

**Act 1 Scene 3 Mary, Lydia, Lizzy, Jane – pages 26, 27, 28 to when the men enter.**

MARY. Mr. de Bourgh.

LYDIA. Lord de Bourgh.

*The gentlemen exit.*

LYDIA. You did not tell me we were hosting a *lord*, Lizzy. My goodness.

LIZZY. He is a relation of Mr. Darcy. He is family.

LYDIA. And he is handsome.

MARY. And you are married.

LYDIA. Of course I am married, but it is a harmless enjoyment to meet a gentleman and share some confidence. Perhaps a warm welcome letter to Lord Arthur to secure our new friendship.

MARY. What friendship? You've only just met the gentleman.

JANE. Lydia, you really shouldn't.

LYDIA. Shouldn't what?

LIZZY. Flirt.

MARY. With everything.

LYDIA. I'm not flirting! I'm merely talking!

MARY. Yes but for you they are one and the same. You are shameless with your giddiness.

LYDIA. It is widely known in proper social circles that a jovial temperament like mine is much preferred to a disagreeable and pompous one.

MARY. If you mean me then you seem to confuse pomposity with precision. I simply refuse to favor politeness over honesty.

LYDIA. Well you should take your honesty to your spinster's attic and leave the rest of us in peace.

LIZZY. Lydia. Mary. This behavior is not to be tolerated. It is Christmas and we shall enjoy our time together or I am throwing both of you in the pond.

*Pause.*

MARY. I apologize.

LYDIA. And I accept.

*Mary rolls her eyes.*

MARY. And how is your Mr. Wickham, Lydia? A prince in soldier's clothes?

JANE. Mary, let's not.

LYDIA. My Wickham is a perfect dream, as I'm sure I must have mentioned.

LIZZY. You did of course.

MARY. Though your letters indicate you have spent much time apart this past year.

JANE. Ought we worry, Lydia?

LYDIA. Worry about me? No! I am happier than any other woman who has ever lived. And those letters were not written to you, they were written to our mother.

MARY. Who reads every letter aloud. Trust that I did not invite news of the tenuousness of your affairs.

LYDIA. I'm not tenuous! Mr. Wickham is a busy man... I know better than to get in the way of his business. Or with his gentlemen friends in the regiments. Or with the social visits he must make.

LIZZY. But if he is behaving in an ungentlemanly manner—

LYDIA. He is a perfect gentleman and we are terribly, horribly, miserably happy. Your concern should be poor, lonely Mary, not

me. She exasperates everyone with her labored lectures and plunking piano recitals. She'll drive Lord Arthur home to Rosings with his fingers in his ears and we shall never recover from the embarrassment!

*With this Mary has had enough and lashes out.*

MARY. You do not know me. Not anymore, and probably not ever. I am no longer a child and I am no longer at the wicked whim of your judgment. And if you think I am incapable of living fully or paying the pianoforte with skill, that proves how little you know and care. I am not weak-hearted.

*And with that Mary plays the first twenty seconds of a stunning, powerful, piece of music: Beethoven's Piano Sonata no. 14 in C-sharp Minor, op. 27, no. 2: the Moonlight Sonata, 3. Presto agitato. During this spontaneous performance, Arthur, Darcy, and Bingley return, unseen by Mary until she finishes with a flourish.*

ARTHUR. Absolutely brilliant.

JANE. Bravo, Mary.

LIZZY. Bravo indeed. I had no idea you had become so accomplished.

*Lydia jumps up to Arthur and starts to fawn over him.*

LYDIA. I have always said my dear sister Mary is a great talent.

*Before Arthur can get to Mary, Lydia pulls him onto the couch and into conversation, where he remains trapped for a moment.*

DARCY. We have a virtuoso in our family, it seems.

MARY. Oh, I am not nearly as talented as your sister, Georgiana.

LIZZY. But twice my talent. I am impressed.

MARY. Thank you. Father procured Beethoven's sonatas for me, and with the house my own, I indulge myself.

*Arthur has escaped Lydia and has made his way to Mary.*

ARTHUR. You indulge us all, Miss Bennet.

MARY. You are kind, Mr. de Bourgh. Though my indulgence often entails as much scientific reading as it does sonatas.

ARTHUR. A truly bracing combination.

MARY. If unwelcome at a ball.

JANE. Not everything that is welcome at a ball is of substance, Mary.

LIZZY. Indeed. Your playing and studies put more frivolous pursuits to shame.

LYDIA. And who wouldn't want to be *shamed* into a good time.

BINGLEY. We all bring something different to the world, don't we.

ARTHUR. I certainly prefer a sobering discussion of natural philosophy over social banter myself.

LYDIA. (*Lying of course.*) You know I was just reading about science the other day. Captivating, really.

MARY. Really?                      LIZZY. Really?                      ARTHUR. Really?

ARTHUR. And what branch of science so captivated you, Mrs. Wickham?

LYDIA. The...branches of the...trees. With their many twigs, and leaves, and—Might we have some tea, Lizzy? I'm terribly parched.

*Lydia is saved as a bell rings or a servant enters and bows to Lizzy.*

LIZZY. I've had some refreshment prepared in the portrait room. Shall we?

JANE. I do find my appetite unstoppable at present.

LYDIA. Won't you join us, Lord Arthur? I do hope you'll tell us all about your plans for Rosings?

ARTHUR. Oh, I don't have any.

LYDIA. Well you'll need a wife to begin with.

JANE. *Lydia.*

LYDIA. I was only saying—

LIZZY. We all know what you were saying.

*Lizzy pulls Lydia, and Lydia pulls Arthur with her as the group leaves. Except for Mary, who drops her head on the piano making a big BRRRRRRRM.*