

Pride and Prejudice

Cast of Characters

Jane Bennett – eldest and most beautiful daughter – kind, idealistic, diffident. Always tries to do the right thing.

Lizzie Bennett – 2nd eldest daughter – clever, spirited, can be sharp-tongued. Gets flustered, clumsy. Prides herself on good judgment. Very scared of marriage.

Mary Bennett – 3rd eldest daughter – Violent with dark undertones. Prone to pedanticism and sulking.

Lydia Bennett – 4th eldest daughter – Lively. Prone to imitating others' behavior and eavesdropping.

Kitty Bennett – youngest daughter – inseparable with Lydia – loud and fizzy.

Charlotte Lucas – Lizzie's best friend A practical girl with a good sense of humor.

Miss Caroline Bingley – A very rich, very beautiful young woman. Fancies herself witty.

Mrs. Bennet – The matriarch of the Bennet family. Mostly a silly woman. Hypochondriac. Traumatizes her family with some regularity.

Miss DeBourgh – Lady Catherine's daughter; a gremlin. Probably allergic to the sun.

Lady DeBourgh- Patrician Caesar-meets-drill-sergeant. Proud and Loud.

Mr. Darcy-One of the richest men in England. Too proper for his own good; awkward in most social contexts. Prides himself on self-control and good judgment.

Mr. Bingley-Loves the world and the world loves him. Mr. Darcy's particular friend. Almost literally a puppy dog.

Mr. Wickham – An unfairly handsome and charming gentleman. Probably a sociopath. Raised with Darcy.

Mr. Bennett – The Patriarch of the Bennett family. Finds amusement in absurdity; often looks for respectable escape from the chaos of his family life. Disappointed in marriage.

Mr. Collins – A pedantic, obtuse man. The original Mansplainer. Rector to Lady Catherine.

Servant Squad of 5 Handsome Gentlemen: They see everything but never speak in front of those they serve.

MARY JANE LIZZY

Charlotte ushers Lizzy off. Darcy stares after.

LADY CATHERINE. I am sorry, Collins, for your cousin—that whole branch of your family is ruined. Four daughters, and One Fallen? Nobody shall Ever Have Them Now.

Bent.

(Cheerfully.) —Shall we?

During Lady Catherine's monologue, Lizzy has come back home and embraced Jane—Jane hands her a note.

The Pemberley crowd watches for a moment—then Lady Catherine snaps her fingers at Darcy to take Anne's arm; he exits with them even if he stares after Lizzy.

START

Scene 7

JANE. Pappa has made inquiries everywhere, but there's no trace of them. I do not know what we will do.

LIZZY. ...How is Mamma? She must be very bad.

JANE. It is not Mamma, Lizzy, it's—

Mary has entered during Jane's line, and Lizzy somehow feels the icy chill on her back—and:

LIZZY. (Mary shock.) OH! Mary.

MARY. You're back.

Lizzy opens her arms to hug her. Instead, Mary moves to the piano.

She locked me in a closet.

LIZZY. [She—?]

MARY. Lydia. When she ran off with Wickham. I was there at least an hour. But I am recovering nicely.

Pause.

What, Jane? I am not sad Lydia is gone! She's always running off and leaving me behind—like you two. Like everyone; I am never wanted in your games, am I?

She coughs and flounces down at the piano.

Besides— (Assuming her academic voice, as she did about PRIDE.) shocking as the event is, we may draw from it a useful lesson about PERFECTION.

LIZZY. Perfection?

MARY. Purity. Flawlessness. An ideal that we must fulfill. For one false step condemns a person—a female person—to ruin; one slip pollutes her forever. We also learn from poor stupid Lydia that loss of virtue is irretrievable; that reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful; and that a lady can never be too irreproachable in her behavior.

PERFECTION.

END

She plays the piano. Mr. Bennet enters—he is broken down, wrecked. It's a shock.

LIZZY. Pappa!

She embraces him.

MR. BENNET. Lizzy. I didn't hear—the—uh, the Coach. I must— She has to help him to a chair.

JANE. Shall I fetch you some tea, Pappa, or something to eat?

MR. BENNET. You know I cannot stomach it.

Lizzy kneels by his chair.

LIZZY. Pappa, forgive me!

MR. BENNET. For what?

LIZZY. I was given some private intelligence about Wickham's proclivities. I should have written you, but I didn't want to give the source any credit. Pappa—this is all my fault.

