Mama.

And I set that arrogant Mr. Darcy down, too, before I left!

Did you hear what I said to him, Lizzie?

Yes. I heard only too clearly.

Oh, ah, Matthews, is dinner ready?

Yes, milady.

Good! I'm starving!

So am I! How long do we have to wait for this Collins person?

Matthews, go upstairs and tell Mr. Collins we're waiting dinner for him!

Very well, Madame.

Insufferable creature!

After all, Mama, it isn't his fault that he is to inherit the estate someday.

To think we have to feed the man who is waiting to snatch the bread out of our mouths!

Scheming to rob us of everything we have the moment

your poor dear father is dead!

Ahem. I sometimes think, my dear,

that you've taken an unnecessarily gloomy view about my future.

Well, Papa, tell us  
what he is really like.  
Well, from the little  
I saw of him  
between the front door  
and his bedroom,  
I should say that he was  
an uncommonly fine specimen.  
Here he comes!  
I have heard much, Madame,  
of the charm and beauty  
of your daughters.  
Madame, I have heard much  
about the charm and beau-!  
Oh, heavens!  
What a pudding face!  
Perhaps  
he has beauties of character.  
Yes, perhaps, my dear.  
But, we shall see.  
I trust I haven't  
kept you waiting, sir.  
Not at all, sir. Not at all.  
And now, let me present you  
to Mrs. Bennet and my daughters.  
Mrs. Bennet, my dear, Mr. Collins.  
How do you do, Mr. Collins?  
I trust your journey  
was not too fatiguing.  
Oh, Madame, the fatigues  
of the journey  
have been melted away  
by the warmth  
of your gracious hospitality.  
Uhm, my daughters, Mr. Collins.  
This is Jane.  
This is indeed a privilege.  
Kitty.  
Another privilege.  
Lydia, our youngest.  
Mary.  
And Elizabeth.  
I'm quite overpowered.  
Madame, I have heard

much of the charm  
and beauty of your daughters.  
May I say that their fame  
falls far short of the reality?  
Unfortunately, looks  
aren't the only things  
that count, Mr. Collins.  
Even a beautiful girl  
must have money.  
And, things are settled  
so very ugly in this family.  
Ah, quite so, Madame.  
Well, speaking of beauty,  
it might interest you to know  
that my taste in it  
was formed by the expert opinion  
of my distinguished patroness,  
Lady Catherine de Bourgh.  
Uh-hmm, Mr. Collins,  
would you tell us something  
about your  
distinguished patroness?  
Oh, Lady Catherine!  
Never in my life, sir,  
have I witnessed  
such behavior  
in a person of the rank.  
Such affability and  
- condescension!  
You surprise me, sir!  
I had heard of Lady Catherine -  
as a very proud  
and haughty woman!  
Such is the vulgar opinion, sir!  
But, I can assure you,  
although I act  
as her Ladyship's librarian,  
she has always spoken to me as  
she would to any other gentleman.  
Not really!  
And, now, let me give you  
a further instance  
of her Ladyship's  
extraordinary condescension.

She advised me to marry  
as soon as I could,  
and, actually promised  
to call upon my wife!  
Provided, of course,  
I choose with discretion.  
Oh! Do explain yourself,  
Mr. Collins.  
As you all well know,  
when a certain  
melancholic event occurs,  
I shall be the involuntary means  
of disinheriting your daughters.  
I have long felt it my duty  
to make such reparation  
as within my power.  
I quite understand, Mr. Collins!  
Unfortunately, I cannot  
make amends to more than one.  
The difficulty now is, ah,  
one of, ah, choice.  
I think, perhaps, Miss Jane.  
I'm sorry to disappoint you,  
Mr. Collins,  
but, Jane is practically engaged.  
We are expecting a proposal  
any moment now.  
Well, then, ah, Miss Elizabeth.  
That is,  
if there is no prior claim.  
Oh, none!  
Ah, none that we know of.  
Dinner is served, Madame.  
And, now, my dear Mr. Collins,  
shall we adjourn  
to the dining room?  
Pray taste the cold punch,  
Mr. Darcy,  
and, see  
if it's properly blended.  
Excellent!  
Have it served at once, Roberts.  
Very well, Madame.  
Entertaining the rustics



is not as difficult as I feared.  
Any simple childish games seems  
to amuse them excessively.  
Stop swinging!  
I'm going to fall!  
You are not going to fall,  
dummy!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
Miss Elizabeth! Miss Elizabeth!  
Well, sir! Sir!  
I beg your pardon, sir!  
Do you - do you happen to know  
Miss Elizabeth Bennet, sir?  
I do, sir.  
Has she - has she passed  
this way, may I ask?  
No, sir.  
She has not passed this spot.  
I suggest that you try  
the other side of the lake, sir.  
I'm obliged to you, sir.  
All clear.  
Thank you, Mr. Darcy.  
You saved me from one  
of the most  
dangerous bores  
in the country.  
If the dragon returns, then,  
George will know  
how to deal with him.  
Meanwhile, what do you say  
to a little target practice?  
Very well.  
Are you a good shot with the  
bow and arrow, Mr. Darcy?  
Tolerable.  
Only - tolerable?  
Well, it's a fine old sport.  
And one in which even a  
young lady can become proficient.

So I heard.  
At a short range, of course.  
And, with a light bow.  
Hmm! What a bad shot!  
On the contrary, well done!  
Well, it might have been worse.  
Now, it's your turn.  
Now, the bow - in the left hand.  
Ah! This way.  
So... the arrow goes like this.  
Now, these three fingers  
- one, two, three.  
Now, the left arm, straight.  
Straight, straight, straight.  
Now, turn sideways  
toward the target.  
Aim the bull's eye.  
Yes, that's right.  
Bull's eye.  
And, another bull's eye.  
Next time I talk to a young lady  
about archery,  
I wouldn't be so patronizing.  
Yes! Thank you for the lesson.  
Thank you for taking it so well.  
Most men would be offended.  
And, rightly.  
Would you mind telling me,  
Miss Bennet,  
why you are so determined  
to offend me?  
Is that possible, Mr. Darcy?  
I thought you were invulnerable!  
You always look so - impassive.  
Perhaps you don't laugh enough.  
You may be right.  
But, you haven't  
answered my question.  
Mr. Darcy, you promised to give me  
a lesson with the darts.  
I give no more instructions  
to young ladies.  
They're apt  
to give instructions to me.

What do you say, Miss Bingley?  
Miss Elizabeth thinks  
I do not laugh enough.  
I should be sorry to see you  
laugh more than you do.  
To me,  
there's something so unrefined  
about excessive laughter.  
Oh! If you want to be really  
refined, you have to be dead.  
There's no one as dignified  
as a mummy.  
And, now, may I ask you  
a question, Mr. Darcy?  
By all means!  
What would you think of a man  
who had everything  
the world has to offer?  
Birth, breeding, wealth,  
- good looks.  
Even charm,  
when he chose to exercise it.  
What would be your opinion  
of a man of such gifts -  
who refused to accept  
an introduction to another man  
who was poor  
and of no consequence?  
I shall reserve my opinion  
until I knew the circumstances  
of that particular case.  
Do you suppose the gentleman  
will reveal those circumstances  
if he were asked?  
No. A gentleman does not have  
to explain his action.  
He expects people  
to give him credit  
for being a man of honor  
and integrity.  
And, now, if you will excuse me,  
I will retrieve the arrows.  
Miss Eliza! May I warn you  
as a friend

not to take George Wickham  
too seriously.  
Oh! You knew  
I referred to Mr. Wickham.  
Of course! I know that  
he goes about saying that  
he's been ill-used by Mr. Darcy.  
While I'm ignorant  
of the particulars,  
I know that  
what he says is not true.  
How clever of you,  
my dear Miss Bingley,  
to know something of which  
you are ignorant.  
I've always found George Wickham  
to be a man  
of absolutely no principle.  
But, there! What can you expect  
of one of his low descent?  
I will tell you exactly  
of what I expect.  
Kindness. Honor.  
Generosity. Truthfulness.  
And, I might add that  
I expect precisely the same  
from persons of high descent.  
Oh, Mr. Darcy, Miss Bingley  
is eager for her lessons.  
I hope you will enjoy it,  
Miss Bingley.  
And, that you will learn  
to direct your dart  
with greater accuracy.  
Such insolence and bad manners!  
Pray, what do you think  
of her now, Mr. Darcy?  
I think she handles  
a bow and arrow superbly.  
Flow gently  
Sweet aspen  
Among thy green vale  
Flow gently  
I'll sing thee

