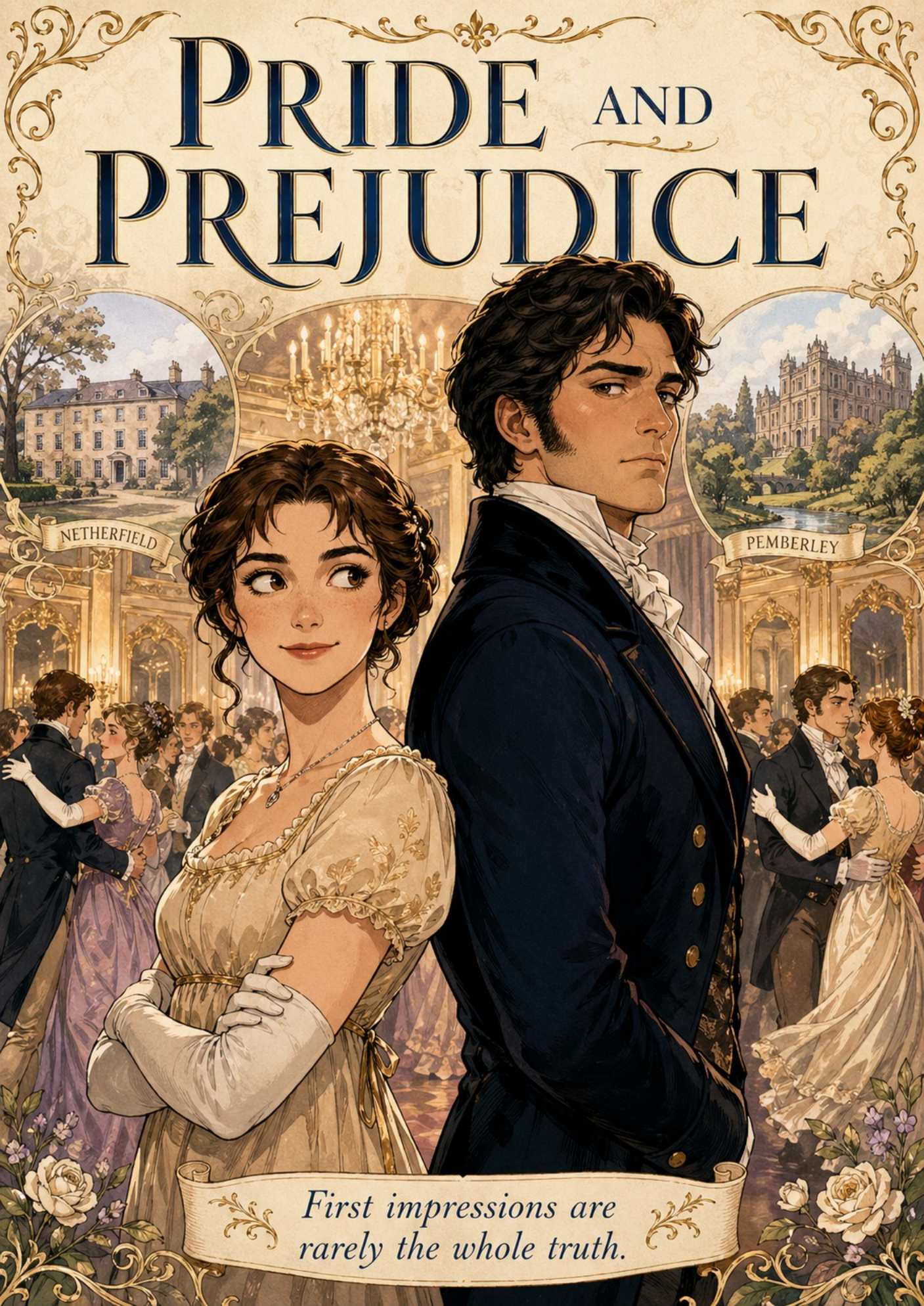


PRIDE AND PREJUDICE



NETHERFIELD

PEMBERLEY

First impressions are rarely the whole truth.



*Longbourn,
Hertfordshire.*



MR. BENNET!
HAVE YOU HEARD?
NETHERFIELD PARK
IS LET AT LAST!



A SINGLE MAN
OF LARGE FORTUNE
HAS TAKEN IT!

I HAD NOT.



*Five daughters —
and no sons.*



WHAT A
FINE THING
FOR OUR
GIRLS!



FOR ONE
OF THEM, PERHAPS.
IF HE CHOOSES
TO MARRY HER.



*Thus begins a tale of first impressions,
pride, and prejudice.*

At the
Meryton assembly...