MR. BENNET. No.

For years, out of some—disappointment, I removed myself from the affairs of this family. Is it any wonder with a father so absent, and a mother so focused on conquest, that a silly child would become easy prey?

Mrs. Bennet enters, she actually looks pretty together. She has tea.

LIZZY. But I spoke so inconsiderately in front of Lydia—called love a game, and deemed marriage an irreparable mistake, and filled her head with nonsense!

LYDIA ♦ KUTTY ♦ MARY ♦ JANE ♦ LIZZY

She and Lydia laugh.

LIZZY. Unless Pappa plans to shoot him in the privacy of his study.

A beat.

MRS. BENNET. MR. BENNET! MR. BENNET! TTTTTTTTT!

She exits.

LYDIA. Pappa won't harm him, for then they shall have me on their hands again—and they have enough spinsters as it is.

JANE. You have really married him, Lydia?

LYDIA. Poor Janie Jane, I hope you someday have half as good luck. *(Reminding her.)* Tea?

LIZZY. What were you thinking, Lydia?! To expose this family to such—

MARY. YOU LOCKED ME IN A CLOSET.

LYDIA. I—

MARY. *L'ACCUSE!*

LYDIA. —Bless you.

JANE. How could you behave in such a manner?

LYDIA. I watch, you know; I listen—and I have learned many lessons! You never act on your impulses and always try to be perfect, and so you lost Mr. Bingley. Did you get what you wanted?

LIZZY. Lydia!

LYDIA. —Your friend Charlotte married only for serious considerations. Did she get what she wanted? YOU said it is all a game! So why shouldn't I have some fun? I have just as much chance as anyone of being happy!

LIZZY. With Wickham. A man who stole you away from your family, without the slightest intention of marrying you!

LYDIA. I knew Wickham would come 'round to marriage eventually! And once Darcy found us, we were at the church the next day!

With a gasp. ...Mr. Darcy?

LYDIA. Ooo. I promised I wouldn't tell. Jane, that tea?

LIZZY. What did Mr. Darcy have to do with it?

LYDIA. He tracked us down at the inn in London. And Darcy and

Wickham talked in private, but I listened at the latch, as I do. And Darcy told Wickham if he married me—which of course he would have wanted to at any rate—Darcy would pay off all Wickham's debts and give him an annuity to keep us out of trouble!

MARY. So a man had to be *paid* to marry you.

LYDIA. No—

MARY. Yes—

LYDIA. NO—

MARY. YES—

LYDIA. YOU HUSH, YOU! All of you, with your grave faces! How would any of you girls know how to make a match?

I thought you would be happy! I have won the game; I have married, as I ought; and soon I will make you lovely maiden aunts! I thought that's what you wanted!

Wickham, Mr. Bennet, and Mrs. Bennet reenter.

MRS. BENNET. Calm yourselves, my girls—

LYDIA.

... You're all just jealous.

WICKHAM. Lydia.

MRS. BENNET.

—nobody has been shot!

He begins to exit—snapping his fingers at her, as you would to a dog.

LYDIA. Where are we going?

MR. BENNET. I have consented to the match. But he is not welcome in this house. I have other daughters to think of.

LYDIA. But this is my home.

MARY. Was your home.

LYDIA. I want to stay here!

WICKHAM. We do not always get what we want. Sometimes we must settle for what is open and available. Isn't that right, Lizzy?

LYDIA. But—I thought you should be pleased.

MRS. BENNET. And so we are!

LYDIA. —Lizzy, Jane. Promise me you will visit soon.

They both look at their father; he shakes his head, and they

MR. B. MRS. B

LIZZY

DING. *He reaches to pull off her blindfold, just as she also reaches up—*

Scene 1

—Mrs. Bennet pops through, frantically ringing a bell.

MRS. BENNET. MR. BENNET! Mr. Bennet. Mr. Bennet! Come, sir! Come come come!

The Bennets' living room. Mr. Bennet busies himself with a newspaper; he does not move. As Mrs. Bennet ticks off her daughters, they busy themselves. Jane and Lizzy embroider; Mary sits at the piano; Lydia examines her hair for split ends. Mrs. Bennet begins with confidence that everybody will listen to her; nobody listens.

Girls! Jane, Lizzy, Lydia — (Little shock.) oh, God, Mary—Lydia! All of you, TRY to Remain CALM—

She grabs the hands of Jane and Lizzy.

but NETHERFIELD PARK! IS LET AT LAST!