Your song in thy praise  
My Mary is asleep  
By thy murmuring stream  
Flow gently  
Sweet after  
Disturb not her dream.  
That stub-bob whose echo  
Resounds from the hill  
Hear ye wild wind  
Sleek black bird  
In yonder thorny dale.  
Oh! Green prairie stare laughing  
Thy screaming forebear  
I charge you  
This sterling morn  
My slumbering fair.  
Charming, Miss Mary! Charming!  
Would you favor us  
with another selection?  
Well, if you really insist!  
Papa, you must make her stop!  
Alright, dear. Sshhh!  
Very good, Mary dear! Very good!  
But, Papa! This is another song!  
Eh?! Oh! Never mind, my dear.  
You've delighted us  
quite long enough.  
Give the other young ladies  
a chance to make  
exhibitions of themselves.  
Oh, Miss Elizabeth,  
allow me to congratulate you.  
On what?  
On your family, of course.  
A talented young singer.  
A cousin distinguished  
for his wit and learning.  
Two young sisters who're  
the toast of the Officers' Mess.  
A mother who is a most  
interesting conversationalist.  
To say nothing of your own  
dexterity with a bow and arrow.  
Such an interesting

accomplished family.  
Miss Elizabeth, I'm afraid  
something has happened  
to disturb you.  
Nothing at all, thank you.  
Are you sure  
there is nothing I can do?  
You could leave me to make  
a fool of myself alone,  
if you don't mind.  
It's hard to imagine  
you making a fool of yourself.  
Well, I do frequently!  
Isn't that what I was doing  
this afternoon?  
I'd rather admire what you did  
this afternoon, Miss Elizabeth.  
The resentment  
of what you believed  
to be an injustice showed  
courage and loyalty.  
I could wish that  
I might possess a friend  
who'd defend me as ably as  
Mr. Wickham was defended today.  
You're very puzzling, Mr. Darcy.  
At this moment, it's difficult  
to believe that you're so proud.  
At this moment,  
it's difficult to believe  
that you are so prejudiced.  
Shall we not call quits  
and start again?  
Oh, Lizzie, Mr. Bingley  
is going to arrange  
a highland rill for us!  
Come along!  
Yes. Please do.  
Shall we?  
I must insist that you look at  
Jane and Mr. Bingley!  
The dear boy makes no secret  
of his admiration.  
And which she was ill and healed

at Netherfield  
completed the conquest.  
I knew it would.  
Wasn't it clever of me  
to send her over in the rain?  
And, of course, dear Jane will see  
that the other girls  
have the opportunity  
of meeting all sorts of  
rich young men.  
I can't imagine you'd drink  
so much punch, Kitty!  
Now you're quite tipsy!  
I am not!  
Hold on! Hold on!  
Hello, Lizzie! Hello, Mr. Darcy!  
Look at Kitty!  
She's a drunken door!  
I am not!  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
If you will choose your partners,  
we'll all have a highland rill.  
Such a gay dance, the rill!  
Won't you allow me  
to take you in?  
I'm sure  
there must be many young men  
who are eager to dance with you.  
Well, Miss Elizabeth!  
Do you recall? The first dance.  
Oh, sir! Will you please accept  
the humble apology of one  
who has only just learned  
that you are the nephew  
of my esteemed patroness,  
Lady Catherine de Bourgh?  
Indeed.  
You will be happy to learn that,  
when I left her two weeks ago,  
your gracious aunt  
was enjoying the best of health.  
What graciousness!  
What condescension!  
What snobbery!

Miss Eliza, please remember that  
Mr. Darcy is a nephew of  
Lady Catherine de Bourgh!  
I do, Mr. Collins.  
I also remember that Mr. Darcy  
is the sort of person  
who offers his friendship,  
and, then, at the first test  
of loyalty, withdraws it.  
Shall we go inside?  
Of course!  
Ohh! Little fellow,  
please don't cry!  
Oh, there's Lizzie!  
Lizzie! Lizzie! Come and see  
how pretty this is!  
Oh! That's charming, Kitty.  
Why don't you make it bigger?  
We could put it around Mr. Collins  
when he grows too much of a bore.  
Lizzie! How can you speak like  
that about your charming cousin?  
Oh, there you are, Mrs. Bennet.  
Oh! Oh, Mr. Collins!  
We were just talking about you.  
I thought you're walking  
with Jane, Mr. Collins.  
I left Miss Jane in the garden  
with Miss Charlotte  
and the new puppies.  
I think I'll join them.  
One moment, please,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Ah, Madame,  
may I have the permission  
to solicit a private interview  
with your daughter, Elizabeth?  
Private!  
Well, I - really -  
Yes, indeed!  
Lizzie will be only too happy!  
Come, Kitty!  
I want you upstairs.  
Why do you keep winking, Mama?



Winking? My! I wasn't winking!  
But, you were, Mama!  
Don't contradict! Come, Kitty!  
But, Mama! Mr. Collins has  
nothing private to say to me!  
No nonsense, Lizzie!  
Lizzie, I desire you to stay  
where you are! Come, Kitty!  
Come, Kitty!  
Believe me,  
my dear Miss Elizabeth,  
your modesty does you  
no disservice in my eyes.  
Wait! You could hardly doubt  
the purport of my discourse.  
My intentions mean too much  
to be mistaken.  
I have singled you out as the  
companion of my future life.  
Please! Before my feelings  
run away with me,  
let me state my reasons  
for marrying you.  
First, I regard it  
as the duty of every gentleman  
in easy circumstances to marry.  
Secondly, I'm convinced it would  
add greatly to my happiness.  
And, thirdly,  
I think it only right that,  
since I am to inherit  
your father's estate,  
I should try and keep it  
in the family.  
And, fourthly, it is the  
particular wish  
of that very noble lady,  
whom I have the honor  
to call my patroness,  
Lady Catherine de Bourgh.  
These, dear Miss Elizabeth,  
are my motives.  
And, now,  
there's nothing for me - but,

for me to assure you  
of the violence of my affection.  
Why, you are too hasty, sir!  
You forget that  
I have made no answer.  
Let me do so at once.  
I appreciate  
the honor of your proposal,  
Oh, my dear Miss Elizabeth!  
But, I must decline with thanks!  
I understand,  
my dear Miss Elizabeth,  
that it is the delicate and  
charming custom of young ladies  
to say no when they mean yes,  
even three or four refusals.  
I am, therefore, by no means  
discouraged  
by what you have said.  
Upon my word, sir!  
You are very hardly discouraged!  
Ah, my dear!  
Mr. Collins,  
you have made your offer,  
I have refused it!  
You can, therefore,  
take possession of this estate  
without the least compassion  
or selfreproach  
whenever it falls to you.  
So, let's regard the incident  
as closed.  
But, my dear Miss Elizabeth,  
I think you ought  
to take into consideration  
that in spite of your loveliness  
and amiable qualifications,  
you are practically penniless.  
And, it's by no means certain  
that another offer of marriage  
may ever be made to you.  
Well, by all the-!  
So, I must, therefore,  
attribute your refusal of me

to your wish of  
increasing my love by suspense!  
Which is, I'm told, the usual  
practice of elegant females!  
Believe me, sir! I am not  
one of those elegant females  
who takes pleasure  
in tormenting a respectable man.  
I am a rational creature speaking  
the truth from her heart.  
Ahh! Thank you!  
You make me feel certain,  
the way  
my proposal is sanctioned  
by the authority of your parents,  
you would plainly say yes!  
Ohh!  
Oh, Papa!  
What is it, dear?  
Lizzie!  
Oh, Papa, dear! I must tell you!  
Well, come into the library.  
Lizzie, bu-!  
Oh, my dear future son-in-law!  
Let me be the first  
to wish you joy!  
Well, thank you, Madame.  
Indeed, I trust  
I have a good reason for joy.  
Of course, I know that  
my cousin's refusal  
naturally springs  
from her bashful modesty.  
Refusal!  
With Lizzie, that does not mean  
bashful modesty!  
But, never mind, Mr. Collins!  
She's a very foolish  
headstrong girl  
and does not know  
her own interest!  
Foolish? Headstrong? Dear me!  
Those failures will not make her  
a very desirable wife!

