

Oh, dear what shall I do  
Nobody coming to marry me—”  
(*Interrupting herself.*) Good gracious, I would rather sing about fir  
trees. Or spruce.

*So she does, replacing the original words.*  
“Oh spruce what will become of you  
Oh spruce in such a room  
Nobody coming to water you  
Nobody coming here soon...”  
*Mary thinks that was rather clever of her...*

### Transition

*During the transition we experience a bit of the evening flow  
in the room—post-dinner lounging and conversation, glasses  
of wassail for a toast, Jane and Bingley being cute, Lizzy ob-  
sessed with her tree, Darcy enamored with Lizzy, and Mary  
at the pianoforte. Servants come and go, if you like. Jane and  
Bingley retire as do Lizzy and Darcy, leaving Mary alone to  
explore the library at night...*

### Scene 2

*That evening. Mary sits alone, leafing through an atlas in  
the library. Darcy enters.*

DARCY. Miss Bennet, I didn't realize you'd be up at this hour.

MARY. Good evening, Mr. Darcy, I find it is the only quiet hour in  
the day. I should ask forgiveness of you for creeping around your  
library at night like a specter. Please excuse me.

*She goes to leave.*

DARCY. Please stay. May I ask what preoccupies you this evening?

MARY. Oh, tonight I have been taken by the meticulous and miniature adventures of maps. In fact I was just perusing Africa and India this hour. I think I will go to America next if you'd like to join me.

DARCY. No, thank you. Rebellious continent.

MARY. Then I shall travel as a party of one.

*...which she is used to doing. She looks at the map.*

DARCY. You seem quite prepared for such solitary adventures.

MARY. I do not mind being alone. Mr. Darcy, in a house with four sisters and a mother whose thoughts do not live until they are heard, often at volume, 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 might 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 Lizzy 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. 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 fair adjectives for me. I find I still suffer from lack of definition.

DARCY. Might you not define yourself, Miss Bennet?

MARY. That seems easier to articulate than to accomplish.

DARCY. Good advice always is. We are almost to a new year, Miss Bennet; the season may bring with it a new beginning. Good night and...enjoy America.

MARY. I will, Mr. Darcy. Good night.

*Darcy exits as Mary looks at the world far beyond her.*

### Transition

*In the transition, the house awakens to a new day—December 23<sup>rd</sup>. Mary and Jane walk and talk looking out the window at the new-fallen snow. Bingley is tasked by Lizzy with helping add decorations to the room: some holly and ivy, a ribbon to the bare tree. Darcy reads newly arrived letters and pulls Bingley away from his decorative duties. Lizzy pulls Jane and Mary away as well, and the room empties.*

### Scene 3

*Morning, the room is empty but for light flickering through the snowfall outside. Lord Arthur de Bourgh enters, carrying a blue-covered book. He was expecting a welcome party. There is none.*

ARTHUR. Mr. Darcy? Hello? I'm looking for...well, anyone at this point.

*He notices the tree. Then immediately sees the library and heads with relief right to the open map Mary left from last night.*

*Mary enters.*

MARY. Excuse me, sir, but that is not your map.

ARTHUR. Oh. Hello. No. However I am acquainted with the man who I presume is its owner. I am, in fact, mid-search for Mr. Darcy at present. I have only just arrived. If you might be kind enough to orient me in his general direction?