Mr. Bennet flips his newspaper back up.

MR. BENNET!

She marches over to him. She tugs on him.

Out with you, up with you, gogogogo this moment, for it is lent to a MR. BINGLEY, a fellow of LARGE INCOME! And Mr. Bennet: HE! IS!... SINGLE!!!

Pause. Mary coughs.

(No response.) What a CONQUEST for our daughters, if only you will call on him first—MR. BENNET!

He holds her off with one hand. With the diffidence designed to drive his wife insane:

MR. BENNET. How can it possibly affect them, my dear?

LIZZY. It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife, Pappa.

MRS. BENNET. —exactly, THANK you, Lizzy, and I'm sure that

he'll settle for one of them! But you must get there before horse-faced Charlotte Lucas!

JANE. Mamma! Charlotte is our friend.

MRS. BENNET. Well, your horse-faced friend Charlotte's MOTHER is a shameless fortune-hunter, Jane, and shall snap him up in a trice if you do not go gogoGo.

She pulls him so hard that she almost sits. Tug-of-war, as he does not budge. Jane pushes a cushion beneath Mrs. Bennet.
MR. BENNET. Mr. Bingley may have any of the girls he chooses—though I will throw in a good word for Lizzy.

Mrs. Bennet bumps down on the cushion.

LIZZY. (Dryly.) Thank you, Pappa.

MRS. BENNET. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others—not half so handsome as Jane, nor so good-humored as Lydia—

LIZZY. Thank you, Mamma.

MRS. BENNET. —though you will have your favorite!

MARY. —Mamma?!

MRS. BENNET. And she is not so—so—tall as Mary.

Mary coughs in a revolting manner.

MR. BENNET. They have none of them much to recommend, my dear.

MRS. BENNET. Well we NEVER SHALL be rid of them if you will not visit even one VERY PROMISING gentleman who has practically fallen INTO OUR LAPS—

She pulls him; Mary coughs.

~~Stop that, Mary, you'll tear my nerves to pieces!~~

~~MARY: I do not cough for my own amusement!~~

MRS. BENNET. Fine! Fine.

She steals Mr. Bennet's newspaper, huffing off to her seat and sitting in wounded dignity. She twists and crumples the paper, which pains him.

You delight in vexing me! You have no compassion for my nerves, which may at any moment SNAP and FEEL me like a wounded—

END

CHARLOTTE

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Lydia, annoyed, stomps back and takes Mary.

LIZZY. Mamma, you must stop Lydia from chasing after the soldiers.
MRS. BENNET. Why? It never hurts to get a little target practice in before you engage in more serious skirmishes—much as you did with Mr. Wickham.

YOO HOO, MRS. LONG—HOW IS YOUR SILY?

She exits.

CHARLOTTE. WHO is Mr. Wickham, Lizzy?

LIZZY. ...he's only a lieutenant.

But if you can overlook that, he seems... rather perfect.

CHARLOTTE. This from the lady who has sworn to remain unmarried forever! Pray tell where is this paragon?

LIZZY. Do not read out the banns, Charlotte, just because I wish for a dance partner less objectionable than Mr. Collins. Besides—I do not spy Wickham in this assembly.

CHARLOTTE. (*Beat.*) ...Jane is fortunate in her admirer!

LIZZY. Speaking of perfection!

CHARLOTTE. Does she like him?

LIZZY. Can't you see?

CHARLOTTE. She seems too composed to be in love.

LIZZY. How forward can she be, without being accused of—

Lydia runs across at this moment.

LYDIA. COLONEL FORSTER! CAN I TOUCH YOUR MUSKET!!!!

LIZZY. —vulgarity?

CHARLOTTE. She'll catch him if she just breaks the rules a bit.

LIZZY. Must it always always be "catching" and gaming and strategy? Perhaps she wishes to *know* him before she makes a—a—display of her affection!

CHARLOTTE. How much can we ever know of anybody? She should hurry up and get him to the altar—she has the rest of her life to fall in love!

LIZZY. Charlotte, you never would act that way yourself!

CHARLOTTE. It is my experience that one invariably finds oneself

doing the very things one swore "never" to do. Speaking—of—which:
She turns Lizzy fully, only to find Mr. Darcy standing there, most uncomfortably.

DARCY. Miss Bennet. I wondered if you felt an inclination to dance.
LIZZY. —With...?