Netherfield House.



HOW ADMIRABLY SHE MANAGES TO BE EVERYWHERE — YET ALWAYS BESIDE MR. DARCY.



MR. DARCY, YOUR LETTERS ARE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR MANNERS — WHICH IS TO SAY, VERY.



I DEARLY LOVE A LAUGH.

THE WISEST AND BEST MAY BE RENDERED RIDICULOUS.



I HOPE I NEVER RIDICULE WHAT IS WISE OR GOOD.



Every conversation draws them further into conflict — and interest.



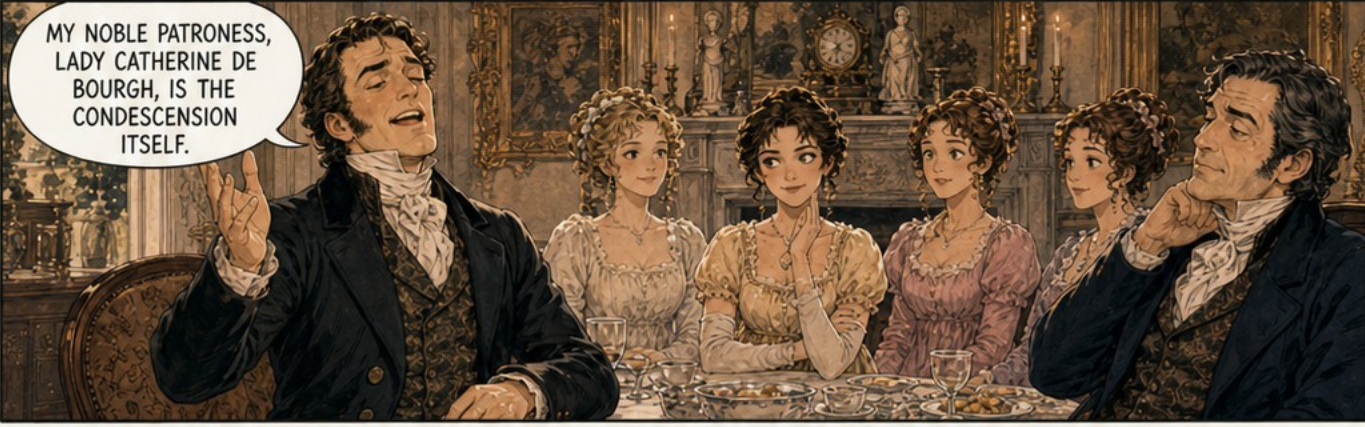
*A cousin —
and future heir —
arrives.*

MR. COLLINS!
OUR DEAR
COUSIN!

A MR. COLLINS,
MA'AM. HE WILL
ARRIVE THIS
EVENING.



MY DEAR
COUSIN! I HOPE
YOU AND YOUR
LADIES ENJOY
PERFECT HEALTH.

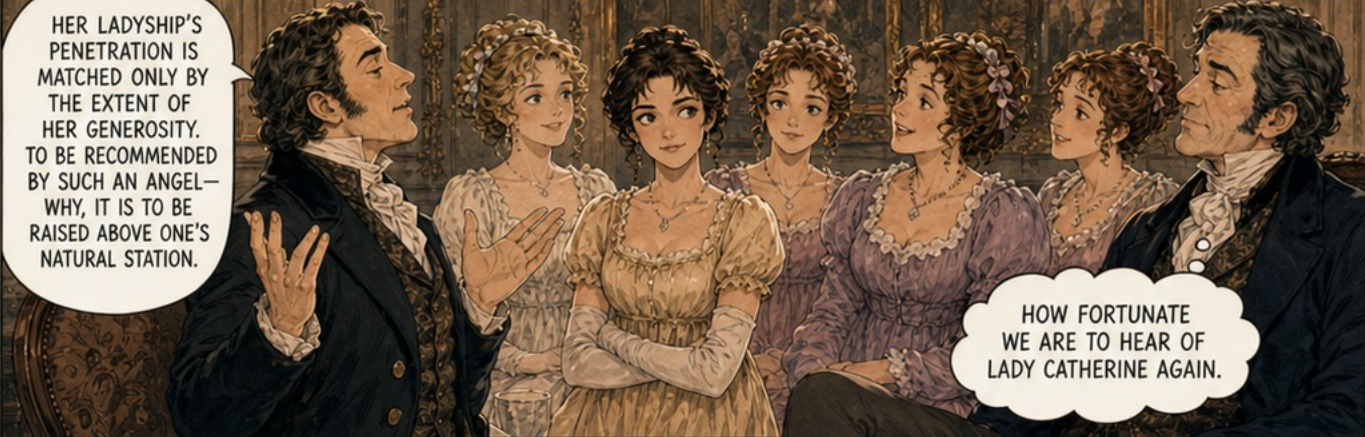


MY NOBLE PATRONESS,
LADY CATHERINE DE
BOURGH, IS THE
CONDESCENSION
ITSELF.