Oh, but, you quite  
misunderstand, Mr. Collins!  
Lizzie is only headstrong  
in matters such as this!  
Ah, you just wait, Mr. Collins!  
Mr. Bennet always brings her  
to reason!  
Headstrong! Foolish! Dear me!  
Lady Catherine  
will never approve!  
Mr. Bennet! Mr. Bennet!  
We are all in an uproar!  
Lizzie has refused to marry  
Mr. Collins!  
You must force her  
to change her mind immediately!  
Or, he will change his  
and not have her!  
In which event, my dear,  
the matter will be settled  
to the satisfaction of both!  
Please be serious! Speak to her!  
Tell her you insist  
upon her marrying him!  
Lizzie.  
Yes, Papa?  
Your mother insists  
that you accept Mr. Collins.  
Isn't that so, Mrs. Bennet?  
Or else,  
I shall never see her again.  
An unhappy alternative  
is before you, Elizabeth.  
Your mother  
will never see you again  
if you do not marry Mr. Collins.  
And I will never see you again  
if you do.  
Dear Papa!  
But, Mama! You have no right  
to open Jane's letter!  
It's against the principles of  
Magna Carta.  
No right to open

my own daughter's letters?  
I-I've never heard  
of such thing!  
Besides,  
dear Jane need never know.  
Oh! I'm sure it's a proposal!  
I can feel it in my bones!  
My dearest Jane,  
Oh! Oh! She's lost him!  
She's lost him!  
We lost two of them!  
What is lost, Mama?  
Your husbands!  
You throw away Mr. Collins, and,  
now, here's Jane,  
losing Mr. Bingley!  
What are you talking about,  
Mama?  
Read that!  
No, no, it belongs to Jane.  
I-I thought it was a declaration,  
so, I opened it.  
They're gone!  
They've gone to London.  
Well, who's gone to London?  
Mr. Bingley,  
his sister and Mr. Darcy!  
They packed up and left  
without even saying goodbye!  
Read it!  
Read what Mr. Bingley has to say!  
Lizzie!  
Well! Nobody is going to miss  
that high and mighty Mr. Darcy!  
Oh, do be quiet, Lydia!  
Without a sign of a proposal!  
After his  
compromising attentions to Jane!  
Mama!  
He did not compromise Jane.  
He is a very  
undeserving young man!  
My only comfort is  
he should die of a broken heart!

But, he'll be sorry!

Mr. Wickham.

Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wickham?

You'll excuse me, but, I'm much too upset to talk to anyone.

Liizie will give you tea.

Oh! I'm sorry you're disturbed, Madame.

My visit is ill-timed, I'm afraid.

No, no!

Mama has just had some rather surprising news, that's all.

She'll be herself again in no time, honestly.

I heard some surprising news myself this morning.

Really?

Yes! But, it was good news!

It is?

Good news, indeed!

Well?

Mr. Darcy has left Netherfield.

So I hear.

Well, don't you want to know why he went?

I should like very much to know.

His conscience drove him away, Miss Elizabeth.

You mean he was ashamed of his behavior at the Assembly Ball.

Oh, that was nothing.

Thank you.

Maybe the insult Mr. Darcy likes to add to injury.

Miss Elizabeth, having confided so much of my story to you,

I'd like you

to understand the rest.

Would it bother you?

No. On the contrary,

I'm deeply interested.

How kind

and sympathetic you are!

Would it surprise you to learn  
that I was once intended  
for the church, Miss Elizabeth?  
Really? Oh, you seem so  
well-fitted for the Army.  
I have no taste for soldiering!  
The church ought to have been  
my profession.  
And, would have been if Mr. Darcy  
hadn't chosen to disregard  
his father's will.  
Disregard a will?  
Oh, how could he?  
For a man of honor,  
it would have been impossible.  
But Darcy chose to regard the  
annuity which his father left me,  
provided I entered the church,  
as a mere recommendation  
and not a bequest.  
I knew Mr. Darcy  
was proud and arrogant.  
I never imagined him  
dishonorable!  
He should be publicly exposed!  
Not by me, Miss Elizabeth.  
While I remember the father,  
I could never bring myself  
to disgrace the son.  
I admire your generosity,  
Mr. Wickham.  
Thank you, Miss Elizabeth!  
Your sympathy  
means very much to me!  
Oh, there you are!  
We won't let you keep him,  
Lizzie!  
He's got to come  
and play with us.  
You are going to be my partner,  
Mr. Wickham.  
What an honor!  
I'm being kidnapped,  
Miss Elizabeth!

Won't you join us,  
Miss Elizabeth?  
Come on, Lizzie!  
Oh, no, thanks, Mr. James!  
Later, perhaps.  
Why, Jane!  
Oh, Lizzie!  
You let that Caroline Bingley  
make you cry, I'll shake you!  
She says none of them  
intend to return  
to Netherfield this winter.  
She means she intends  
none of them to return.  
Oh, Lizzie!  
How can you think that?  
After all, he is his own master.  
Look. Read this part.  
My brother has long had  
an affectionate interest  
in Mr. Darcy's sister, Georgiana.  
And, during the next few months  
in London,  
both families are hoping  
that their attachment  
will flower into an event  
which will secure  
the happiness of us all.  
You see, she knows her brother  
is fond of someone else.  
Doesn't want me  
to have any false hope.  
She knows her brother  
is in love with you.  
She doesn't intend that  
he shall marry into a family  
of such low descent.  
Lizzie!  
What are you talking about?  
Oh! Never mind!  
You'll see, dearest,  
he'll come back to you.  
Who could stay away from you  
for long, dearest?



Now, come along down with me  
and we'll have some tea.

Alright.

Lizzie, are you  
really indifferent  
to Mr. Darcy's departure  
as you seem?

Indifferent?

I'm delighted he's gone!

Wait till I tell you

the monstrous thing

he did to Mr. Wickham!

It's absurd, Sir William!

I shall never believe it!

Never!

Mr. Collins came here expressly  
to propose marriage  
to one of my daughters!

That may have been his purpose

in coming here, Mrs. Bennet,

Oh! There you are, Elizabeth!

This is all your fault!

What's my fault, Mama?

He says Charlotte

is going to marry Mr. Collins!

If that isn't your fault,

I don't know whose it is!

Charlotte!

How delightful, Sir William!

Ah, thank you, Miss Jane.

But, - Charlotte! Charlotte

is going to marry Mr. Collins?

On Tuesday week, to be precise.

Lady Catherine de Bourgh doesn't  
believe in long engagements.

But, Sir William, Mr. Collins  
wants to marry Lizzie!

Oh, Lydia, be quiet!

The child is right, Lizzie.

Are you quite sure, Sir William,  
that you

haven't been misinformed?

I'm quite positive, Mrs. Bennet!

Mrs. Bennet!