DARCY. With... (*This is the most obvious answer ever.*) me.

Lizzy stands there in total gobsmacked silence until Charlotte smacks her arm and restarts her brain.

LIZZY. ...but you HATE to dance!

Over Darcy's shoulder, she sees Mr. Collins coming.

DARCY. If you are previously engaged—

Mr. Collins is very close indeed.

LIZZY. No, no—yes—let us—go, fine, go, go go!

Darcy leads her off as Charlotte mouths "Ten thousand a year!" at her.

Mr. Collins just misses Lizzy.

Charlotte dances with him instead, as: Mrs. Bennet stands on a chair at the front of the room. Lizzy and Darcy just reach the floor when:

MRS. BENNET. (*Very bad French.*) Attention, madames et monsieurs! Now, you are all familiar with the charms of most of my girls— (*To Bingley.*) especially you, sir—but ONE of my young ladies is more—diffident. Oh!

Mary shock.

Mary—

MARY. Full MANY a FLOWER is born to BLUSH UNSEEN—
MRS. BENNET. Not THAT, dear, nobody likes an actress.

Miss Mary Bennet has graciously consented to share a most unspeakable gift with us, far better than wit or style or charm or beauty or personality: The GIFT of MUSIC (she will be available to dance after).
Miss Bingley! Caroline! We have so much to discuss.

She waylays Miss Bingley at the side of the room. She confides certain unwise expectations to her, while looking at Jane and Bingley. Mary plays, poorly. It's unbelievably painful.

MR. COLLINS

Scene 7

MR. BENNET. No, my dear. It is my cousin, Mr. Collins.

Gasp and general dismay—they all stare at Mrs. Bennet, who looks ready to kill.

MRS. BENNET. Mr.—

MR. BENNET. The very same villain who shall inherit this estate when I am finally dead and at blessed blessed peace. He writes to propose a visit—

—he wishes to rebuild the broken bonds between our houses—and I must inform you that he is single.

MRS. BENNET. No, no—I won't allow him, Mr. Bennet! My nerves can't stand it!—He comes only to count the silver! —Oh. Oh! (*Working up to full hysteria.*)

MRS. BENNET. (*Looking speculatively at the girls.*) OHhhHHHHH-Hh

MR. BENNET. —even if that fails, my dear, perhaps you may persuade him to cede you the best linens. To shroud me in.

LYDIA. Is he a Redcoat, Pappa?

MR. BENNET. A clergyman.

MARY. (*With extreme interest.*) Ohhhhhhhhhh!

MR. BENNET. If you girls can manage not to frighten HIM away—

MRS. BENNET. OH MR. BENNET!

She attacks.

MR. BENNET. No, no, release me—!

MRS. BENNET. With so many bachelors nowadays—there must be a match for everyone, even Mary!

They begin to sit, for their audience with Collins.

LYDIA. Lizzy—Lizzy! Mr. Collins sounds very appropriate and serious.

START
Mr. Collins enters and holds forth: a self-important, squat, sweaty man. He tries hard to be impressive—unfortunately, he has a tic wherein he cannot quite, ever, land on the right word. The original mansplainer.

MR. COLLINS. I tell you ladies

Bows.

you young ladies

Bows.

you young gracious ladies of youth and grace

Bows.

...you lay-diez.

He loses himself for a second, then pops back up, lectures.

It is a grave duty—to act as tutor of the spirit—essence....SOUL. But as a clergyman, it is my place to promote—establish—INSPIRE Charity—and I have been sent on this quest—mission—CRUSADE by none other than the most Righteous LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH.

He pauses. Nobody knows who that is.

LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH

They all nod and make "oh, ah" sounds politely.

—I flatter myself that my overtures are meritorious—credible—COMMENDABLE, and that you will not reject—refuse—SPURN this proffer—red...olive... brrr-anch.

He finishes with a flourishing bow. Mrs. Bennet applauds.

MRS. BENNET. Well said, Mr. Collins! Of course we are VERY open to any connection between our houses—any connection, sir.

MR. COLLINS. To spend even an instant in the company of my fair cousins, madame, shall be to feel forever gratified—enchanted—

MARY. Entranced?

MR. COLLINS. Eh-eh-eh.

He holds up a finger to shush her; thinks for a moment:

END

MISS BINGLEY. Three muddy miles.

Lizzy realizes she's dripping.