TO THINK,
DEAR MR. COLLINS,
IF YOU WERE TO
TAKE A WIFE FROM
AMONG OUR GIRLS...

INDEED, MA'AM,
IT WOULD BE A
BLESSING—AN
UNCOMMON
BLESSING.



HER LADYSHIP'S
PENETRATION IS
MATCHED ONLY BY
THE EXTENT OF
HER GENEROSITY.
TO BE RECOMMENDED
BY SUCH AN ANGEL—
WHY, IT IS TO BE
RAISED ABOVE ONE'S
NATURAL STATION.

HOW FORTUNATE
WE ARE TO HEAR OF
LADY CATHERINE AGAIN.

In Meryton, new company brings fresh excitement.



MISS BENNET, I AM DELIGHTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.



DO YOU KNOW MR. DARCY?

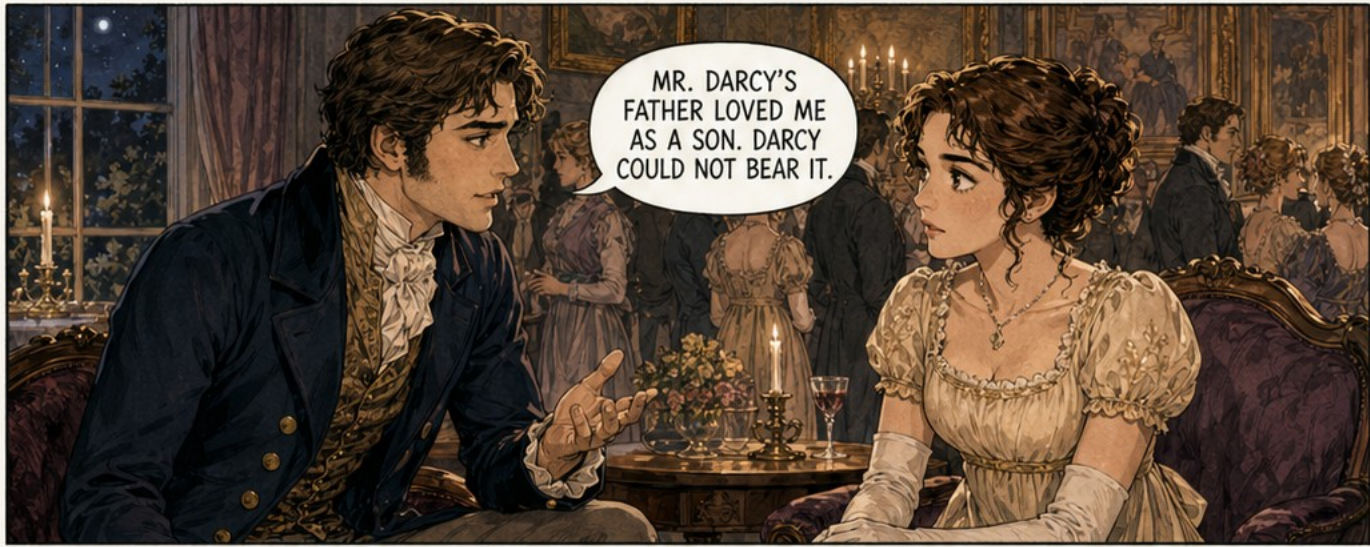


TOO WELL.



A new story begins — and Elizabeth is ready to believe it.





MR. DARCY'S FATHER LOVED ME AS A SON. DARCY COULD NOT BEAR IT.



YOU MEAN—HE TRIED TO HURT YOU?



HE TOOK FROM ME THE PROSPECT OF A FORTUNE, THE HOPE OF A POSITION—ALL THAT MY FATHER HAD PROMISED. WITHOUT CAUSE—WITHOUT MERCY.



I WAS DISMISSED WITHOUT WARNING. TURNED OUT—WITH NOTHING BUT MY HONEST NAME AND MY SWORD.



I HAD NOT THOUGHT MR. DARCY SO VERY WICKED.

FEW KNOW HIM AS I DO.



Elizabeth's prejudice deepens.

The Netherfield Ball.

WHAT A GORGEOUS EVENING!