There you are. Come in there  
and share in the rejoicing.  
Oh, dear Mrs. Bennet, I know  
you'll understand my feelings!  
Such a happy event!  
But, then,  
to lose one's dearest daughter!  
Oh! Well,  
I'm still quite overcome!  
It's probably  
the unexpectedness of it  
that has overcome you,  
Lady Lucas!  
And Mr. Collins' conduct  
is so very odd!  
Perhaps some tea  
will revive you.  
Lizzie.  
Dear Charlotte, I-!  
Come with me.  
Well, Lady Lucas!  
Little did I think  
that Charlotte  
would one day take my place  
as mistress of this house!  
No doubt she and Mr. Collins  
would like to  
go over the place thoroughly  
and see  
what they're going to inherit.  
Mr. Collins, why don't you go  
to the pantry  
and get the maid  
to show you the silver?  
Oh, Charlotte dear, I beg you!  
Postpone the marriage for a time.  
I'm only thinking  
of your happiness.  
Happiness, Lizzie?  
In marriage, happiness  
is just a matter of chance.  
But, Charlotte!  
His defects of character.  
You know him so little.

Well, ignorance is bliss,  
Lizzie.  
If one is to spend one's life  
with a person,  
it's best to know as little  
as possible of his defects.  
After all, one would  
find them out soon enough.  
Well, luckily  
it isn't the end of the world.  
You must come and visit me,  
Lizzie.  
Very soon! Promise?  
I promise.  
Good.  
Put those over there, Harry.  
Yes, Madame.  
Put those  
on that chair over there.  
Bring them all against the wall.  
Put it down. That's fine.  
That will be all, Nelly.  
Thank you, Madame.  
Thank you.  
That's very kind of you.  
You're welcome, Miss.  
Now, Lizzie, give me your keys.  
Don't you bother, Charlotte.  
I'll do this myself.  
Oh, no, you're not!  
You're my guest.  
You're going to sit by  
and look on.  
But, Charlotte!  
This is my house  
and you'll do just as I say.  
I tremble and obey.  
Well, while you're unpacking,  
I'll remove the dust  
and change my dress.  
Did you have a hard time  
persuading your mother  
to let you come?  
Oh, no.

No, it wasn't so difficult.  
Jane went to London, you know,  
to stay with Aunt Gardner.  
Of course, she had  
to had somebody to go with her.  
And, Papa found  
some writing to do.  
So he was quite delighted to get  
a couple of us out of the house.  
Two daughters out of five,  
that represents -  
forty percent of the noise.  
Why, Lizzie! This is daring!  
It is, isn't it? I haven't dared  
show it to Mama.  
Mr. Collins!  
Mr. Collins!  
Oh, Lizzie! Do look!  
Well, what?  
It's Lady Catherine de Bourgh  
and her daughter, Anne.  
Oh! Is that all?  
I expected at least that the  
pigs had gone into the garden.  
Oh, pigs!  
I must go down at once!  
Oh! Is my hair tidy?  
So, that's the great  
Lady Catherine.  
Now, I see  
where he learned his manners.  
Where who learned his manners?  
Why, Mr. Darcy, of course!  
I'll be back in a moment,  
my dear.  
Here she is, Mr. Collins.  
Proceed.  
Your Ladyship.  
How do you do, Mrs. Collins?  
Miss de Bourgh.  
How do you do?  
Now, let me see, Lady Catherine.  
A fellow petticoat  
for Mrs. Hodge.

A quarter pound of tea  
for old Marcus Brett.  
And, a handwoven cloth  
for the Burtons.  
But, nothing for the Smiths,  
do you understand?  
Nothing whatever.  
You must learn, Mrs. Collins,  
to draw a firm line  
between the deserving poor  
and the undeserving.  
What wise benevolence!  
Are the chicken seedlings  
satisfactory?  
They've fallen to half a little  
these last days.  
Then, give them half full,  
Mrs. Collins.  
If that has no effect, then,  
it means they're incorrigible.  
It must be killed and boiled!  
Killed and boiled.  
There, my love, you're not  
getting a cold, I hope.  
A little, Mama.  
Ahh.  
Well, Mr. Collins, I shall expect  
you all to dinner this evening.  
Goodbye, Mrs. Collins. Goodbye.  
Permit me to say  
how much I appreciate  
Drive on, Smith.  
Your ladyship's  
affability and kindness.  
What extraordinary condescension!  
I'm quite delighted of this,  
for Miss Elizabeth's sake.  
Now, my dear Miss Elizabeth,  
permit me to show you  
some of the priceless art  
treasures of Lady Catherine's.  
This is one of the  
finest timepieces captured.  
Observe the noble proportions,

Miss Eliza.  
And, the ornaments,  
what magnificence!  
What taste!  
Very true, Mr. Collins.  
Very true.  
I've never met a painter  
or an architect  
who did not congratulate me  
upon my taste.  
There! What did I say?  
And, now, let me call your  
attention to the mantelpiece.  
Observe, Miss Eliza, solid  
marble entirely hand-carved.  
Well, Mrs. Collins,  
you will be surprised  
to find someone you know  
dining with us this evening.  
Oh! There you are!  
I was just about  
to tell the ladies, Darcy,  
of your sudden arrival  
at Rosings this afternoon.  
Mr. Darcy!  
Miss Elizabeth!  
A happy meeting, Miss Elizabeth.  
Mrs. Collins, you know  
one of my nephews, I believe.  
Darcy! Darcy!  
A pleasure, Mrs. Collins.  
And this is another nephew,  
Col. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Collins.  
Miss Elizabeth Bennet,  
Col. Fitzwilliam.  
And, oh, yes,  
Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins.  
How do you do?  
I thought you were in London,  
Mr. Darcy.  
Oh, yes. But, my cousin and I  
left there this morning.  
Rather unexpectedly,  
as a matter of fact.

Oh, your departure seemed to be rather unexpected, Mr. Darcy. You know, Miss Elizabeth, I have thought a great deal of what you said to me at Netherfield that day - Thank you... about laughing more. I've tried to follow your advice. I hope it worked. Do you feel happier now? I've never felt more miserable in my life. It's doubtless the lack of exercise. You'll feel happier when the hunting season begins. Well, Darcy! Now I know what took you into Herfordshire this summer. You also know what drove him out again. He liked the landscape well enough but the natives, Col. Fitzwilliam, the natives! What boors! What savages! Utterly insupportable! Isn't that so, Mr. Darcy? It evidently amuses you to think so, Miss Elizabeth. Miss Bennet! Come here. Mrs. Collins, go and talk to your husband. I wish to speak to Miss Bennet. Yes, Lady Catherine. Be seated. Have you any accomplishments, Miss Bennet? Accomplishments! Well, I - don't know whether Mr. Darcy would think I had. Do you sing and play? A little.

You should perform for us  
one day.

Our instrument here is one  
of the best in the country.  
You have several sisters,  
I understand.

Four.

Four. No brothers?

None, unfortunately for us.

Ah, yes. Your father's estate  
is entailed to Mr. Collins,  
I believe.

It is.

For Mrs. Collins's sake,  
I'm glad of it.

Otherwise, I see no occasion  
for entailing estates away  
from the female line.

When you marry, Darcy,  
don't make that mistake.

It was never made in  
Sir Louis de Bourgh's family.

Anne, as you know,  
is the sole heiress.

Do you draw, Miss Bennet?

No, Lady Catherine.

What? None of you?

Not one of us.

But, how strange! Why didn't  
your governess see to that?

We never had a governess.

No governess? I have never heard  
such a thing!

Miss Bennet seems to have got on  
very well without one,  
Aunt Catherine.

Don't talk nonsense, Darcy!

Are there any of your younger  
sisters out in the society?

All of them.

All?! How very odd!

Really, Lady Catherine,

I think it would be very hard  
on younger sisters to be kept



without society or amusement  
until the elder ones  
were married.

It would hardly promote  
sisterly affection  
or even delicacy of mind.  
Upon my word, Miss Bennet!  
You express your opinions  
very decidedly.

Miss Bennet is nothing  
if not decided, Aunt Catherine.  
Dinner is served, milady!

Come. I hate cold soup.  
Your arm, Fitzwilliam.  
May I be allowed to continue your  
interrogations during dinner.

