That was all about you. The love bit. In case I wasn’t clear.

You were.

Oh good.

Yes I think it is.

What?

Good.

(They smile)
You have given me a gift. And now I hope you will accept one from me.

(She offers him a box, which he opens to reveal a crumpled up paper ball)

Yours is a gift, it would seem, I must decipher.

(She comes very close to him, looking at the crumpled letter.)

These appear to be a note, written in the handwriting of a young woman of some modest means and education. She seems unable to articulate her feelings to, what appears to be, a man who impresses and confounds her greatly.

Does he?

Yes, you see this line here would imply that her positive impression of him stems from a mutual understanding… of the world’s wide and intricate beauty.

Yes it does seem to imply that.
MARY
And I deduce that the crumpled state of the paper would indicate the young woman’s frustration. Perhaps she is not accustomed to having to articulate such things to anyone, let alone someone so new to her. Perhaps she experiences fear at admitting she feels anything at all.

ARTHUR
It is a rather terrifying endeavor. To admit something like that.

MARY
Isn’t it?

ARTHUR
Quite.

MARY
I wrote this the night after we met.

ARTHUR
I wrote one exactly like it. Miss Bennet. I must tell you how you have shaken me. Irrepressibly. And if I may dare say it, I hope you will continue to do so for as long as I live.

MARY
Then I hope you are prepared to live a very long time.

(Mary takes his hands)
For I have reviewed the evidence and it seems that I… love you, Mr. de Bourgh. Most ardently I do.

ARTHUR
Then we are met. In heart and mind. Though I am not certain how this is properly done, but I hope you will permit me to discuss this with your father upon his arrival tomorrow?

MARY
I do not permit, dear Mr. de Bourgh. I insist. Tomorrow then.

ARTHUR
Tomorrow.
MARY

(Looking at the book of maps)

Last night, I left off in Australia, but you seem to set me in Brazil, and I am quite unprepared for the Amazon.

ARTHUR

Oh. Well. Watch out for the fish. They bite.

MARY

Do they? And have you been to the great river?

ARTHUR

Oh no. Much like you, I travel on pages and in ink.

MARY

Regardless. I shall heed your advice and guard my toes.

ARTHUR

And were you also reading Mr. Darcy’s copy of Lamarck’s Philosophy?

(indicating Mary’s book, which has a green cover)

It is quite a stimulation.

(He indicates his own book, with the blue cover.)

MARY

It is. And it is my copy, actually. Which I did find stimulating, and disorienting, all at once.

ARTHUR

As did I. Exactly that combination.

MARY

It is the talk of life’s drive to greater complexity that most interested me.

ARTHUR

And the inheritance of traits. Fascinating.

MARY

Indeed. And the bit about giraffes.

ARTHUR

The giraffes were quite a surprise I thought.
As did I.

(Awkward pause. Followed by an even more awkward sentiment)

Those giraffes.
Miss Bennet: Christmas at Pemberley

DARCY
You seem quite prepared for such solitary adventures.

MARY
I fear you are making fun of me.

DARCY
Certainly not, Miss Bennet.

MARY
I do not mind being alone, Mr. Darcy, which is why I am likely not so valued a companion to my parents as my sisters when they were at home. I could comfortably go all day without speaking a word to anyone unless there was a good reason, but that is not the way at Longbourn, as you might recall.

DARCY
We are both quiet people, Miss Bennet. I do not value chatter for its own sake. This can come off as unmannerly to some, but I find it refreshing not to speak merely to fill the room.

MARY
Yes, well in a house with four sisters and a mother whose thoughts do not live until they are heard, often at volume, I was scarcely able to get a word in. I have learnt to enjoy my own company.

DARCY
Miss Bennet, if you’ll excuse a spontaneous observation, I find you quite matured this visit. You are a young lady of wit and wisdom; it is a finding that displeases me only in that I fear the conversations I have missed not noticing it before.

MARY
Thank you, Mr. Darcy. I treasure that kind word from you.

DARCY
I mean what I say. And I might even venture far enough to also note that you are starting to remind me in some ways of your elder sister.

MARY
Well, you certainly cannot mean Jane as she is the sunshine to my shade. And Lizzie would, I fear, take insult from her dear husband if she heard him say such things.
DARCY
She would do nothing of the sort. Certainly not if she ceased treating you as the child you once were.

MARY
Yes. If. I don’t mean to sound petulant, but neither she nor Jane have any conception of the invisibility I often feel around them. Around everyone.

DARCY
An invisible woman?

MARY
Who finds her strongest self buried in books and music and other things of the evanescent mind.

DARCY
My understanding was always of yours and your sisters’ great love for each other.

MARY
Oh, indeed. But you see I grew up with the kindest, cleverest, and most beautiful elder sisters in the country; and with the loudest, silliest, and prettiest younger sisters in the country. This left few adjectives for me. I find I still suffer from lack of definition.