Miss Bennet:
Christmas at Pemberley

DARCY
Dear God, Mrs. Darcy.

LIZZIE
Isn’t it grand, Mr. Darcy? Or perhaps it’s stately. Do you not think it stately? Imagine it with ribbons and lanterns on the boughs. Perhaps we can cut out paper stars to decorate it. Would that not be handsome?

DARCY
I can make out that it is a tree, Mrs. Darcy. My foremost question is why the tree is inside.

LIZZIE
Because it is a Christmas tree. A popular German custom. Mrs. Collins wrote me of it last year during their travels to Hamburg. An evergreen reminds us of life even in the deep midwinter. Isn’t that wonderful?

DARCY
It would be were we suddenly German.

LIZZIE
I’m attempting a new tradition at Pemberley.

DARCY
Which entails cutting down perfectly healthy trees and humiliating them in the drawing room.

LIZZIE
I am far from humiliating my tree. We celebrate its beauty and fortitude against the winter.

DARCY
Which I fear I shall never convince you should happen outside.

LIZZIE
No you shall not. Besides, what fun is a marriage of conviction, when it could be a marriage of surprise?

DARCY
You manage to surprise me by the hour, Mrs. Darcy.

LIZZIE
Which will keep us both young and forever intrigued.
Miss de Bourgh.

Mrs… Darcy.

Your arrival was so late last night, I may have been remiss in my welcome. I did not know your journey was imminent or we should have been more prepared. Please forgive me.

If the matter was not so pressing I would not have had the necessity to intrude on your little festivity.

Certainly it is not an intrusion. You are always welcome at Pemberley.

How kind. To be welcomed to a place one spent so many hours of one’s youth by someone so recently positioned here. I ought to have come earlier to help you get oriented, dear.

Oriented?

A sooner intervention might have prevented your more… eccentric decorating. Though it is understandable, coming up from such inferior conditions as you did.

I am surprised at your offer of help, Miss de Bourgh. I had always thought the residents of Rosings to be rather against my marriage to Mr. Darcy. At the least, I’m certain that was the belief held by Lady Catherine. She did seem unable to contain her opinion on the matter.

I would ask you to kindly not speak of my mother. I feel her loss quite deeply. You could not possible understand. If she objected, it was with good reason, I’m sure.