There are so many things  
I should like to find out.

That seems to be  
a family failing, sir.

No, Darcy. You are  
to take Anne into dinner.  
Mr. Collins will take Miss Bennet.

I'm afraid you'll have to  
go in alone, Mrs. Collins.

Mr. Darcy's sister, Georgiana,  
is a very accomplished musician.

And, I, too, should have been  
a great proficient,  
if I'd ever learned.

You would have been proficient  
in anything, Lady Catherine.

So would Anne.

That goes without saying.

Darcy.

Do come here.

Sit down. Sit down.

I was just telling Mrs. Collins  
how exquisitely dear Anne  
would have played  
if I had permitted her to study.

I don't doubt it.

Your dear mother  
was so fond of Anne.

Yes, I know.

"You have an only daughter",

she would say to me,

"and, I have an only son."

"It's just the Providence that  
created them for one another.",

she used to say.

Incredible!

- Ah, I-I mean, exactly.

Ah, I-I mean, excuse me.

Oh, don't stop, Miss Elizabeth.

That was charming!

Isn't that

the right time to stop  
when people still think  
you're charming?

If I went on, you might  
change your mind.

Ah-eh, Miss Bennet.

I'm summoned.

That was quite creditable,  
my dear.

Miss Bennet wouldn't play at all  
badly if she practised more.

Practice, Miss Bennet. Practice.

You can't do enough of it.

Mrs. Collins has no pianoforte,  
of course,

but, you're - you're very welcome  
to practice here everyday.

Oh! Thank you, Lady Catherine!

There's a very fair instrument  
in the housekeeper's room,  
you'll disturb no one there.

You are really too gracious,  
Lady Catherine,

but, I shouldn't care  
to disturb the housekeeper.

I protest, Aunt Catherine!

Why talk of practising when  
Miss Bennet should be playing?

Come, Miss Bennet! I insist  
on your favoring us again.

There is, needless to say,

a rich assortment of music here.  
My aunt means quite kindly,  
Miss Elizabeth.  
Her manner is sometimes  
a little unfortunate.  
Having already met you,  
I was happily prepared  
for your aunt's manner.  
Lizzie, Mr. Darcy is in the study.  
He's been waiting for you  
for nearly an hour.  
Let him wait!  
I don't want to see him.  
I never want to see him again.  
Lizzie, what's happened?  
What's come over you?  
Do you want to know  
the real reason  
why Mr. Bingley left Netherfield  
for London?  
His High Mightiness, Mr. Darcy!  
But, I thought  
it was Caroline Bingley!  
She was only half the reason.  
I just heard about it by chance  
this very moment  
from Col. Fitzwilliam.  
Col. Fitzwilliam?!  
Of course, he didn't know  
I was Jane's sister.  
He was just holding forth  
about the virtues  
of his precious cousin!  
Telling me how unselfish he was,  
and, about the amount of trouble  
he'd gone to  
to save his friend Bingley  
from an impossible marriage!  
Oh!  
You can tell your Mr. Darcy  
that I am not at home!  
But, he must  
have seen you come in.  
I can't tell him that.

After all,  
he is Lady Catherine's nephew.  
Lizzie, for - my sake.  
Very well, Charlotte!  
For your sake!  
Good morning, Miss Elizabeth.  
Good morning, Mr. Darcy.  
Mrs. Collins gave me leave  
to wait on you.  
It's no use!  
I've struggled in vain!  
I must tell you  
how much I admire and love you.  
Miss Elizabeth, - my life  
and happiness are in your hands.  
This last week, since I left Netherfield,  
had been empty,  
meaningless days and nights.  
I thought that I could  
put you out of my mind.  
That inclination  
would give way to judgment.  
I've walked  
the streets of London  
reminding myself of the  
unsuitability of such a marriage.  
Ah, the obstacles between us.  
But, it won't do.  
I can struggle  
against you no longer.  
Mr. Darcy!  
I've reminded myself  
again and again  
that I have obligations  
of family and position.  
Obligations I was born to.  
Nothing I tell myself matters!  
I love you!  
I love you!  
Do you know what you're saying?  
Yes, my darling!  
I'm asking you to marry me.  
Do you expect me to thank you  
for this extraordinary offer

of marriage?  
Am I supposed to feel flattered  
that you have so overcome  
your aversion to my family  
that you are ready  
to marry into it?  
But, do you expect me to be glad  
that your family  
is inferior to mine?  
Oh! I suppose I should  
congratulate you  
on winning the battle  
between your unwilling affection  
and my unworthiness.  
But, you see, I have  
never desired your good opinion.  
And, if you were not  
so lacking in perception,  
you might have spared yourself  
my refusal!  
Is-is this the only reply  
I'm to be honored with?  
I might, perhaps, deserve to be  
told why I am rejected,  
and, with so little civility.  
I also might deserve to know  
why determined evidently  
to offend and insult me!  
You chose to tell me that  
you liked me against your will.  
Against your reason,  
against even your character.  
Why, if the  
manner of my expression  
The manner of your proposal  
is only one reason  
for my incivility,  
if I had been uncivil.  
Even had my feelings  
been favorable,  
which they never could have been,  
believe me, even if they had,  
I'd still have every reason  
in the world

of being to think ill of you.  
Do you think  
anything would tempt me  
to accept the man  
who has destroyed  
the happiness of my sister?  
The sweetest soul  
that ever lived!  
How could you do it?  
Knowing Jane,  
how could you hurt her so?  
In observing them together,  
I could not believe  
that she really loved Charles!  
As his friend, I considered it  
my duty to advise his course.  
But, even without this,  
your character  
was clearly revealed  
in your treatment of Mr. Wickham!  
You take an eager interest  
in that gentleman's concern!  
And who that knows  
his misfortunes  
could fail to take an interest?  
His misfortunes!  
Brought on by your injustice  
and betrayal!  
Where Wickham is concerned,  
I have nothing to say.  
In other words,  
you dare not speak  
because you know you're guilty!  
And, that is your opinion of me?  
Perhaps my faults  
might have been overlooked  
had I concealed my struggles  
and flattered you  
that no doubt of my course  
had ever entered my mind.  
I made the mistake  
of being honest with you.  
Honesty is a greatly  
overrated virtue!

Silence, in this case, would  
have been more agreeable!  
But I'm not ashamed of my  
scruples about your family!  
They were natural!  
And should have been  
kept to yourself!  
This isn't  
a distasteful subject!  
Your arrogance! Your conceit!  
Your selfish disregard  
of other people's feelings  
made me dislike you  
from the first!  
I-I, I haven't known you a week  
before I decided  
you were the last man  
in the world  
I'd ever be prevailed upon  
to marry!  
You've said quite enough, Madame!  
I understand your feelings.  
And, of now, only to be ashamed  
of having confessed my own.  
Forgive me for having taken up  
so much of your valuable time.  
And accept my best wishes  
for your health - and happiness.  
Oh!  
Oh!  
Allow me, Miss Eliza.  
Lizzie!  
Oh, Jane!  
Lizzie!  
I thought  
you were still in London.  
No, they sent for me this morning.  
Lizzie, it's so awful!  
What is it?  
It's poor little Lydia.  
She's run away with Mr. Wickham.  
Mr. Wickham!  
And, they didn't go  
to Gretna Green.

Lizzie, they're not married!  
Not married?  
And, we can't find them anywhere.  
Oh, Jane!  
You tell Charlotte.  
I'm going in.  
Beware of Officers,  
I kept on telling her!  
They're fickle and unprincipled!  
They never have a six pence!  
You're right there, my dear.  
Mr. Wickham owes money  
to every tradesman in Meryton.  
Not to mention gambling debts  
that owes six hundred pounds,  
at the very least!  
Lizzie!  
Lizzie!  
Oh, Lizzie! Oh!  
Oh! You don't know  
how I have suffered, Lizzie!  
Such - such spasms,  
such - palpitations,  
such - fragileness!  
Find your sister!  
Yes. Yes, Mama, I know. I know.  
What? No broth  
with bird feathers?  
Oh! I forgot those!  
When did it happen,  
Aunt Philips?  
Only yesterday. It seems they're  
hiding somewhere in London.  
Your father  
has gone to look for them.  
Yes. And you know what will  
happen when he finds them.  
He'll challenge Mr. Wickham to  
a duel and he'll be killed!  
And, then,  
what will become of us?  
Those Collinses will turn us out  
before he is cold in his grave.  
Oh! The vultures!



