

**Act 11 Scene 2 Arthur, Darcy, Bingley – pages 50, 51, 52.**

**Scene 2**

*Bingley is attempting to assemble a toy theatre for the baby, which is not going well as he is not exactly handy. Darcy watches, amused.*

*Arthur enters the library with great bluster.*

ARTHUR. Gentlemen. I am here to inform you that I have...ruined everything.

DARCY. Good morning, then.

BINGLEY. Not from the sound of it.

ARTHUR. I have packed my bags and, with great pardon, I will excuse myself just as soon as I gather my books...and Miss de Bourgh. She and I are leaving...together...as she is soon to be my wife. Good day, gentlemen.

BINGLEY. What did he say?

DARCY. Miss de Bourgh arrived late last night and is under the impression that she and Mr. de Bourgh are engaged to be married.

BINGLEY. Engaged to Anne de Bourgh?

ARTHUR. Can one be engaged without one's own knowledge? Apparently one can.

BINGLEY. *(Smiling slightly.)* Did you propose to Anne and forget?

ARTHUR. No, I don't think so. I fear it is quite time to leave before I cause any further disruption or embarrassment.

BINGLEY. Arthur. Stop. Breathe. And explain.

ARTHUR. It was her mother's wish, her mother who is so recently

departed. And I am required to marry her to maintain the estate and preserve the line and oh dear god I need some air.

DARCY. De Bourgh, you needn't leave and you needn't marry Anne.

ARTHUR. I...what?

DARCY. The inheritance is deemed yours by law, not by Lady Catherine. You do not need to marry anyone to claim Rosings as your own. You do not need to marry at all, unless that is your wish.

BINGLEY. Do you want to marry Miss de Bourgh?

ARTHUR. Well...she says we are fond of each other, and she wishes to remain at Rosings. It is her home after all and what kind of man would I be if I set her away from it.

BINGLEY. You do not need to marry to ensure Anne remain at Rosings, de Bourgh. It is quite enough house for the both of you, is it not?

DARCY. And neither Miss de Bourgh nor her mother can simply declare your engagement. You must be aware that I was at one time likewise intended for the same Miss de Bourgh.

ARTHUR. How is it that you are married to Mrs. Darcy then, and not Miss de Bourgh?

DARCY. Lady Catherine was determined to provide for her daughter, and for a time, she had a notion that I was the answer. But unintentionally, Lady Catherine's interference brought Mrs. Darcy and me to the understanding that we did and do love each other.

BINGLEY. And if love is not at the root, the tree will not be strong enough to grow.

DARCY. Well said, Mr. Bingley. De Bourgh, your marrying Anne would also seem counter to your position at the precipice of a truly wonderful match in Miss Bennet.

ARTHUR. Miss Bennet...wants nothing to do with me any longer and I cannot blame her.

BINGLEY. Did you mention the bit about her eyes?

ARTHUR. I did not get the chance to mention her eyes before my fiancée arrived and with great declaration sent Miss Bennet out of the room with haste. When I spoke to her this morning she made it quite clear that I was as welcome in her presence as a cone snail.

BINGLEY. A what?

ARTHUR. They're poisonous. I don't see how Miss Bennet could love me much less speak to me after I rather proved myself a coward and a fool. I see that you are trying to help me, but I have no recourse. Miss Bennet is decided about me, and Miss de Bourgh is abandoned without me. So. Why not marry her and make someone happy?

DARCY. Because there is truth in your heart left to tell; you will never forgive yourself if you do not tell it.

ARTHUR. I am not like you gentlemen. I have never had this kind of...responsibility. I have never planned anything but for myself.

BINGLEY. Well, life rarely goes as it is planned.

ARTHUR. My point exactly. Thank you both for your counsel but...the course is set, gentlemen.

DARCY. Arthur, please—

ARTHUR. I am so sorry to ruin the holiday. Good day sirs.

*Arthur leaves.*

DARCY. Oh dear.

BINGLEY. Poor man.

DARCY. Are we going to intervene?

BINGLEY. Recall, Darcy, how past intervention has not always helped matters along in the way we'd hoped.

DARCY. True. But in this case, surely...

BINGLEY. Right. Find the women.

*Darcy and Bingley hurry off together.*

### Transition

*The library is momentarily empty when Mary wanders in. She finds the letter she wrote to Arthur still sitting on the piano, where it was left the night before crumpled in a ball.*

*Mary begins to play a stormy piece by Beethoven.*

### Scene 3

*Lizzy and Jane enter. Lizzy and Jane listen for a moment. Finally, losing her patience...*

LIZZY. I am sorry, Mary, but I cannot stand this music any longer.

JANE. Lizzy, ask nicely.

LIZZY. Please, Mary. You really must play something else. Anything else.

JANE. Perhaps something cheerful for the holiday?

MARY. It is cold outside, it is cold inside. Where is this cheer of which you speak?

LIZZY. It is Christmas Eve, Mary! Look at my spectacular tree.

MARY. Spectacularly out of place and overdressed. I must say I empathize.

JANE. Mary, you were sour, then so gay, and now so upset.

MARY. *I am not upset, Beethoven is upset.*

LIZZY. Mary—We are only concerned for you.

MARY. As I am not entirely accustomed to the amount of concern being poured in my direction, I would kindly ask you to turn your sisterly attention elsewhere. If you like, I am happy, we are happy, Christmas is happy.

*Mary plays a decidedly unjoyful chorus of "Joy to the World."  
Lydia enters.*

LIZZY. And here I was so enjoying the new Mary's humor and light touch.

*With this, Lizzy bangs the piano closed, stopping Mary's angry playing.*

*Lydia comes over to the piano.*

LYDIA. Oh dear, is she upset about Lord Arthur?

MARY. What? No.

LYDIA. There was quite the event last night even before Miss de Bourgh's surprise entrance.