LIZZY. —Ah! It is still raining a bit—

Darcy is approaching Lizzy. Lizzy is discomfited; it's tense.

—and I took a bit of, um, a, tumble—

Without a word, he puts the paper he was writing on beneath her feet—catching her drips.

Oh.

She is mortified; Darcy retreats. Awkward pause.

—How is Jane?

BINGLEY. She will not come down, Miss Bennet.

LIZZY. Will you take me to her? *(To Miss Bingley.)* Then you needn't fear for your carpets.

BINGLEY. Of course! And I will send up more tea!

He springs to escort Lizzy out. They exit. as:

MISS BINGLEY. More tea! Charles!

As soon as they exit, she whirls to Darcy.

What very shocking company!

Darcy stares off towards Lizzy's exit. Maybe he bounces the ball. The scene fades but is not replaced as Lizzy enters Jane's bedroom. Jane is hiding under the covers.

JANE. No! No more tea, thank you!

LIZZY. Jane?

JANE. Liddy?

LIZZY. —Yes?

JANE. Oh, Liddy, I'm so glad you're here!

Lizzy heads to the bed; Jane still hides.

LIZZY. Won't you come out now, darling?

Pause.

All ye all ye oxen free?

With a BIG WET SNEEZE, Jane throws back the covers; she has a violently snotty stuffed-up cold.

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Lizzy feels her forehead; it is cool.

Jane, you gave me such a turn! I thought you were dying!

JANE. Budd I am, Liddy! Lidden to me!

LIZZY. It's just a cold—

JANE. It's a DISADDSder. How can I go down dere and let Mr. Bingley see me like dith, Liddy? I look word den Maryyyyy.

She cries.

LIZZY. Now you are speaking nonsense, dearest—

She wipes Jane's face.

—you're beautiful as ever!

JANE. You dink dat because you lub me, but Midder Bingley hardly knowd me, and first impresshuns are vely

She sneezes wetly.

impordand.

LIZZY. If he likes you at all, Jane, then he will like you even in an imperfect state. And I am certain that he does like you—very much.

JANE. Really? Because Liddy, I like him doo, DO much. He id de Perfect Mand.

She smiles sweetly and blows her nose, wetly.

LIZZY. *(Beginning to dry herself off/change.)* Drink your tea, and tell me how such a paradox is possible.

Scene 5

Chime, chime, chime—the clock is struck. Miss Bingley gleefully dissects the company; she is a couple of glasses of cordial in, and a lightweight.

MISS BINGLEY. I do hope that water comes out of the carpet.

BINGLEY. Of course it will—it is water.

MISS BINGLEY. —Six inches of mud on her! And did you see her hair?

BINGLEY. Caroline.

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CAROLINE DARCY & BINGLEY

CHARLOTTE. Oh, oh; I do believe I spy the wealthy Mr. Bingley entering now, with his equally rich sister!

Mr. Bingley enters with his sister, Miss Bingley—a beautiful, well-dressed woman. She keeps looking over her shoulder, offstage. Bingley is a bouncy, impetuous retriever, inclined to exaggeration.

Jane sees him from across the room and is instantly transfixed.

In the music, a DING.

She is much too perfect to be admired. I rather hate her!

MISS BINGLEY. Charles!

LIZZY. But that cannot be the bachelor my mother described, Charlotte; he looks most disappointingly mortal.

Dreamily, Jane grabs Lizzy's hand.

JANE. —No.

They both look at her in surprise as:

BINGLEY. My heavens, Caroline, have you ever seen such a charming room?

MISS BINGLEY. A very rustic sort of charm.

BINGLEY. And thus natural. Unaffected. Wonderful!

MISS BINGLEY. (Indicating out.) Charles.

BINGLEY. —Escaped you, has he?

MISS BINGLEY. Fetch.

BINGLEY. Come, sir. Come come come!

Mr. Darcy enters: an imposing man—very well dressed. He is extremely unhappy to be there. If Bingley is a dog, Darcy is his master.

Now, Darcy. (Proving a point to his sister.) Have you ever seen a livelier company?

DARCY. It is...loud.

BINGLEY. There is nothing like dancing to quicken the blood!

DARCY. Any savage can dance.

Bingley tries out some steps.

MISS BINGLEY. —And some do now!



BINGLEY. All of this vivacity, all of these eccentricities and imperfections; it's such a refreshing contrast to London life! Don't you agree?