They're here already!  
Oohh!  
Sshh! Mama!  
Oh, Mrs. Bennet!  
I just heard the news!  
It's too dreadful!  
Oh!  
Oh, Mrs. Bennet! Mrs. Bennet!  
Your little misfortune which  
no lapse of time can mediate.  
No lapse of time, Mrs. Philips.  
The death of your daughter  
would have been a blessing  
compared to this.  
Mr. Collins!  
What is it, my dear?  
Poor Mrs. Bennet!  
You're distressing her!  
Distressing her?  
I'm bringing her consolation.  
Oh!  
May I add, Madame,  
that this false step  
of one of your daughters  
must prove very injurious unto  
the fortunes of all the others.  
Oh, he's right! He's right!  
They'll never get married now.  
What's to become of them?  
I shudder to think  
what Lady Catherine will say  
to all these.  
Miss Elizabeth,  
Mr. Darcy just called.  
I've shown him into the library.  
Mr. Darcy!  
Oohh, that odious man!  
Don't you see him, Lizzie!  
Oh, Madame, don't forget  
that Mr. Darcy is a nephew  
of Lady Catherine de Bourgh.  
Or, perhaps, it would be better  
if I saw him, Miss Eliza.  
Thank you, Mr. Collins,

I prefer to see him myself.  
Oh, Mr. Collins!  
Mr. Darcy, what brings you here?  
Fear no alarm, Madame.  
I've no intention of reopening  
a painful subject.  
After what you said to me  
the other day,  
that chapter  
is definitely - closed.  
Bad news travels fast,  
Miss Bennet.  
A few hours  
after you left Hansford,  
I heard about George Wickham  
and your sister.  
I felt it  
my duty to come at once.  
To try and fault us, I suppose.  
To offer you my services.  
Miss Bennet,  
I told you the other day  
that where George Wickham  
was concerned,  
I chose to be silent.  
What has happened to your sister  
has made me change my mind.  
You have a right to the truth.  
George Wickham will never marry  
your sister, Miss Bennet.  
Her case was not the first.  
You mean that Wickham  
My own sister, Georgiana.  
Your sister?  
Yes. She was younger  
even than Lydia.  
Oh, Mr. Darcy!  
Georgiana has a considerable  
fortune in her own right.  
His plan was to elope with her.  
And, then, under the threat of  
publishing her disgrace,  
to force my consent  
to their marriage.

By the mercy of Providence,  
I discovered the plot in time.  
Your sister  
has been misfortunate.  
Miss Elizabeth, may I ask  
if everything possible  
is being done to recover her?  
My father has gone to London.  
He and my uncle  
are searching for her.  
If there is any help  
that I could give,  
I would be only too happy.  
Thank you.  
I'm sure they will find her.  
It will all be settled, somehow.  
I'm afraid I've stayed too long.  
Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
This is, perhaps, the last time  
I shall see you.  
God bless you, Elizabeth.  
Mr. Darcy!  
Oh, Lizzie.  
Oh, oh! I thought it was -  
I... has he gone?  
Yes. He's just riding away.  
Riding away.  
Will he ever ride back?  
That chapter is definitely  
- closed.  
Lizzie,  
what are you talking about?  
Oh, Jane. Jane, you don't know  
what happened at Hansford!  
Something so extraordinary!  
So unbelievable!  
What?  
He asked me to marry him.  
Who, Lizzie?  
Mr. Darcy.  
Mr. Darcy?! Oh, Lizzie,  
what did you say to him?  
What did I say to him?

What did I say to him?  
I said I hated him. I said  
I never wanted to see him again.  
Now, suddenly,  
I... Jane, I love him!  
You love him?  
I'm so dreadfully unhappy!  
Lizzie, dearest!  
I brought it all on myself!  
It's all my own stupid fault!  
Heavens! How could  
I have misjudged him so?  
Oh! What a fool I've been!  
What a despicable fool!  
Oh, Lizzie dearest,  
we all make mistakes! You must  
Oh, how selfish I'm being!  
As if I were the only one  
to be made unhappy.  
Poor Jane, my darling!  
Why, you've never done  
anything wrong!  
Look what's happened to you?  
Ohh! It's not fair!  
Oh, Lizzie,  
I'm not really unhappy.  
It was worse in the beginning  
when I was always expecting him  
to write or even to come back.  
But, I don't do that anymore.  
I just dream of him.  
Lizzie, you've got to learn  
to dream, like I do!  
Sometimes I dream  
we're out walking in the woods,  
and, primroses are out.  
Sometimes he comes  
riding up to the door.  
Riding on a white horse, Lizzie!  
Then, he goes in, and,  
I'm waiting for him.  
And, sometimes we're dancing -  
and, it's the waltz, Lizzie.  
And the music's playing

and the lights are shining.  
Oh, it feels as if  
it would be going forever!  
Oh, Lizzie! You shouldn't have  
let me go on like this!  
Oh! Well done, Mr. Darcy!  
The question is, what to do now?  
Aahh! More news from Meryton!  
Another bulletin about your  
beloved Bennets, Charles.  
There is still no trace  
of Lydia or Wickham.  
Poor old Mr. Bennet  
has come home in despair.  
Do you mean that  
they have given up the search?  
So it seems.  
Listen!  
At the Assembly Ball last week,  
the Bennet family  
was conspicuous by its absence.  
Shall I tell you why?  
Because the  
Entertainment Committee  
had dropped a gentle hint  
that, in view of the scandal,  
its presence  
would not be welcome.  
Isn't that exquisitely funny,  
Mr. Darcy?  
Exquisitely! Just think  
how you would roll with laughter  
if it happened to yourself.  
Only yesterday, I saw  
her sisters, Jane and Elizabeth,  
almost running down  
Market Street,  
in an attempt  
to escape from their disgrace.  
That's what comes  
of your chattering, Caroline!  
I'm sorry, Darcy.  
I've ruined your table,  
I'm afraid.

It's nothing, Charles.  
It might have happened to anybody  
in the same circumstances.  
I'd better stop playing -  
before something worse happens.  
Oh.  
Good night, Darcy.  
Good night.  
Good night, Caroline.  
Ohh! Ohh! I don't believe  
I shall ever get back  
my strength.  
It won't be long now, Mama.  
You'll feel so much better when  
we've moved away from this place.  
Won't she, Papa?  
Well, I sincerely hope so.  
It's harsh  
with that sad associations  
and other people  
being so dreadfully unkind.  
It's no wonder you're ill!  
Here's some  
delicious chicken broth, Mama.  
Now, you must eat it  
while it's hot.  
No! No, thank you, Lizzie.  
I couldn't!  
You don't know how ill I feel!  
Did you say  
it was chicken broth?  
Well, perhaps!  
...family great effort!  
There, Mama! There!  
Papa! What was that  
you were saying about  
those nice cheap lodgings you  
had all by the sea?  
At Margot, my dear?  
Yes.  
Margot! To think  
that it should come to Margot!  
No, Lizzie,  
I - I couldn't eat anymore!