I HAD HOPED TO DANCE WITH MR. WICKHAM... BUT HE IS NOT HERE.

MISS ELIZA BENNET, MAY I HAVE THE HONOUR OF THIS DANCE?

IT IS YOUR TURN TO SAY SOMETHING, MR. DARCY, I TALKED ABOUT THE DANCE, AND YOU OUGHT NOW TO REMARK ON THE SIZE OF THE ROOM.

YOU WANT ME TO ACCOUNT FOR MY OPINIONS IN A STYLE WHICH MAY SUIT YOURS RATHER THAN MY OWN.

JANE WILL SOON BE SETTLED AT NETHERFIELD, I AM SURE OF IT!

MR. DARCY, I HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING A NEAR RELATION TO LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH, AND AM THUS—

HOW DREADFULLY SONGLESS!

HE IS ARROGANT, UNYIELDING... AND YET—

I CANNOT DENY THAT HE FASCINATES ME.

The ball brings every folly into the light.

Later that morning,
at Longbourn.

MISS BENNET,
I HAVE BEEN LONG
INTENDED, WITH THE
UTMOST RESPECT,
TO DECLARE THE WARMTH
OF MY AFFECTION.

IT IS USUAL WITH
YOUNG LADIES TO REJECT
THE ADDRESSES OF THE
MAN WHOM THEY SECRETLY
MEAN TO ACCEPT.

I AM
PERFECTLY
SERIOUS IN MY
REFUSAL.

AH, BUT YOU
MISTAKE MY DEAR
MEANING. IT IS THE
PRIVILEGE OF YOUR
SEX TO DENY WITH
MODESTY WHAT YOU
MOST DESIRE.

MY DEAR LIZZY,
YOU MUST NOT BE SO
HASTY! MR. COLLINS IS
SUCH AN EXCELLENT
MATCH! YOU SHOULD
THINK YOURSELF MOST
FORTUNATE!

YOUR MOTHER WILL
NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN
IF YOU DO NOT MARRY
MR. COLLINS, AND I WILL
NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN
IF YOU DO.

Sense prevails, if only
for a moment.

Mr. Collins, finding no encouragement from Miss Bennet...

MISS LUCAS, YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO KIND—SO VERY UNDERSTANDING.

Charlotte Lucas—practical, steady, and content with what life can reasonably offer. A true friend to Elizabeth.

WILL YOU DO ME THE HONOUR OF BECOMING MY WIFE?

YES, SIR.

I WILL.

The news reaches Elizabeth—

IT IS SETTLED THEY ARE TO BE MARRIED.

ENGAGED TO MR. COLLINS?

YES, ELIZABETH. HE PROPOSED, AND I HAVE ACCEPTED.

I AM NOT ROMANTIC, YOU KNOW. I ASK ONLY A COMFORTABLE HOME.

BUT—BUT YOU... YOU COULD HAVE HAD A LIFE OF YOUR OWN CHOOSING!

PERHAPS. BUT LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS CHOSEN FOR US, DEAR FRIEND.

MR. COLLINS WILL PROVIDE SECURITY, RESPECT, AND INDEPENDENCE IN A MANNER NOT OPEN TO ME OTHERWISE.

Prudence and disappointment walk hand in hand.

*A letter arrives
from Netherfield.*

MR. BINGLEY
LEFT NETHERFIELD
YESTERDAY FOR
LONDON.

HE HAS A HOUSE
THERE... AND MAY
REMAIN FOR SOME
TIME.

I REGRET TO ADD THAT
HIS SISTER HAS URGED
HIM TO TAKE THIS STEP.
SHE THINKS LONDON
WILL DIVERT HIM... AND
MAKE HIS ABSENCE
APPEAR NECESSARY.

MISS BINGLEY REMAINS
EVER WATCHFUL OF HER
BROTHER'S ADVANTAGE.
NOTHING ESCAPES HER
CALCULATION.

SHE CONSIDERS
SENTIMENT A WEAKNESS
AND MATCHES A MATTER OF
CONNECTION—NOT
AFFECTION.

GONE TO LONDON!
JUST AS I KNEW HE
WOULD! AND ALL AT
THAT FORSAKEN
MISS BINGLEY'S
DOING! IT IS
MOST SHAMEFUL!

MAMA, I WOULD
NOT BE SO
HASTY IN JUDGING.
PERHAPS I
MISUNDERSTOOD
HIS ATTENTIONS.

NO. YOU WERE
NOT MISTAKEN.
OTHERS HAVE
INTERFERED.

