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
pleasanter 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.
Their 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 undiscriminating.
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 Pembley, 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, l-!
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 mantlepiece.
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!
Oooh!
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!
Oooh, 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!