Not after that!  
Oh, but, Mama!  
Everyone says Margot's  
such a charming place  
and so less expensive!  
Besides, what does it matter  
where we go?  
As long as we go together!  
Yes, Mama. We'll make  
a little world of our own.  
Yes! A Bennet eutopia, my dear!  
A domestic paradise,  
where nobody  
shall ever talk more than  
is strictly necessary.  
Oh, Mr. Bennet!  
Where nobody shall ever play  
scales on the piano, Lizzie.  
Where nobody shall ever even  
think of bonnets  
or tea parties or gossip or  
I shall tell Mama or tell Papa!  
Papa! Papa!  
Oh! My poor nerves!  
Stop squabbling, you two,  
for goodness' sake!  
Mary says I can't take my  
musical box to the new house!  
Listen to it!  
It's not nearly as bad  
as your horrid old bird!  
Harry is not a horrid old bird!  
And, if you think that I can  
bear to listen to that thing  
Aren't you ashamed of yourselves  
with poor Mama so ill?  
A Bennet eutopia, my dear.  
But, Lizzie, it's not fair!  
If Mary can take her parrot, why  
shouldn't I take my musical box?  
Well, why shouldn't we  
take the piano?  
Why shouldn't Papa take all  
the books in his library?

And, why should poor Mama  
have to leave her  
collection of china behind?  
Come along!  
You tell Mama you're sorry.  
Go on!  
I'm sorry, Mama.  
We oughtn't to have made  
such a fuss.  
I'm sorry.  
Ah-hmm! Mr. Collins!  
I took the liberty  
of coming across the garden.  
I knew you'd permit it.  
Come in, Mr. Collins. Come in.  
Thank you, Mr. Bennet. Thank you.  
Oh, ladies!  
Miss Eliza.  
I - I trust, Madame,  
I've seen you in better health.  
I wish you did, Mr. Collins.  
Nobody can imagine  
how weak I feel!  
As if I were fading away!  
Well, it's not to be wondered at  
in the circumstances!  
I'm sorry to see that Mr. Bennet  
also looks far from well.  
He seems to have aged  
a great deal  
in the last few weeks,  
don't you think so, Miss Eliza?  
Does he? Perhaps  
the wish is farther  
from the thought, Mr. Collins.  
I suppose you have heard that  
we are leaving  
Longbourn, Mr. Collins.  
A wise decision, Madame.  
Find somewhere remote  
and secluded spot  
where no one has ever heard  
of your unhappy daughter.  
Oh, my poor little Lydia!



What can have happened to her?  
What is it, Papa?  
It's from your Uncle Gardner.  
He's found Lydia.  
He's found her?  
Yes.  
And Wickham asked for  
a thousand pounds at your death,  
and, a hundred pounds a year  
during your lifetime.  
These terms seemed moderate,  
and, I - took upon myself  
the responsibility  
of agreeing to him.  
He's agreed to Wickham's terms.  
He doesn't seem to be  
asking very much, does he?  
Considering what he'd demanded  
when -  
I mean, considering -  
the sort of man he is.  
Why do you think he's content  
with so little, Papa?  
Well, this is  
what your uncle says.  
Here. Postscript.  
It seems that Wickham  
recently came into a very  
considerable sum of money.  
Oh, I see!  
Well, that explains it!  
No! It doesn't explain anything,  
my child!  
We know that Wickham's in debt.  
We know he's extravagant.  
We know he's a gambler.  
And, yet, suddenly,  
he has so much money  
that he'll take a girl  
like Lydia for two pounds a week.  
There are two things  
I want to know.  
One is, how much money  
your uncle has laid down

to bring this about.  
The other is,  
how can I ever repay him?  
Oh, well! Let's go and break the  
good news to your mother!  
Oh! What's that?  
What can it mean?  
It's Lydia!  
They're married! Mama!  
Married?!  
Mama! Mama! It's Lydia!  
They're married!  
What?!  
They're married!  
Mama!  
Oohh!  
Look, Mama!  
A ring!  
Oh, my dear, dear son-in-law!  
May I give you a hug, too?  
What do you think of that,  
Kitty?  
It's better  
than one of your old books!  
Well, Jane!  
Oh, Lydia!  
Elizabeth!  
You can't imagine  
what fun we've had!  
Oh, Mama!  
That will do for now.  
Did you see?  
We got the liveries secondhand.  
But, they're awfully smart,  
don't you think so?  
Are they your servants?  
We're rich, Mama!  
Rich! Oh, my sweetest child!  
Rich!  
May I ask how you have suddenly  
become so rich, Mr. Wickham?  
Well, it was quite a surprise!  
One of my - my uncles  
died a few weeks ago.

An uncle I haven't seen  
since childhood.  
He'd been living in Jamaica.  
Yes, Jamaica!  
And he left you a fortune?  
Of modest competence.  
But, its coming was very timely.  
Very timely, indeed.  
Very timely.  
Oh, dear George!  
We're all so proud of you,  
aren't we, Lizzie?  
Oh, prodigiously!  
So handsome and so distinguished!  
And, two footmen and liveries!  
Come, my lambs! Oh, think of it!  
A daughter married!  
And, only sixteen last June!  
Papa!  
Mr. Bennet! Mr. Bennet!  
We shan't have  
to leave Longbourn!  
People can't say anything now  
that they're married!  
We won't have to go to Margot!  
Why, how glum you look, Papa!  
What's happened?  
What does all these mean?  
Oh, how do you do, Mr. Collins?  
Aren't you funny,  
seeing you about?  
Oh, I forgot! Wicky, Papa!  
If you will excuse me, my dear.  
Goodbye, Mr. Collins.  
Oh, well. Papa will get  
to like you in time, Wicky.  
Nobody can help liking you!  
Don't you envy me, Lizzie?  
Ask me that question again  
five years from now.  
Five years?! Oh! Who cares  
what happens in five years!  
Oh, Mama,  
do you think the servants

would like to see my ring?  
I'm sure of it!  
Well, then, let's all go out  
to the kitchen!  
Come along!  
I want everybody to see!  
Oh, you, too, Mr. Collins!  
We old married people  
must stick together!  
Lady Catherine de Bourgh!  
Lady Catherine! Lady Catherine!  
What an honor  
for this humble house!  
No honor was intended,  
Mr. Collins.  
Mrs. Bennet, I presume.  
How do you do, Lady Catherine?  
Ah, such a pleasure  
to make your acquaintance!  
Ah, ah, do come in!  
Thank you.  
Miss Bennet.  
Come right in, Lady Catherine!  
Come right in!  
Ah, won't you, ah, sit down?  
Stupid child!  
Things had been  
in such a confusion today!  
So I see.  
Yes. Yes.  
I wish to speak  
to Miss Elizabeth Bennet.  
Oh, ah, Elizabeth!  
Here, Lizzie. Lady Catherine  
wishes to speak to you.  
I wish to speak to Miss Bennet  
- alone.  
Will you kindly leave us,  
Mrs. Bennet?  
Oh, certainly, Ma'am!  
If you wish it.  
I do wish it.  
Ah, come, children!  
I hope we shall all

have the pleasure  
of seeing you later,  
Lady Catherine.  
Possibly, Mrs. Bennet. Possibly.  
Ah, yes.  
Mr. Collins!  
Be seated, Miss Bennet.  
Oh! My poor nerves! Awk! Awk!  
Oh! He's very young.  
Come, come!  
Be seated, Miss Bennet.  
Stop dawdling!  
Miss Bennet,  
a report has reached me  
of a most alarming nature!  
I was told that you,  
Miss Elizabeth Bennet,  
was shortly to be engaged  
to my nephew, Mr. Darcy.  
Of course, I could not believe  
this report  
could possibly be true!  
Nevertheless,  
I immediately resolved  
upon setting out to see you.  
If it could not  
possibly be true, Madame,  
I wonder you gave yourself  
the trouble of coming so far.  
I came to insist  
upon the report of being  
universally contradicted.  
But won't your coming here seem  
- rather to confirm it?  
Insolent headstrong girl!  
I'm ashamed of you!  
Is this your gratitude for my  
attentions to you at Rosings?  
Miss Bennet,  
I am not to be trifled with!  
Has my nephew made you  
an offer of marriage?  
You have declared that  
to be impossible.