I WILL TRY TO
BEAR IT WITH
FORTITUDE.

YOU ARE GOOD
BEYOND MEASURE,
JANE. AND YOU
SHALL NOT BEAR
IT ALONE.

*Hope falters,
but affection remains.*

At Hunsford, new absurdities await.



MY DEAR ELIZABETH! YOU HONOUR ME BEYOND MEASURE.



PRAY OBSERVE THE FRONT PARLOUR—ITS CHEERFUL PROSPECT! AND THIS LIBRARY—A MODEST BUT CHOSEN COLLECTION!



THESE APRONS ARE OF THE FINEST DIMITY. THE KITCHEN—ADMIRABLY ARRANGED! AND THIS GARDEN—PERFECTLY PRACTICABLE!



IN TRUTH, THERE IS NOT A SHELF, A WINDOW, NOR A FIXTURE THAT HAS NOT BEEN PLACED WITH DUE REGARD TO UTILITY—AND PROPRIETY!

Rosings Park.



Lady Catherine de Bourgh has extended an invitation to visit her at Rosings.



A house that impresses by its size—rather than its sense.

MY DEAR COUSIN! MY DEAR COLONEL FITZWILLIAM! HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU BOTH!



ELIZABETH BENNET. WE ARE MOST HAPPY TO FIND YOU HERE.

THIS HUMBLE ABODE OWES EVERY COMFORT TO LADY CATHERINE'S KINDNESS.



EVERY SHELF SEEMS AWARE OF IT.



Rosings Park.

ARE ANY OF YOUR YOUNGER SISTERS OUT?

YES, MA'AM, ALL.

ALL? VERY ODD!

YOU MUST PERMIT ME TO SAY THAT YOUR FAMILY AND UPBRINGING HAVE BEEN—WELL, LESS THAN WHAT I COULD WISH.

COMPARED WITH SOME FAMILIES, PERHAPS.

ROSINGS PARK IS TRULY REMARKABLE, IS IT NOT?

INDEED IT IS, COLONEL.

I NEVER SAW SUCH SPIRIT JOINED TO SUCH GRACE BEFORE.

*Before greatness,
Elizabeth does not bend.*

Hunsford Parsonage.
A stormy evening.

JANE'S LETTERS
SOOTHE ME—AND
TORMENT ME.

MISS
ELIZABETH
BENNET.

IN VAIN I HAVE
STRUGGLED. YOU MUST
ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU
HOW ARDENTLY I ADMIRE
AND LOVE YOU.

HAD YOU BEHAVED
IN A MORE GENTLEMANLIKE
MANNER, I MIGHT HAVE
FELT CONCERN IN
REFUSING YOU.

AND THIS IS
ALL THE REPLY
I AM TO EXPECT?

YES.

Love, declared badly,
becomes an injury.



YOU HAVE RUINED THE HAPPINESS OF MY BELOVED SISTER.



YOU HAVE REDUCED MR. WICKHAM TO POVERTY.



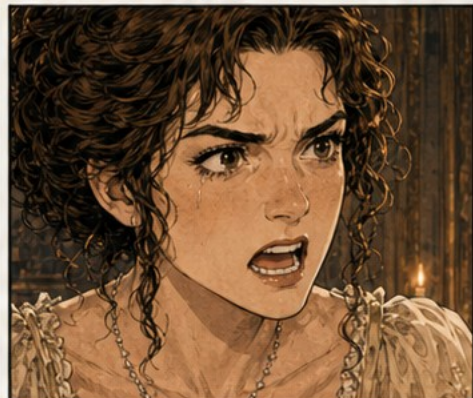
YOU TAKE AN EAGER INTEREST IN THAT GENTLEMAN'S CONCERNS.



YOU TAKE AN EAGER INTEREST IN THAT GENTLEMAN'S CONCERNS.

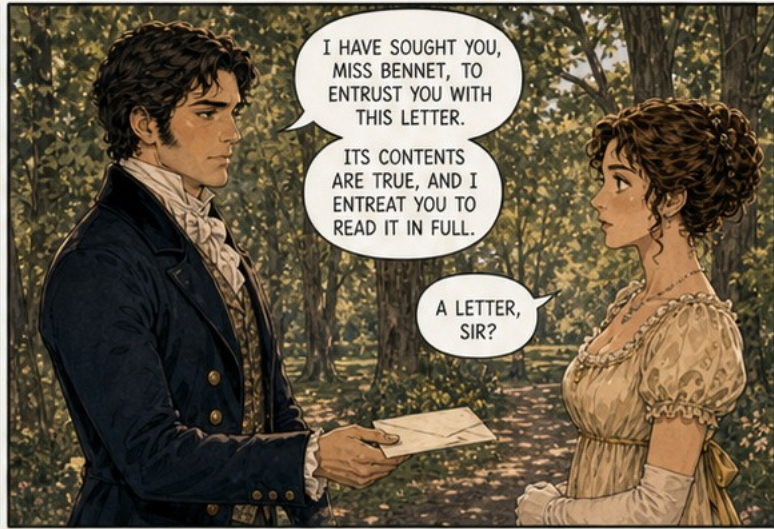


WHO THAT KNOWS WHAT HIS MISFORTUNES HAVE BEEN CAN HELP FEELING AN INTEREST?



