

Mr. Collins has just proposed to Elizabeth, and been told where to shove it. He storms out of the house to find Charlotte Lucas.

MR. COLLINS

Staid yourself, William, I'm certain she didn't mean it when she said, "No, not if you held a pistol to my head, you di—" Oh, Miss Lucas, I didn't see you there.

CHARLOTTE

No one ever does, Mr. Collins. I take it your morning hasn't been easy?

MR. COLLINS

Why are women so complicated? Marriage is a simple transaction; I inherit Longbourne, and in turn I receive a wife who will prove no great offense to my patroness, Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

CHARLOTTE

Most women want romance, Mr. Collins, not to be a line on a ledger.

MR. COLLINS

Is that what you want, Miss Lucas? Romance?

CHARLOTTE

I did, once.

MR. COLLINS

Once?

CHARLOTTE

I never was fallen in love with. Perhaps it sounds silly, but as I watch girls like Kitty and Lydia get all out-of-sorts about the officers, I feel like I was born without something that everyone else inherently has. I never looked at a man and wanted to be with him, nor did a man ever look that way at me.

I want to be content, and safe, and not be lonely. That is enough for me.

MR. COLLINS

You are very sensible, Miss Lucas.

CHARLOTTE

A quality I believe your Lady Catherine would wish to have in a parson's wife, Mr. Collins.

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MR. COLLINS

Indeed.
Miss Lucas. May I ask you a question?

CHARLOTTE

Of course. Just one moment.
Sorry, Miss Woodhouse.

The feed drops.