Impossible? I have the power  
to make it impossible.  
Are you aware that, as trustee  
of my sister's estate,  
I can strip Mr. Darcy  
of every shilling he has?  
And, if he were to marry  
against my wishes,  
I should not hesitate  
in carrying out my power.  
Now, what have you to say?  
Nothing whatever!  
I take no interest in matters  
that are none of my business.  
Ahh! Bold ones, my girl!  
Bold ones!  
But, remember this!  
Marry him and you will be poor!  
That would be no novelty for me,  
Lady Catherine.  
Once and for all,  
are you engaged to him?  
No, I am not.  
Ahh! And, will you promise me  
never to enter  
into such an engagement?  
No, I will not!  
Ahh! So you do expect him  
to propose to you?  
I have no right  
to expect anything,  
excepting, perhaps,  
never to see him again.  
What? Do you have  
the impertinence  
to proclaim that  
he isn't in love with you?  
I can't imagine that  
he would be. Not now.  
Then, why his kind consideration  
for your sister?  
Was that the act of a man  
who isn't in love?  
I don't know

what you are talking about!  
Possibly, you don't!  
But that rascal, Wickham, does!  
Imagine it! My nephew, Darcy,  
scouring the courts and alleys  
of London looking for him!  
Huh! Setting him up  
with an income!  
Forcing him to marry that silly  
little - libertied jibbit!  
Did he do that? Oohh!  
Thank you for telling me,  
Lady Catherine! Thank you!  
I will not be thanked!  
Let us have no more of this  
mammering, Miss Bennet!  
I shall not leave this house  
until you have given me  
the assurance for which I asked!  
In that case, Lady Catherine,  
I had better ring for the butler!  
He will show you to your bedroom.  
Or, if you decide, after all,  
not to stay,  
he will conduct you  
to your carriage.  
Yes, Miss Elizabeth?  
Oh, Matthews,  
I had the impression  
that her Ladyship wishes  
to be taken to her carriage.  
Goodbye, Lady Catherine.  
I take no leave of you,  
Miss Bennet.  
I send no compliments  
to your mother!  
You deserve no such attention!  
I am seriously displeased!  
Well?  
A blank refusal.  
She refuses to see me?  
She refuses not to see you!  
Did she?  
Most impertinently! And,

that's not the worst, Darcy.  
I told her - that I could  
strip you of your fortune  
if I chose to.  
But, she refused to be  
the least bit impressed!  
You see?  
Yes, I see, Darcy.  
I grant I was wrong about that.  
But, there's one thing  
I can't agree with.  
You told me at Rosings -  
she was nothing if not decided!  
That's not true.  
The young woman  
is positively obstinate!  
What?  
Did she refuse anything else?  
Well, she may have refused  
to refuse to marry you!  
Why, Darcy! Darcy! What manners!  
Have you gone mad?  
Yes, yes! Quite mad!  
And I don't believe I should  
ever be quite sane again!  
But, you wouldn't wish me to be,  
would you?  
No, I don't think I would.  
She's right for you, Darcy.  
You were a spoiled child.  
But, we don't want  
to go on spoiling you!  
What you need is a woman  
who will stand up to you.  
I think you've found her!  
Well, Darcy,  
help me into my carriage!  
How can I ever thank you,  
Aunt Catherine?  
Upon my word!  
I'm not accustomed to  
so much gratitude!  
Everybody seems to be  
thanking me today.



Drive on, Smith.  
Don't stand there  
and keep me waiting!  
Shut the door, Darcy!  
Go into the house.  
How do you do, Mrs. Bennet?  
Mr. Darcy!  
Well, this is an honor!  
First, Lady Catherine.  
And, now, you!  
I was traveling  
with my aunt, and,  
I thought I would give myself  
the pleasure  
Jane! Jane!  
Mama, I can't find Jane anywhere.  
Ohh!  
How do you do, Miss Elizabeth?  
How do you do?  
Jane is somewhere in the garden,  
I believe!  
Oh, Miss Jane! I have a message  
for her from the Bingleys.  
Should we - should we -  
Oh, why, yes! Yes!  
See if we could - find her?  
Let's do that!  
Will you excuse us, Madame?  
Very gladly, Mr. Darcy!  
Miss Bennet!  
I have a confession to make.  
I didn't tell the exact truth,  
I'm afraid,  
about the message  
from the Bingleys.  
You mean they didn't send one?  
They didn't send one  
for the good reason  
that Charles Bingley  
had every intention  
of bringing it himself.  
Himself?!  
Yes. He came back  
to Netherfield last night.

I was rather expecting  
to see him here this afternoon.

Aahh!

Oh, Mr. Darcy,  
this is your doing!

Shall I tell you  
who is really responsible  
for your sister's happiness,  
Miss Elizabeth?

Caroline Bingley.

Miss Bingley?

Yes. She sent her brother back  
by dwelling on all the reasons  
why he should stay away.

Ohh!

I only approved the decision  
that he had already taken  
on his own account.

Mr. Darcy,  
there's something else.

I hardly know  
how to put it into words!  
What you did for Lydia.

I have - but, I assure you  
I did nothing, Miss Bennet.

Lady Catherine  
was not of that opinion.

What? But I never gave her leave  
to tell you that!

Gave her leave?!

Do you mean to say  
that Lady Catherine

I have - wanted to know  
if I would be welcome.

She came as my ambassador.

Your ambassador?

I never imagined that that was  
the language of diplomacy!

You know, she likes you,  
in spite of her language.

Me?

Yes! She really does!

Oh! I wish I had known it!

I wouldn't have been so rude.

But that was what she liked.  
People flatter her so much  
she enjoys an occasional change.  
I'm afraid I gave her  
a good change this afternoon.  
She went away delighted!  
You evidently confirmed  
the good opinion  
she'd formed of you at Rosings.  
I don't know  
what to say or think!  
Except that - you must allow me  
to thank you for  
- what you did for Lydia.  
And, if the facts were known  
to the rest of my family,  
I should not merely have  
my own gratitude to express!  
If you must thank me,  
let it be for yourself alone.  
Whatever I did,  
I thought only of you.  
Oh, Mr. Darcy!  
When I think of  
how I've misjudged you!  
The - the horrible things  
I said...  
I- I'm so ashamed!  
Oh, no!  
It's I who should be ashamed!  
Of my arrogance!  
Of my stupid pride!  
Of all! Except one thing!  
One thing!  
I'm not ashamed  
of having loved you!  
Elizabeth,  
- dare I ask you again?  
Elizabeth!  
Dear, beautiful lizzie!  
Lord bless my soul!  
Mr. Bennet! Mr. Bennet!  
Miracles will never cease,  
Mrs. Bennet!

Mr. Darcy!  
Who would have believed it?!  
Oh, my sweetest,  
sweetest Lizzie!  
What pinmoney she'll have!  
What jewels! What carriages!  
Jane's is nothing to it!  
Absolutely nothing! Oh!  
And, such a charming man!  
I do hope you will overlook  
my having disliked him so much.  
Oh, dear, dear Mr. Darcy!  
A house in town.  
Ten thousand pounds a year!  
Of course, poor Jane  
will only have five.  
Oh! I wonder if there's any dish  
he's particularly fond of?  
I'll-I'll go to the kitchen  
at once!  
Flow gently  
Sweet aspen  
Among thy green vale  
Flow gently  
I'll sing thee  
Your song in thy praise  
The green prairie stare laughing  
Mr. Bennet! Mr. Bennet!  
Thy screaming forebear  
Look!  
I charge you  
This sterling morn  
My slumbering fair.  
Well, perhaps, it's lucky  
we didn't drown any of them  
at birth, my dear!  
Mr. Bennet, you must find out  
what money they have.  
Col. Foster can tell you  
about Mr. Denny.  
And, Sir William knows  
all about Mr. Witherington.  
You must go at once, Mr. Bennet!  
This very afternoon!

Oohh! Think of it!  
Three of them married!  
And, the other two,  
just tottering on the brink!