DARCY. I have never found fault with too much perfection.

BINGLEY. Oh, Darcy! There has never been a pleasanter ball, nor better company, and I'm sure I never shall be happier than at this moment! I believe I spy—

At that moment, he sees Jane from across the room. DING.

DING. DING.

I—Spy—My.

DING. He starts walking towards Jane.

MISS BINGLEY. Charles!

DARCY. I hate this kind of event.

MISS BINGLEY. (Re: the crowd at large.) Detestable, aren't they? So vulgar and...clumsy.

People dance closely. Miss Bingley moves closer to Darcy. He is uncomfortable.

DARCY. ...it is a very close room.

MISS BINGLEY. (Getting closer and closer.) —Are you getting hot? Bingley has reached Jane; he silently bows. Lizzy curtsies, nudges Jane to do the same. Jane and Bingley stare at each other, just as Mrs. Bennet comes RUNNING up.

END.

MRS. BENNET. Lizzy! Keep a lookout, Mr. Bingley has arrived, but he brought his friend Mr. Darcy who is worth—

MRS. BENNET. —ten thousand a year—Lizzy, do look lively!

LIZZY. MAMMA.

MR. BENNET. Ah, Mr. Bingley—My eldest, Miss Jane Bennet.

BINGLEY. Miss Bennet.—Would you—?

He extends his hand. Jane nods. Bingley leads her to the dance floor.

MISS BINGLEY. Darcy—wouldn't such a pair as ourselves be a complement to this dance?

LIZZY. Mamma!

Mrs. Bennet turns on every charm.

MRS. BENNET. Is it soaking—

She dabs determinedly at his pants; he twists away.

—such a shame—

DARCY. Madame!

MRS. BENNET. Oh, you naughty girl! However shall you punish her?

She smacks Lizzy on the butt demonstratively; Lizzy is even more mortified.

LIZZY. I—

She cannot even finish her sentence; Mrs. Bennet smacks her.

MRS. BENNET. Look!

Smack.

at!

Smack.

that!

Smack.

blush!

Smack.

START

Won't you show her that imperfection is easily forgiven by a true gentleman, and stand to a dance? Your friend Bingley has claimed my eldest, but Lizzy here is free. Very free, indeed.

DARCY. I would not want to get you wet.

He reconsiders, then bows in humiliation and leaves.

MRS. BENNET. Elizabeth, go and apologize!

LIZZY. Mamma, this is too much!

Darcy nabs Bingley.

DARCY. Bingley, I must take my leave.

MRS. BENNET. It is much too charming, is what it is.

She begins pushing Lizzy across the room; Lizzy resists while trying not to draw attention to herself.

BINGLEY. So soon?

DARCY. I am not fit to be seen. I look— *(It's a big deal.)* laughable! MRS. BENNET. We cannot surrender on the first sally! BINGLEY. So you're not perfect, it's a country ball! You cannot go, Darcy, it's most impolite.

DARCY. This is all—too much!

BINGLEY. Why don't you dance?

LIZZY. Mamma, no, Mamma, please stop—

Mrs. Bennet finally pushes Lizzy all the way up to Darcy and scampers off; she is left awkwardly standing behind him, and hears all of this:

DARCY. It would be a punishment to dance with any lady here!

BINGLEY. How can you say such a thing? Miss Jane Bennet, for example, is beautiful as an angel—

LIZZY. *(In agony; whispering.)* Mamma!

DARCY. Then you have found the one tolerable woman in the whole room!

BINGLEY. *(Noticing Lizzy behind him.)* Darcy—

DARCY. All these vulgar country mothers, pushing their daughters at one like choice cows at a meat

market! I loathe strange company, I detest dancing, and I have no desire to give a thrill to some awkward, desperate spinster—LET ALONE while COVERED in RUM PUNCH.

Bingley turns Darcy; he finally sees Lizzy. She still has the empty punch cup, like an offering.

LIZZY. Just, ah. Getting some. More, for. To—but, wrong side, so. Punch!

She attempts to punch him in the arm in a comradely fashion—it is horrifying.

Darcy walks away. Bingley, wincing, bows and goes to Jane. Lizzy stands, stricken, for a moment... then, she LAUGHS.

Darcy returns to Miss Bingley. He tries not to look at Lizzy. MISS BINGLEY. Oh nooo. Let me—!

She also dives for his pants; he heads her off.

END