

START

her. She does not stop talking.

ANNE. ...It would just be through here then? Will I ever—? Arthur! There you are. I was just saying to Mr. Darcy that he must forgive the lateness of the hour, but when I didn't hear from you, I departed Rosings for Oxford to retrieve you, and was told that you had traveled to Pemberley, goodness knows why.

LIZZY. Mr. de Bourgh came here to spend the holiday with—

ANNE. Of course you were distracted by your grief, but you should have come to Rosings, Arthur, directly!

DARCY. But now you are both welcome to stay and—

ANNE. Though I prefer Rosings, Pemberley shall do for this Christmas, despite there being—my god—a tree in this room.

LIZZY. It is a popular German custom—

ARTHUR. I'm so sorry; what are you doing here?

ANNE. What are *you* doing *here*? Instead of at our home?

ARTHUR. *Our* home?

ANNE. The servants have been preparing to welcome you for Christmas and there are arrangements to be made.

ARTHUR. Arrangements?

MARY. Excuse me, who are you?

ANNE. Excuse me, who are *you*?

DARCY. Miss Mary Bennet. Please let me present, Miss Anne de Bourgh, daughter of the late Lady Catherine de Bourgh—

ANNE. And Arthur's fiancée.

ARTHUR. *My* what?

MARY. Your what?

LIZZY. Your what?

LYDIA. (*Stepping in, obviously eavesdropping outside the door.*) His what?

Lydia gasps. Arthur looks to Mary, Mary looks to Arthur.

Lizzy and Darcy turn to each other.

Blackout.

END

End of Act One

ACT TWO

Scene 1

December 24th, morning. The room is now fully decorated for Christmas with holly and ivy over every door and table. The tree looks beautiful with candles and paper ornaments and ribbons.

It is snowing outside.

Lights rise on Mary at the piano. She is thinking of Arthur. She is angry, embarrassed, and deeply disappointed. But mainly just mad.

Arthur enters, desperate to explain to her.

ARTHUR. Miss Bennet, may I please have a moment to explain.

MARY. No I think not, Mr. de Bourgh. I think I heard enough last night.

Mary glares and throws her copy of Lamarck at his feet and exits.

ARTHUR. (*Calling after her.*) Please Miss Bennet, I'd like to explain. I can explain.

He picks up her book, frustrated and—

Mary storms back in, grabs her book from him. Then takes his book and throws it on the ground instead.

Miss Bennet this is all a terrible misunderstanding—

MARY. I understand you have a fiancée, is that true?

ARTHUR. Well. Yes it seems so but—

MARY. Then there is nothing left to say. Not to me. Not ever. I would have rather stayed invisible than have been made a fool, Mr. de Bourgh.

ARTHUR. Miss Bennet, please—