

DARCY

-Bells.

LIZZY

Pardon?

DARCY

Bells.

They never will ring if they are made imperfectly, you know. Weak metal, careless manufacture, and they never shall sound as they should. *(he is getting more and more worked up)* But if they are cast of stronger stuff, of quality - you ring them once, and you can't control the vibration, can you? They just go and go however they will once they are struck, and nothing can stop them! *(he begins to pace; Lizzy is concerned about the carpets)* And whether they sound for alarm or benediction, they CANNOT BE UNRUNG! They ring and ring until the energy is spent, or they CRACK!

LIZZY

What -

DARCY

They ring to demand! Attention must be paid!!! Something is happening! Something beyond our control, something arranged over our heads has CHANGED!

LIZZY

(- what?)

DARCY

IN VAIN I HAVE STRUGGLED! MY FEELINGS WILL NOT BE REPRESSED! YOU MUST ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU HOW ARDENTLY I ADMIRE AND LOVE YOU!

LIZZY

(a subdued version of her mother's inarticulate squawk) - awk?

DARCY

I LOVE YOU! *(he is really losing it now - recklessly, almost happily)*
In spite of all my endeavours - in spite of the absolute unsuitability of the match and of your family and quite frankly your own conduct - I must give you my congratulations - for you have ensnared me.
Your mother taught you well; I am yours entirely.
Miss Bennet - you win.

He comes very close to her. Lizzy backs up against the desk.

LIZZY

(again, barely a breath, a much-subdued version of the squawk)- kwa-