

Handout #2  
Pride and Prejudice

Pages 35- 37

**ELIZABETH.** The music is well played do you not think?

*(He nods. After they dance silently for a moment.)*

**ELIZABETH.** It is your turn to say something now, Mr. Darcy. I talked about the dance, and you ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples.

**DARCY.** I quite assure you that whatever you wish me to say will be said.

**ELIZABETH.** Very well, that reply will do for the present, now we may be silent.

DARCY. Do you talk by the rule then when you are dancing?

ELIZABETH. I have always, Mr. Darcy, seen a great similarity in the turn of our minds. We are each of an unsocial taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room, and be handed down to posterity with all the éclat of a proverb.

DARCY. This is no very striking resemblance of your own character, I am sure. How near it may be to mine I cannot pretend to say.

ELIZABETH. I have recently had the pleasure of forming a new acquaintance with a childhood friend of yours.

*(They stop dancing.)*

ELIZABETH. A Mr. Wickham.

DARCY. Mr. Wickham is blessed with such happy manners as may ensure his making friends—whether he may be equally capable of retaining them, is less certain.

ELIZABETH. He has been so unlucky as to lose *your* friendship, and in a manner which he is likely to suffer from all his life.

*(A silence.)*

DARCY. What think you of books Miss Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. I cannot talk of books in a ballroom, my head is full of something else.

*(DARCY inclines his head civilly and begins to turn away.)*

ELIZABETH. I remember hearing you say Mr. Darcy that you hardly ever forgave, that your resentment once created was unappeasable. You are very cautious, I suppose as to its being created?

DARCY. I am.

ELIZABETH. And never allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice?

DARCY. May I ask to what these questions tend?

ELIZABETH. Merely to the illustration of your character. I am trying to make it out.

DARCY. And what is your success?

ELIZABETH. I do not get on at all. I hear such different accounts of you as to puzzle me exceedingly.

DARCY. I can readily believe that reports may vary greatly with respect to me; and I could wish, Miss Bennet, that you would not sketch my character at present, as there is reason to fear that the performance would reflect no credit on either.

(COLLINS *enters to them.*)