Every grievance is spoken at last.

In the grove near Rosings.



I HAVE SOUGHT YOU, MISS BENNET, TO ENTRUST YOU WITH THIS LETTER.
ITS CONTENTS ARE TRUE, AND I ENTREAT YOU TO READ IT IN FULL.

A LETTER, SIR?



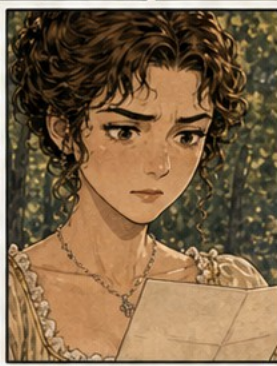
You must allow me to be candid. During my acquaintance with Miss Bingley and her sister, I never saw in either an affection for my friend which would have inclined me to think his happiness secure.



I feel it a duty to you also to relate what I have since learned of Mr. Wickham. Your regard for his character renders this knowledge, though painful, necessary.



He attempted to elope with my sister, Miss Georgiana Darcy, and would have succeeded had not circumstances beyond his control prevented it.



Every line altered the shape of the world she thought she knew.



Till this moment, I never knew myself.



Truth unsettles her pride.

Later, Elizabeth reads Darcy's letter once more.

I WAS TOO HASTY. I SEE CORRECTIONS WHERE I SAW PARTIALITY.

She reconsiders her past judgments.

Wickham's charm seems less sincere than I believed.

And Darcy's conduct, though reserved, was not monstrous.

She returns homeward to Longbourn.

At Longbourn, Lydia is beside herself with excitement.

OH, MAMA! WE SHALL HAVE SUCH DELIGHTFUL BALLS IN BRIGHTON!

THE MILITIA ARE SO HANDSOME—AND SO VERY HOSPITABLE!

FATHER, LYDIA THINKS ONLY OF PLEASURE. SHE DOES NOT CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES.

OUR FAMILY'S CONDUCT MAY EXPOSE US ALL TO RIDICULE.

LYDIA WILL NEVER BE EASY UNTIL SHE HAS EXPOSED HERSELF IN SOME PUBLIC PLACE OR OTHER.

I CAN SCARCE WAIT TO BE OFF! BRIGHTON WILL BE DIVINE, I KNOW IT!

Self-knowledge deepens, but danger approaches.

A summer tour into Derbyshire.



WE MAY SEE PEMBERLEY, I THINK, SINCE ITS MASTER IS ABSENT.

HOW MAGNIFICENT! I NEVER IMAGINED ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL.



WELCOME TO PEMBERLEY, MA'AM. THERE IS NOT A BETTER MASTER IN THE WORLD THAN MR. DARCY.



CAN THIS BE THE SAME PROUD MAN I THOUGHT I KNEW?



I SEE NOW THAT A NOBLE TEMPER MAY BE HIDDEN BENEATH A RESERVED MANNER.



A FINE PLACE, INDEED, AND WELL DESERVING OF SO GOOD A MASTER.

MR. DARCY IS A LUCKY MAN TO HAVE IT.



At Pemberley, old judgments begin to soften.

The next morning, Elizabeth walks with the Gardiners in the grounds at Pemberley.

Suddenly—an unexpected sight.

MR. DARCY!

MISS BENNET!
I HAD NOT THE LEAST
EXPECTATION OF SEEING
YOU AT PEMBERLEY.

NOR I, SIR.

To the Gardiners he is all ease and respect.

YOUR MANNER
DOES YOU GREAT
HONOUR, SIR.

I AM THE ONE HONOURED,
MR. AND MRS. GARDINER,
BY YOUR VISIT.

IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME,
I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED
TO SHOW YOU MORE OF
PEMBERLEY—AND INTRODUCE
YOU TO MY SISTER.

THAT IS MOST
GENEROUS OF
YOU, MR. DARCY.

Soon, they are in the
estate's finest drawing room.

