

Netherfield Ball

Lizzy, Darcy

DARCY: Is something amusing, Miss Bennet?

LIZZY: Oh, nothing, Everything. Us, I suppose.

DARCY: You are *laughing at me*?

LIZZY: At myself, sir! I suppose you never laugh at yourself, Mr Darcy.

DARCY: It is the study of my life to avoid those weaknesses which expose character to ridicule.

LIZZY: Such as pride and vanity?

DARCY: Vanity is indeed a weakness. But pride—where there is real superiority of mind, pride may justified. You ARE laughing at me.

LIZZY: Only because the contrast between us is so extreme. I am fundamentally flawed and thus hopelessly unserious—but you have such perfect understanding that you seem to possess no defects whatsoever.

DARCY:...Miss Bennet, I think you do not mean that.

LIZZY: I talk a lot of nonsense.

*The dance starts. As Darcy circles around her, he speaks. He is really trying—but he is really, really not a great dancer.*

DARCY: Miss Bennet. I am also...not perfect.

LIZZY: No?

DARCY: I cannot forget—*laugh* at the follies of others.

LIZZY: Oh.

DARCY: And my good opinion once lost—is lost forever.

LIZZY: You have chosen your flaws well—for they are truly very serious. May I sum up yours, Mr. Darcy?

*The dance stops.*

Your defect is, I'm afraid, a propensity to hate everybody.

*He starts a little.*

DARCY: And yours is willfully to misunderstand them.