

JANE My mother told me, doctor, that... (She sees him and breaks off)

BINGLEY (after a second) Forgive me, Miss Jane, I hope that...that you will forgive my presence here.

JANE (bewildered) Forgive ! I scarcely know what to say. They said the doctor wished to see me here. Else I would not have embarrassed you by coming in.

She has moved slowly and is standing with her back to him.

BINGLEY Embarrassed, me ?

JANE After all, you did not write to me, you did not visit me. All those weeks after...

She sinks to the end of the chaise longue her back still towards him. A pause. Slowly he moves towards her.

BINGLEY (to her L. Quietly - tenderly) Miss Jane - I have been weak - I have been foolish. Leaving Netherfield without seeing you; writing to you instead. Because if I had called to say farewell, my tongue could not have found the words, nor my heart the strength to do so. I was persuaded you did not care for me... that somehow I must overcome my grief, and face a life without you. I believed you did not care.

JANE I thought you had forgotten me.

BINGLEY (level with her R. Gently) How could I ? When my days were empty loneliness, and my nights a sleepless longing for one glimpse of you.

JANE looks straight ahead, motionless. There are tears in her eyes.

JANE (a whisper) Or are you describing mine.. ?

BINGLEY Jane look at me...

Slowly she turns.

Look into my eyes. (A pause) (Then very tenderly) Now, do you believe me ?

For a long moment they gaze at one another. Then, suddenly, her arms are open, and he is in them.