PERMIT ME TO
INTRODUCE MY
SISTER, MISS
DARCY.

I HAVE LONG
WISHED TO KNOW
YOU, MISS BENNET.

HOW DIFFERENT
HE IS HERE—HOW
EARNESTLY HE
SEEKS TO PLEASE.

I HOPE YOU WILL
FIND PEMBERLEY A
PLEASANT HOME
AWAY FROM HOME.

WE ALREADY
DO, SIR.

Courtesy reveals what pride concealed.

At Pemberley, Georgiana finds courage in Elizabeth's kindness.

YOU ARE VERY GOOD TO ME, MISS ELIZABETH.

YOU ARE VERY DEAR, GEORGIANA.

Darcy observes them with quiet happiness.

To their great pleasure, Mr. Bingley arrives at Pemberley.

WHAT A HAPPY REUNION THIS WILL BE!

MISS ELIZABETH! PRAY TELL ME—ARE ALL YOUR SISTERS QUITE WELL?

AND MISS BENNET? SHE IS IN HEALTH, I HOPE?

QUITE WELL, SIR.

HE STILL REMEMBERS JANE—AND DARCY NOW SEEMS HER TRUEST FRIEND.

The Gardiners are invited for a most agreeable visit.

PEMBERLEY IS EVERYTHING I HAD HEARD—AND MORE.

In familiar happiness, words are not needed.

Hope and tenderness return together.

At the Lambton inn.

A LETTER—
FROM JANE!

OH! JANE WRITES THAT
LYDIA HAS LEFT BRIGHTON—
WITH WICKHAM!

ELIZABETH?

MY YOUNGEST SISTER—
SHE HAS RUN AWAY!
LYDIA HAS ELOPED
WITH WICKHAM.

IF THEY ARE
NOT MARRIED,
WE ARE LOST.

GOOD
GOD!

I HAVE
NO HOPE—
NONE AT ALL.

I MUST GO
AT ONCE.

Joy collapses in an instant into scandal.

Longbourn is
thrown into chaos.

I CAN THINK OF
NOTHING BUT POOR
LYDIA. WHAT HAVE WE
DONE TO DESERVE
THIS MISFORTUNE?

OH! LYDIA IS LOST,
AND WE SHALL ALL
BE RUINED! WHAT WILL
EVER BECOME OF US?
NO ONE WILL EVER
SPEAK TO US AGAIN!

I AM GOING TO
LONDON. I MUST
FIND THEM.

YOU SHALL HAVE
MY ASSISTANCE, MR.
BENNET. I WILL INQUIRE
EVERYWHERE. WE
MUST LOSE NO TIME.

HAD I EXPOSED
HIM SOONER, MY
SISTER MIGHT HAVE
BEEN SPARED.
I WAS SILLY...
I WAS WRONG.

*He blames himself,
yet feels he must act.*

*Mr. Gardiner offers
kindness and action
in their hour of need.*

*Guilt torments her
for her silence.*

DO NOT
CONDEMN
YOURSELF,
LIZZY.

*Jane's gentle heart seeks
to heal the wound.*

Days pass. No letter comes. No news.

EVERY HOUR
SEEMS AN AGE.
WE DARE SCARCE
HOPE FOR GOOD
NEWS NOW.

*Each sound
makes their
hearts leap—*

IS IT A RIDER?
A LETTER? OR ONLY
ANOTHER HEARTBREAK
TO BEAR?

*Hope flickers,
but fear
dominates.*

The family stands on the brink of ruin.

At Longbourn.

A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE GARDINER IN LONDON.

THEY ARE FOUND— AND LYDIA IS TO BE MARRIED.

MARRIED!
THEN ALL IS WELL— MY DEAR LYDIA MARRIED!

OH, WHAT A BLESSING!

WE WERE SO AFRAID FOR HER!

I AM RELIEVED... BUT HOW COULD THIS MARRIAGE BE BROUGHT ABOUT?

WICKHAM WOULD NEVER AGREE WITHOUT ADVANTAGE. WHO HAS DONE THIS?

MY UNCLE SAYS NOTHING OF THE MEANS—ONLY OF THE RESULT.

In London.

THE MATTER MUST BE SETTLED QUIETLY AND WITH DISCRETION.

YOU HAVE MY WORD.

SOMEONE OF GENEROUS SPIRIT HAS INTERVENED FOR MY FAMILY.

Relief arrives, but its cost is hidden.

Lydia returns to Longbourn—a wife.

LORD! I AM MARRIED BEFORE ANY OF YOU!

LADY LUCAS TOOK SUCH CARE OF LYDIA. EVERYTHING WAS DONE WITH THE UTMOST PROPRIETY.

WE WERE MOST FORTUNATE IN OUR FRIENDS' KINDNESS IN TOWN.

LYDIA, MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU A MOMENT? JUST THE TWO OF US?

WHO WAS WITH YOU IN TOWN?

WHY, MR. DARCY, TO BE SURE—HE WAS AT THE WEDDING!

MR. DARCY? THEN IT WAS HE...

YES, INDEED! HE WAS SO VERY GOOD—EVERYTHING WAS SETTLED SO EASILY.

MR. WICKHAM SAID MR. DARCY INSISTED ON SEEING TO IT ALL. HE IS SUCH A GENEROUS MAN!

A careless boast uncovers a hidden hand.

A letter
from Mrs. Gardiner
arrives.

MRS. GARDINER
HAS WRITTEN...
IN PRIVATE.

My dear Elizabeth,
You desired to know the whole
truth, and I will conceal nothing.
Mr. Darcy found them, settled
Wickham's debts, and prevailed
upon him to marry Lydia.
He acted with so much delicacy
and generosity that words cannot
express it.

In London, Mr. Darcy sought out Wickham.

He settled every debt in full.

And he employed Mr. Gardiner
to arrange the marriage.

Mr. Darcy insisted on one thing above all.

I BEG YOU,
SIR—LET NO ONE
KNOW THAT I HAD
ANY CONCERN IN
THIS AFFAIR.

He would have all gratitude concealed.
He said he did it only to spare your
family pain, and that it must never
be known to them—or to Wickham.
Indeed, it was the most noble
conduct I have ever witnessed.

HE DID THIS
FOR MY SISTER—
FOR US—
FOR ME.

I HAVE BEEN
BLIND
INDEED.

Gratitude deepens quietly into love.

Lady Catherine arrives
at Longbourn.

I INSIST UPON
BEING SATISFIED.
ARE YOU ENGAGED
TO MY NEPHEW?

I AM NOT.

I HAVE REASON
TO BELIEVE THAT YOU
ENTERTAIN DESIGNS
OF MARRYING HIM!

I CAN ASSURE YOU,
I HAVE NO SUCH
DESIGNS.

PROMISE ME
NEVER TO ENTER
INTO SUCH AN
ENGAGEMENT!

I WILL MAKE NO
PROMISE OF THE
KIND.

A MATCH BETWEEN
MY NEPHEW AND
YOURS IS IMPOSSIBLE—
ABSURD—IMPROPER!
YOU ARE BENEATH
HIM IN RANK,
CONNECTION, AND
EVERYTHING!

HE IS A
GENTLEMAN; I AM
A GENTLEMAN'S
DAUGHTER. SO FAR
WE ARE EQUAL.

YOU ARE
A MOST
INFERIOR YOUNG
WOMAN!

I SHALL REPORT
WHAT HAS PASSED
HERE TO MY NEPHEW.
THAT IS ALL!

Elizabeth will not be intimidated by rank.

Mr. Bingley returns
to Netherfield.

MR. BINGLEY
COME AGAIN!
OH, MY DEAR
JANE!

MISS BENNET, I
HAVE BEEN MOST
FORTUNATE TO FIND
YOU AT EVERY
TURN.

HE IS ONCE MORE
AMONG US—YET
HOW DIFFERENTLY
HE LOOKS THAN
BEFORE.

WHAT EFFECT
MAY LADY CATHERINE'S
VISIT HAVE HAD
UPON HIM?

MISS BENNET,
IF YOUR FEELINGS
ARE STILL WHAT
THEY WERE, WILL
YOU MAKE ME
THE HAPPIEST
OF MEN?

YES.

BLESSED AND
CONSUMMATE
HAPPINESS!

MY DEAR JANE!
AT LAST YOUR
GENTLE HEART IS
GRANTED ALL IT
DESERVES.

One long-awaited happiness is secured at last.

1. ELIZABETH TELLS JANE.



2. MR. BENNET QUESTIONS ELIZABETH, THEN GIVES HIS BLESSING.



3. MRS. BENNET IS OVERWHELMED BY DARCY'S WEALTH.



4. ELIZABETH AND DARCY MARRY.



5. JANE AND BINGLEY ARE HAPPY NEARBY.



6. FINAL IMAGE—ELIZABETH AND DARCY AT PEMBERLEY.



Pride had softened.
 Prejudice had faded.
 And love, once hidden
 beneath misunderstanding,
 had finally spoken plainly.

The End

